

· 读经典 学英文 ·



飞鸟集
· STRAY BIRDS ·

(英汉对照)

(印) 泰戈尔 著
郑振铎 译

印度诗圣最动人的代表作

短小的语句道出了深刻的人生哲理，引领世人探寻真理和智慧的源泉

 机械工业出版社
CHINA MACHINE PRESS





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《飞鸟集》是泰戈尔的代表作之一，也是世界上最杰出的诗集之一。这是一部富于哲理的英文格言诗集，共收录 325 首清丽的小诗。作者不仅将白昼和黑夜、溪流和海洋、自由和背叛融入了自己的诗中，同时还包括了爱情、亲情和友情，这些都展示出他对生活的热爱。

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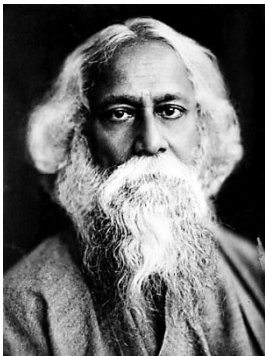
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关于作者

罗宾德拉纳特·泰戈尔（Rabindranath Tagore，1861—1941）是一位享誉世界的印度诗人、小说家、艺术家、思想家与社会活动家，是第一位获得诺贝尔文学奖的亚洲人。他一生写了50多部诗集，被称为“诗圣”。



泰戈尔出生在印度一个富有哲学与文学修养的贵族家庭，8岁就开始写诗，13岁便能对长诗与颂歌体诗进行创作，展现出其非凡的文学天赋。1913年，他因自译的英文版《吉檀迦利》荣获诺贝尔文学奖，自此跻身于世界文坛。

泰戈尔的作品具有极高的历史、艺术价值，深受民众喜爱。其主要诗作有不少被世人熟知，如《新月集》《吉檀迦利》《飞鸟集》《采果集》《园丁集》等。

泰戈尔是一位对整个世界都有着巨大影响的作家，除了诸多诗集外，还创作了12部中篇小说，100多部

短篇小说, 20 多部剧本以及大量的文学、哲学、政治论著, 并在 70 岁高龄时开始学习绘画, 创作出了 1 500 多幅极为珍贵的图画。此外, 他还创作了不计其数的各类歌曲。其作品内容几乎无所不包。

泰戈尔的著作早在 1915 年便被介绍到了中国, 他影响了一批中国最有才华的诗人与作家。其中郭沫若、冰心等所受到的影响最深, 郭沫若就曾称自己文学生涯的第一阶段是“泰戈尔式”的。





关于作品

《飞鸟集》是泰戈尔的代表作之一，也是世界上最杰出诗集中的一部佳作。该诗集共收诗 325 首，是一部很富于哲理的英文格言性质的诗集。

该诗集中包含了两种背景，其中一部分是由泰戈尔自译的以孟加拉文格言著写的诗集《碎玉集》，另一部分则是在他 1916 年访问日本的三个月间即兴创作的英文诗作。所以这一诗集有着鲜明的哲理深刻与篇幅简洁的特色。

“在这个黄昏的朦胧里，好些东西看来都仿佛是幻象一般——尖塔的底层在黑暗里消失了，树顶像是墨水的模糊的斑点似的。我将等待着黎明，而当我醒来的时候，就会看到在光明里的您的城市。”

日出与日落、背叛与自由、火花与冰刃、溪涧与海洋这些矛盾的存在，都被泰戈尔以短小精练的语句融合成深刻的人生哲理，成为引领世人寻求智慧与探求真理的源泉。

这一部乍看上去仅由一些零碎的思绪所组成的散文

诗集，却抒发着对人生、对自然的星点思绪。泰戈尔以抒情的诗篇记录着他对人生、自然与宇宙的深刻思想，借助诗篇给予世人多方位的人生启示，为很多人点亮了指路的明灯。初读这些零碎小诗，给人一种清新的感觉，犹如雨后春笋，让人看着就觉新鲜；又如初雪降落后的清晨，看着窗外闪亮着冰晶的厚厚积雪，韵味独到，且引人深思。



关于译者

郑振铎（1898—1958），著名文学家、作家、翻译家和文物考古学家，同时也是我国新文化和新文学运动的倡导者。



新中国成立以后，郑振铎历任中央人民政府文化部文物事业管理局局长、中国科学院考古研究所所长及文学研究所所长、文化部副部长、国务院科学规划委员会委员、中国科学院哲学社会科学部委员、中国民间文艺研究理事会副主席等职。

他的主要著作有《插图本中国文学史》《中国俗文学史》《中国文学研究》《俄国文学史略》《近百年古城古墓发掘史》等，译著有《新月集》《飞鸟集》等，另有《郑振铎文集》。郑振铎的一生都投身于翻译工作，不仅著述丰富，而且他发表的大量译作、译论在中国翻译史上也占有极为重要的地位，为我国的文学与翻译领域做出了巨大贡献。

他在 1922 年和 1923 年两年间翻译出版了泰戈尔的《飞鸟集》与《新月集》，从此便开始系统地、大量地对泰戈尔的诗歌进行翻译。冰心在看了郑振铎所译的《飞鸟集》之后，做出的评价是：“觉得那小诗非常自由，就学了那种自由的写法，随时把自己的感想和回忆，三言两语写下来。”这些译作对中国当时的文坛产生了直接影响，而且对促进中国新文学与外国文学的交流也起到了非常重要的作用。

因郑振铎主要翻译的是泰戈尔的诗歌及印度古代的寓言，印度著名学者海曼歌·比斯瓦斯对他在印度文化方面的翻译贡献给予了很高的评价。在他去世后，海曼歌·比斯瓦斯在 1958 年《悼念郑振铎》一文中写道：“他可能是第一个把印度古典文学和现代文学介绍给中国读者的人，他同样是当前中印文化交流的先驱。”



*Let life be beautiful like summer flowers
and death like autumn leaves.*

使生如夏花之绚烂，死如秋叶之静美。



Stray birds of summer come to my window to
sing and fly away.

And yellow leaves of autumn, which have no
songs, flutter and fall there with a sigh.



O troupe of little vagrants of the world, leave
your footprints in my words.



The world puts off its mask of vastness to its
lover.

It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of
the eternal.



It is the tears of the earth that keep her smiles
in bloom.

夏天的飞鸟，飞到我窗前唱歌，又飞去了。
秋天的黄叶，它们没有什么可唱，只叹息一声，
飞落在那里。

世界上的一队小小的漂泊者呀，请留下你们的
足印在我的文字里。

世界对着它的爱人，把它浩瀚的面具揭下了。
它变小了，小如一首歌，小如一回永恒的接吻。

是大地的泪点，使她的微笑保持着青春不谢。





The mighty desert is burning for the love of a blade of grass who shakes her head and laughs and flies away.



If you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the stars.



The sands in your way beg for your song and your movement, dancing water. Will you carry the burden of their lameness?



Her wishful face haunts my dreams like the rain at night.

无垠的沙漠热烈追求一叶绿草的爱，她摇摇头笑着飞开了。

如果你因失去了太阳而流泪，那么你也将失去群星了。

跳舞着的流水呀，在你途中的泥沙，要求你的歌声，你的流动呢。你肯挟瘸足的泥沙而俱下么？

她的热切的脸，如夜雨似的，搅扰着我的梦魂。





Once we dreamt that we were strangers.
We wake up to find that we were dear to each other.



Sorrow is hushed into peace in my heart like
the evening among the silent trees.



Some unseen fingers, like an idle breeze, are
playing upon my heart the music of the ripples.



“What language is thine, O sea?”
“The language of eternal question.”
“What language is thy answer, O sky?”
“The language of eternal silence.”

有一次，我们梦见大家都是不相识的。
我们醒了，却知道我们原是相亲相爱的。

忧思在我的心里平静下去，正如暮色降临在寂
静的山林中。

有些看不见的手指，如懒懒的微颺似的，正在
我的心上奏着潺湲的乐声。

“海水呀，你说的是什么？”

“是永恒的疑问。”

“天空呀，你回答的话是什么？”

“是永恒的沉默。”



13

Listen, my heart, to the whispers of the world
with which it makes love to you.

14

The mystery of creation is like the darkness
of night — it is great. Delusions of knowledge
are like the fog of the morning.

15

Do not seat your love upon a precipice because it
is high.

16

I sit at my window this morning where the
world like a passer-by stops for a moment,
nods to me and goes.

静静地听，我的心呀，听那世界的低语，这是它对你求爱的表示呀。

创造的神秘，有如夜间的黑暗——是伟大的。而知识的幻影却不过如晨间之雾。

不要因为峭壁是高的，便让你的爱情坐在峭壁上。

我今晨坐在窗前，世界如一个路人似的，停留了一会，向我点点头又走过去了。



17

These little thoughts are the rustle of leaves;
they have their whisper of joy in my mind.

18

What you are you do not see, what you see is
your shadow.

19

My wishes are fools, they shout across thy
songs, my Master.
Let me but listen.

20

I cannot choose the best.
The best chooses me.

这些微思，是绿叶的簌簌之声呀；它们在我的心里欢悦地微语着。

你看不见你自己，你所看见的只是你的影子。

神呀，我的那些愿望真是愚傻呀，它们杂在你的歌声中喧叫着呢。
让我只是静听着吧。

我不能选择那最好的。
是那最好的选择我。





They throw their shadows before them who
carry their lantern on their back.



That I exist is a perpetual surprise which is life.



“We, the rustling leaves, have a voice that
answers the storms, but who are you so silent?”
“I am a mere flower.”



Rest belongs to the work as the eyelids to the
eyes.

那些把灯背在背上的人，把他们的影子投到了自己前面。

我的存在，对我是一个永久的神奇，这就是生活。

“我们萧萧的树叶都有声响回答那暴风雨。你是谁呢，那样地沉默着？”

“我不过是一朵花。”

休息与工作的关系，正如眼睑与眼睛的关系。



25

Man is a born child, his power is the power of growth.

26

God expects answers for the flowers he sends us, not for the sun and the earth.

27

The light that plays, like a naked child, among the green leaves happily knows not that man can lie.

28

O beauty, find thyself in love, not in the flattery of thy mirror.

人是一个初生的孩子，他的力量，就是生长的力量。

神希望我们酬答他，在于他送给我们的花朵，而不在于太阳和土地。

光明如一个裸体的孩子，快快活活地在绿叶当中游戏，它不知道人是会欺诈的。

啊，美呀，在爱中找你自己吧，不要到你镜子的谄谀中去找寻。



29

My heart beats her waves at the shore of the world and writes upon it her signature in tears with the words, "I love thee."

30

"Moon, for what do you wait?"
"To salute the sun for whom I must make way."

31

The trees come up to my window like the yearning voice of the dumb earth.

32

His own mornings are new surprises to God.

我的心把她的波浪在世界的海岸上冲激着，以
热泪在上边写着她的题记：“我爱你。”

“月儿呀，你在等候什么呢？”

“向我将让位给他的太阳致敬。”

绿树长到了我的窗前，仿佛是喑哑的大地发出
的渴望的声音。

神自己的清晨，在他自己看来也是新奇的。



9.9

Life finds its wealth by the claims of the
world, and its worth by the claims of love.

9.14

The dry river-bed finds no thanks for its past.

9.15

The bird wishes it were a cloud.
The cloud wishes it were a bird.

9.16

The waterfall sings, "I find my song, when I
find my freedom."

生命从世界得到资产，爱情使它得到价值。

枯竭的河床，并不感谢它的过去。

鸟儿愿为一朵云。

云儿愿为一只鸟。

瀑布歌唱道：“我得到自由时便有了歌声了。”



97

I cannot tell why this heart languishes in
 silence.

It is for small needs it never asks, or knows or
 remembers.

98

Woman, when you move about in your
 household service your limbs sing like a hill
 stream among its pebbles.

99

The sun goes to cross the Western sea, leaving
 its last salutation to the East.

40

Do not blame your food because you have no
 appetite.

我说不出这心为什么那样默默地颓丧着。
是为了它那不曾要求、不曾知道、不曾记得的
小小的需要。

妇人，你在料理家务的时候，你的手足歌唱着，
正如山间的溪水歌唱着在小石中流过。

当太阳横过西方的海面时，对着东方留下他的
最后的敬礼。

不要因为你自己没有胃口而去责备你的食物。





The trees, like the longings of the earth, stand
 atiptoe to peep at the heaven.



You smiled and talked to me of nothing and I
 felt that for this I had been waiting long.



The fish in the water is silent, the animal on
 the earth is noisy, the bird in the air is singing.
 But Man has in him the silence of the sea, the
 noise of the earth and the music of the air.



The world rushes on over the strings of the
 lingering heart making the music of sadness.

群树如表示大地的愿望似的，踮起脚来向天空窥望。

你微微地笑着，不同我说什么话。而我觉得，为了这个，我已等待得久了。

水里的游鱼是沉默的，陆地上的兽类是喧闹的，空中的飞鸟是歌唱着的。
但是，人类却兼有海里的沉默、地上的喧闹与空中的音乐。

世界在踌躇之心的琴弦上跑过去，奏出忧郁的乐声。



≈45≈

He has made his weapons his gods.
When his weapons win he is defeated himself.

≈46≈

God finds himself by creating.

≈47≈

Shadow, with her veil drawn, follows Light in
secret meekness, with her silent steps of love.

≈48≈

The stars are not afraid to appear like fireflies.

他把他的刀剑当作他的上帝。
当他的刀剑胜利时，他自己却失败了。

神从创造中找到他自己。

“阴影”戴上她的面幕，秘密地，温顺地，用
她的沉默的爱的脚步，跟在“光”后边。

群星不怕显得像萤火那样。



❧ 49 ❧

I thank thee that I am none of the wheels of power but I am one with the living creatures that are crushed by it.

❧ 50 ❧

The mind, sharp but not broad, sticks at every point but does not move.

❧ 51 ❧

Your idol is shattered in the dust to prove that God's dust is greater than your idol.

❧ 52 ❧

Man does not reveal himself in his history, he struggles up through it.

谢谢神，我不是一个权力的轮子，而是被压在这轮子下的活人之一。

心是尖锐的，不是宽博的，它执着在每一点上，却并不活动。

你的偶像委散在尘土中了，这可证明神的尘土比你的偶像还伟大。

人不能在他的历史中表现出他自己，他在历史中奋斗着露出头角。





While the glass lamp rebukes the earthen for calling it cousin, the moon rises, and the glass lamp, with a bland smile, calls her, “My dear, dear sister.”



Like the meeting of the seagulls and the waves we meet and come near. The seagulls fly off, the waves roll away and we depart.



My day is done, and I am like a boat drawn on the beach, listening to the dance-music of the tide in the evening.



Life is given to us, we earn it by giving it.

玻璃灯因为瓦灯叫它做表兄而责备瓦灯。但当明月出来时，玻璃灯却温和地微笑着，叫明月为：“我亲爱的，亲爱的姐姐。”

我们如海鸥之与波涛相遇似的，遇见了，走近了。海鸥飞去，波涛滚滚地流开，我们也分别了。

我的白昼已经完了，我像一只泊在海滩上的小船，谛听着晚潮跳舞的乐声。

我们的生命是天赋的，我们唯有献出生命，才能得到生命。





❧ 57 ❧

We come nearest to the great when we are
 great in humility.

❧ 58 ❧

The sparrow is sorry for the peacock at the
 burden of its tail.

❧ 59 ❧

Never be afraid of the moments — thus sings
 the voice of the everlasting.

❧ 60 ❧

The hurricane seeks the shortest road by the
 no-road, and suddenly ends its search in the
 Nowhere.

当我们是大为谦卑的时候，便是我们最接近伟大的时候。

麻雀看见孔雀负担着它的翎尾，替它担忧。

决不要害怕刹那——永恒之声这样唱着。

飓风于无路之中寻求最短之路，又突然地在“无何有之国”终止了它的追求。





Take my wine in my own cup, friend.
 It loses its wreath of foam when poured into
 that of others.



The Perfect decks itself in beauty for the love
 of the Imperfect.



God says to man, “I heal you therefore I hurt,
 love you therefore punish.”



Thank the flame for its light, but do not forget
 the lampholder standing in the shade with
 constancy of patience.

在我自己的杯中，饮了我的酒吧，朋友。
一倒在别人的杯里，这酒的腾跳的泡沫便要消失了。

“完全”为了对“不全”的爱，把自己装饰得美丽。

神对人说：“我医治你所以伤害你，爱你所以惩罚你。”

谢谢火焰给你光明，但是不要忘了那执灯的人，
他是坚忍地站在黑暗当中呢。



❧ 65 ❧

Tiny grass, your steps are small, but you
possess the earth under your tread.

❧ 66 ❧

The infant flower opens its bud and cries,
“Dear World, please do not fade.”

❧ 67 ❧

God grows weary of great kingdoms, but never
of little flowers.

❧ 68 ❧

Wrong cannot afford defeat but Right can.

小草呀，你的足步虽小，但是你拥有你足下的土地。

幼花的蓓蕾开放了，它叫道：“亲爱的世界呀，请不要萎谢了。”

神对于那些大帝国会感到厌恶，却决不会厌恶那些小小的花朵。

错误经不起失败，但是真理却不怕失败。





♪ 69 ♪

“I give my whole water in joy,” sings the waterfall, “though little of it is enough for the thirsty.”

♪ 70 ♪

Where is the fountain that throws up these flowers in a ceaseless outbreak of ecstasy?

♪ 71 ♪

The woodcutter’s axe begged for its handle from the tree.
The tree gave it.

♪ 72 ♪

In my solitude of heart I feel the sigh of this widowed evening veiled with mist and rain.

瀑布歌唱道：“虽然渴者只要少许的水便够了，
我却很快活地给予了我的全部的水。”

把那些花朵抛掷上去的那一阵子无休无止的狂
欢大喜的劲儿，其源泉是在哪里呢？

樵夫的斧头，问树要斧柄。
树便给了他。

这寡独的黄昏，幕着雾与雨，我在我的心的孤
寂里，感觉到它的叹息。





73

Chastity is a wealth that comes from abundance
of love.

74

The mist, like love, plays upon the heart of
the hills and brings out surprises of beauty.

75

We read the world wrong and say that it
deceives us.

76

The poet wind is out over the sea and the
forest to seek his own voice.

贞操是从丰富的爱情中生出来的财富。

雾，像爱情一样，在山峰的心上游戏，生出种种美丽的变幻。

我们把世界看错了，反说它欺骗我们。

诗人—— 飙风，正出经海洋森林，追求它自己的歌声。



77

Every child comes with the message that God
is not yet discouraged of man.

78

The grass seeks her crowd in the earth.
The tree seeks his solitude of the sky.

79

Man barricades against himself.

80

Your voice, my friend, wanders in my heart,
like the muffled sound of the sea among these
listening pines.

每一个孩子出生时都带来信息说：神对人并未
灰心失望。

绿草求她地上的伴侣。
树木求他天空的寂寞。

人对他自己建筑起堤防来。

我的朋友，你的语声飘荡在我的心里，像那海
水的低吟声缭绕在静听着的松林之间。





What is this unseen flame of darkness whose sparks are the stars?



Let life be beautiful like summer flowers and death like autumn leaves.



He who wants to do good knocks at the gate;
he who loves finds the gate open.



In death the many becomes one; in life the one becomes many.
Religion will be one when God is dead.

这个不可见的黑暗之火焰，以繁星为其火花的，
到底是什么呢？

使生如夏花之绚烂，死如秋叶之静美。

那想做好人的，在门外敲着门；那爱人的，看见门敞开着。

在死的时候，众多合而为一；在生的时候，一化为众多。

神死了的时候，宗教便将合而为一。



85

The artist is the lover of Nature, therefore he
 is her slave and her master.

86

“How far are you from me, O Fruit?”
 “I am hidden in your heart, O Flower.”

87

This longing is for the one who is felt in the
 dark, but not seen in the day.

88

“You are the big drop of dew under the lotus
 leaf, I am the smaller one on its upper side,”
 said the dewdrop to the lake.

艺术家是自然的情人，所以他是自然的奴隶，
也是自然的主人。

“你离我有多远呢，果实呀？”

“我藏在你心里呢，花呀。”

这个渴望是为了那个在黑夜里感觉得到，在大白天里却看不见的人。

露点对湖水说道：“你是在荷叶下面的大露点，
我是在荷叶上面的较小的露点。”





The scabbard is content to be dull when it
 protects the keenness of the sword.



In darkness the One appears as uniform; in the
 light the One appears as manifold.



The great earth makes herself hospitable with
 the help of the grass.



The birth and death of the leaves are the rapid
 whirls of the eddy whose wider circles move
 slowly among stars.

刀鞘保护刀的锋利，它自己则满足于它的迟钝。

在黑暗中，“一”视如一体；在光亮中，“一”便视如众多。

大地借助于绿草，显出她自己的殷勤好客。

绿叶的生与死乃是旋风的急骤的旋转，它的更广大的旋转的圈子乃是在天上繁星之间徐缓的转动。





Power said to the world, "You are mine."
 The world kept it prisoner on her throne.
 Love said to the world, "I am thine."
 The world gave it the freedom of her house.



The mist is like the earth's desire.
 It hides the sun for whom she cries.



Be still, my heart, these great trees are prayers.



The noise of the moment scoffs at the music
 of the Eternal.

权势对世界说道：“你是我的。”

世界便把权势囚禁在她的宝座上面。

爱情对世界说道：“我是你的。”

世界便给予爱情以在她屋内来往的自由。

浓雾仿佛是大地的愿望。

它藏起了太阳，而太阳原是她所呼求的。

安静些吧，我的心，这些大树都是祈祷者呀。

瞬息的喧声，讥笑着永恒的音乐。





97

I think of other ages that floated upon the stream of life and love and death and are forgotten, and I feel the freedom of passing away.

98

The sadness of my soul is her bride's veil.
 It waits to be lifted in the night.

99

Death's stamp gives value to the coin of life;
 making it possible to buy with life what is truly precious.

100

The cloud stood humbly in a corner of the sky.
 The morning crowned it with splendour.

我想起了浮泛在生与爱与死的川流上的许多别的时代，以及这些时代之被遗忘，我便感觉到离开尘世的自由了。

我灵魂里的忧郁就是她的新婚的面纱。
这面纱等候着在夜间卸去。

死之印记给生的钱币以价值，使它能够用生命来购买那真正的宝物。

白云谦逊地站在天之一隅。
晨光给它戴上霞彩。



♪101♪

The dust receives insult and in return offers
her flowers.

♪102♪

Do not linger to gather flowers to keep them,
but walk on, for flowers will keep themselves
blooming all your way.

♪103♪

Roots are the branches down in the earth.
Branches are roots in the air.

♪104♪

The music of the far-away summer flutters
around the Autumn seeking its former nest.

尘土受到损辱，却以她的花朵来报答。

只管走过去，不必逗留着采了花朵来保存，因为一路上花朵自会继续开放的。

根是地下的枝。
枝是空中的根。

远远去了的夏之音乐，翱翔于秋间，寻求它的旧垒。



105

Do not insult your friend by lending him
merits from your own pocket.

106

The touch of the nameless days clings to my
heart like mosses round the old tree.

107

The echo mocks her origin to prove she is the
original.

108

God is ashamed when the prosperous boasts
of His special favour.

不要从你自己的袋里掏出勋绩借给你的朋友，
这是污辱他的。

无名的日子的感触，攀缘在我的心上，正像那
绿色的苔藓，攀缘在老树的周身。

回声嘲笑着她的原声，以证明她是原声。

当富贵利达的人夸说他得到神的特别恩惠时，
上帝却羞了。





♪ 109 ♪

I cast my own shadow upon my path, because
 I have a lamp that has not been lighted.

♪ 110 ♪

Man goes into the noisy crowd to drown his
 own clamour of silence.

♪ 111 ♪

That which ends in exhaustion is death, but
 the perfect ending is in the endless.

♪ 112 ♪

The sun has his simple robe of light. The
 clouds are decked with gorgeousness.

我投射我自己的影子在我的路上，因为我有一盏还没有燃点起来的明灯。

人走进喧哗的群众里去，为的是要淹没他自己的沉默的呼号。

终止于衰竭是“死亡”，但“圆满”却终止于无穷。

太阳只穿一件朴素的光衣，白云却披了灿烂的裙裾。





♪ 113 ♪

The hills are like shouts of children who raise
 their arms, trying to catch stars.

♪ 114 ♪

The road is lonely in its crowd for it is not
 loved.

♪ 115 ♪

The power that boasts of its mischief is
 laughed at by the yellow leaves that fall, and
 clouds that pass by.

♪ 116 ♪

The earth hums to me today in the sun, like
 a woman at her spinning, some ballad of the
 ancient time in a forgotten tongue.

山峰如群儿之喧嚷，举起他们的双臂，想去捉天上的星星。

道路虽然拥挤，却是寂寞的，因为它是不被爱的。

权势以它的恶行自夸，落下的黄叶与浮游的云片却在笑它。

今天大地在太阳光里向我营营哼鸣，像一个织着布的妇人，用一种已经被忘却的语言，哼着一些古代的歌曲。





117

The grass-blade is worthy of the great world
where it grows.

118

Dream is a wife who must talk.
Sleep is a husband who silently suffers.

119

The night kisses the fading day whispering to
his ear, "I am death, your mother. I am to give
you fresh birth."

120

I feel thy beauty, dark night, like that of the
loved woman when she has put out the lamp.

绿草是无愧于它所生长的伟大世界的。

梦是一个一定要谈话的妻子。

睡眠是一个默默忍受的丈夫。

夜与逝去的日子接吻，轻轻地在他耳旁说道：“我是死，是你的母亲。我就要给你以新的生命。”

黑夜呀，我感觉到你的美了。你的美如一个可爱的妇人，当她把灯灭了的时候。





♪ 121 ♪

I carry in my world that flourishes the worlds
that have failed.

♪ 122 ♪

Dear friend, I feel the silence of your great
thoughts of many a deepening eventide on this
beach when I listen to these waves.

♪ 123 ♪

The bird thinks it is an act of kindness to give
the fish a lift in the air.

♪ 124 ♪

“In the moon thou sendest thy love letters to
me,” said the night to the sun.
“I leave my answers in tears upon the grass.”

我把在那些已逝去的世界上的繁荣带到我的世界上来。

亲爱的朋友呀，当我静听着海涛时，我好几次在暮色深沉的黄昏里，在这个海岸上，感到你的伟大思想的沉默了。

鸟以为把鱼举在空中是一种慈善的举动。

夜对太阳说道：“在月亮中，你送了你的情书给我。我已在绿草上留下我的流着泪点的回答了。”





♪ 125 ♪

The Great is a born child; when he dies he gives his great childhood to the world.

♪ 126 ♪

Not hammer-strokes, but dance of the water sings the pebbles into perfection.

♪ 127 ♪

Bees sip honey from flowers and hum their thanks when they leave.
 The gaudy butterfly is sure that the flowers owe thanks to him.

♪ 128 ♪

To be outspoken is easy when you do not wait to speak the complete truth.

伟人是一个天生的孩子，当他死时，他把他的伟大的孩提时代给了世界。

不是槌的打击，乃是水的载歌载舞，使鹅卵石臻于完美。

蜜蜂从花中啜蜜，离开时营营地道谢。
浮华的蝴蝶却相信花是应该向它道谢的。

如果你不等待着要说出完全的真理，那么把真话说出来是很容易的。





♪ 129 ♪

Asks the Possible to the Impossible,
 “Where is your dwelling place?”
 “In the dreams of the impotent,” comes the
 answer.

♪ 130 ♪

If you shut your door to all errors truth will
 be shut out.

♪ 131 ♪

I hear some rustle of things behind my
 sadness of heart — I cannot see them.

♪ 132 ♪

Leisure in its activity is work.
 The stillness of the sea stirs in waves.

“可能”问“不可能”道：
“你住在什么地方呢？”
它回答道：“在那无能为力者的梦境里。”

如果你把所有的错误都关在门外时，真理也要
被关在外面了。

我听见有些东西在我心的忧闷后面萧萧作
响——我不能看见它们。

闲暇在动作时便是工作。
静止的海水荡动时便成波涛。



♪ 1.33 ♪

The leaf becomes flower when it loves.
 The flower becomes fruit when it worships.

♪ 1.34 ♪

The roots below the earth claim no rewards
 for making the branches fruitful.

♪ 1.35 ♪

This rainy evening the wind is restless.
 I look at the swaying branches and ponder
 over the greatness of all things.

♪ 1.36 ♪

Storm of midnight, like a giant child awakened
 in the untimely dark, has begun to play and
 shout.

绿叶恋爱时便成了花。
花崇拜时便成了果实。

埋在地下的树根使树枝产生果实，却不要求什么报酬。

阴雨的黄昏，风无休止地吹着。
我看着摇曳的树枝，想念着万物的伟大。

子夜的风雨，如一个巨大的孩子，在不合时宜的黑夜里醒来，开始游戏和喧闹。





137

Thou raisest thy waves vainly to follow thy
 lover. O sea, thou lonely bride of the storm.

138

“I am ashamed of my emptiness,” said the
 Word to the Work.
 “I know how poor I am when I see you,” said
 the Work to the Word.

139

Time is the wealth of change, but the clock in
 its parody makes it mere change and no wealth.

140

Truth in her dress finds facts too tight.
 In fiction she moves with ease.

海呀，你这暴风雨的孤寂的新妇呀，你虽掀起波浪追随你的情人，但是无用呀。

文字对工作说道：“我惭愧我的空虚。”

工作对文字说道：“当我看见你时，我便知道我是怎样地贫乏了。”

时间是变化的财富。时钟模仿它，却只有变化而无财富。

真理穿了衣裳，觉得事实太拘束了。
在想象中，她却转动得很舒畅。



141

When I travelled to here and to there, I was tired
 of thee, O Road, but now when thou leadest me to
 everywhere I am wedded to thee in love.

142

Let me think that there is one among those stars
 that guides my life through the dark unknown.

143

Woman, with the grace of your fingers you
 touched my things and order came out like
 music.

144

One sad voice has its nest among the ruins of
 the years.
 It sings to me in the night, — “I loved you.”

当我到这里那里旅行着时，路呀，我厌倦你了；
但是现在，当你引导我到各处去时，我便爱上你，
与你结婚了。

让我设想，在群星之中，有一颗星是指导着我的
生命通过不可知的黑暗的。

妇人，你用了你美丽的手指，触着我的什物，
秩序便如音乐似的生出来了。

一个忧郁的声音，筑巢于逝水似的年华中。
它在夜里向我唱道：“我爱你。”



♪ 145 ♪

The flaming fire warns me off by its own glow.
 Save me from the dying embers hidden under
 ashes.

♪ 146 ♪

I have my stars in the sky.
 But oh for my little lamp unlit in my house.

♪ 147 ♪

The dust of the dead words clings to thee.
 Wash thy soul with silence.

♪ 148 ♪

Gaps are left in life through which comes the
 sad music of death.

燃着的火，以它熊熊的光焰警告我不要走近它。
把从潜藏在灰中的余烬里救出来吧。

我有群星在天上。
但是，唉，我屋里的小灯却没有点亮。

死文字的尘土沾着你。
用沉默去洗净你的灵魂吧。

生命里留了许多罅隙，从中送来了死之忧郁的
音乐。



♪ 149 ♪

The world has opened its heart of light in the morning.
 Come out, my heart, with thy love to meet it.

♪ 150 ♪

My thoughts shimmer with these shimmering leaves and my heart sings with the touch of this sunlight; my life is glad to be floating with all things into the blue of space, into the dark of time.

♪ 151 ♪

God's great power is in the gentle breeze, not in the storm.

♪ 152 ♪

This is a dream in which things are all loose and they oppress. I shall find them gathered in thee when I awake and shall be free.

世界已在早晨敞开了它的光明之心。
出来吧，我的心，带着你的爱去与它相会。

我的思想随着这些闪耀的绿叶而闪耀；我的心
灵因了这日光的抚触而歌唱；我的生命因为偕
了万物一同浮泛在空间的蔚蓝、时间的墨黑而
感到欢快。

神的巨大的威权是在柔和的微颺里，而不在狂
风暴雨之中。

在梦中，一切事都散漫着，都压着我，但这不
过是一个梦呀。当我醒来时，我便将觉得这些
事都已聚集在你那里，我也便将自由了。



♪ 153 ♪

“Who is there to take up my duties?” asked the setting sun.

“I shall do what I can, my Master,” said the earthen lamp.

♪ 154 ♪

By plucking her petals you do not gather the beauty of the flower.

♪ 155 ♪

Silence will carry your voice like the nest that holds the sleeping birds.

♪ 156 ♪

The Great walks with the Small without fear.
 The Middling keeps aloof.

落日问道：“有谁继续我的职务呢？”

瓦灯说道：“我要尽我所能地做去，我的主人。”

采着花瓣时，得不到花的美丽。

沉默蕴蓄着语声，正如鸟巢拥围着睡鸟。

大的不怕与小的同游。

居中的却远而避之。





♪ 157 ♪

The night opens the flowers in secret and
 allows the day to get thanks.

♪ 158 ♪

Power takes as ingratitude the writhings of its
 victims.

♪ 159 ♪

When we rejoice in our fullness, then we can
 part with our fruits with joy.

♪ 160 ♪

The raindrops kissed the earth and whispered,
 “We are thy homesick children, mother, come
 back to thee from the heaven.”

夜秘密地把花开放了，却让那白日去领受谢词。

权势认为牺牲者的痛苦是忘恩负义。

当我们以我们的充实为乐时，那么，我们便能很快地跟我们的果实分手了。

雨点吻着大地，微语道：“我们是你的思家的孩子，母亲，现在从天上回到你这里来了。”



♪ 161 ♪

The cobweb pretends to catch dew drops and
catches flies.

♪ 162 ♪

Love! When you come with the burning lamp
of pain in your hand, I can see your face and
know you as bliss.

♪ 163 ♪

“The learned say that your lights will one day
be no more,” said the firefly to the stars.
The stars made no answer.

♪ 164 ♪

In the dusk of the evening the bird of some
early dawn comes to the nest of my silence.

蛛网好像要捉露点，却捉住了苍蝇。

爱情呀，当你手里拿着点亮了的痛苦之灯走来时，我能够看见你的脸，而且以你为幸福。

萤火对天上的星说道：“学者说你的光明总有一天会消灭的。”

天上的星不回答它。

在黄昏的微光里，有那清晨的鸟儿来到了我的沉默的鸟巢里。



♪ 165 ♪

Thoughts pass in my mind like flocks of
 ducks in the sky.
 I hear the voice of their wings.

♪ 166 ♪

The canal loves to think that rivers exist
 solely to supply it with water.

♪ 167 ♪

The world has kissed my soul with its pain,
 asking for its return in songs.

♪ 168 ♪

That which oppresses me, is it my soul trying
 to come out in the open, or the soul of the
 world knocking at my heart for its entrance?

思想掠过我的心上，如一群野鸭飞过天空。
我听见它们鼓翼之声了。

沟洫总喜欢想：河流的存在，是专为它供给水流的。

世界以它的痛苦同我的灵魂接吻，而要求歌声做报酬。

压迫着我的，到底是我的想要外出的灵魂呢，
还是那世界的灵魂，敲着我心的门，想要进来呢？





♪ 169 ♪

Thought feeds itself with its own words and grows.

♪ 170 ♪

I have dipped the vessel of my heart into this silent hour; it has filled with love.

♪ 171 ♪

Either you have work or you have not.
 When you have to say, "Let us do something,"
 then begins mischief.

♪ 172 ♪

The sunflower blushed to own the nameless
 flower as her kin.
 The sun rose and smiled on it, saying, "Are
 you well, my darling?"

思想以它自己的言语喂养它自己而成长起来了。

我把我心之碗轻轻浸入这沉默之时刻中，它盛满了爱了。

或者你在工作，或者你没有。

当你不得不说“让我们做些事吧”时，那么就要开始胡闹了。

向日葵羞于把无名的花朵看作它的同胞。

太阳升上来了，向它微笑，说道：“你好么，我的宝贝儿？”





173

“Who drives me forward like fate?”
 “The Myself striding on my back.”

174

The clouds fill the watercups of the river,
 hiding themselves in the distant hills.

175

I spill water from my water jar as I walk on
 my way.
 Very little remains for my home.

176

The water in a vessel is sparkling; the water
 in the sea is dark.
 The small truth has words that are clear; the
 great truth has great silence.

“谁如命运似的催着我向前走呢？”

“那是我自己，在身背后大跨步走着。”

云把水倒在河的水杯里，它们自己却藏在远山之中。

我一路走去，从我的水瓶中漏出水来。
只剩下极少极少的水供我回家使用了。

杯中的水是光辉的，海中的水却是黑色的。
大理可以用文字来说清楚，大理却只有沉默。





∞ 177 ∞

Your smile was the flowers of your own fields, your talk was the rustle of your own mountain pines, but your heart was the woman that we all know.

∞ 178 ∞

It is the little things that I leave behind for my loved ones — great things are for everyone.

∞ 179 ∞

Woman, thou hast encircled the world's heart with the depth of thy tears as the sea has the earth.

∞ 180 ∞

The sunshine greets me with a smile.
 The rain, his sad sister, talks to my heart.

你的微笑是你自己田园里的花，你的谈吐是你自己山上的松林的萧萧；但是你的心呀，却是那个女人，那个我们全都认识的女人。

我把小小的礼物留给我所爱的人，大的礼物却留给一切的人。

妇人呀，你用泪海包绕着世界的心，正如大海包绕着大地。

太阳以微笑向我问候。

雨，他的忧闷的姊姊，向我的心谈话。



181

My flower of the day dropped its petals
forgotten.
In the evening it ripens into a golden fruit of
memory.

182

I am like the road in the night listening to the
footfalls of its memories in silence.

183

The evening sky to me is like a window, and a
lighted lamp, and a waiting behind it.

184

He who is too busy doing good finds no time
to be good.

我的昼间之花，落下它那被遗忘的花瓣。
在黄昏中，这花成熟为一颗记忆的金果。

我像那夜间之路，正静悄悄地谛听着记忆的
足音。

黄昏的天空，在我看来，像一扇窗户，一盏灯火，
灯火背后的一次等待。

太急于做好事的人，反而找不到时间去做好人。





∞185∞

I am the autumn cloud, empty of rain, see my
 fullness in the field of ripened rice.

∞186∞

They hated and killed and men praised them.
 But God in shame hastens to hide its memory
 under the green grass.

∞187∞

Toes are the fingers that have forsaken their
 past.

∞188∞

Darkness travels towards light, but blindness
 towards death.

我是秋云，空空地不载着雨水，但在成熟的稻田中，可以看见我的充实。

他们嫉妒，他们残杀，人反而称赞他们。
然而上帝却害了羞，匆匆地把他的记忆埋藏在绿草下面。

脚趾乃是舍弃了其过去的手指。

黑暗向光明旅行，但是盲者却向死亡旅行。





♪ 189 ♪

The pet dog suspects the universe for scheming
to take its place.

♪ 190 ♪

Sit still, my heart, do not raise your dust.
Let the world find its way to you.

♪ 191 ♪

The bow whispers to the arrow before it speeds
forth, “Your freedom is mine.”

♪ 192 ♪

Woman, in your laughter you have the music
of the fountain of life.

小狗疑心大宇宙阴谋篡夺它的位置。

静静地坐着吧，我的心，不要扬起你的尘土。
让世界自己寻路向你走来。

弓在箭要射出之前，低声对箭说道：“你的自由就是我的自由。”

妇人，在你的笑声里有着生命之泉的音乐。





♪ 193 ♪

A mind all logic is like a knife all blade.
 It makes the hand bleed that uses it.

♪ 194 ♪

God loves man's lamp lights better than his
 own great stars.

♪ 195 ♪

This world is the world of wild storms kept
 tame with the music of beauty.

♪ 196 ♪

“My heart is like the golden casket of thy kiss,”
 said the sunset cloud to the sun.

全是理智的心，恰如一柄全是锋刃的刀。
它叫使用它的人手上流血。

神爱人间的灯光甚于他自己的大星。

这世界乃是为美之音乐所驯服了的狂风骤雨的世界。

晚霞向太阳说道：“我的心经了你的接吻，便似金的宝箱了。”



∞ 197 ∞

By touching you may kill, by keeping away
you may possess.

∞ 198 ∞

The cricket's chirp and the patter of rain come
to me through the dark, like the rustle of
dreams from my past youth.

∞ 199 ∞

"I have lost my dewdrop," cries the flower to
the morning sky that has lost all its stars.

∞ 200 ∞

The burning log bursts in flame and cries, —
"This is my flower, my death."

接触着，你许会杀害；远离着，你许会占有。

蟋蟀的唧唧，夜雨的淅沥，从黑暗中传到我的
耳边，好似我已逝的少年时代沙沙地来到我的
梦境中。

花朵向星辰落尽了的曙天叫道：“我的露点全
失落了。”

燃烧着的木块，熊熊地生出火光，叫道，“这
是我的花朵，我的死亡。”



201

The wasp thinks that the honey-hive of the
 neighbouring bees is too small.
 His neighbours ask him to build one still smaller.

202

“I cannot keep your waves,” says the bank to the
 river.
 “Let me keep your footprints in my heart.”

203

The day, with the noise of this little earth,
 drowns the silence of all worlds.

204

The song feels the infinite in the air, the picture
 in the earth, the poem in the air and the earth;
 For its words have meaning that walks and
 music that soars.

黄蜂认为邻蜂储蜜之巢太小。
它的邻人要它去建筑一个更小的。

河岸向河流说道：“我不能留住你的波浪。
让我保存你的足印在我的心里吧。”

白日以这小小地球的喧扰，淹没了整个宇宙的
沉默。

歌声在天空中感到无限，图画在地上感到无限，
诗呢，无论在空中、在地上都是如此。
因为诗的词句含有能走动的意义与能飞翔的音乐。



♪ 205 ♪

When the sun goes down to the West, the East
of his morning stands before him in silence.

♪ 206 ♪

Let me not put myself wrongly to my world
and set it against me.

♪ 207 ♪

Praise shames me, for I secretly beg for it.

♪ 208 ♪

Let my doing nothing when I have nothing to
do become untroubled in its depth of peace
like the evening in the seashore when the
water is silent.

太阳在西方落下时，他的早晨的东方已静悄悄地站在他面前。

让我不要错误地把自己放在我的世界里而使它反对我。

荣誉使我感到惭愧，因为我暗地里求着它。

当我没有什么事做时，便让我不做什么事，不受骚扰地沉入安静深处吧，一如那海水沉默时海边的暮色。





♪ 209 ♪

Maiden, your simplicity, like the blueness of
 the lake, reveals your depth of truth.

♪ 210 ♪

The best does not come alone. It comes with
 the company of the all.

♪ 211 ♪

God's right hand is gentle, but terrible is his
 left hand.

♪ 212 ♪

My evening came among the alien trees and
 spoke in a language which my morning stars
 did not know.

少女呀，你的纯朴，如湖水之碧，表现出你的真理之深邃。

最好的东西不是独来的，它伴了所有的东西同来。

神的右手是慈爱的，但是他的左手却可怕。

我的晚色从陌生的树木中走来，它用我的晓星所不懂得的语言说话。



♪ 213 ♪

Night's darkness is a bag that bursts with the
gold of the dawn.

♪ 214 ♪

Our desire lends the colours of the rainbow to
the mere mists and vapours of life.

♪ 215 ♪

God waits to win back his own flowers as
gifts from man's hands.

♪ 216 ♪

My sad thoughts tease me asking me their
own names.

夜之黑暗是一只口袋，迸出黎明的金光。

我们的欲望把彩虹的颜色借给那只不过是云雾的人生。

神等待着，要从人的手上把他自己的花朵作为礼物赢得回去。

我的忧思缠绕着我，要问我它们自己的名字。



♪ 217 ♪

The service of the fruit is precious, the service
of the flower is sweet, but let my service
be the service of the leaves in its shade of
humble devotion.

♪ 218 ♪

My heart has spread its sails to the idle winds
for the shadowy island of Anywhere.

♪ 219 ♪

Men are cruel, but Man is kind.

♪ 220 ♪

Make me thy cup and let my fullness be for
thee and for thine.

果实的事业是尊贵的，花的事业是甜美的；但是让我做叶的事业吧，叶是谦逊地、专心地垂着绿荫的。

我的心向着阑珊的风张了帆，要到无论何处的荫凉之岛去。

独夫们是凶暴的，但人民是善良的。

把我当作你的杯吧，让我为了你，而且为了你的人而盛满水吧。



221

The storm is like the cry of some god in pain
 whose love the earth refuses.

222

The world does not leak because death is not
 a crack.

223

Life has become richer by the love that has
 been lost.

224

My friend, your great heart shone with the
 sunrise of the East like the snowy summit of a
 lonely hill in the dawn.

狂风暴雨像是在痛苦中的某个天神的哭声，因为他的爱情被大地所拒绝。

世界不会流失，因为死亡并不是一个罅隙。

生命因为付出了的爱情而更为富足。

我的朋友，你伟大的心闪射出东方朝阳的光芒，正如黎明中一个积雪的孤峰。



225

The fountain of death makes the still water of
life play.

226

Those who have everything but thee, my God,
laugh at those who have nothing but thyself.

227

The movement of life has its rest in its own
music.

228

Kicks only raise dust and not crops from the
earth.

死之流泉，使生的止水跳跃。

那些有一切东西而没有您的人，我的上帝，在
讥笑着那些没有别的东西而只有您的人呢。

生命的运动在它自己的音乐里得到它的休息。

踢足只能从地上扬起尘土而不能得到收获。



229

Our names are the light that glows on the sea waves at night and then dies without leaving its signature.

230

Let him only see the thorns who has eyes to see the rose.

231

Set bird's wings with gold and it will never again soar in the sky.

232

The same lotus of our clime blooms here in the alien water with the same sweetness, under another name.

我们的名字，便是夜里海波上发出的光，痕迹也不留就泯灭了。

让睁眼看着玫瑰花的人也看看它的刺。

鸟翼上系上了黄金，这鸟便永不能再在天上翱翔了。

我们地方的荷花又在这里陌生的水上开了花，放出同样的清香，只是名字换了。



2.2.3

In heart's perspective the distance looms large.

2.2.4

The moon has her light all over the sky, her
 dark spots to herself.

2.2.5

Do not say, "It is morning," and dismiss it with
 a name of yesterday. See it for the first time as
 a new-born child that has no name.

2.2.6

Smoke boasts to the sky, and Ashes to the
 earth, that they are brothers to the fire.

在心的远景里，那相隔的距离显得更广阔了。

月儿把她的光明遍照在天上，却留着她的黑斑给她自己。

不要说“这是早晨”，别用一个“昨天”的名词把它打发掉。你第一次看到它，把它当作还没有名字的新生孩子吧。

青烟对天空夸口，灰烬对大地夸口，都以为它们是火的兄弟。



♪ 297 ♪

The raindrop whispered to the jasmine, “Keep me in your heart for ever.”
 The jasmine sighed, “Alas,” and dropped to the ground.

♪ 298 ♪

Timid thoughts, do not be afraid of me.
 I am a poet.

♪ 299 ♪

The dim silence of my mind seems filled with crickets’ chirp — the grey twilight of sound.

♪ 240 ♪

Rockets, your insult to the stars follows yourself back to the earth.

雨点向茉莉花微语道：“把我永久地留在你的心里吧。”

茉莉花叹息了一声，落在地上了。

胆怯的思想呀，不要怕我。

我是一个诗人。

我的心在朦胧的沉默里，似乎充满了蟋蟀的鸣声——声音的灰暗的暮色。

爆竹呀，你对群星的侮蔑，又跟着你自己回到地上来了。



241

Thou hast led me through my crowded travels
 of the day to my evening's loneliness.
 I wait for its meaning through the stillness of
 the night.

242

This life is the crossing of a sea, where we
 meet in the same narrow ship.
 In death we reach the shore and go to our
 different worlds.

243

The stream of truth flows through its channels
 of mistakes.

244

My heart is homesick today for the one sweet
 hour across the sea of time.

您曾经带领着我，穿过我的白天的拥挤不堪的旅程，而到达了我的黄昏的孤寂之境。
在通宵的寂静里，我等待着它的意义。

我们的生命就似渡过一个大海，我们都相聚在这个狭小的舟中。
死时，我们便到了岸，各往各的世界去了。

真理之川从它的错误之沟渠中流过。

今天我的心是在想家了，在想着那跨过时间之海的那一个甜蜜的时候。



245

The bird-song is the echo of the morning light
back from the earth.

246

“Are you too proud to kiss me?” the morning
light asks the buttercup.

247

“How may I sing to thee and worship, O
Sun?” asked the little flower.
“By the simple silence of thy purity,” answered
the sun.

248

Man is worse than an animal when he is an
animal.

鸟的歌声是曙光从大地反响过去的回声。

晨光问毛茛道：“你是骄傲得不肯和我接吻么？”

小花问道：“我要怎样地对你唱，怎样地崇拜你呢，太阳呀？”

太阳答道：“只要用你的纯洁的素朴的沉默。”

当人是兽时，他比兽还坏。



249

Dark clouds become heaven's flowers when
kissed by light.

250

Let not the sword-blade mock its handle for
being blunt.

251

The night's silence, like a deep lamp, is burning
with the light of its milky way.

252

Around the sunny island of Life swells day
and night death's limitless song of the sea.

黑云受光的接吻时便变成天上的花朵。

不要让刀锋讥笑它柄子的拙钝。

夜的沉默，如一个深深的灯盏，银河便是它燃着的灯光。

死像大海的无限的歌声，日夜冲击着生命的光明岛的四周。



253

Is not this mountain like a flower, with its
 petals of hills, drinking the sunlight?

254

The real with its meaning read wrong and
 emphasis misplaced is the unreal.

255

Find your beauty, my heart, from the world's
 movement, like the boat that has the grace of
 the wind and the water.

256

The eyes are not proud of their sight but of
 their eyeglasses.

花瓣似的山峰在饮着日光，这山岂不像一朵花
吗？

“真实”的含义被误解，轻重被倒置，那就成了“不真实”。

我的心呀，从世界的流动中找你的美吧，正如
那小船得到风与水的优美似的。

眼不以能视来骄人，却以它们的眼镜来骄人。





257

I live in this little world of mine and am
 afraid to make it the least less. Lift me into
 thy world and let me have the freedom gladly
 to lose my all.

258

The false can never grow into truth by growing
 in power.

259

My heart, with its lapping waves of song,
 longs to caress this green world of the sunny
 day.

260

Wayside grass, love the star, then your dreams
 will come out in flowers.

我住在我的这个小小世界里，生怕使它再缩小一丁点儿。把我抬举到您的世界里去吧，让我有高兴兴地失去我的一切的自由。

虚伪永远不能凭借它生长在权力中而变成真实。

我的心，同着它的歌的拍拍舐岸的波浪，渴望着要抚爱这个阳光熙和的绿色世界。

道旁的草，爱那天上的星吧，你的梦境便可在花朵里实现了。



261

Let your music, like a sword, pierce the noise
of the market to its heart.

262

The trembling leaves of this tree touch my
heart like the fingers of an infant child.

263

The little flower lies in the dust.
It sought the path of the butterfly.

264

I am in the world of the roads. The night comes.
Open thy gate, thou world of the home.

让你的音乐如一柄利刃，直刺入市井喧扰的心中吧。

这树的颤动之叶，触动着我的心，像一个婴儿的手指。

小花睡在尘土里。
它寻求蛱蝶走的道路。

我是在道路纵横的世界上。
夜来了。打开您的门吧，家之世界呵！



265

I have sung the songs of thy day.
 In the evening let me carry thy lamp through
 the stormy path.

266

I do not ask thee into the house.
 Come into my infinite loneliness, my Lover.

267

Death belongs to life as birth does.
 The walk is in the raising of the foot as in the
 laying of it down.

268

I have learnt the simple meaning of thy
 whispers in flowers and sunshine — teach me
 to know thy words in pain and death.

我已经唱过了您的白天的歌。
在黄昏时候，让我拿着您的灯走过风雨飘摇的
道路吧。

我不要求你进我的屋里。
你到我无量的孤寂里来吧，我的爱人！

死亡隶属于生命，正与生一样。
举足是走路，正如落足也是走路。

我已经学会了你在花与阳光里微语的意义——
再教我明白你在苦与死中所说的话吧。





♪ 269 ♪

The night's flower was late when the morning
 kissed her, she shivered and sighed and dropped
 to the ground.

♪ 270 ♪

Through the sadness of all things I hear the
 crooning of the Eternal Mother.

♪ 271 ♪

I came to your shore as a stranger, I lived in
 your house as a guest, I leave your door as a
 friend, my earth.

♪ 272 ♪

Let my thoughts come to you, when I am gone,
 like the afterglow of sunset at the margin of
 starry silence.

夜的花朵来晚了，当早晨吻着她时，她颤栗着，
叹息了一声，萎落在地上了。

从万物的愁苦中，我听见了“永恒母亲”的呻吟。

大地呀，我到你岸上时是一个陌生人，住在你
屋内时是一个宾客，离开你的门时是一个朋友。

当我去时，让我的思想到你那里来，如那夕阳
的余光，映在沉默的星天的边上。



273

Light in my heart the evening star of rest and
 then let the night whisper to me of love.

274

I am a child in the dark.
 I stretch my hands through the coverlet of
 night for thee, Mother.

275

The day of work is done. Hide my face in
 your arms, Mother.
 Let me dream.

276

The lamp of meeting burns long; it goes out in
 a moment at the parting.

在我的心头燃点起那休憩的黄昏星吧，然后让
黑夜向我微语着爱情。

我是一个在黑暗中的孩子。
我从夜的被单里向您伸出我的双手，母亲。

白天的工作完了。把我的脸掩藏在您的臂间吧，
母亲。
让我入梦吧。

集会时的灯光，点了很久，会散时，灯便立刻
灭了。



♪ 277 ♪

One word keep for me in thy silence, O
 World, when I am dead, "I have loved."

♪ 278 ♪

We live in this world when we love it.

♪ 279 ♪

Let the dead have the immortality of fame,
 but the living the immortality of love.

♪ 280 ♪

I have seen thee as the half-awakened child
 sees his mother in the dusk of the dawn and
 then smiles and sleeps again.

当我死时，世界呀，请在你的沉默中，替我留着“我已经爱过了”这句话吧。

我们热爱世界时便生活在这世界上。

让死者有那不朽的名，但让生者有那不朽的爱。

我看见你，像那半醒的婴孩在黎明的微光里看见他的母亲，于是微笑而又睡去了。



281

I shall die again and again to know that life is
inexhaustible.

282

While I was passing with the crowd in the
road I saw thy smile from the balcony and I
sang and forgot all noise.

283

Love is life in its fullness like the cup with its
wine.

284

They light their own lamps and sing their own
words in their temples.
But the birds sing thy name in thine own
morning light — for thy name is joy.

我将死了又死，以明白生是无穷无尽的。

当我和拥挤的人群一同在路上走过时，我看见
您从阳台上送过来的微笑，我歌唱着，忘却了
所有的喧哗。

爱就是充实了的生命，正如盛满了酒的酒杯。

他们点了他们自己的灯，在他们的寺院内，吟
唱他们自己的话语。

但是小鸟们却在你的晨光中，唱着你的名字——
因为你的名字便是快乐。



285

Lead me in the centre of thy silence to fill my
heart with songs.

286

Let them live who choose in their own hissing
world of fireworks.
My heart longs for thy stars, my God.

287

Love's pain sang round my life like the
unplumbed sea, and love's joy sang like birds
in its flowering groves.

288

Put out the lamp when thou wishest.
I shall know thy darkness and shall love it.

领我到您的沉寂的中心，使我的心充满了歌吧。

让那些选择了他们自己的焰火滋滋的世界的，
就生活在那里吧。

我的心渴望着您的繁星，我的上帝。

爱的痛苦环绕着我的一生，像汹涌的大海似的
唱；而爱的快乐却像鸟儿们在花林里似的唱着。

假如您愿意，您就熄了灯吧。

我将明白您的黑暗，而且将喜爱它。



289

When I stand before thee at the day's end
 thou shalt see my scars and know that I had
 my wounds and also my healing.

290

Some day I shall sing to thee in the sunrise of
 some other world, "I have seen thee before in
 the light of the earth, in the love of man."

291

Clouds come floating into my life from other
 days no longer to shed rain or usher storm but
 to give colour to my sunset sky.

292

Truth raises against itself the storm that
 scatters its seeds broadcast.

当在那日子的终了，站在您的面前时，您将看见我的伤疤，而知道我有我的许多创伤，但也有我的医治的法儿。

总有一天，我要在别的世界的晨光里对你唱道：
“我以前在地球的光里，在人的爱里，已经见过你了。”

从别的日子飘浮到我的生命里的云，不再落下雨点或引起风暴了，却只给予我的夕阳的天空以色彩。

真理引起了反对它自己的狂风骤雨，那场风雨吹散了真理的广播的种子。





♪ 293 ♪

The storm of the last night has crowned this
 morning with golden peace.

♪ 294 ♪

Truth seems to come with its final word; and
 the final word gives birth to its next.

♪ 295 ♪

Blessed is he whose fame does not outshine
 his truth.

♪ 296 ♪

Sweetness of thy name fills my heart when I
 forget mine — like thy morning sun when the
 mist is melted.

昨夜的风雨给今日的早晨戴上了金色的和平。

真理仿佛带了它的结论而来，而那结论却产生了它的第二个。

他是有福的，因为他的名望并没有比他的真实更光亮。

您的名字的甜蜜充溢着我的心，而我忘掉了我自己的——就像您的早晨的太阳升起时，那大雾便消失了。



♪ 297 ♪

The silent night has the beauty of the mother
 and the clamorous day of the child.

♪ 298 ♪

The world loved man when he smiled. The
 world became afraid of him when he laughed.

♪ 299 ♪

God waits for man to regain his childhood in
 wisdom.

♪ 300 ♪

Let me feel this world as thy love taking form,
 then my love will help it.

静悄悄的黑夜具有母亲的美丽，而吵闹的白天
具有孩子的美。

当人微笑时，世界爱了他；但他大笑时，世界
便怕他了。

神等待着人在智慧中重新获得童年。

让我感到这个世界乃是您的爱的成形吧，那么，
我的爱也将帮助着它。



♪♪01♪

Thy sunshine smiles upon the winter days of
 my heart, never doubting of its spring flowers.

♪♪02♪

God kisses the finite in his love and man the
 infinite.

♪♪03♪

Thou crossest desert lands of barren years to
 reach the moment of fulfilment.

♪♪04♪

God's silence ripens man's thoughts into
 speech.

您的阳光对着我的心头的冬天微笑着，从来不怀疑它的春天的花朵。

神在他的爱里吻着“有涯”，而人却吻着“无涯”。

您越过不毛之年的沙漠而到达了圆满的时刻。

神的静默使人的思想成熟而为语言。



♪♪305♪♪

Thou wilt find, Eternal Traveller, marks of
 thy footsteps across my songs.

♪♪306♪♪

Let me not shame thee, Father, who displayest
 thy glory in thy children.

♪♪307♪♪

Cheerless is the day, the light under frowning
 clouds is like a punished child with traces of
 tears on its pale cheeks, and the cry of the
 wind is like the cry of a wounded world. But I
 know I am travelling to meet my Friend.

♪♪308♪♪

Tonight there is a stir among the palm leaves, a
 swell in the sea, Full Moon, like the heart throb
 of the world. From what unknown sky hast thou
 carried in thy silence the aching secret of love?

“永恒的旅客”呀，你可以在我的歌中找到你的足迹。

让我不至羞辱您吧，父亲，您在您的孩子们身上显现出您的光荣。

这一天是不快活的。光在蹙额的云下，如一个被责打的儿童，灰白的脸上留着泪痕；风又叫号着，似一个受伤的世界的哭声。但是我知道，我正跋涉着去会我的朋友。

今天晚上棕榈叶在嚓嚓地作响，海上有大浪，满月呵，就像世界在心脉悸跳。从什么不可知的天空，您在您的沉默里带来了爱的痛苦的秘密？



♪♪♪

I dream of a star, an island of light, where I shall be born and in the depth of its quickening leisure my life will ripen its works like the rice-field in the autumn sun.

♪♪♪

The smell of the wet earth in the rain rises like a great chant of praise from the voiceless multitude of the insignificant.

♪♪♪

That love can ever lose is a fact that we cannot accept as truth.

♪♪♪

We shall know some day that death can never rob us of that which our soul has gained, for her gains are one with herself.

我梦见一颗星，一个光明岛屿，我将在那里出生。
在它快速的闲暇深处，我的生命将成熟它的事
业，像秋天阳光下的稻田。

雨中的湿土的气息，就像从渺小的无声的群众
那里来的一阵巨大的赞美歌声。

说爱情会失去的那句话，乃是我们不能够当作
真理来接受的一个事实。

我们将有一天会明白，死永远不能够夺去我们
的灵魂所获得的东西。因为她所获得的，和她
自己是一体。



9.9.9

God comes to me in the dusk of my evening
 with the flowers from my past kept fresh in
 his basket.

9.9.14

When all the strings of my life will be tuned,
 my Master, then at every touch of thine will
 come out the music of love.

9.9.15

Let me live truly, my Lord, so that death to
 me become true.

9.9.16

Man's history is waiting in patience for the
 triumph of the insulted man.

神在我的黄昏的微光中，带着花到我这里来，
这些花都是我过去的，在他的花篮中还保存得
很新鲜。

主呀，当我的生之琴弦都已调得谐和时，你的
手的一弹一奏，都可以发出爱的乐声来。

让我真真实实地活着吧，我的上帝。这样，死
对于我也就成了真实的了。

人类的历史在很忍耐地等待着被侮辱者的胜利。



9.17

I feel thy gaze upon my heart this moment
 like the sunny silence of the morning upon the
 lonely field whose harvest is over.

9.18

I long for the Island of Songs across this
 heaving Sea of Shouts.

9.19

The prelude of the night is commenced in the
 music of the sunset, in its solemn hymn to the
 ineffable dark.

9.20

I have scaled the peak and found no shelter in
 fame's bleak and barren height. Lead me, my
 Guide, before the light fades, into the valley of
 quiet where life's harvest mellows into golden
 wisdom.

我这一刻感到你的眼光正落在我的心上，像那早晨阳光中的沉默落在已收获的孤寂的田野上一样。

在这喧哗的波涛起伏的海中，我渴望着咏歌之岛。

夜的序曲是开始于夕阳西下的音乐，开始于它对难以形容的黑暗所作的庄严的赞歌。

我攀登上高峰，发现在名誉的荒芜不毛的高处，简直找不到一个遮身之地。我的引导者呵，领导着我在光明逝去之前，进到沉静的山谷里去。在那里，一生的收获将会成熟为黄金的智慧。



9.22

Things look phantastic in this dimness of the dusk — the spires whose bases are lost in the dark and treetops like blots of ink. I shall wait for the morning and wake up to see thy city in the light.

9.23

I have suffered and despaired and known death and I am glad that I am in this great world.

9.24

There are tracts in my life that are bare and silent. They are the open spaces where my busy days had their light and air.

9.25

Release me from my unfulfilled past clinging to me from behind making death difficult.

9.26

Let this be my last word, that I trust in thy love.

在这个黄昏的朦胧里，好些东西看来都仿佛是幻象一般——尖塔的底层在黑暗里消失了，树顶像是墨水的模糊的斑点似的。我将等待着黎明，而当我醒来的时候，就会看到在光明里的您的城市。

我曾经受苦过，曾经失望过，曾经体会过“死亡”，于是我以我在这伟大的世界里为乐。

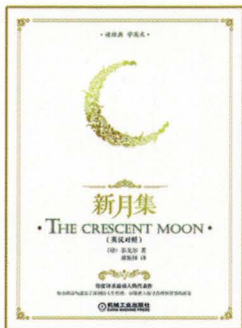
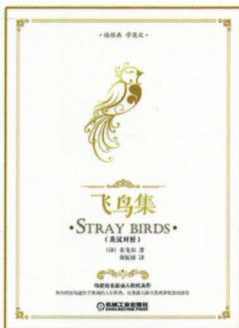
在我的一生里，也有贫乏和沉默的地域。它们是我忙碌的日子得到日光与空气的几片空旷之地。

我的未完成的过去，从后边缠绕到我身上，使我难于死去。请从它那里释放了我吧。

“我相信你的爱。”让这句话做我的最后的话。



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飞鸟集



泰戈尔！谢谢你以快美的诗情，救治我天赋的悲感；
谢谢你以超卓的哲理，慰藉我心灵的寂寞。

——冰心

他在荆棘丛生的地球上，为我们建筑了一座宏丽而静
谧的诗的乐园。

——郑振铎

每天读一句泰戈尔的诗，可以让我忘却世上一切苦
痛。

——叶芝（1923年诺贝尔文学奖得主）



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