



## Gradinar

*Rabindranath Tagore , David S. Pijade (Translator)*

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Gradinar je zbirka pjesama preporučljiva za sve uzraste.

Tagore svoje pjesme prožima najtananimijim, najbitnijim i najljepšim osjećanjem koje postoji u ovomjenu, tj. ljubavlju. On opisuje sve faze ljubavi od težnje, pa sve do ostvarenja istinske ljubavi. Ne opisuje samo ljubav prema ženi, već i prema zemlji, ovomjenu i svijetu uopšte. Ipak, žena zauzima počasno mjesto. On pjeva o njoj kao o najljepšoj muzici. Žena je za njega pola žena, a pola san. ovomjenu je toliko potrebna da je svuda traži i svuda nalazi. On mašta o njoj u svojim snovima i misli da je bila njegova u nekom prošlom životu...

Ova zbirka pjesama uči bezmjernoj ljubavi i saradnji sa drugim bićima, jer ovajjek može samo tako opstati i srećno živjeti

## Gradinar Details

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Author : Rabindranath Tagore , David S. Pijade (Translator)

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# From Reader Review Gradinar for online ebook

## Enock Ulle says

My beloved poet and one of his masterpieces. Some of the most beautiful verses ever written about love.

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## Melinda says

Tagore shares with the reader a collection of the most beautiful love poems in *The Gardner*. Set in the Bengali countryside, Tagore's poems will capture the emotions plunged deepest in your heart. Tagore is your voice for all you've wanted to drip off your tongue but lack the talent to put into words.

Tagore's writing is straightforward, difficult to believe his work is one hundred years old. Amazing and powerful prose that will pluck your heartstrings.

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## Ashutosh says

"I run as a musk-deer runs in the shadow of the forest mad with his own perfume.  
The night is the night of mid-May, the breeze is the breeze of the south.  
I lose my way and I wander, I seek what I cannot get, I get what I do not seek.

From my heart comes out and dances the image of my own desire. The gleaming vision flits on.  
I try to clasp it firmly, it eludes me and leads me astray.  
I seek what I cannot get, I get what I do not seek."

This book can be read in hours but should be read in days as it takes time to sink in all the love expressed in this poetry. Beautifully written. I wish I knew Bengali to read the original version.

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## Mais says

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## Harperac says

I thought Gitanjali was good, but this book just blew me away. The romanticism in this book is just refulgent, overflowing.

I wish I had a copy on hand to quote some for you. The subject matter of each poem is usually a concentration and combination of a human subject (usually a beloved, male or female) intense imagery of human settlements (villages, bridges over rivers, markets) and intense nature imagery (flora, fauna, and all the usual things, with a great preponderance of climatic associations: thunder rain and sunshine).

The translation in prose is very excellent. It has the flavour of Gibran's "The Prophet" or of Whitman: long loping rhythms that never strike me as prosaic. While I'm sure that the original sings more than this translation, I'm very satisfied with what I've got.

All in all, it's a winning combination, one of the best books I've poetry I've read in a long while. I easily recommend it to anyone.

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## **Bonny says**

This is an excellent collection of Indian poetry rich in imagery and allegory. Very fresh and incredibly creative. I will read again.

Here are two I liked:

### **Baby's World**

I wish I could take a quiet corner in the heart of my baby's very own world.

I know it has stars that talk to him, and a sky that stoops down to his face to amuse him with its silly clouds and rainbows.

Those who make believe to be dumb, and look as if they never could move, come creeping to his window with their stories and with trays crowded with bright toys.

I wish I could travel by the road that crosses baby's mind, and out beyond all bounds;

Where messengers run errands for no cause between the kingdoms of kings of no history;

Where Reason makes kites of her laws and flies them, the Truth sets Fact free from its fetters.

### **A Moments Indulgence**

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 life in this silent and overflowing leisure.

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## **Martina says**

*Love unexpressed is sacred. It shines like gems in the gloom of the hidden heart. In the light of the curious day it looks pitifully dark.*

(...)

*I hoped my love would be saved from shivering shame of the shelterless, but you turn your face away.  
Yes, your path lies open before you, but you have cut off my return, and left me stripped naked before the world with its lidless eyes staring night and day.*

This kind of poetry isn't normally something I would reach for in a library, if it weren't for a recommendation from a dear friend. I must say that firstly I felt I like I was reading Kahlil Gibran, who I don't care much for, but as I worked my way through this sweet little book, I felt a rising affinity to Tagore.

*Why did the stream dry up?*

*I put a dam across it to have it for my use, that is why the stream dried up.*

So, I let myself get immersed into his words, which are not easy to define either as poetry or prose. The book is also special, because the author translated it from Bengali into English by himself. I was actually lucky enough to get to read the 1938's second reprint of that first edition that came out just three years earlier, which definitely magnified the old-timey experience.

The book's loose concept of all kind of stories told as if from the garden of Earth sometimes left me cold, but other times hit quite close to home. I suppose it brought out the things that were left unspoken in me. These very delicate personal confessions often turn out quite banal when put into words, so we rather keep them for ourselves. The mastery of poets like Tagore is precisely in being capable of expressing our experience of life, death, love and pain with beauty and dignity they rightfully deserve.

*Peace, my heart, let the time for the parting be sweet.*

*Let it not be a death but completeness.*

*Let love melt into memory and pain into songs.*

*Let the flight through the sky end in the folding of the wings over the nest.*

*Let the last touch of your hands be gentle like the flower of the night.*

*Stand still, O Beautiful End, for a moment, and say your last words in silence.*

*I bow to you and hold up my lamp to light you on your way.*

Finally, this is why I choose to include so many quotations in this review. As I read the book, I kept marking the pages, writing down my progress more than I use to, I even spilled it over my facebook wall and shared the verse with a friend it reminded me of... therefore the conclusion for anyone who might be interested in what I think is simple: just go, read it and see how it affects you.

*I spent my day on the scorching hot dust of the road.*

*... but no lighted lamp awaited me when I came here.*

*The black smudges of smoke left by many a forgotten evening lamp stare, like blind eyes, from the wall.*

*Fireflies flit in the bush near the dried-up pond, and bamboo branches fling their shadows on the*

*grassgrown path.  
I am the guest of no one at the end of my day.  
The long night is before me, and I am tired.*

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## **Reelika Raimet says**

<https://raamaturiiulike.wordpress.com...>

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## **Soycd says**

*"Unos andan por el camino, otros pasean, algunos son libres, otros están encadenados, y mi corazón pesa en mis pies."*

En "El Jardinero" Tagore se propone homenajear al amor y la naturaleza y logra alcanzar la perfección. Es mi segundo libro del premio Nobel después de su aclamado "Gitanjali" y los dos han sido realmente maravillosos. Recomendado.

*El pájaro preso vivía en una jaula, y el pájaro libre en el bosque.  
Se encontraron por azar. El pájaro libre grita: 'Amor mío, volemos hacia el bosque'.  
El pájaro preso murmura: 'Ven aquí, vivamos juntos en la jaula'.  
'Entre estos barrotes, ¿podré extender mis alas?' dice el pájaro libre. 'Ay, lamenta el prisionero, yo no sabría posarme en el cielo'.  
'Amor mío, ven conmigo a cantar las canciones del bosque'. 'Quédate junto a mí. Te enseñaré una música muy hermosa'.  
El pájaro del bosque replica: 'No, no. No se pueden enseñar las canciones'.  
El pájaro enjaulado dice: 'Ay, yo no conozco los cantos de los bosques'.  
Tienen sed de amor, pero no pueden volar ala con ala.  
Se miran a través de los barrotes de la jaula, pero su deseo es inútil.  
Aletean y cantan: 'Acércate más, amor mío'.  
El pájaro libre grita: 'No puedo, las puertas cerradas de tu jaula me dan miedo'.  
'Ay, dice el cautivo, mis alas no tienen fuerza, han muerto'.*

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## **Pavle says**

Da mi je poezija imalo jasna, možda bih mogao mnogo više da cenim ovu zbirku. Verovatno to i zaslužuje. A pošto (i dalje) nije, trojka, jer uprkos Tagoreovoj fascinantnoj lirici, od osamdeset i pet pesama koje sam pročitao, mogu da se setim svega pet-šest. U trenutku čitanja sjajno, momenat posle zaboravno.

## Tanja says

and still reading...and i will read it for whole my life...

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## Jareed says

*“It is a game of giving and withholding, revealing and screening again; some smiles and some little shyness, and some sweet useless struggles. This love between you and me is simple as a song.*

*No mystery beyond the present; no striving for the impossible; no shadow behind the charm; no groping in the depth of the dark. This love between you and me is simple as a song.*

*We do not stray out of all words into the ever silent; we do not raise our hands to the void for things beyond hope.*

*It is enough what we give and we get.*

*We have not crushed the joy to the utmost to wring from it the wine of pain.*

*This love between you and me is simple as a song.”*

One of my favorite excerpts from this wonderful book. It is amazing to read Rabindranath Tagore, a Bengali polymath, a hundred and one years after he received his Nobel Prize for Literature, a hundred and one years after being the first non-European awardee of the Nobel. The Gardener is a book of poetry. In the beginning, a modest servant pleads to the queen to be her gardener. She asks the reason why. He answers, the simplicity of which carries a subtle unfathomable heartbreaking depth. But perhaps, the servant turned gardener was compelled, inescapably, by an unrequited impermissible love for the queen, the kind that makes you queasy and uncharacteristically giddy all around, for much of this book contains aphorism, euphemisms, and ruminations for love in its varying forms, shortcomings and eternal joys, or perhaps the Gardener wanted the queen to know the real beauty of life, as ponderings in life too are contained in it. Tagore's use of colloquial language is spiritual and mercurial. There is depth in his rich use of imagery and allegories and one can read this in varying degrees but it is strange that at the same time it is straightforward in its delivery that it taxes credulity knowing this has been written a century before. And I think, it too is wonderful how he ended this work. Strange and beautiful.

*“Who are you, reader, reading my poems an hundred years hence?  
I cannot send you one single flower from this wealth of the  
spring, one single streak of gold from yonder clouds.  
Open your doors and look abroad.”*

*“From your blossoming garden gather fragrant memories of the  
vanished flowers of an hundred years before.  
In the joy of your heart may you feel the living joy that sang*

*one spring morning, sending its glad voice across an hundred years."*

This book forms part of my remarkably extensive reading list on Nobel Prize for Literature Awardees

This review has been cross-posted at [imbookedindefinitely](#)

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### **a Lena says**

Ovo možda nije najbolja knjiga sa kojom sam se susrela, ali je sasvim sigurno jedna od najljepših i vraćat ću joj se cijeloga života. *Gradinar* ili *Vrtlar* (1913.) sastoji se od 85 pjesama u prozi. Glavna tema Tagoreove lirike je ljubav – prema ženi, prirodi, čovječanstvu i svijetu uopće. Pjesnik nas poziva da se za ovog kratkog života posvetimo nečemu većem od sebe i prigrlimo to na svoja njedra, a šta je ljepše i veće od ljubavi. Uživanje za Tagorea nije vrhunac i jedini cilj ljubavi, ona nije samo fizička, nego duhovna i uzvišena.

*Držim joj ruke i stežem je na svoje grudi.  
Pokušavam da ispunim svoje naručje njenom ljupkošću,  
da poljupcima opljačkam njen sladak osmijeh,  
da otkrim svojim ispijem njene tamne poglede.  
Ali avaj, gdje je to sve?  
Ko može lišiti nebo njegova plavetnila?  
Pokušavam da shvatim ljepotu, ali  
mi ona izmiče i ostavlja mi na  
rukama samo tijelo.  
Prevaren i umoran, vraćam se.  
Kako može tijelo dotaknuti cvijet koji  
smije da dodirne jedino duša?*

Kroz Tagoreovu poeziju jako je vidljivo indijsko učenje o cikličnosti života. Promjene su neizbježne, prirodno je roditi se i umrijeti. Sve umire, dan, godina, drvo, pa tako i čovjek. Iza mrtvog dana i mrtve godine dolazi novi dan i nova godina. Na mjestu mrtvog cvijeta i drveta niknuće novo cvijeće i drveće. Dok čita njegove pjesme, čovjek ne može da ne osjeća sreću što je živ. Tagore je optimista, slavi život i optimistično ga naziva besmrtnošću na nekoliko časova.

*Da dođe i sama kraljevska vojska da nas gnjevno napadne,  
zatresli bismo tužno glave svoje i rekli:  
Braćo, smetate nam.  
Ako vam je potrebna ta hučuća igra, onda idite,  
neka zazveku vaše oružje na drugome mjestu.  
Mi smo besmrtni postali samo za nekoliko časova.*

Malo je pjesnika koji obožavaju prirodu kao Tagore, opčinjen je i zadivljen njenim detaljima, pa nam tako u



svakoj pjesmi nudi detaljne slike okoline, približava nam njene različite oblike i boje. Zato je ovu zbirku najbolje čitati na plaži u hladu neke palme, ili na klupi u parku, sa pogledom na lipe i topole. Bosih nogu, po mogućnosti.

U posljednjoj pjesmi obrađena se direktno čitaocu, ona je posveta i poruka optimizma tebi koji česi (nadam se!) pročitati ovu zbirku.

*Ko si ti, čitao?e, koji česi poslije jednoga stoljeća čitati pjesme moje?  
Ne mogu ti poslati nijedan cvijet od ovog proljetnog bogatstva,  
nijednu traku zlata sa ovih oblaka gore.  
Otvori vrata svoja i gledaj u daljinu.  
U svom cvijetnom vrtu skupljaj mirisne spomene  
na minulo cvijeće prije stotinu ljeta.  
U radosti svoga srca da osjetiš živu radost koja je pjevala  
jednog proljetnjeg jutra – šaljući svoj veseli glas preko stotinu ljeta.*

Poznajem ljude koji ne vole poeziju i kojima se ova zbirka nije dopala, ni meni se uglavnom ne dopadaju ti ljudi.

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## Mohamed Awada says

Beautiful poetry. I especially loved the sixth poem in this collection (the conversation between the caged bird and the free bird), and it was inspiring to read the last poem in this collection more than a century after it was written (since he was foreseeing that we would be reading it a hundred years from then.)

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## Chang Rong says

ngày xưa tôi học bài học thơ Tagore hiểu gì chăng nhỉ (.\_.=)) không biết mấy nhà khác thì sao chứ nhà mình là mình thì không thấy thơ của ông có gì hay đâu ơ.ơ :-s (chắc mình nghĩ tôi hiểu thấy hay hết h?, huhu)  
?, thôi k? (tôi an tôi băng băng), nếu mình thấy hiểu có nguyên nhân, vậy thì ngày xưa không thấy hay chăng là ??  
ngày sau (ngày nay) tình cảm gặp lại Tagore gì? ơ, chắc hiểu câu thơ tiếng z?i nín thở rồi chắc lại bao  
nhiều câu thơ tiếng z?i nín thở  
hehe  
sống dài lâu thì có ích hen, có chăng hiểu thấy hiểu chăng nhỉ? ơ? ơ? n?m n?m thán thán mình à! làng b?  
qua :D

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## Arnis says

<https://poseidons99.wordpress.com/201...>

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### 3ppman says

Simple, deep - universal in its candor and deeply intrinsic in its mysticism/eroticism. One of the finest books of love poetry I've ever read and, like very other Tagore's work, there is a shade of question that closes a whole world inside which you can't see or experience by your mind or your eyes - you must touch it and hug it with all of your soul, just as Tagore's love hugs every single verse of this book. Astonishing.

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### Ahmad Sharabiani says

The Gardener, Rabindranath Tagore

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### Sridhar says

How wonderful and strange to read Tagore in 2013, a full hundred years since his receiving the Nobel Prize in literature. The Gardener is wonderful because Tagore's poetry, ranging from rumination to rhapsody, mixes rural settings and nature so evocatively with his internal world of thoughts and feelings. I particularly liked a few verses on the ephemeral nature of beauty and loss, on growing old, on the connection between human and animal beings, and on what the Earth provides. And reading The Gardener a 100 years later is strange because of what he writes in his final stanza:

Who are you, reader, reading my poems an hundred years hence?

I cannot send you one single flower from this wealth of the  
spring, one single streak of gold from yonder clouds.

Open your doors and look abroad.

From your blossoming garden gather fragrant memories of the  
vanished flowers of an hundred years before.

In the joy of your heart may you feel the living joy that sang  
one spring morning, sending its glad voice across an hundred  
years.

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**Vasya says**

This is just so wonderful. I especially love the translation that was done in Serbian more than that in English, maybe because it's my mother language, but I always feel more when I read in Serbian (there are no Serbian editions on this book, so I had to use this one instead).

The first part between the slave and the queen is so heartbreaking in it's simplicity, and yet so complicated in its complexity, that you are left with two impressions - that you have witnessed something magical and at the same time so mysterious that you can entirely put your finger on it.

I loved it.

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