

<<园丁集>>

图书基本信息

书名：<<园丁集>>

13位ISBN编号：9787561355961

10位ISBN编号：7561355963

出版时间：2011-10

出版时间：陕西师大

作者：泰戈尔

页数：224

译者：冰心

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内容概要

《园丁集》是泰戈尔最重要的代表作诗集，共85首诗，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。

泰戈尔以细腻灵动的笔触，充满深情地歌颂了爱情的激情浪漫、纯洁唯美、忧伤惆怅，将自己青春时代的体验渗透其中，同时进行了理性的审视与思考，使这部恋歌不时地闪烁出哲理的光彩。

本书以中英文对照的形式为读者呈现原著魅力。

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作者简介

罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔，印度近代著名诗人、作家和社会活动家，第一位获得诺贝尔文学奖的亚洲人，世界文学史上的巨匠。

他的作品是人们“精神生活的灯塔”，在世界近代文学史上占有重要地位。

他在诗歌、小说、戏剧等不同领域内均获得不凡成就。

《新月集》、《飞鸟集》、《采果集》、《园丁集》、《吉檀迦利》是其最具代表性的抒情诗集。

冰心，原名谢婉莹，福建福州人。

现代著名诗人、作家、翻译家、儿童文学家。

她崇尚“爱的哲学”，母爱、童真、自然，是她创作的主旋律。

诗人泰戈尔的《园丁集》、《吉檀迦利》是冰心的翻译代表作，她的诗歌创作也深受泰戈尔影响。

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章节摘录

28 你的疑问的眼光是含愁的。
 它要追探了解我的意思，好像月亮探测大海。
 我已经把我生命的终始，全部暴露在你的眼前，没有任何隐秘和保留。
 因此你不认识我。
 假如它是一块宝石，我就能把它碎成千百颗粒，穿成项链挂在你的颈上。
 假如它是一朵花，圆圆小小香香的，我就能从枝上采来戴在你的发上。
 但是它是一颗心，我的爱人。
 何处是它的边和底？
 你不知道这个王国的边极，但你仍是这王国的女王。
 假如它是片刻的欢娱，它将在喜笑中开花，你立刻就会看到、懂得了。
 假如它是一阵痛苦，它将融化成晶莹的眼泪，不着一字地反映出它最深的秘密。
 但是它是爱，我的爱人。
 它的欢乐和痛苦是无边的，它的需求和财富是无尽的。
 它和你亲近得像你的生命一样，但是你永远不能完全了解它。
 Your questioning eyes are sad. They seek to know my meaning as the moon would fathom the sea. I have
 bared my life before your eyes from end to end, with nothing hidden or held back. That is why you know me not.
 If it were only a gem, I could break it into a hundred pieces and string them into a chain to put on your
 neck. If it were only a flower, round and small and sweet, I could pluck it from its stem to set it in your hair.
 But it is a heart, my beloved. Where are its shores and its bottom?
 You know not the limits of this kingdom, still you are its queen. If it were only a moment of pleasure it
 would flower in an easy smile, and you could see it and read it in a moment. If it were merely a pain it would
 melt in limpid tears, reflecting its inmost secret without a word. But it is love, my beloved. Its pleasure
 and pain are boundless, and endless its wants and wealth. It is as near to you as your life, but you can never
 wholly know it. 29 对我说吧，我爱！
 用言语告诉我你唱的是什么。
 夜是深黑的，星星消失在云里，风在叶丛中叹息。
 我将披散我的头发，我的青蓝的披风将像黑夜一样地紧裹着我。
 我将把你的头紧抱在胸前；在甜柔的寂寞中在你心头低诉。
 我将闭目静听。
 我不会看望你的脸。
 等到你的话说完了，我们将沉默凝坐。
 只有丛树在黑暗中微语。
 夜将发白。
 天光将晓。
 我们将望望彼此的眼睛，然后各走各的路。
 对我说话吧，我爱！
 用言语告诉我你唱的是什么。
 Speak to me, my love!
 Tell me in words what you sang. The night is dark. The stars are lost in clouds. The wind is sighing through the
 leaves. I will let loose my hair. My blue cloak will cling round me like night. I will clasp your head to my bosom
 ; and there in the sweet loneliness murmur on your heart. I will shut my eyes and listen. I will not look in your
 face. When your words are ended, we will sit still and silent. Only the trees will whisper in the dark. The
 night will pale. The day will dawn. We shall look at each other's eyes and go on our different paths. Speak to
 me, my love!
 Tell me in words what you sang. 30 你是一朵夜云，在我梦幻中的天空浮泛。

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我永远用爱恋的渴望来描画你。

你是我一个人的，我一个人的，我无尽的梦幻中的居住者！

你的双脚被我心切望的热光染得绯红，我的落日之歌的搜集者！

我的痛苦之酒使你的唇儿苦甜。

你是我一个人的，我一个人的，我寂寥的梦幻中的居住者！

我用热情的浓影染黑了你的眼睛，我的凝视深处的崇魂！

我捉住了你，缠住了你，我爱，在我音乐的罗网里。

你是我一个人的，我一个人的，我永生的梦幻中的居住者！

You are the evening cloud floating in the sky of my dreams. I paint you and fashion you ever with my love longings. You are my own, my own. Dweller in my endless dreams !

Your feet are rosy-red with the glow of my heart's desire. Gleaner of my sunset songs !

Your lips are bitter-sweet with the taste of my wine of pain. You are my own, my own. Dweller in my lonesome dreams !

With the shadow of my passion have I darkened your eyes, Haunter of the depth of my gaze !

I have caught you and wrapt you, my love, in the net of my music. You are my own, my own. Dweller in my deathless dreams !

31 我的心，这只野鸟，在你的双眼中找到了天空。

它们是清晓的摇篮，它们是星辰的王国。

我的诗歌在它们的深处消失。

只让我在这天空中高飞，翱翔在静寂的无限空间里。

只让我冲破它的云层，在它的阳光中展翅吧。

My heart, the bird of the wilderness, has found its sky in your eyes. They are the cradle of the morning, they are the kingdom of the stars. My songs are lost in their depths. Let me but soar in that sky, in its lonely immensity. Let me but cleave its clouds and spread wings in its sunshine. 32 告诉我，

这一切是否都是真的，我的情人，告诉我，这是否真的。

当这一对眼睛闪出电光，你胸中的浓云发出风暴的回答。

我的唇儿，是真像觉醒的初恋的蓓蕾那样香甜吗？

消失了的五月的回忆仍旧流连在我的肢体上吗？

那大地，像一张琴，真因着我双足的踏触而颤成诗歌吗？

那么当我来时，从夜的眼睛里真的落下露珠，晨光也真因为围绕我的身躯而感到喜悦吗？

是真的吗，是真的吗，你的爱贯穿许多时代，许多世界来寻找我吗？

当你最后找到了我，你天长地久的渴望，在我的温柔的话里，在我的眼睛嘴唇和飘扬的头发里，找到了完全的宁静吗？

那么“无限”的神秘是真的写在我小小的额上吗？

告诉我，我的情人，这一切是否都是真的。

Tell me if this be all true, my lover, tell me if this be true. When these eyes flash their lightning the dark clouds in your breast make stormy answer. Is it true that my lips are sweet like the opening bud of the first conscious love ?

Do the memories of vanished months of May linger in my limbs ?

Does the earth, like a harp, shiver into songs with the touch of my feet ?

Is it then true that the dewdrops fall from the eyes of night when I am seen, and the morning light is glad when it wraps my body round ?

Is it true, is it true, that your love travelled alone through ages and worlds in search of me ?

That when you found me at last, your age-long desire found utter peace in my gentle speech and my eyes and lips and flowing hair ?

Is it then true that the mystery of the Infinite is written on this little forehead of mine ?

Tell me, my lover, if all this be true. 33 我爱你，我的爱人。

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请饶恕我的爱。

像一只迷路的鸟，我被捉住了。

当我的心颤抖的时候，它丢了围纱，变成赤裸。

用怜悯遮住它吧，爱人，请饶恕我的爱。

如果你不能爱我，爱人，请饶恕我的痛苦。

不要远远地斜视我。

我将偷偷地回到我的角落里去，在黑暗中坐地。

我将用双手掩起我赤裸的羞惭。

回过脸去吧，我的爱人，请饶恕我的痛苦。

如果你爱我，爱人，请饶恕我的欢乐。

当我的心被快乐的洪水卷走的时候，不要笑我的汹涌的退却。

当我坐在宝座上，用我暴虐的爱来统治你的时候，当我像女神一样向你施恩的时候，饶恕我的骄傲吧，爱人，也饶恕我的快乐。

I love you, beloved. Forgive me my love. Like a bird losing its way I am caught. When my heart was shaken it lost its veil and was naked. Cover it with pity, beloved, and forgive me my love. If you cannot love me, beloved, forgive me my pain. Do not look askance at me from afar. I will steal back to my corner and sit in the dark. With both hands I will cover my naked shame. Turn your face from me, beloved, and forgive me my pain. If you love me, beloved, forgive me my joy. When my heart is borne away by the flood of happiness, do not smile at my perilous abandonment. When I sit on my throne and rule you with my tyranny of love, when like a goddess I grant you my favour, bear with my pride, beloved, and forgive me my joy. 34 不要不辞而别，我爱。

我看望了一夜，现在我脸上睡意重重。

只恐我在睡中把你丢失了。

不要不辞而别，我爱。

我惊起伸出双手去摸触你，我问自己说：“这是一个梦吗？”

但愿我能用我的心系住你的双足，紧抱在胸前！

不要不辞而别，我爱。

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave. I have watched all night, and now my eyes are heavy with sleep. I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping. Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

I start up and stretch my hands to touch you. I ask myself, “Is it a dream?”

Could I but entangle your feet with my heart and hold them fast to my breast!

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave. 35 只恐我太容易地认得你，你对我耍花招。

你用欢笑的闪光使我目盲来掩盖你的眼泪。

我知道，我知道你的妙计，你从来不说出你所要说的话。

只恐我不珍爱你，你千方百计地闪避我。

只恐我把你和大家混在一起，你独自站在一边。

我知道，我知道你的妙计，你从来不走你所要走的路。

你的要求比别人的都多，因此你才静默。

你用嬉笑的无心来回避我的赠与。

我知道，我知道你的妙计，你从来不肯接受你想接受的东西。

Lest I should know you too easily, you play with me. You blind me with flashes of laughter to hide your tears. I know, I know your art, You never say the word you would. Lest I should not prize you, you elude me in a thousand ways. Lest I should confuse you with the crowd, you stand aside. I know, I know your art, You never walk the path you would. Your claim is more than that of others, that is why you are silent. With playful carelessness you avoid my gifts. I know, I know your art, You never will take what you would. 36 他低声说：“我爱，抬起眼睛吧。”

我严厉地责骂他说：“走！”

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“但是他不动。

他站在我面前拉住我的双手。

我说：“躲开我！

“但是他没有走。

他把脸靠近我的耳边。

我瞪他一眼说：“不要脸！

“但是他没有动。

他的嘴唇触到我的腮颊。

我震颤了，说：“你太大胆了！

“但是他不怕丑。

他把一朵花插在我发上。

我说：“这也没有用处！

“但是他站着不动。

他取下我颈上的花环就走开了。

我哭了，问我的心说：“他为什么不回来呢？

“He whispered, “My love, raise your eyes.” I sharply chid him, and said “Go!

“But he did not stir. He stood before me and held both my hands. I said, “Leave me!

“But he did not go. He brought his face near my ear. I glanced at him and said, “What a shame!

“But he did not move. His lips touched my cheek. I trembled and said, “You dare too much.” But he had no shame. He put a flower in my hair. I said, “It is useless!

“But he stood unmoved. He took the garland from my neck and went away. I weep and ask my heart, “Why does he not come back?

“37 你愿意把你的鲜花的花环挂在我的颈上吗，佳人？

但是你要晓得，我编的那个花环，是为大家的，为那些偶然瞥见的人，住在未开发的大地上的人，住在诗人歌曲里的人。

现在来请求我的心作为答赠已经太晚了。

曾有一个时候，我的生命像一朵蓓蕾，它所有的芬芳都储藏在花心里。

现在它已经远远地喷溢四散。

谁晓得有什么魅力，可以把它们收集关闭起来呢？

我的心不容我只给一个人，它是要给与许多人的。

Would you put your wreath of fresh flowers on my neck, fair one?

But you must know that the one wreath that I had woven is for the many, for those who are seen in glimpses, or dwell in lands unexplored, or live in poets' songs. It is too late to ask my heart in return for yours.

There was a time when my life was like a bud, all its perfume was stored in its core. Now it is squandered far and wide. Who knows the enchantment that can gather and shut it up again?

My heart is not mine to give to one only, it is given to the many. 38 我爱，从前有一天，你的诗人把一首伟大史诗投进他心里。

啊，我不小心，它打到你的叮当的脚镯上而引起悲愁。

它裂成诗歌的碎片散撒在你的脚边。

我满载的一切古代战争的货物，都被笑浪所颠簸，被眼泪浸透而下沉。

你必须使这损失成为我的收获，我爱。

如果我的死后不朽的荣名的希望都破灭了，那就在生前使我不朽吧。

我将不为这损失伤心，也不责怪你。

My love, once upon a time your poet launched a great epic in his mind. Alas, I was not careful, and it struck your ringing anklets and came to grief. It broke up into scraps of songs and lay scattered at your feet.

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All my cargo of the stories of old wars was tossed by the laughing waves and soaked in tears and sank.

You must make this loss good to me, my love. If my claims to immortal fame after death are shattered, make me immortal while I live. And I will not mourn for my loss nor blame you. 39 整个早晨我想编一个花环，但是花儿滑掉了。

你坐在一旁偷偷地从伺伺的眼角看着我。

问这一对沉黑的恶作剧的眼睛，这是谁的错。

我想唱一支歌，但是唱不出来。

一个暗笑在你唇上颤动；你问它我失败的缘由。

让你微笑的唇儿发一个誓，说我的歌声怎样地消失在沉默里，像一只在荷花里沉醉的蜜蜂。

夜晚了，是花瓣合起的时候了。

容许我坐在你的旁边，容许我的唇儿做那在沉默中、在星辰和微光中能做的工作吧。

I try to weave a wreath all the morning, but the flowers slip and they drop out. You sit there watching me in secret through the corner of your prying eyes. Ask those eyes, darkly planning mischief, whose fault it was. I try to sing a song, but in vain. A hidden smile trembles on your lips; ask of it the reason of my failure. Let your smiling lips say on oath how my voice lost itself in silence like a drunken bee in the lotus.

It is evening, and the time for the flowers to close their petals. Give me leave to sit by your side, and bid my lips to do the work that can be done in silence and in the dim light of stars. 40 一个怀疑的微笑在你眼中闪烁，当我来向你告别的时候。

我这样做的次数太多了，你想我很快又会回来。

告诉你实话，我自己心里也有同样的怀疑。

因为春天年年回来；满月道过别又来访问，花儿每年回来在枝上红晕着脸，很可能我向你告别只为了的要再回到你的身边。

但是把这幻象保留一会吧，不要冷酷粗率地把它赶走。

当我说我要永远离开你的时候，就当做真话来接受它，让泪雾暂时加深你眼边的黑影。

当我再来的时候，随便你怎样地狡笑吧。

An unbelieving smile flits on your eyes when I come to you to take my leave. I have done it so often that you think I will soon return. To tell you the truth I have the same doubt in my mind. For the spring days come again time after time; the full moon takes leave and comes on another visit, the flowers come again and blush upon their branches year after year, and it is likely that I take my leave only to come to you again. But keep the illusion awhile; do not send it away with ungentle haste. When I say I leave you for all time, accept it as true, and let a mist of tears for one moment deepen the dark rim of your eyes. Then smile as archly as you like when I come again. 41 我想对你说出我要说的最深的话语，我不敢，我怕你哂笑。

因此我嘲笑自己，把我的秘密在玩笑中打碎。

我把我的痛苦说得轻松，因为怕你会这样做。

我想对你说出我要说的最真的话语，我不敢，我怕你不信。

因此我弄真成假，说出和我的真心相反的话。

我把我的痛苦说得可笑，因为我怕你会这样做。

我想用最宝贵的名词来形容你，我不敢，我怕得不到相当的酬报。

因此我给你安上苛刻的名字，而夸示我的硬骨。

我伤害你，因为怕你永远不知道我的痛苦。

我渴望静默地坐在你的身旁，我不敢，怕我的心会跳到我的唇上。

因此我轻松地说东道西，把我的心藏在语言的后面。

我粗暴地对待我的痛苦，因为我怕你会这样做。

我渴望从你身边走开，我不敢，怕你看出我的懦弱。

因此我随随便便地昂首走到你的面前。

从你眼里频频掷来的刺激，使我的痛苦永远新鲜。

I long to speak the deepest words I have to say to you; but I dare not, for fear you should laugh. That

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is why I laugh at myself and shatter my secret in jest. I make light of my pain , afraid you should do so. I long to tell you the truest words I have to say to you ; but I dare not , being afraid that you would not believe them. That is why I disguise them in untruth , saying the contrary of what I mean. I make my pain appear absurd , afraid that you should do so. I long to use the most precious words I have for you ; but I dare not , fearing I should not be paid with like value. That is why I gave you hard names and boast of my callous strength. I hurt you , for fear you should never know any pain. I long to sit silent by you ; but I dare not lest my heart come out at my lips. That is why I prattle and chatter lightly and hide my heart behind words. I rudely handle my pain , for fear you should do so. I long to go away from your side ; but I dare not , for fear my cowardice should become known to you. That is why I hold my head high and carelessly come into your presence. Constant thrusts from your eyes keep my pain fresh for ever. 42 啊，疯狂的、头号的醉汉；如果你踢开门户在大众面前装疯；如果你在一夜倒空囊橐，对慎重轻蔑地弹着指头；如果你走着奇怪的道路，和无益的东西游戏，不理睬韵律和理性；如果你在风暴前扯起船帆，你把船舵折成两半，那么我就要跟随你，伙伴，喝得烂醉走向堕落灭亡。

我在稳重聪明的街坊中间虚度了日日夜夜。
 过多的知识使我白了头发，过多的观察使我眼力模糊。
 多年来我积攒了许多零碎的东西：把这些东西摔碎，在上面跳舞，把它们散掷到风中去吧。
 因为我知道喝得烂醉而堕落灭亡，是最高的智慧。
 让一切歪曲的顾虑消亡吧，让我无望地迷失了路途。
 让一阵旋风吹来，把我连船锚一齐卷走。
 世界上住着高尚的人，劳动的人，有用又聪明。
 有的人很从容地走在前头，有的人庄重地走在后面。
 让他们快乐繁荣吧，让我傻呆地无用吧。
 因为我知道喝得烂醉而堕落灭亡，是一切工作的结局。
 我此刻誓将一切的要求，让给正人君子。
 我抛弃我学识的自豪和是非的判断。
 我打碎记忆的瓶壶，挥洒最后的眼泪。
 以红果酒的泡沫来洗澡，使我欢笑发出光辉。
 我暂且撕裂温恭和认真的标志。
 我将发誓做一个无用的人，喝到烂醉而堕落灭亡下去。

O mad , superbly drunk ; If you kick open your doors and play the fool in public ; If you empty your bag in a night , and snap your fingers at prudence ; If you walk in curious paths and play with useless things ; Reck not rhyme or reason ; If unfurling your sails before the storm you snap the rudder in two , Then I will follow you , comrade , and be drunken and go to the dogs. I have wasted my days and nights in the company of steady wise neighbours. Much knowing has turned my hair grey , and much watching has made my sight dim. For years I have gathered and heaped up scraps and fragments of things : Crush them and dance upon them , and scatter them all to the winds. For I know 'tis the height of wisdom to be drunken and go to the dogs. Let all crooked scruples vanish , let me hopelessly lose my way. Let a gust of wild giddiness come and sweep me away from my anchors. The world is peopled with worthies , and workers , useful and clever. There are men who are easily first , and men who come decently after. Let them be happy and prosper , and let me be foolishly futile. For I know 'tis the end of all works to be drunken and go to the dogs. I swear to surrender this moment all claims to the ranks of the decent. I let go my pride of learning and judgment of right and of wrong. I'll shatter memory's vessel , scattering the last drop of tears. With the foam of the berry-red wine I will bathe and brighten my laughter. The badge of the civil and staid I'll tear into shreds for the nonce. I'll take the holy vow to be worthless , to be drunken and go to the dogs. ……

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编辑推荐

阅读这些诗篇，如同漫步在风雨过后的初夏，一股挡不住的清新与芬芳，仿佛进入一个清丽透明的世界，一切都是那样的纯净、美好，使人在不知不觉中体味爱与青春的味道。

<<园丁集>>

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