

《吉檀迦利(中英對照)》

图书基本信息

书名：《吉檀迦利(中英對照)》

13位ISBN编号：9789866714962

10位ISBN编号：9866714969

出版时间：2009-8

出版社：海鷗文化

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《吉檀迦利(中英對照)》

內容概要

因為它，泰戈爾成為東方獲得諾貝爾文學獎的第一人！

《吉檀迦利》在印度語中是「獻詩」的意思，它由103首詩歌組成。這部詩集發表於1910年，是泰戈爾詩集的代表作，對20世紀世界文壇產生深遠而廣泛的影響，已經被譯成40多種語言，在世界各國流傳

。1912年，泰戈爾將《吉檀迦利》翻譯成英文；1913年因為該詩集，泰戈爾獲得諾貝爾文學獎，因此成為東方文壇榮獲此獎的第一人！

一流的經典名著，要有一流的譯者！

本書由資深翻譯家徐翰林翻譯，是目前最佳的中譯本，文字流暢優美、清麗玲瓏，堪稱翻譯範例。譯者將泰戈爾潛藏在心中的感動與思想，用通順的語句譯出，具有獨特的美感與魅力。譯者力求呈現原著風貌，使讀者接受一場真正的文學洗禮。其譯筆優美，貼近原文，而且用詞符合一般人的用語。

中英對照、版面精緻、詞藻精確、句型優美！

中英雙語對照，讓讀者可以站在兩種語言的高度，俯瞰泰戈爾的詩作。同時，讓讀者可以欣賞兩種語言的優美，進而激起讀者在文學上的同感，達到文化上的共鳴。

版面清爽，層次分明，增加閱讀舒適度，讓讀者毫不費力的進入泰戈爾的內心世界。

吉檀迦利——流諸筆端的澄淨天籟，絕美創作的極致淬鍊！

《吉檀迦利》是泰戈爾詩歌創作的高峰，也是最能代表他的藝術風格的作品。在《吉檀迦利》中，泰戈爾將哲理與詩情熔於一爐，並且以簡潔的英文，描述崇高的意境，進而讓《吉檀迦利》進入西方文學的殿堂。泰戈爾曾經說：「我一時興起，把《吉檀迦利》譯成英文，得到當時著名的英國文學家們的承認。他們認為，這是對他們的文學的偉大貢獻……」《吉檀迦利》是一部充滿神性光輝又樸素自然的傑作，就像葉慈（William Butler Yeats）所說，這是一部「具有高度文化價值的藝術作品，然而，又顯得極像是普通土壤中生長出來的植物，彷彿青草一般。」

經典中的經典，值得你讀它一百遍！

泰戈爾的詩作，很少有人可以與之相提並論。其作品博大精深，充滿仁愛的胸懷和獨特的魅力，贏得無數人的景仰。我們希望用一本書來解讀泰戈爾詩作中的內涵，讓讀者可以用閱讀一本書的時間，準確的體會與掌握泰戈爾的永恆智慧。

《吉檀迦利(中英對照)》

作者簡介

羅賓德拉納德·泰戈爾 (Rabindranath Tagore, 1861年5月7日?1941年8月7日)

享譽世界的印度詩人、小說家、思想家，生於孟加拉一個富有哲學和文學修養的貴族家庭。泰戈爾8歲的時候，就開始寫詩，並且展露出非凡的天賦；15歲的時候，出版詩集《原野之花》，被稱為「孟加拉的雪萊」。1878年，泰戈爾赴英國留學，1880年回國以後，專門從事文學創作。在泰戈爾的創作生涯中，涉足詩歌、小說、戲劇等不同領域，都獲得不凡的成就。

1910年，泰戈爾自譯的英文版《吉檀迦利》出版，轟動全世界。1913年，他因為該詩集，榮獲諾貝爾文學獎，從此躋身世界文壇，其作品被譯成多國文字，廣為流傳。

泰戈爾一生中，總共寫了50幾部作品，其中最著名的有《飛鳥集》、《吉檀迦利》、《園丁集》、《新月集》、《採果集》……另外，他還創作12部長篇小說、100部短篇小說、20幾部劇本，以及大量的文學、哲學、政治論著，其作品博大精深，充滿仁愛的胸懷和獨特的魅力，贏得無數人的景仰。

1941年8月7日，泰戈爾病逝。他的一生以火一般的熱情，為世人打開一扇扇通往靈魂的視窗，引領人們進入雋永不朽的哲思。不同的人生階段，可以品出不同的滋味；每字，每句，都值得細細咀嚼！

《吉檀迦利(中英對照)》

書籍目錄

前言
歌者
聖歌
蘆笛
純潔
放鬆片刻
花
真實
華美的裝束
愚蠢
有一個地方
拋棄
倦旅的家
未唱的歌
強硬的仁慈
為你歌唱
請柬
為愛等待
雨天
你的聲音
蓮花
船
孤獨的旅人
朋友
當時光已逝
夜
睡眠
愛之燈
羅網
地牢
這是誰
囚徒
自由的愛
謊言
愛的腳鐐
自由的天國
賜予我力量
山窮水盡
只有你
赤貧之心
乾渴的心
我的情人
出航
永恆的印跡
影追逐光的地方
輕柔的腳步
久遠的日子

《吉檀迦利(中英對照)》

他的出現
旅途
簡單的頌歌
乞討
措手不及
威嚴的劍
劍
一無所求
醒醒
合二為一
光明
歡樂
微風拂過
海濱
嬰兒誕生何處
彩色玩具
舊與新
姑娘的燈
我的上帝
她
你
雲
生命的溪流
音樂
幻境
最為深奧的
感覺
黃昏
禮物
面對面
對你的愛
迷失的星星
永不忘記
浮雲
蹉跎歲月
無盡的歲月
珍珠項鍊
離愁
主人的殿堂
死神
永恆的邊緣
破廟裡的神
不再高聲喧嘩
死神叩門之時
死亡
最後的帷幕
辭別
離別
門檻

《吉檀迦利(中英對照)》

離別之語
無知
絕對的死亡
靜心
形象之海
歌曲
含笑而坐
膜拜

《吉檀迦利(中英對照)》

精彩短評

- 1、應該去買一本

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

章节试读

1、《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》的笔记-冰心译吉檀迦利选

1
你已经使我永生，这样做是你的欢乐。这脆薄的杯儿，你不断的把它倒空，又不断的以新生命来充满。

这小小的苇笛，你携带着它逾山越谷，从笛管里吹出永新的音乐。

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

你的无穷的赐予只倾入我小小的手里。时代过去了，你还在倾注，而我的手里还有余量待充满。

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 it 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.

2
当你命令我歌唱的时候，我的心似乎要因着骄傲而炸裂；我仰望着你的脸，眼泪涌上我的眶里。我生命中一切的凝涩与矛盾融化成一片甜柔的谐音——我的赞颂像一只欢乐的鸟，振翼飞越海洋。

我知道你欢喜我的歌唱。我知道只因为我是个歌者，才能走到你的面前。

我用我的歌曲的远伸的翅梢，触到了你的双脚，那是我从来不敢想望触到的。

在歌唱中陶醉，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.

3
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，而挣扎不出一声。我想说话，但是言语不成歌曲，我叫不出来。呵，你使我的心变成了你的音乐的漫天大网中的俘虏，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!

4
我生命，我要保持我的躯体永远纯洁，因为我知道你的生命的摩抚，接触着我的四肢。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坐位。

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

我要努力在我的行为上表现你，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.

5

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。

不在你的面前，我的心就不知道什么是安逸和休息，我的工作变成了无边的劳役海中的无尽的劳役。

今天，炎暑来到我的窗前，轻嘘微语：群蜂在花树的宫廷中尽情弹唱。

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.

6

摘下这朵花来，拿了去罢，不要迟延！我怕它会萎谢了，掉在尘土里。

它也许不配上你的花冠，但请你采折它，以你手采折的痛苦来给它光宠。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，就采折罢。

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.

7

我的歌曲把她的妆饰卸掉。她没有了衣饰的骄奢。妆饰会成为我们合一之玷：它们会横阻在我们之间，它们叮噔的声音会掩盖了你的细语。

我的诗人的虚荣心，在你的容光中羞死。呵，诗圣，我已经拜倒在你的脚前。只让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.

8

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

为怕衣饰的破裂和污损，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。

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

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 rob one of the right of entrance to the great fair of common human life.

9

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罢，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。只领受神圣的爱所给予的东西。

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.

10

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.

11

把礼赞和数珠撇在一边罢！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，甚至像他一样的下到泥土里去罢！

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带起：他和大家永远连系在一起。

从静坐里走出来罢，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，和他站在一起罢。

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 of 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.

12

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

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门，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。

我的眼睛向空阔处四望，最后才合上眼说：“你原来在这里！”

这句问话和呼唤“呵，在哪儿呢？”融化在千股的泪泉里，和你保证的回答“我在这里！”的洪流，一同泛滥了全世界。

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!'

13

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。

悠长的一天消磨在为他在地上铺设坐位；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。

The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.

I have spent my days in stringing and in unstringing my instrument.

The time has not come true, the words have not been rightly set; only there is the agony of wishing in my heart.

The blossom has not opened; only the wind is sighing by.

I have not seen his face, nor have I listened to his voice; only I have heard his gentle footsteps from the road before my house.

The livelong day has passed in spreading his seat on the floor; but the lamp has not been lit and I cannot ask him into my house.

I live in the hope of meeting with him; but this meeting is not yet.

14

我的欲望很多，我的哭泣也很可怜，但你永远用坚决的拒绝来拯救我；这刚强的慈悲已经紧密的交织在我的生命里。

你使我一天一天的更配领受你自动的简单伟大的赐予——这天空和光明，这躯体和生命与心灵——把我从极欲的危险中拯救了出来。

有时候我懈怠地捱延，有时候我急忙警觉寻找我的路向；但是你却忍心地躲藏起来。

你不断的拒绝我，从软弱动摇的欲望的危险中拯救了我，使我一天一天的更配得你完全的接纳。

My desires are many and my cry is pitiful, but ever didst thou save me by hard refusals; and this strong mercy has been wrought into my life through and through.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of the simple, great gifts that thou gavest to me unasked---this sky and the light, this body and the life and the mind---saving me from perils of overmuch desire.

There are times when I languidly linger and times when I awaken and hurry in search of my goal; but cruelly

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

thou hidest thyself from before me.

Day by day thou art making me worthy of thy full acceptance by refusing me ever and anon, saving me from perils of weak, uncertain desire.

15

我来为你唱歌。在你的厅堂中，我坐在屋角。

在你的世界中我无事可做；我无用的生命只能放出无目的底歌声。

在你黑暗的殿中，夜半敲起默祷的钟声的时候，命令我罢，我的主人，来站在你面前歌唱。
当金琴在晨光中调好的时候，宠赐我罢，命令我来到你的面前。

I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall of thine I have a corner seat.

In thy world I have no work to do; my useless life can only break out in tunes without a purpose.

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the dark temple of midnight, command me, my master, to stand before thee to sing.

When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned, honour me, commanding my presence.

16

我接到这世界节日的请简，我的生命受了祝福。我的眼睛看见了美丽的景象，我的耳朵也听见了醉人的音乐。

在这宴会中，我的任务是奏乐，我也尽力演奏了。

现在，我问，那时间终于来到了吗，我可以进去瞻仰你的容颜，并献上我静默的敬礼吗？

I have had my invitation to this world's festival, and thus my life has been blessed. My eyes have seen and my ears have heard.

It was my part at this feast to play upon my instrument, and I have done all I could.

Now, I ask, has the time come at last when I may go in and see thy face and offer thee my silent salutation?

17

我只在等候着爱，要最终把我交在他手里。这是我迟误的原因，我对这延误负咎。

他们要用法律和规章，来紧紧的约束我；但是我总是躲着他们，因为我只等候着爱，要最终把我交在他手里。

人们责备我，说我不理会人；我也知道他们的责备是有道理的。

市集已过，忙人的工作都已完毕。叫我不应的人都已含怒回去。我只等候着爱，要最终把我交到 he 手里。

I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands. That is why it is so late and why I have been guilty of such omissions.

They come with their laws and their codes to bind me fast; but I evade them ever, for I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.

People blame me and call me heedless; I doubt not they are right in their blame.

The market day is over and work is all done for the busy. Those who came to call me in vain have gone back in anger. I am only waiting for love to give myself up at last into his hands.

18

云霾堆积，黑暗渐深。呵，爱，你为什么让我独在门外等候？

在中午工作最忙的时候，我和大家在一起，但在这黑暗寂寞的日子，我只企望着你。

若是你不容我见面，若是你完全把我抛弃，真不知将如何度过这悠长的雨天。

我不住地凝望遥远的阴空，我的心和不宁的风一同彷徨悲叹。

Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens. Ah, love, why dost thou let me wait outside at the door all alone?

In the busy moments of the noontide work I am with the crowd, but on this dark lonely day it is only for thee that I hope.

If thou showest me not thy face, if thou leavest me wholly aside, I know not how I am to pass these long, rainy

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

hours.

I keep gazing on the far-away gloom of the sky, and my heart wanders wailing with the restless wind.

19

若是你不说话，我就含忍着，以你的沉默来填满我的心。我要沉静地等候，像黑夜在星光中无眠，忍耐地低首。

清晨一定会来，黑暗也要消隐，你的声音将划破天空从金泉中下注。

那时你的话语，要在我的每一鸟巢中生翼发声，你的音乐，要在我林丛繁花中盛开怒放。

If thou speakest not I will fill my heart with thy silence and endure it. I will keep still and wait like the night with starry vigil and its head bent low with patience.

The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky.

Then thy words will take wing in songs from every one of my birds' nests, and thy melodies will break forth in flowers in all my forest groves.

20

莲花开放的那天，唉，我不自觉的在心魂飘荡。我的花篮空着，花儿我也没有去理睬。

不时的有一段的幽愁来袭击我，我从梦中惊起，觉得南风里有一阵奇香的芳踪。

这迷茫的温馨，使我想望得心痛，我觉得这仿佛是夏天渴望的气息，寻求圆满。

我那时不晓得它离我是那么近，而且是我的，这完美的温馨，还是在我自己心灵的深处开放。

On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.

Only now and again a sadness fell upon me, and I started up from my dream and felt a sweet trace of a strange fragrance in the south wind.

That vague sweetness made my heart ache with longing and it seemed to me that it was the eager breath of the summer seeking for its completion.

I knew not then that it was so near, that it was mine, and that this perfect sweetness had blossomed in the depth of my own heart.

21

我必须撑出我的船去。时光都在岸边捱延消磨了——不堪的我呵！

春天把花开过就告别了。如今落红遍地，我却等待而又留连。

潮声渐喧，河岸的荫滩上黄叶飘落。

你凝望着的是何等的空虚！你不觉得有一阵惊喜和对岸遥远的歌声从天空中一同飘来吗？

I must launch out my boat. The languid hours pass by on the shore---Alas for me!

The spring has done its flowering and taken leave. And now with the burden of faded futile flowers I wait and linger.

The waves have become clamorous, and upon the bank in the shady lane the yellow leaves flutter and fall.

What emptiness do you gaze upon! Do you not feel a thrill passing through the air with the notes of the far-away song floating from the other shore?

22

在七月淫雨的浓阴中，你用秘密的脚步行走，夜一般的轻悄，躲过一切的守望的人。

今天，清晨闭上眼，不理连连呼喊的狂啸的东风，一张厚厚的纱幕遮住永远清醒的碧空。

林野住了歌声，家家闭户。在这冷寂的街上，你是孤独的行人。呵，我唯一的朋友，我最爱的人，我的家门是开着的——不要梦一般地走过罢。

In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

Today the morning has closed its eyes, heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind, and a thick veil has been drawn over the ever-wakeful blue sky.

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

The woodlands have hushed their songs, and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house---do not pass by like a dream.

23

在这暴风雨的夜晚你还在外面作爱的旅行吗，我的朋友？
天空像失望者在哀号。

我今夜无眠。我不断地开门向黑暗中了望，我的朋友！
我什么都看不见。我不知道你要走哪一条路！

是从墨黑的河岸上，是从远远的愁惨的树林边，是穿过昏暗迂回的曲径，你摸索着来到我这里吗，我的朋友？

Art thou abroad on this stormy night on thy journey of love, my friend? The sky groans like one in despair.
I have no sleep tonight. Ever and again I open my door and look out on the darkness, my friend!
I can see nothing before me. I wonder where lies thy path!

By what dim shore of the ink-black river, by what far edge of the frowning forest, through what mazy depth of gloom art thou threading thy course to come to me, my friend?

24

假如一天已经过去了，鸟儿也不歌唱，假如风也吹倦了，那就不用黑暗的厚幕把我盖上罢，如同你在黄昏时节用睡眠的衾被裹上大地，又轻柔地将睡莲的花瓣合上。

旅客的行程未达，粮袋已空，衣裳破裂污损，而又筋疲力尽，你解除了他的羞涩与困窘，使他的生命像花朵一样在仁慈的夜幕下苏醒。

If the day is done, if birds sing no more, if the wind has flagged tired, then draw the veil of darkness thick upon me, even as thou hast wrapt the earth with the coverlet of sleep and tenderly closed the petals of the drooping lotus at dusk.

From the traveller, whose sack of provisions is empty before the voyage is ended, whose garment is torn and dustladen, whose strength is exhausted, remove shame and poverty, and renew his life like a flower under the cover of thy kindly night.

25

在这困倦的夜里，让我帖服地把自己交给睡眠，把信赖托付给你。
让我不去勉强我的萎靡的精神，来准备一个对你敷衍的礼拜。

是你拉上夜幕盖上白日的倦眼，使这眼神在醒觉的清新喜悦中，更新了起来。

In the night of weariness let me give myself up to sleep without struggle, resting my trust upon thee.
Let me not force my flagging spirit into a poor preparation for thy worship.

It is thou who drawest the veil of night upon the tired eyes of the day to renew its sight in a fresher gladness of awakening.

26

他来坐在我的身边，而我没有醒起。多么可恨的睡眠，唉，不幸的我呵！
他在静夜中来到；手里拿着琴，我的梦魂和他的音乐起了共鸣。

唉，为什么每夜就这样地虚度了？呵，他的气息接触了我的睡眠，为什么我总看不见他的面？

He came and sat by my side but I woke not. What a cursed sleep it was, O miserable me!

He came when the night was still; he had his harp in his hands, and my dreams became resonant with its melodies.

Alas, why are my nights all thus lost? Ah, why do I ever miss his sight whose breath touches my sleep?

2、《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》的笔记-《吉檀迦利》中英对照

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

当你命令我歌唱的时候，我的心似乎要因着骄傲而炸裂，我仰望着你的脸，眼泪涌上我的眶里。
我生命中一切的凝涩与矛盾融化成一片甜柔的谐音 - -
我的赞颂像一只欢乐的鸟，振翼飞越海洋。
我知道你欢喜我的歌唱。我知道只因为我是个歌者，才能走到你的面前。
我用我的歌曲的远伸的翅梢，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.

我生命，我要保持我的躯体永远纯洁，因为我知道你的生命的摩抚，接触着我的四肢。
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。
我要努力在我的行为上表现你，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.

把礼赞和数珠撇在一边罢！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罢！
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带起：他和我们大家永远连系在一起。
从静坐里走出来罢，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，和他站在一起罢。

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.

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。
不在你的面前，我的心就不知道什么是安逸和休息，我的工作变成了无边的劳役海中的无尽的劳役。
今天，炎暑来到我的窗前，轻嘘微语：群蜂在花树的宫廷中尽情弹唱。

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

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.

我来为你唱歌。在你的厅堂中，我坐在屋角。
在你的世界中我无事可做；我无用的生命只能放出无目的歌声。
在你黑暗的殿中，夜半敲起默祷的钟声的时候，命令我罢，我的主人，来站在你面前歌唱。
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I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall of thine I have a corner seat.
In thy world I have no work to do; my useless life can only break out in tunes without a purpose.
When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the dark temple of midnight, command me, my master, to stand before thee to sing.
When in the morning air the golden harp is tuned, honour me, commanding my presence.

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。
这小小的苇笛，你携带着它逾山越谷，从笛管里吹出永新的音乐。
在你双手的不朽的按抚下，我的小小的心，消融在无边快乐之中，发出不可言说的词调。
你的无穷的赐予只倾入我小小的手里。时代过去了，你还在倾注，而我的手里还有余量待充满。

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 it 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.

我接到这世界节日的请柬，我的生命受了祝福。我的眼睛看见了美丽的景象，我的耳朵也听见了醉人的音乐。
在这宴会中，我的任务是奏乐，我也尽力演奏了。
现在，我问，那时间终于来到了吗，我可以进去瞻仰你的容颜，并献上我静默的敬礼吗？

I have had my invitation to this world's festival, and thus my life has been blessed. My eyes have seen and my ears have heard.
It was my part at this feast to play upon my instrument, and I have done all I could.
Now, I ask, has the time come at last when I may go in and see thy face and offer thee my silent salutation?

摘下这朵花来，拿了去罢，不要迟延！我怕它会萎谢了，掉在尘土里。
它也许配不上你的花冠，但请你采折它，以你手采折的痛苦来给它光宠。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，就采折罢。

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

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

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。妆饰会成为我们合一之玷：它们会横阻在我们之间，它们丁当的声音会淹没了你的细语。
我的诗人的虚荣心，在你的容光中羞死。呵，诗圣，我已经拜倒在你的脚前。只让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.

《吉檀迦利(中英对照)》

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