

詩 祭 千 秋

世界名詩選譯
中英對照

于中旻譯

詩祭千秋

POEMS & HYMNS

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殷 序

于中旻博士精研中英，為譯事高手，且浸淫基督教文學領域有成；年來譯詩數百首；詩祭千秋是由他譯作中遴選出來的精品；其中包括莎士比亞，米爾頓，濟慈，雪萊及盧益思等名家的詩作，可謂千古絕詠，是一冊詩的珍饈與饗宴。

“詩言志，歌永言”，詩是文學中的文學，藝術中的藝術。按說詩是不可以翻譯的，必須要讀原作才能領會出詩本來的韻味，但透過了譯者詩意心靈的重組，與美妙的譯筆，也能將原作的神韻體現出來。于教授為詩

壇祭酒，他的譯筆，飽蘸了詩思的文采，所傳譯出來的佳句，自是美不勝收。爰引以下幾組詩句，與讀者共賞：

從深沉的幽暗中 濟慈 John Keats
像從深沉的幽暗中一隻銀色的鴿子衝上去，
射入東方的光明，
搦動的雙翼上負載著歡樂滿盈，
你的靈魂也是這樣飛入天庭，
那裡是永遠的愛與和平；
．．．．．

聖誕鐘聲 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
在聖誕節我聽到了鐘聲，
奏出古老熟習的歌頌，
 甜美而且激越
 在反覆的述說
地上有平安，善意歸人群！
．．．．．

夜的頌詩 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
我聽見夜的衣裾
 掃過她大理石的殿堂！
我看見她黑貂皮的裙邊
 鑲嵌著天上的星光！

我感覺到她的存在，大能的影響
 俯在我以上；
夜平靜，莊嚴的臨在
 像我所愛的一樣。
．．．．．

孩子們都已進來了嗎？ 佚名
夜晚臨近時我常回想

那一幢老屋建在山上，
那庭院寬廣百花綻放
孩子們自由的戲游歡暢。

深黑的夜終於降臨，
歡笑也歸於低沉，
母親周圍巡視並且說：
“孩子們都已進來了嗎？”

詩祭千秋為讀者打開了一箱璀璨的珍寶。詩以中英對照刊印，讀者可由原詩與譯作中窺見于教授的功力，更可以由詩中讀出對基督教信仰的執著與豐富的生命信息。

殷 穎

前言

在世界上不同的文學中，詩的領域發展得最早。中國最早的文學是“擊壤歌”，“卿雲歌”和詩經；希臘文學的荷馬史詩(Homer)；古巴比倫的吉爾戈邁士史詩 (*Gilgamesh Epic*)；印度的 *Mahabharata* 史詩，都是以詩歌的形式出現。這都是由於詩歌能表達情感，易於記憶，便於傳誦。早期的詩與歌，是不分開的；而且在詠歌之外，還會手之舞之，足之蹈之。

亞里斯多德(Aristotle)認為，詩歌(包括詩劇)，比歷史更重要，因為：歷史記載的是過去的事，詩歌也說到將來可能發生的事；歷史是關乎個別的人，詩歌是普遍性的，其所描述的是人的性型，可以發生在任何個人身上。

聖經早就記載，詩歌的教導作用。摩西以詩歌教導以色列的百姓；先知以賽亞，以西結，哈巴谷等，都有詩歌的教導。詩篇中的訓誨詩，顯然是以教導為目的；其他部分，也是感動造就人，把人的心引向敬拜神，那不僅是聖徒所發的心聲，更是詩人受聖靈感動，預言基督的心。至於先知書中的預言，多以詩的形式發出。以後詩人的作品，常使用“靈感”的語詞。

詩因為有韻，所以誦讀時使人產生美感和快感，同時可以有教育作用，對於思想的傳播，比枯燥的理論容易吸引人。

佛教在中國的傳播，並不是由於他們玄奧的教義，而是在於其運用淺白的通俗文學；其中的“變文”，就是藉說書而說教，聽眾不知不覺接受到心裏。變文的意思，是說一段道白，變成夾一段唱詞。在當時，這不僅是普及的娛樂，更有教育的作用。

基督教是歌唱的宗教。奧古斯丁 (St. Augustine)還沒有歸主，尋求真道的時候，在米蘭聽安波羅修(St. Ambrosius)主教講道；安波羅修也是詩人，把他的詩作，譜以曲調，教導會眾歌唱，以激勵信徒。奧古斯丁說：有時講道沒有進入心中，藉著不可抵拒的音樂，把歌詞從耳朵唱進心裏。

詩歌是情感的昇華，又具有語詞的美，所以詩是文學中的冠冕。

西方文學，基本上是基督教文學；而其傑出的文學作品，則是聖經的注腳。特別是在十七世紀以後，英國文學確定了其在西方文學的領導地位：在那個時代，英國出版了主要是廷道勒(William Tyndale, c.1494-1536)所譯的日內瓦聖經(1560年)；經過修訂後，成為英雅各王欽定譯本(1611年)。復有詩人莎士比亞(William Shakespeare, 1564-1616)和彌爾頓(John Milton, 1608-1674)。他們不僅在英國文學上是空前絕後，在世界文學上也無人可以超越。法國文豪雨果(Victor Hugo, 1773-1828)說得好：“英國有兩本書：聖經和莎士比亞；英國產生了莎士比亞，但聖經產生了英國。”

實際上，莎士比亞和彌爾頓，都深受聖經的影響。廷道勒偉大的天才譯筆，不僅把聖經中的詩體翻譯得美妙無比，而且全本聖經讀來都像莊嚴的詩；欽定譯本修訂時，能夠保留了這種風格。彌爾頓的主要詩作，失樂園(*Paradise Lost*)，得樂園(*Paradise Regained*)，及鬥士參孫(*Samson Agonistes*)，當然都是以聖經為主體寫成的史詩；莎士比亞寫的劇本有三十七個，每劇中都引用聖經，平均有二十處以上，並有一百五十四篇 Sonnets (十四行詩)，也是取材於聖經，就達到了“以娛以教”的目的，把聖經原則和信仰，運用日常生活，真配稱為道德的教師。到現在使用英文的人，往往用了他們的成語而不自知。到去查考牛津字典(*Oxford English Dictionary*)時，才發現其第一次使用的出處，可見其影響有多麼深遠了。

1881 至 1885 年，英文修正譯本在英國問世。有人向司布真(Charles H. Spurgeon)請教他的意見。司布真認為新譯本在英文上弱於欽訂本。至於以後的譯本，更是遠落在後面了；原因是今代文學水準的普遍低落。

追想在文藝復興時代，注重全人教育；意大利的米加蘭琪羅(Michelangelo)著名的藝術家，畫家，雕塑家，建築家，也是詩人。至於教牧中，英國的形上詩人但恩(John Donne)，任聖保羅大教堂的主牧；牧師喬治赫伯特(George Herbert)，也以擅場作詩知名，後來約翰衛斯理(John Wesley)還曾把赫伯特的詩五十餘首修訂，納入其聖詩集。凱恩(Thomas Ken)，華慈(Isaac Watts)，紐屯(John Newton)，都是詩人，也都任教職，在聚會中唱他們自己作的聖詩；紐屯還曾與當時的詩人庫樸(William Cowper)合作出版了俄尼詩集(*Olney Hymns*)。其中如凱恩主教(Thomas Ken)的頌詩，自然是出於聖經，今天我們教會中普遍唱的“三

一頌”，竟少人知道其原來面貌，收在這裏。在本集也可能意外看到，英國著名的三大浪漫詩人，拜倫(George Gordon Byron)，濟慈(John Keats)，和雪萊(Percy Bysshe Shelly)雖然他們的信仰說不上純正，名聲少說也算不上好，其中拜倫連他自己也知道是離經叛道，別人更看他是敵基督的；但他始終叛離不了聖經的傳統影響。事實是這裏所收羅的詩歌，作者來自許多不同行業，其中只有喬治赫伯特，是以宗教詩人知名，從小未寫過非宗教性的詩。可見西方文學與基督教詩歌關係之深，因為同源於神所啟示的寶貴聖經；聖經成為“詩魂”，不了解聖經，就無法了解西方文化，不能充分享受西方文學。在另一方面，聖經文學是作者表達其對聖經的了解，因此，也就能幫助讀者了解聖經。

華人有“詩如其人”的說法。不過，我以為審評詩的美，像作詩的人一樣，有靈，魂，體之分：特別信息是靈，意境超遠是魂，辭藻華美是體。如果三者都沒有可取的，就真是無足觀了。當然，只有聖經是最高靈感的源泉，人類詩歌也是因此而達到最高的境界。

說到翻譯，幾乎沒有人不知道嚴復(幾道)的信，達，雅理論。其實，那只是理想，不是可行的原則。就以嚴先生自己的譯作群學肆言來說，就難以說是達了。那是哪類書？原來是社會學導論。這樣豈不更“達”得多？何況文字的體裁風格不同，無法達到那理想。例如：醫學，法律的書，誰能譯到達和雅的地步？應該以信為重。又如水滸傳和紅樓夢，如果譯成同樣風格，或互換其風格，必然讀來別有滋味。把馬克吐溫的作品，用桐城派典雅的古文來譯，也將十分困難。

在譯詩的時候，還得顧及聲韻意境。賈島到京師去，在路上得句：“鳥宿池邊樹，僧敲月下門”，思索思索比擬，不知不覺衝了署理京兆尹韓愈的從騎，被帶來究問。韓愈聽他說明，說：敲字是矣。這是“推敲”的來源。但在千年以後，還難定論；因為敲字音勝，但在月下的僧歸禪寺，是回到自己的住處，該用不著敲門；而且深夜敲門，不僅驚飛了樹上棲宿的鳥，也破壞了意境，也許應該取靜為上。

幾年前，試譯奧瑪四行詩(*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*)，有一首我譯為：

晨雞才初啼幾遍，

已經有人在酒店門前叫喊：

“開門吧，我們要走的路還遠，

又誰知此去能不能復還！”

自以為還算過得去。但後來想到荊軻刺秦的時候，朋友給他在易水餞別的歌：

風蕭蕭兮易水寒，
壯士一去兮不復還！

那是悲壯的聲韻。而“涼州曲”有：

醉臥沙場君莫笑，
古來征戰幾人回！

則是纏綿悲涼，自然不該譯為剛音。因此，改譯如下：

曉雞才初唱晨光熹微，
已經有人在酒店門前喊催：
“開門吧，我們要行的路還遠，
又誰知此去能不能復回！”

雖然遠不及英譯所表達的，但自以為比前譯稍好些。這裏舉例說明，不是訴苦，也無意自我表揚；只是說，譯詩不易，如有錯失，還望讀者包涵，並希指教；並相信原作好得多，難以傳譯。

實在說，翻譯就是解釋，並不能都恰切的表達原意，在翻譯過程中，失去了一部分；不幸，有時失去的還會是精髓，因為無法傳神，更無法把文化背景一起搬過來。德萊頓說：最好的文學作品不能翻譯，為的是要讀者去讀原文。譯作力求有韻；因為原作都是有韻的，而且無韻的詩，大概少有人能記得上十首，中文如此，何況譯作！所以不避困難，選擇用韻。

從聖經發源的詩歌，是基督教文學的瑰寶。本集所收的，雖然都是短詩，獻於讀者之前，但盼望能夠表現浩瀚的偉大作品之一斑。這些都是由英文翻譯的；其中有少數原作是別的歐洲語文，則是由英文譯本轉譯。自知讷陋後學，難以期望達到原作者高深的屬靈水平；數年來陸續譯出的詩歌，雖參校了不同版本，仍恐舛漏在所難免。因跡尋原作，並行刊出，讀

者可以參證並欣賞，並歡迎指出錯誤，以便改正。
于中旻謹識

靈魂與肉體

William Shakespeare

可憐的靈魂，我罪惡世界的中央，
你受騙去跟那些反叛的勢力結幫，
為甚麼你裏面憔悴受苦無量，
外面的牆卻油漆得貴價輝煌？
為甚麼花偌大的代價，租約那麼短，
為你那將傾殘的巨廈付上許多錢？
內藏的蠹蟲，豈不是要蝕盡你
投下的巨款？你肉體豈不也有終點？
靈魂啊，讓你的僕役耗費給你生活供養，
要它瘦減，使你的富藏增長，
賣掉無用的時間換取神聖的永約，
外面的富麗壯觀全消失，裏面卻強壯。
 死亡嚙噬人，你嚙噬死亡也是這樣，
 到死亡死去了，然後不再有死亡。

莎士比亞 (William Shakespeare, 1564-1616)
英國劇作家，詩人。

Body and Soul sonnet 146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth, these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,

Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store.
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross,
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
English playwright and poet

死亡，你不要驕狂 John Donne

死亡，你不要驕狂！雖然有些人稱你
強大而且可怕，但你並不是那樣；
因為有的人你以為已經打倒勝過了，
卻沒有死；可憐的死亡，你也殺不了我。
從安息和睡眠，可以看見你的影像，
而且，更要從你流出多少歡暢；
當我們最好的人與你同往，
他們的骸骨安息了，靈魂得到釋放。
你是奴隸，服事命運，機會，君王和流浪漢，
是毒藥，戰爭，疾病的內涵；
罌粟或迷藥也可以使我們有好的睡眠，
而且強過你的本事。那麼，你有甚麼好神氣？
在短暫的睡眠過後，我們永遠復起，
死亡就不再有了。死亡，你定要死。

Death, Be Not Proud

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee

Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, Nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure — then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones and soul's delivery.
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And doth with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die.

John Donne (c. 1571-1631)
English poet and dean of St. Paul Cathedral

升輪* George Herbert

當上帝造人的開端，
有一隻福杯在祂旁邊；
祂說：讓我們儘量的傾注給他；
讓世界的豐盛散布周遍，
成為兩間的繫連。

這樣，祂先賜下能力；
隨後是美，又加才智，榮耀，歡喜。
當幾乎要傾盡時，上帝作一停息，
看到祂唯一的至寶
餘存**，安息在杯底。

祂說，如果我連
這珍寶也賜給我所造的，
他就會捨我而崇拜恩賜，

安息於自然，而非自然的主宰，
這樣，二者將同歸喪失。

讓他得著其餘的，
得著那些，也怨嘆而無安息；
使他富而不足，且有困疲，至少
如果仁慈不能引他，困疲
會舉起他到我懷裏。

* 升輪，或名滑車，吊桿。

** “餘存” “安息”，均為 “rest”。

喬治·赫伯特 (George Herbert, 1593-1633)，英國形上派詩人，
生於顯要世家。三歲時，其父 Sir Richard 去世，由其母撫養孩子們長成；於十
三年後，再嫁一比她小二十歲的勳爵。

喬治畢業於劍橋大學，二十三歲得 M.A. 並選為院士，受任大學發言人，顯示頗有
政治前途。1624 年，當選國會議員。但對政治興趣淡泊，於 1627 年母喪，謝絕
政治。1630 年，受任 Bemerton 鄉村教會牧師。他一生敬虔，十七歲時，立志
專寫宗教詩篇，成 聖殿詩集 (The Temple, 1633)。

The Pully

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us" (said he) "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;

Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should" (said he)
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be."

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

George Herbert (1593-1633)
English religious poet

愛

George Herbert

愛上前來歡迎我。但我的靈魂縮退
蒙著歉疚的塵灰和罪。

可是，明眼的愛，從我一邁進門檻，
就看出我的遲疑不前。

愛更加就近我跟前，溫柔親切的
問我有甚麼缺欠。

我說：“一位貴賓要來這裏。”

愛說：“那人正是你。”

“啊呀！我？這樣的忘恩負義，一無良善？
我不敢看你的臉。”

愛拉著我的手，微笑著回應：

“除了我還有誰造人的眼睛？”

“主啊，不錯。但我污損了雙眼，理當抱羞
去到該去的那裏。”

愛說道：“你可知道是誰背負了愆尤？”

“親愛的，我願意來服事。”

愛說道：“你一定要入席，來嘗我的肉。”

這樣，我就坐下來享受。

Love

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back
 Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lack'd any thing.

"A guest", I answer'd, "worthy to be here."
 Love said, "You shall be he."
"I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
 I cannot look on thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
 "Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them; let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not", says Love, "who bore the blame?"
 "My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down", says Love, "and taste my meat."
 So I did sit and eat.

George Herbert (1593-1633)
English religious poet

華冠

George Herbert

一個花圈的冠冕配得的頌讚，
頌讚是配得的我向你呈獻，
我獻給你，你知我所有道路，
我生活的道路就是彎彎曲曲，
實是死的，不是活：因生命是正直，
像一條直線，永遠引向你，
向你，你遠超過詐欺，
超越詐欺似乎勝於樸實。
求賜我樸實，我就能活出，
活出並像你，我就知你道路，
知道並遵行：我就能呈獻，
用這貧乏花圈，獻你頌讚冠冕。

A Wreath

A wreathed garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knowest all my ways,
My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,

To thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practise them: then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

George Herbert

死亡的最後勝利 James Shirley

我們所有門閥和身分的光榮
只是影兒，並沒有實質；
沒有能夠抵禦定命的武器，——
死亡冰冷的手攬住君王；
 皇冠和權杖
 必然跌落地上，
同卑賤的彎鏟和鋤頭
在塵土裏平等一樣。

有人用刀劍收獲了土地，
 種植新的勝利在殺傷的地方；
但他們強壯的勇力至終也得投降，——
 雖然他們仍然互相爭狠鬥強，
 或早或是遲
 向定命屈膝，
必須交出微弱的氣息，
作了蒼白的俘虜，匍匐去就死。

華冠枯萎在你的眉峰，
不能再誇耀你的偉績豐功；
現在，死亡紫色的祭壇上，
得勝者作了流血的犧牲！
所有的元首都要去
下到幽冷的墳墓，—
惟有義人的行為顯彰
在塵土中開花吐露芬芳。

塞利 (James Shirley, 1596-1666) 英國劇作家，詩人，教師。
據說，此詩曾使英國權傾一時的執政克倫威爾 “心頭生涼”。

Death's Final Conquest

These verses are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver Cromwell

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,—
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,—
They tame but one another still;

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow, —
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb, —
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

James Shirley (1596-1666)
English dramatist

詩人的祈求

John Milton

首先，聖靈啊，你喜歡
正直清潔的心超過所有的殿，
教導我，因為你知道；在萬有之先
就在那裏，以你大能的翅膀伸展
如同鴿子孵育在廣大無邊的深淵

使它孕生：我裏面有甚麼黑暗
光照，有甚麼低賤提升並救援；
為這偉大高遠的論辯
使我能正確宣示永恆的計畫
證明神的道路在人間。

彌爾敦 (John Milton, 1608-1674)英國最著名清教徒詩人，並散文作家，兼擅拉丁文及英文。1649年，英國內戰，清教徒國會軍推翻王室，克倫威爾(Oliver Cromwell)執政，任拉丁秘書，相當於外交部長。1652年雙目失明，由馬衛勒(Andrew Marvell)助理。1660年，英王復辟，得當時任國會議員的馬衛勒盡力援救，免於入獄。1665年，其長詩失樂園 (*Paradise Lost*)完成，初為十卷，於1667年出版(1674年增至十二卷出版)。其後得樂園 (*Paradise Regained*)及其另一傑作史詩鬥士參孫(*Samson Agonistes*)完成於1671年。

The Poet's Invocation

And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that does prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

From Paradise Lost

John Milton (1608-1674)

English poet

當我思量

John Milton

當我思量我的光如何耗完，
進入黑暗無邊的世界，還未到中年，
而且埋藏才幹的人是該死的罪愆，
懷才莫展，雖然我心魂深願
要事奉造我的主，以後在祂面前
交帳，免得在祂再臨遭責受譴：
“神怎要求白晝工作而不給化日光天”，
我想要質問；但忍耐阻攔
那樣的抱怨，立即回答：“神並不需要
人的工作或他的才幹；最善
負祂輕省的軛的人，事奉最完善；祂權威
尊嚴。急速遵行祂差遣的盈千累萬
遍佈於洋海陸地工作不倦；
但也有的只是侍立和隨伴。”

On His Blindness sonnet xix

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, Lest he returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,"
I fondly ask; But Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best; His State
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

John Milton (1608-1674)
English poet

春天隨著冬天 Anne Bradstreet

春天來到隨著冬天已往
赤裸的樹木著上新葉的衣裳，
全黑的大地穿了綠色。
歡欣迎接著普照的陽光。

我的太陽回歸有醫治的翅膀，
我的靈魂和身體同時歡暢，
我的心昂揚讚美歌唱
因祂聽了我的哀聲和悲傷。

我的冬天已過，我的風暴消逝，
從前的烏雲現在也盡都逃避，
即使會再有重來的陰翳，

我將投奔我救援之地。

我有一庇護所可禦風暴，
蔭蔽處躲避那眩暈的熱潮，
我能夠進到祂的寶座，
祂是那位神偉大奇妙。

噢，你成就了我的旅程
美好，晴朗，而且愉快歡喜，
賜福我從幼年直到老年時，
流淚谷成為了泉源洋溢。

噢，我應當作的是殷勤敬虔
歡樂的盡責事奉在主面前；
所有我能給的原是你的
最多還不值一文小錢。

布萊斯翠 (Ann Bradstreet, c.1612-1672) 美國最早的女詩人。其夫 Simon 曾任新英格蘭總督。

As Spring the Winter

As spring the winter doth succeed
And leaves the naked trees do dress,
The earth all black is clothed in green.
At sunshine each their joy express.

My sun's return with healing wings,
My soul and body doth rejoice,
My heart exults and praises sings
To Him that heard my wailing voice.

My winter's past, my storms are gone,
And former clouds seem now all fled,
But if they must eclipse again,
I'll run where I was succored.

I have a shelter from the storm,
A shadow from the fainting heat,
I have access to His throne,
Who is a God so wondrous great.

O hath thou made my pilgrimage
Thus pleasant, fair, and good,
Blessed me in youth and elder age,
My Baca* made a springing flood.

O studious am what I shall do
To show my duty with delight;
All I can give is but thine own
And at most a simple mite.**

Ann Bradstreet (1612-1672)
Puritan writer and America's first poet

* Hebrew for "weeping"

** small sum

我家失火 Anne Bradstreet

1666 年七月十日

在靜夜裏我已經安息上床，

卻不知禍患就在附近隱藏。
我驚覺聽到了如雷的巨響，
夾雜著慘叫的可怕聲浪：
“火！” “火啊！” 喊聲充滿驚惶，
誰也不會想那是我的願望。

我，立即起來，看見了火光，
我心向著我的上帝求訴：
“在苦難中求你賜給我力量，
不要撇下我無靠無助！”
到外面以後，立即看見，
烈焰吞噬了我的住處。

當我不能夠繼續看下去，
就稱頌主的名，祂賞賜又收取，
我積存的財物現在成為虛無，
那本是塵土應該歸於塵土。
那全是屬於主，並不是我的，
絕不該有任何的抱怨訴苦。

祂雖然可能把一切盡都剝奪，
卻留下部分足夠我們生活。
我憂傷的眼睛也曾經瞥視，
當我常從那廢墟邊經過：
從這裏和那裏熟悉的角落，
我常在這裏坐，常在那裏躺臥。

這裏放過我的箱，那裏是我的櫃，
裏面存放著我最寶貴喜歡，
我喜愛的東西都化為灰燼，
我再也不能得以看見。
在你屋頂下再沒有賓客的座位，
也不能再在你的桌旁聚集共餐。

再也不能述說那可愛的故事，
再也不能追憶那古老的事情。
燈光不再照耀在你的當中，
也不會聽見新郎的歡聲。
你將在那裏長臥安靜，
再見，再見，一切的虛榮。

然後我得著力量責備我的心，
你豈是積儻財寶在地上？
你豈是在腐土上注定你的希望？
你豈是要倚靠血肉的臂膀？
舉起你的思想超越青天，
那糞堆的迷霧全消逝淨光。

在上面你有一座房屋，
經營建造的是那位大能的工師，
並且有榮美華麗的陳設裝飾，
地上的房屋過去它卻永遠堅立。
那屋已經買定了並且已付清，
是那位萬有的主祂成全備齊。

其代價是那麼巨大超乎所想，
但靠祂的恩賜，你擁有安享。
那裏的財富滿足，我一無所缺；
去吧，我的錢財！去吧，我的寶藏！
這世界不再是我所愛慕，
我的盼望和財寶全在天上。

Upon the Burning of Our House

July 10th, 1666

In silent night when rest I took,
For sorrow near I did not look,
I waken'd was with thundring noise
And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.
That fearful sound of "Fire!" and "Fire!"
Let no man know is my Desire.

I, starting up, the light did spye,
And to my God my heart did cry
To strengthen me in my Distresse,
And not to leave me succourlesse.
Then coming out, beheld apace
The flame consume my dwelling place.

And when I could no longer look,
I blest his Name that gave and took,
That layd my goods now in the dust:

Yea so it was, and so 'twas just.
It was his own: it was not mine;
Far be it that I should repine.

He might of All justly bereft,
But yet sufficient for us left.
When by the Ruines oft I past,
My sorrowing eyes aside did cast,
And here and there the places spye
Where oft I sate, and long did lye.

Here stood that Trunk, and there that chest;
There lay that store I counted the best:
My pleasant things in ashes lye,
And them behold no more shall I.
Under my roof no guest shall sitt,
Nor at thy Table eat a bitt.

No pleasant tale shall e'er be told,
Nor things recounted done of old.
No candle e'er shall shine in Thee,
Nor bridegroom's voice e'er heard shall bee.
In silence ever shalt thou lye;
Adeiu, Adeiu; All's vanity.

Then streight I' gan my heart to chide:
And did thy wealth on earth abide?
Didst fix thy hope on mouldring dust,
The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?
Raise up thy thoughts above the skye,
That dunghill mists away may flie.

Thou hast an house on high erect,
Fram'd by that mighty Architect,
With glory richly furnished,
Stands permanent though this bee fled.
It's purchased, and paid for, too,
By Him who hath enough to doe.

A Prise so vast as is unknown,
Yet, by his Gift, is made thine own.
There's wealth enough, I need no more;
Farewell my Pelf, farewell my Store.
The world no longer let me Love,
My Hope and Treasure lyes Above.

Anne Bradstreet (1612?-1672)
American's first poet

傳揚福音

Richard Baxter

主呼召我出去工作趁著白天；
警告可憐的靈魂轉回切莫遲延；
決心儘快去傳播主的道，
隨學隨教導同安波羅修一般。
時時想到我不能活得長久，
心中火熱為得人靈魂爭戰。
我講道，不確知是否能再講，
像將亡的人傳給將亡的人！
啊，傳道者該如何切望得人悔改，
誰知道教堂與墓園原是比鄰？
看到人在傳講，在聽，在死亡，
轉眼從時間進入無盡的永恒！

貝克斯特 (Richard Baxter, 1615-1691) 英國清教徒教牧及作家。
曾任克倫威爾軍牧。英王查理二世復辟後，曾因非國教立場而數
次入獄。

Preaching the Gospel

This called me out to work while it was day;
And warn poor souls to turn without delay:
Resolving speedily thy Word to preach,
With Ambrose I at once did learn and teach.
Still thinking I had little time to live,
My fervent heart to win men's souls did strive.
I preach as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men!
O how should preachers men's repenting crave
Who see how near the Church is to the grave?
And see that while we preach and hear, we die,
Rapt by swift time to vast eternity!

Richard Baxter (1615-1691)
English author, hymn writer, & preacher

人

Henry Vaughan

思量，堅定和莊嚴
屬於些低級的物住在下世間，
鳥兒像警醒的時鐘
記認著無聲的日子和時間更換，
蜂群在夜裏歸返蜂巢和花叢

知道早，也知道晚，
隨太陽醒起，也在同一房舍棲眠；

我說，但願我的神也肯
賜給人像這些物的堅定！因他們
對祂的聖命謹守忠貞，
並沒有新事務破壞他們的和平；
飛鳥不種不收，卻有餐有食，
花兒活著並沒有衣，
連所羅門王也不曾有他們的美飾。

人卻一直有煩擾，有思慮，
他沒有根，也不繫定一處，
永不會安息也沒有規律
在地上奔勞往返來去，
他知道有個家，卻說不上在哪裏
他說，是那麼遙遠
以至他忘卻怎箇覓回家的路。

他叩遍每個門戶，迷失又流浪，
有些頑石的智慧竟比人還強，
造物主賜磁石內在的感應，
在極暗的黑夜指向家鄉；
人是一隻梭，往返尋覓，
經過機杼間來復不已
神命定動作，但卻未命定安息。

文涵(Henry Vaughan, 1621-1695)英國詩人。在南威爾斯行醫。自稱受敬虔的喬治·赫伯特(George Herbert)影響歸正。

Man

Weighing the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
And Intercourse of Times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flow'rs
Early, as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bow'rs;

I would (said I) my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To his divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flow'rs without clothes live,
Yet *Solomon* was never dressed so fine.

Man hath still either toys, or Care,
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and Irregular
About this earth doth run and ride,
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest night point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)

English Poet

世界 Henry Vaughan

那夜晚我看見了永恒
如同一個大環有無盡的光而且潔淨，
在它下面，時間以小時，日，年
像個巨大的影子運行，這世界
迷戀的愛人以他們精巧的作風
他的豎琴，他的幻想，他的奔逐，
同著手套，愛情結，愚昧的網羅愛欲
全都散置不顧，他的雙目

2

那陰沉的政客挂著莊重和苦臉
像午夜的濃霧移動的那麼緩慢
蹙著眉，可定罪的意念(晦暗像日蝕般)
如雲的見證哀哭在外面
卻如地鼠鑽營，他用的方法

全然無聲，它也是光明，
受天體驅動
和它的長尾跟從前衝；
在作態怨訴，
小聰明的低下歡娛，
他可貴的財富
只向那朵花兒傾注。

他不就去，也不流連；
在他的靈魂間，
追著他一致吶喊。
是在地下作工，

攫取他的獵物，但隱住
利用教會和祭壇肥己，
周圍是泣血和淚雨，
但他飲下不顧。

他的陰謀，
作假看如微物，

3

害怕的吝嗇鬼坐在銅鏽堆，
一生在那裏苦思憔悴，
卻不肯積一點在上面，
有千萬人像他一樣的顛倒
徹底的伊庇鳩魯，天堂是感官肚腹
也有人放縱無節制
有軟弱的人纖細必計，為小器奴役
可憐的真理被藐視，坐著詳記

不信任自己的手去碰那塵灰，

寧活著擔心盜賊。

各人擁抱自己的阿堵物，

譏笑虛飾

並不斤斤論理；

卻自炫耀得意，

他們的勝利。

4

另有些人，一直在哭泣和歌唱，
歌唱，哭泣，升達天上，
噢，傻瓜哪(我說)，寧喜歡暗夜
生活在洞穴中，恨惡白晝

進入那環，雖然不用翅膀。

卻不要真光，

那道路從死亡和幽暗的住處

那道路使你能踏向太陽，

但是當我這樣論說他們的痴狂

那環新郎不是給別人預備的

因為能顯明道路，

引領到神那裏去，

比它還要明亮。

有一位向我輕聲講：

只為他的新娘。

凡世界上的一切事—就像肉體的情慾，眼目的情慾，並今生的驕傲，都不是從父來的，乃是從世界來的。這世界和其上的情慾，都要過去，惟獨遵行神旨意的，是永遠長存。
— 約壹二：16,17

The World

I saw eternity the other night

Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,

And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years

Like a vast shadow moved, In which the world

All calm, as it was bright,

Driv'n by the spheres

And all her train were hurled;

The doting Lover in his quaintest strain
 Near him, his Lute, his fancy, and his flights,
 With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure
 All scattered lay, while his eyes did pour

Did there Complain,
 Wits sour delights,
 Yet his dear Treasure
 Upon a flow'r.

2
 The darksome Statesman hung with weights and woe
 Like a thick midnight-fog moved there so slow
 Condemning thoughts (like sad Eclipses) scowl
 And Clouds of crying witnesses without
 Yet digged the Mole, and lest his ways be found
 Where he did Clutch his prey, but one did see
 Churches and altars fed him, Perjuries
 It rained about him blood and tears, but he
 Drank them as free.

He did not stay, nor go;
 Upon his soul,
 Pursued him with one shout.
 Worked under ground,
 That policy,
 Were gnats and flies,

3
 The fearful miser on a heap of rust
 Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
 Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
 Thousands there were as frantic as himself
 The down-right Epicure placed heav'n in sense
 While others slipt into a wide Excess
 The weaker sort slight, trivial wares Enslave
 And poor, despised truth sat Counting by

His own hands with the dust,
 In fear of thieves.
 And hugged each one his pelf,
 And scorned pretence
 Said little less;
 Who think them brave,
 Their victory.

4
 Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
 And sing, and weep, soared up into the *Ring*,
 O fools (said I,) thus to prefer dark night

But most would use no wing.

To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
The way which from this dead and dark abode
A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
But as I did their madness so discuss
This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide

Before true light,
Because it shows the way,
Leads up to God,
More bright than he.
One whispered thus,
But for his bride.

I John Ch. 2, vs. 16,17

All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the Eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof, but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever.

Henry

Vaughan (1621-1695)
English poet

聖書

Henry Vaughan

永恒的上帝！創造一切
生活在這裏，為墮落的人；
萬古磐石！在你蔭下
茫茫眾生繁長又消逝。
你早已認識這紙，當它
僅是種子，以後發長成草；
它用不著穿衣，也不紡線，

卻作成細麻布，給人蔽體；
你知道他們的生命，思想行動舉止
或是好麥子，或是稗子不結實。

你早已認識這樹，還在綠蔭下
被覆庇，使它成為蔭庇。
他滋生，發展，長起，
像是永存不會死。

你早已認識這無害的牲畜，
照你的定旨生活飲食，
吃各樣的青物；然後飽足眠息，
它穿過的毛皮，現在鋪展開，
成了這古老書帙的外衣。
這使我慧悟哭泣，看到
灰塵的自己；只不過是灰塵，
論乾淨還不能與灰塵相比。
你早已認識，已看見這一切，
還未成形前，你已認識我們現在的體質。

噢，全知，榮耀的靈！
你使樹木牲畜更新，使人復起，
你叫萬事復興，
卻只毀滅痛苦和死，
那些愛你，尋求你面的，
為你工作的必蒙賞賜！

* 詩中的變體字，是詩人所加，認為出自聖經，有關救恩。

The Book

Eternal God! Maker of all
That have lived here, since the man's fall;
The Rock of ages! in whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade.
Thou knew'st this *paper*, when it was
Mere *seed*, and after that but *grass*;
Before 'twas *drest* or *spun*, and when
Made *linen*, who did *wear* it then:
What were their lives, their thoughts and deeds
Whether good *corn*, or fruitless *weeds*.

Thou knew'st this *Tree*, when a green *shade*
Covered it, since a *Cover* made,
And where it flourished, grew and spread,
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless *beast*, when he
Did live and feed by thy decree
On each green thing; then slept (well fed)
Clothed with this *skin*, which now lies spread
A *Covering* o'er this aged book,
Which makes me wisely weep and look
On my own dust; mere dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all and though
Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,
When thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying only death and pain,
Give him amongst thy works a place,
Who in them loved and sought thy face!

Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)
English religious poet

冠冕

Andrew Marvell

當那荊棘冠冕的刺，太長，
加冕在我救主的頭上，
造成許多的創傷，
我長願欲，設法作個華冠為錯誤補償：
找遍每個花園，每片草場
採集花朵 (我的結果不過有花)
拆毀所有芳香的花塔，
一度曾為我的牧羊女裝飾頭髮。
現在我傾所有的存積
妄想 (是我在自欺)
如此豐美的花圈編織
榮耀的王所戴的冠冕無一能及；
啊呀！我發現那古蛇仇敵
盤繞著它斑點的胸皮，
彎曲偽裝作類似的花枝，
捲纏著名聲和利益。
啊！愚人，必朽的榮耀難以久遠
將要貶抑屬天的皇冠！
但只有你能制伏那古蛇，
解脫它狡滑的結，
斷開它所有網羅曲折；
或同時破碎我的奇心淫妄
讓這些都凋殘，它也就死亡，
雖然用上技巧，選擇復營想；
這樣，當你踐踏兩重的戰利品，
作足下的冠冕，雖不配冠冕在你頭上。

馬衛勒 (Andrew Marvell, 1621-1678) 英國形上派詩人。於克倫威爾執政期間，任彌爾敦(John Milton) 拉丁秘書助理，相當於外交次長。英王於查理二世(Charles II) 復辟後，選為國會議員。彌爾敦因曾參加清教徒革命，並著文指查理一世為叛國暴君，主張處以死刑(1649)，為新政府不容，議以監禁；馬衛勒極力營救為之庇護。

The Coronet

When for the Thorns with which I long, too long,
 With many a piercing wound
 My Saviour's head have crown'd,
I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong,
 Through every Garden, every Mead
I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
 Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
That once adorn'd my Shepherdess's head.
And now when I have summ'd up all my store,
 Thinking (so I my self deceive)
 So rich a Chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the king of Glory wore,
 Alas I find the Serpent old
 That, twining in his speckled breast,
 About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
 With wreaths of Fame and Interest.
Ah, foolish Man, that would'st debase with them
And mortal Glory, Heaven's Diadem!
But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,
Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,
And disintangle all his winding Snare;
Or shatter too with him my curious frame
And let these wither, so that he may die,
Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care;
That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,
May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.
Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)

醒起，我的靈魂

Thomas Ken

醒起，我的靈魂，同著白日
盡每天的責任自強不息：
洒脫懶散，歡樂興起
去獻上清晨的祭。

興起，我的心啊，你要舉起
盡你本分同眾天使一樣，
他們日夜不倦的歌唱
頌揚那永遠的王。

所有頌讚歸保守我的主，
當安眠時使我得以更新：
主啊，當我從死裏復起
與永遠生命有分。

主啊，我向你再次的祈求；
使我罪消散如向日晨露；

所新發出的心思意念
你在我心靈充足。

這一天指引，管理，引導我，
一切的計畫，言語，行動，
所有我的智能和力量，
都是為榮耀你名。

讚美真神萬福之源，
天下萬民都當頌揚；
天使天軍齊頌主名：
頌讚聖父聖子聖靈。

我的神，榮耀歸於你

我的神，榮耀歸於你，今夜
為光中所有福分感謝你賞賜；
求保守我，啊，萬王之王，
你全能翅膀覆翼。

主啊，因你的愛子赦免我，
今天所犯下的一切過失，
在我睡前能夠有和平，
對神，世人，和自己。

教導我生活，使我不怕死
看墳墓不過是我的眠床；
教導我死亡，使我能在
可畏大日進榮耀裏。

啊，我的靈魂在你得安息，
進入甜美睡眠眼睛閉上，
安睡為了要再起來時
服事神更有力量。

如果我夜裏不能夠入睡，
賜給我靈魂屬天的思想，
不讓惡夢擾亂我安息，
或黑暗權勢侵害。

讚美真神萬福之源，
天下萬民都當頌揚，
天使天軍齊頌主名，
讚美聖父聖子聖靈。

肯恩 (Thomas Ken, 1637-1711) 英國教牧，聖詩作家。

肯恩正直敢言，曾為主教，並英王查理二世宮廷牧師，講道時，常當英王面前指責宮廷淫佚奢侈等罪惡。但查理許為諍友。後為主教，因不肯對英王威廉及瑪莉(William & Mary)妥協，得罪當權者，於 1691 年去職入獄。獲釋放後，在貧困中安度二十年去世。

在任溫徹斯特學院院長 (Winchester College) 時，為鼓勵學生禱告寫了禱告手冊 (*Manual of Prayer*)，其中載有早晚的禱告詩，只有“讚美真神”每篇的結束，成為今天教會通行的“三一頌”。

Awake, My Soul

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run:
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing

High praise to the eternal King.

All Praise to Thee, who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken (1637-1711)
English bishop and hymn writer

Glory to Thee, My God, this Night

Glory to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day has done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may

Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken (1637-1711)
English bishop and hymn writer

盲童

Colley Cibber

噢，說甚麼東西叫作光，
我一向不能夠分享？
眼光又是怎樣的幸福美好，
噢，說給你可憐的瞎孩子知道。

你說起美妙的東西你能看得清，
你說太陽的照耀光明；
雖然我感覺得他的溫暖，
但他怎能造成黑夜和白天？

安排晝和夜的是我自己，

在於我睡覺或是游戲；
如果我保持常醒不眠，
對於我那就永遠是白天。

我常聽到你們的長嘆聲，
惋惜我的憂患不幸；
不過我確能夠忍耐堅持，
我從不曾知道的損失。

無法得到的請不要告訴我
免得破壞我心靈的歡樂：
因此，每當我能夠歌唱，
我是個瞎孩子，我是君王。

奚波 (Colley Cibber, 1671-1757) 英國演員兼劇作家。1730 年，被舉為“桂冠詩人”，但為當世文人 Alexander Pope, Samuel Johnson 等所鄙。為 Pope 之長詩 *Dunciad* 主角。

The Blind Boy

O, say what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight,
O, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber (1671-1757)
English actor, playwright & poet laureate

垂死的基督徒對他的靈魂 Alexander Pope

屬天火焰的生之火花！

離去，噢，脫離這必死的軀殼！
顫抖，希望，纏綿，飛逝，
噢！這痛苦，這死的福樂！
停息，愛生的本性，停息你的爭持，
讓我消瘦進入生命裡！

聽啊！他們在輕語：天使們說，
靈魂姐妹，離開吧！
是甚麼完全吞沒了我？
取去了我的官感，關閉了我的視象，
淹沒了我的心靈，吸竭了我的氣息？
告訴我，我的靈魂，難道這就是死亡？

世界退去了；它消逝了！
天堂展現在我眼前！我的雙耳
聽到撒拉弗的聲響！
借我，借你的翅膀！我乘駕！我飛翔！
墳墓啊！你得勝的權勢在哪裡？
死亡啊！你的毒鉤在哪裡？

坡樸 (Alexander Pope, 1688-1744) 英國詩人，擅諷刺詩。幼年生病致發育不正常，體弱，但寫作甚多，並翻譯荷馬(Homer)史詩。

The Dying Christian to His Soul

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?*

*The last two lines are from I Corinthians, 15:55

Alexander Pope (1688-1744)
English poet and satirist

無信仰者得勢 Timothy Dwight

這裏站著假冒為善者穿著暗褐衣衫，
一副安息日的面孔還帶著皺眉苦臉。
他說著現今這陰暗時代的故事陰暗，
這個可哀世界充滿著最可哀的罪犯；
皺紋的面頰上為別人的罪流著眼淚，
對他裏面的地獄就把眼睛閉上不看。

那邊是圓滑的聖職人員常挂著笑顏，
怕傷害罪人心地獄的警告他講不慣。
可怕的事情總沾不著他溫和的舌邊，
刺耳的真理會對高貴良善的人冒犯。
那奇異的“重生”，那循理派的“恩典”，
在他的心中，在他講章裏，都難以發現。
柏拉圖美好的故事他倒笨拙的講演，
陳腐的，爐邊談，道德劇，古板而可厭；
能夠下地獄的罪愆，救贖大愛的赦免，
在他的基督和聖經裏面都是那樣遙遠。
他說，人類應該停止犯罪那是最好不過，
如此就會有好的聲譽；內心也就有真平安。
他自然知道向上心不能驅使如此作，
但盼望他們仍然會樂於上到天堂。

每個禮拜他總不忘盡責任去作探訪，
巧言，滑稽，大笑；把私人的新聞重複傳講；
各樣煙薰的美食，對她的奶酪欣賞，
給她點著煙斗，並且把嬰孩抱在手上。
或住在大的城市裏，穿著漆亮的皮鞋，
修整的假髮，合身長衣，閃光的緊褲，
他躬身，談論政治，學禮儀舉止溫如；
最恭謹的詢問，最溫雅流暢的笑語；
富人諧語時高聲大笑，恭維講的故事；
對夫人們的時裝，注目，注目，再注目；
烹調精妙的火雞餐最適口美味果腹；
不必為禁食推卻，也可以忘記讀書；
但是從他們的教堂看到弟兄被逐出，
他咆哮著講真理，發天堂的語聲，
使罪咎導向撒但墜落路徑的心寒戰兢，
使腳步被吸引回轉，死亡的耳能聽。
他喊著：“讓愚昧人飢餓，我卻謹慎
在我的巢中舒適生活，也必舒適而終。”

在那裏站著無信仰者的現代品類，
被咒詛的栽子為地獄的種族。
他不像理神派，也不屬基督徒，
一切原則，和一切品德，他一應俱無。
對於他，所有都是一樣，不分善和惡，
耶和華，株庇特，喇嘛，或是鬼魔；
牟罕默德的喊叫，或以賽亞的唱詩；
印地安人的祝禳，或基督徒的頌歌。
對於他，所有自然的意欲都是好的，
他嗜欲燉肉，或摩和克人嗜欲流血，
生成不能知道，或愛，全然美好的思想，
也摸不著路徑飛翔到榮美的天堂。
但他最親愛的自己選擇大衰！去景仰；
去穿戴，去嬉戲，去賭咒，去酗酒，去嫖娼；

他去賽馬；或別人競賽，作手法欺騙；
他起誓，最快樂榮光是觀賞鬥雞場。
他的靈魂沒有穿著神聖的屬性，
只是美好鐘表彈簧在偉大的機器，
運作起來比睿騰豪斯的設計完美，
身體；人的主要部分；人，他自己；
人，是傑出的畜生最高貴的形體，
不披鬃毛的豬，沒有尾巴的大猴子。
他光榮的目的 — 交配，吃喝，和死，
作牡蠣的墳場，肥嫩閹雞的墓地。

德懷特 (Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817) 美國教牧，教育家，詩人。
為美國神學家愛德務滋 (Jonathan Edwards) 之外孫，曾任耶魯大學 (Yale University) 校長。其孫同名 Timothy Dwight 亦任耶魯神學教授及校長。

The Triumph of Infidelity

Here stood Hypocrisy, in sober brown,

His sabbath face all sorrow'd with a frown.
A dismal tale he told of dismal times,
And this sad world brimfull of saddest crimes;
Furrowed his cheeks with tears for others' sin,
But closed his eyelids on the hell within.

There smiled the smooth Divine, unused to wound
The sinner's heart with hell's alarming sound.
No terrors on his gentle tongue attend,
No grating truths the nicest ear offend.
That strange "New Birth", that methodistic "Grace"
Nor in his heart, nor sermons, found a place.
Plato's fine tales he clumsily retold,
Trite, fireside, moral see-saws, dull as old;
His Christ and Bible placed at good remove
Guilt hell-deserving, and forgiving love.
'Twas best, he said, mankind should cease to sin;
Good fame required it; so did peace within.
Their honours, well he knew, would ne'er be driven;
But hoped they still would please to go to heaven.
Each week, he paid his visitation dues;
Coaxed, jested, laughed; rehearsed the private news;
Smoked with each goody, thought her cheese excelled;
Her pipe he lighted, and her baby held.
Or placed in some great town, with lacquered shoes,
Trim wig, and trimmer gown, and glistening hose,
He bowed, talked politics, learned manners mild;
Most meekly questioned, and most smoothly smiled;
At rich men's jests laughed loud, their stories praised;
Their wives' new patterns gazed, and gazed, and gazed;
Most daintily on pampered turkeys dined;
Nor shrunk with fasting, nor with study pined:
Yet from their churches saw his brethren driven
Who thundered truth and spoke the voice of heaven,
Chilled trembling guilt, in Satan's headlong path
Charmed the feet back, and roused the ear of death.
"Let fools", he cried, "starve on, while prudent I
Snug in my nest shall live, and snug shall die."

There stood the infidel of modern breed,
Blest vegetation of infernal seed.
Alike no Deist, and no Christian, he;
But from all principle, all virtue, free.
To him all things the same, as good or evil:
Jehovah, Jove, the Lama, or the Devil;
Mohammed's braying, or Isaiah's lays;
The Indian's pow-wows; or the Christian's praise.
With him all *natural* desires are good:
His thirst for stews; the Mohawk's thirst for blood,
Made not to know, or love, the all-beauteous mind

Or wing through heaven his path to bliss refined.
But his dear self, choice Dagon! to adore;
To dress, to game, to swear, to drink, to whore;
To race his steeds; or cheat, when others run;
Pit tortured cocks, and swear 'tis glorious fun.
His soul not clothed with attributes divine
But a nice watch-spring to that grand machine,
That work more nice than Rittenhouse can plan;
The body; man's chief part; himself, the man;
Man, that illustrious brute of noblest shape,
A swine unbristled, and an untailed ape.
To couple, eat, and die— his glorious doom:
The oyster's churchyard, and the capon's tomb.

Timothy Dwight (1752-1817)
American clergyman, educator & poet

六年又已過去，前面已過四十年紀，
時間開始玩它弄人的老把戲：
曾經在童女眼中俊美的鬢髮，
從全褐的雙鬢，出現入侵的銀絲；
一度激情的熱血，現在開始冷了，
時間強大的壓力把人壓低。
我像往常一樣騎馬或步行，
但現在不再有躍動的心靈；
現在中庸的速度就使我身體發暖，
中庸的距離就感覺雙腳疲軟。
我指給外地的客人壯麗的群山，
卻說：“不必去攀登，景色平凡。”
在朋友的大廈我開始畏怯
那冷然有序的客廳和床華麗的陳設。
在家感覺比較安定的境況，
所有的東西要照我的規矩存放。
我停止去打獵；對我的馬不再滿意，—
我更多愛筵席；我學習著棋。
我帶著狗和槍出去，卻不免叫狗失望，
因為我始終未發一槍。
我早晨的散步現在有時可缺，
稱頌那恩雨叫我不必抉擇。
實際上，我感覺懶散沉悶暗暗襲來，
善動的膀臂和矯捷的腳一去不再；
每天的瑣細活動變成習慣，
新有的厭惡形式和時髦新鮮。
我愛的樹木只是為了丟掉；
我數算著桃子，眼看收藏如何增高；
常說著同有故事，— 簡單說，成為老套。

克萊比 (George Crabbe, 1754-1832) 英國詩人。

The Approach of Age

From *Tales of the Hall*

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks:
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat,
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, "The view is poor, we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed;
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less,—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft, — in short, began to prose.

George Crabbe (1754-1832)
English poet

人之欲

John Quincy Adams

“人在世上所需要的本來微少，
而且那微少的也不久長。”
但在我的經驗不盡如此；
雖然歌曲唱的是那樣。
說起來我的需要頗多，
數下去哪怕沒有百般；
雖則每個願望都是鉅金，
我仍然希望多多益善。

首先我要日用的飲食 —
野味之外 — 還要有酒
當用膳時在我的桌上
羅列著世間各地所有珍饈。
僅四道菜肴自然還不夠
略為滿足我的食欲：
要有四名特選的法國名廚，
調製我的餐式適口悅目。

我還要，用王公的高價，
打扮得衣飾入時鮮麗豪華：
黑貂輕裘禦寒冬的霜雪，
炎夏時則用絲羅綢紗，
克什米肩帔和布魯塞爾花邊
從胸前直到外面裝飾手上戴光耀的金鋼鑽，
頸項挂的是紅寶石。

我還要 (誰不想要 ?) 一個妻子 —

多情而又美麗：
能夠安慰生活中一切的憂患，
也分享所有的歡喜。
她的脾氣柔和，又能順從，
情緒穩定而且恬靜 —
接納我一切缺欠，依然愛我，
嫵雅而有不變的深情。

隨著時間的車不停的駛過，
我的財富積聚增加滿倉盈屋，
我要多生男而且養女，
至少要八個或十全十足。
我要 (啲！世人竟然敢
祈求如此的福分圓滿？)
女子子個個是貞潔的美娟，
丈夫子都是智勇雙全。

我要有熱誠而忠實的朋友，
在逆境中能給我歡愉快慰：
他們永不會奉迎諂諛，
他們的膝也不會屈服於權威 —
犯了錯誤時有朋友能諫諍責備，
在靈魂的深處我可以看得見：
我的友情也經得試驗，
顯明對他人也同樣的貞堅。

我要有權力和高位的印記，
發號施令的徽旗：
受命於人民無私的恩典
統治我祖國的土地：
我不要皇冠也不求權杖
只要出於全國共同的意志，
或晝，或夜，致力於大業

務求使國家的福杯滿溢。

我要真誠的稱讚聲音
跟隨在我的身後，
將來的日子會想念
這全人類的朋友，
許多世代之後，繼起的人，
他們要宣告歡騰
同聲歌唱響徹天庭
稱頌我的榮名。

這些都是必死之人的欲望 --
我不能欲望其存得久長，
因為人生不過是窄如手掌，
屬地的福樂 -- 只是歌曲。
我末了的大欲 -- 結語：
當我歸於泥土，
最後被呼喚見主，
我神的憐恤。

崑瑞亞當斯 (John Quincy Adams, 1767-1848) 曾任美國第六任總統(1825-1829)。其父約翰亞當斯 (John Adams) 為美國第二任總統(1797-1801)。崑瑞亞當斯卸任後，為國會眾議員(1831-1848)。有人問他，以曾任總統之尊，而屈為議員，是否降格？他說：服務國家，無論任何職務，都不是卑下的。

這首“人之欲”諷世詩，仿佛是現代的傳道書，指出一切都是不足輕重的，真正的需要是神的憐憫。

The Wants of Man

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'T is not with *me* exactly so;
But 't is so in the song.
My wants are many and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread —
And canvas-backs — and wine —
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me, when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell;
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck, —
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife, —
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind, —
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair, —

The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the People's unbought grace
To rule my native land
Nor crown nor scepter would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind,
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the *Wants* of mortal *Man* —
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss—a song.
My last great *Want* — absorbing all —
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The *Mercy of My God*.

John Quincy Adams (1767-1848)
Sixth president of the United States

神的僕人，作得成功 James Montgomery

“神的僕人，作得成功；
息了你所愛的工；

勝利已得到，戰爭已打過，
 進來同享你主人的歡樂。”
呼聲臨到時在夜半，
 他上升去就聽見，
死亡的箭穿過他的軀殼，
 他倒下去——卻全無懼怯。

在驚惶中能夠安詳，
 當他身在疆場，
久年的戰士和甲睡眠，
 在他紅十字架的盾牌下面：
仍有餘溫留在他手中的劍，
 是因他新近的奮戰；
命令一下，即時可以前征，
 冒著矢石衝鋒。

時在夜半呼聲來臨，
 “預備迎見你的神！”
他醒起——元帥已經注意看到；
 信心堅定正在禱告，
他的靈魂，歡躍前赴，
 衝破現住的泥土；
日出時，遺留在地上，
 是他殘破黝黑的營帳。

痛苦和死亡都成為往事，
 勞苦和憂傷終止；
生命長久的戰爭終於完成，
 他的靈魂進入和平。
基督的戰士！圓滿功成，
 頌讚是你新的事奉；
在那無盡的永世，
 同救主享受歡樂安息。

孟歌馬利(James Montgomery, 1771-1854)蘇格蘭詩人·報 紙編
輯。

Servant of God, Well Done

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Scottish newspaper publisher & hymn writer

*Verses occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor,
who had preached the previous evening.

布魯斯和蜘蛛

Bernard Barton

為了蘇格蘭的自由和權利，
布魯斯曾經盡心致力，
連續五次在戰場搏擊，
也一連五次失意敗績；
再一次的進戰英軍，
結果仍然不如意
他的部眾又再潰奔；
從戰場退下來，筋疲力盡，
成了無家可歸的孤單逃犯
在一個棚下躲避棲身。

想要爭取寶座的他
竟然落到這淒涼的地方：
他沒有華美的寶蓋，
有的僅是粗陋的屋梁；
草鋪的條椅是他唯一的床，——
但即使那是天鵝絨的臥榻
他也難以進入夢鄉！
從暗夜到清晨的曙光，
為蘇格蘭和她的王權
他躺在那裏難眠沉想。

東方升起了光明的太陽，
微光照著那不堪的眠床，
照著那支持低矮屋頂
粗陋不成樣子的屋梁。

抬起憂思的眼睛上望，
布魯斯看見一隻蜘蛛，
 試圖用柔細的絲結網
從小屋的梁往那梁上盪；
那昆蟲盡力的奔忙
 啟導著蘇格蘭未來的王。

那思慮周詳的蜘蛛
 一連六次投出纖細的絲；
那細線飛盪乏力
 或是迷失目標不濟
六次都失敗了，卻不放棄
那忍耐的昆蟲繼續堅持，
 絕不能動搖它的意志；
不久，當布魯斯急切的注視，
看到它準備再一次的嘗試，
 盡它的勇氣，力量，和戰技。

再努力，第七次，最後一次！
 那英雄讚揚它的表現！
在它所想望的梁上，
 繫緊了那蛛絲的細線；
雖然是微弱，卻激起他的靈感
使他思想，不僅僅是吉兆，
 這功課實在是恰好，
明顯不過任誰都能讀得到：
堅毅者終必獲得酬報
 忍耐贏得了賽跑。

巴屯 (Bernard Barton, 1784-1849) 英國詩人。

Bruce and the Spider

For Scotland's and for freedom's right
The Bruce his part had played,
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed;
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought;
And now from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne:
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed, —
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider-down!
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last!
The hero hailed the sign!
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender, silken line;
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

Bernard Barton (1784-1849)
English poet

西拿基立的毀滅 Lord George Gordon Byron

亞述人下來如同狼入羊圈，
他的軍隊穿戴著金紫閃現；
槍矛的光耀像星在海面上，
加利利夜海翻騰藍色波浪。

如同夏天林間豐綠的樹葉，
落日照著大軍飄揚的旗幟；
如同秋風吹過林間的枯葉，
明晨大軍的旗幟散落堆積。

死亡的天使展開他的翅膀，
經過時吹氣在仇敵的臉上；

睡者的眼都變成定著冷殭，
他們的心也停息不再激揚。

那裏躺臥的戰馬鼻孔全張，
只是沒有噴出氣息的驕狂；
奔跑的白色口沫凝在草上，
像是沖擊岩石散落的碎浪。

那裏躺臥著騎士蒼白扭曲，
戰甲上有褐銹眉間有冷露；
帳幕靜寂無聲旌旗不飛舞，
號角不再吹響戈矛無人舉。

亞述的寡婦舉起哀聲遍地，
巴力廟裏的偶像也都破碎；
外邦的軍威不是刀劍擊潰，
神只一觀看就如雪融冰頹。

拜倫 (Lord George Gordon Byron, 1788-1824) 英國浪漫詩人。

The Destruction of Sennacherib

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved— and for ever stood still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent— the banners alone—
The lances unlifted— the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord George Gordon Byron(1788-1824)
English romantic poet

在巴比倫河邊

George Gordon Byron

我們坐下哀哭在巴別水邊
追想過去的那一天
撒冷的高處作仇敵的獵物，

他們在任意殺戮叫喊，
你們，她不幸的女兒！
全都哭泣著遠離被趕散。

當我們悲哀的向河水注視
在腳下自由的奔流不息，
他們命令我們唱一只歌，
但噢，永不屈服讓外人勝利！
寧願這右手永遠枯乾，
也不會奏豎琴娛樂仇敵！

把我們的豎琴懸挂上垂柳，
噢，撒冷！它聽來該是自由；
當你榮耀終止的時候，
那表徵仍在我心存留：
當擄掠者的聲音在我身旁，
我永不調和柔美的韻奏！

By the Rivers of Babylon

We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And Ye, oh her desolate daughters!
Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which rolled on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never
That triumph the Stranger shall know!
May this right hand be withered for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But let me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the Spoiler by me!

Lord George Gordon Byron (1788-1824)
English Romantic poet

敖茲曼帝亞 Percy Bysshe Shelley

我遇到一個旅人來自古老的土地
他說：“有二條巨大沒有軀幹的腿石
矗立在沙漠中...。附近的沙裏，
半沉埋著一個殘破的面容，蹙著額，
瞥著脣，冷酷的命令鄙夷；
顯示著雕像者熟知這些神情
依然存留，印在沒有生命的物體上，
那製造者的手，心理感受是這樣；
座台上的銘文如此刻著：
 我的名字是敖茲曼帝亞，諸王之王，
 看看我的功業，大能者，你休想！
此外別無所有。旁邊那朽敗
的偉大殘骸，無邊而荒涼，
寂寞的平沙伸展向遠方。”

雪萊 (Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792-1822) 英國浪漫詩人。

* 敖茲曼帝亞是埃及王法老蘭塞二世(Ramses II)的希臘文名字，可能就是摩西奉神差遣領以色列人出埃及時的統治者。

Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
 'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,
 Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of the colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."
18171818

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)
English Romantic poet

清教徒移民登陸 Felicia Dorothea Hemans

蒼涼多石的海岸上，
激濺著飛揚的碎浪，
陰沉風暴的天空下，
樹木巨大的枝柯在搖蕩；

黑沉沉的夜暗低懸，
覆蓋著山頭和水邊，
負載著流浪者的小船，
碇泊在新英格蘭荒涼的海岸。

不是要作征服者，
他們帶著真誠的心；
不曾打著激揚的戰鼓，
也沒有號角吹起聲威遠聞；

他們不是逃亡飄泊，
心懷者懼怕畏怯靜默—
他們用歡樂昂揚的詩歌
震撼著沉鬱的荒漠。

在風浪中他們歌唱，
超越了海濤達到了群星；
幽暗的林徑也發出迴響
應和著自由的歌聲。

雄鷹離巢凌空直上
海洋綻開白色的浪花；
樹林搖舞松風呼嘯—
是在歡迎他們到家。

在那群移民者當中
有些人已經是鬚髮斑白；
是甚麼使他們離開童年的故土，
到這遙遠的異鄉來？

那裏一位婦女無畏的眼睛，
閃耀著對真理的深愛；
那裏有男子高貴的眉宇間，
顯示青年燃燒的壯懷。

他們何所尋求來自遠方？
是為閃耀珍寶的礦藏？
是海上的豐富或戰爭的掠物報賞？
他們是尋求純潔信仰的殿堂。

是的，他們的腳剛一上陸，
就稱這裏為聖地；
他們不願被沾染，而現在

尋得了敬拜上主的自由。

* 1620年十一月二十日，首批英國清教徒移民搭乘“五月花”號 (Mayflower) 抵達美洲東海岸；稱這地方為 Plymouth，在今麻薩諸塞州。以後，為了記念先民登陸，定為感恩節。

菲莉雪·海門斯 (Felicia Dorothea *nee* Browne, Hemans, 1793-1835) 英國詩人。

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came;
Nor with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of loft cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land.

There was a woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where they first trod;
They have left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835)
English poet

像從深沉的幽暗中一隻銀色的鴿子
衝上去，射入東方的光明，
煽動的雙翼上負載著歡樂滿盈，
你的靈魂也是這樣飛入天庭，
那裡是永遠的愛與和平；
在那裡，快樂的靈魂戴著冠冕嵌鑲
著星的光芒，榮耀輝煌，
享至高的喜樂只有蒙福的人得嘗。
你或參加那不朽的詩班歌唱
用天上榮美的旋律
充滿至高的賜福，或隨
全能天父的意欲，穿越天空
傳送神的聖諭--喜樂無可言喻
為何讓憂傷損害我們的歡愉？

濟慈 (John Keats, 1795-1821) 英國浪漫詩人。習醫但從未執業。因病往
意大利，逝於羅馬。

As From the Darkening Gloom*

As from the darkening gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the Eastern light,
On pinions that naught moves but pure delight,
So fled thy soul into the realms above,
Regions of peace and everlasting love;
Where happy spirits, crown'd with circlets bright
Of starry beam, and gloriously bedight,**
Taste the high joy none but the blest can prove.
There thou or joinest the immortal quire
In melodies that even Heaven fair
Fill with superior bliss, or, at desire
Of the omnipotent Father, cleavest the air
On holy message sent—What pleasure's higher
Wherefore does any grief our joy impair?

John Keats (1795-1821)
English romantic poet

* A sonnet written upon the death of the poet's grandmother in 1814.

** arrayed

貧民臨終

Caroline Bowles

輕步緩行，——低下頭，——
恭敬肅靜把頭低下，——
沒有敲響喪鐘，
但一個不朽的靈魂，
現在臨終。

陌生人！不問你如何偉大，
謙卑恭敬把頭低下；
有一位在那殘破的棚——
在那簡陋的床上——
比你更大。

在乞丐的屋頂下，
看哪！死亡的儀式在進行。
進來，沒有群眾參加；
進來，沒有侍衛護駕
這個王宮的大門。

地下陰冷潮濕，
沒有微笑宮廷人士的足跡；
一個靜默的女人站立，
枯瘦的雙手舉起
首領已經瀕死。

沒有混雜的聲音，——
獨有一個嬰孩在哭喊；
低掩的飲泣哽咽，——重現
深而短促的喘，最後——
臨去的呻吟。

啊，改變！啊，奇異的改變！

衝破監獄的柵欄，—
此時在 *那裏* 那麼低賤，
那麼悲慘，忽然 —
超越星辰之間。

啊，改變！偉大的改變！
那裏躺臥著失去靈魂的軀殼；
太陽永遠照耀，
新的不朽醒覺，—
醒起與他的神同在。

The Pauper's Death-Bed

Tread softly,— bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed —
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter, no crowds attend;
Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed,— again
That short deep gasp, and then —
The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!

Burst are the prison bars,—
This moment *there* so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his God. Caroline Bowles
19th century English poet

必死之人何必高傲？ William Knox

噢，必死之人何必心高氣傲？
像一個飛馳的流星，一片快過的雲霧，
一閃的電，一個碎浪的沫泡，
人從生命進入他安息的墳墓。

橡樹和楊柳的葉子必要凋敝，
四散飄落又堆積在一起；
年輕的和年老的，卑賤和高貴，
都必腐朽化為塵土一坯。

母親對她的嬰孩愛護關懷，
嬰孩向母親報以情愛；
丈夫有母子是他的恩賜，
一個一個，全都要歸宿安息。

那少女的面頰，眉梢，和眼睛，
閃耀著美貌和快樂—藉以得勝；
那些對她愛慕和稱讚的記憶，
俱都從活著的心頭抹除消逝。

君王那曾握過權杖的手；

祭司那戴過聖冠的眉頭；
智者的眼睛和勇者的心，
都沉埋在墓中無處可尋。

農夫的分是撒種和收割；
牧人領他的羊爬上陡坡；
乞丐為了討飯到處流浪，
凋落像被踐踏的草一樣。

那曾享受與天堂團契的聖徒；
或頑強的罪人執迷不肯悔悟；
義人和罪咎者，智慧和劣愚，
都默然的埋骨混雜著塵土。

這樣，群眾都像花或雜草消失
凋謝枯乾讓另一代繼起代替；
這樣，群眾來過，當我們注視，
重複再絮說那些已常聽的故事。

我們仍然像先人的故我舊樣；
我們看的是先人看過的景象，—
我們飲於同一泉源看同一太陽，
也同先人跑在那同一路徑上。

我們的心意想先人同樣的思想；
我們逃避死亡像先人逃避死亡，
我們想延長生命先人也想延長，
但生命如飛而去像鳥展開翅膀。

他們愛過，那些艷事已難以再講；
他們輕蔑，那驕傲的心已經冰涼；
他們悲傷，長眠者沒有哀哭聲響；
他們歡樂，舌頭無聲喜信難傳揚。

他們死去，唉！死了：我們現在存留，
我們走在他們躺臥的墓地上頭，
這裏只是他們暫時的寄身之處，
要遇到那些在朝聖旅途所曾相遇。

是啊！希望和失望，痛苦和喜樂，
在晴天和陰雨中我們交互會合；
有歡笑和眼淚，有哀曲和樂歌，
仍然要互相伴隨，一波又一波。

只是轉瞬之間，只是呼吸的一息，
從盛壯的健康就到蒼白的死，
從鍍金的廳堂到棺架和屍衣，
噢，必死的人何必心高氣傲？

威廉·諾克司(William Knox) 十九世紀美國詩人。

這是林肯總統 (Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1865) 從早年就特別喜愛的一首詩。他剪存報紙，遍訪其詩作者不得。

Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,— her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;

They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died: and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Knox

伐木者，留下那樹 George Pope Morris

伐木者，留下那樹！
 不要傷它一跟樹枝！
在幼年時它曾蔭庇我，
 現在我要對它護庇。
是我先祖的手，

栽植在他的村舍旁，
伐木者，讓它立在原處，
不要動斧將它損傷！

那棵熟識的樹，
它的名聲和榮耀，
傳揚到陸地和海島，
你怎好把它砍倒！
伐木者，手下留情！
莫把它連地的根斬斷，
噢，留下那棵老橡樹，
現在已經巍然頂天！

當還只是箇嬉戲的頑童
我常來到它可愛的蔭下；
任所有的歡樂迸發
我妹妹也來這裏玩耍。
媽媽在這裏親吻我，
爸爸捏著我的手——
請原諒這些痴情的眼淚，
只讓這棵老橡樹存留。

我的心絲縈繞著你，
貼近如你的樹皮，老朋友！
你的樹枝仍然要伸展，
野鳥要歌唱在枝頭，
老樹啊，你還要忍受風暴！
伐木者，請你走開；
當我還有手能拯救，
斧頭就不可加害。

莫銳斯(George Pope Morris, 1802-1864) 美國報紙編輯，詩人。

Woodman, Spare that Tree

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
The axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down!
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

George Pope Morris (1802-1864)
American journalist & poet

母親的聖經

George Pope Morris

現在，這書是唯一留下給我的，——
眼淚不禁開始傾流，——
用抖顫的嘴脣和震動的眉梢
我把它緊壓在我的心頭。
這裏是我們家譜系的樹
許多代都已度過；
我母親的手握過的聖經，
她，臨終把它給我。

啊！我清楚的記得
這些人的名字寫在上面；
在晚上的禱告過後，
全家時常一同圍在爐邊，
談論著那書葉所說的
那語聲使我的心激動！
現在他們都已靜默死亡，
卻仍然活在我這心中！

我父親誦讀這本聖書
給親愛的眾姊妹和弟兄，
可憐的母親看來那麼寧靜，
神的話她最愛聽！
她天使般的面容——我依然看見！
聚來的記憶何等生動！
在家的廳堂裏面，
那個小組再次相逢！

你是最可靠相知的朋友，
我體驗過你不變的堅貞；

是我的顧問和嚮導，
所有的人虛假，惟你真誠。
任用地上所有的礦藏財寶來買
都不能同這書卷相比；
它教導我生活的道路，
先教導我如何死！

My Mother's Bible

This book is all that's left me now, —
Tears will unbidden start, —
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face, — I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die!

George Pope Morris (1802-1864)
American journalist & poet

我們感謝你 Ralph Waldo Emerson

為花朵繞著我們的腳步開放；
為柔軟的草，那樣清新芳香；
為蜜蜂的嗡嗡叫和群鳥的歌唱；
為美好的萬有我們聽和觀賞
天上的父啊，我們感謝你！

為藍的水流，為蔚藍的天空；
為可愛的綠蔭樹枝高向蒼穹；
為芬芳的空氣和清涼的微風；
為樹叢發出幽美悠長的嘯鳴——
天上的父啊，我們感謝你！

為母親的慈愛，父親護衛關照；
為弟兄們強壯，姊妹秀麗美貌；
為家庭的愛和每天去上學校；
為你的引導免我們偏離正道——
天上的父啊，我們感謝你！

為了你慈愛，永遠的臂膀，

支持我們越過所有禍患損傷；
為神聖賜福的話語長久以往，
現在幫助我們對你旨意明朗——
天上的父啊，我們感謝你！

愛默生 (Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882) 美國哲學家，詩人，
論文作家。

We Thank Thee

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream, for blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blowing trees—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For mother-love, for father-care;
For brothers strong and sisters fair;
For love at home and school each day;
For guidance lest we go astray—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For Thy dear, everlasting arms,
That bear us o'er all ills and harms;
For blessed words of long ago,
That help us now Thy will to know—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)
American poet & philosopher

西西里王羅波 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

西西里王羅波，是教皇烏爾班的弟弟，
阿勒冥的皇帝華蒙是他的長兄，
身穿華貴的衣飾，
帶著大群的武士和侍從，
在聖約翰節日晚禱時，傲然坐著
聽教牧吟唱“尊主頌”。

當他聽著，一遍又一遍的
重複，仿佛是抑制和擔重，
當聽到了：“祂叫有權柄的
失位，叫卑賤的高升”；
他慢慢抬起王者尊貴的頭
垂詢身邊識字的秘書隨從：
“這句話是甚麼意思？”秘書立即回應：
“祂使有權能的從高位降卑，
高舉沒有地位的上騰。”
羅波王鄙夷的低聲說：
“好在這種煽動性的語句
只由教職人員用拉丁語唱誦；
讓教牧們和人民都知道，
沒有甚麼能力推翻我的寶座權柄！”
靠在椅背上，他打個呵欠，入睡了，
單調的唱誦使他睡意更濃。

當他醒轉時，已經是夜間，
空蕩蕩的教堂，全然沒有光亮，
只有幾盞殘燈，發著微弱的火焰，
照出淡淡的黃暈在聖徒的像旁。
他從座位上四圍環望，
看不見甚麼活物，也聽不到聲響。
他摸索到門前，但門已經鎖上，
他大聲喊叫，聽著，再又敲撞，
發著可怕的恫嚇，加上抱怨，
他咒詛人，也祈求聖徒幫忙。
如同死去的聖像在那裏嘲笑，
空有迴響來自屋頂和牆。

最後，管教堂的從外面聽見
那喊叫的擾攘和敲門，
以為是盜賊進入了禱告的殿，

挑著燈籠來查問：“是甚麼人？”

半氣結的羅波王盛怒回答：

“是我，王！你害怕嗎？給我開門！”

管堂的受了驚，自言自語，咒詛著說：

“是酒醉的流浪漢，或更下等的惡棍！”

用那把大鑰匙猛然把教堂門敞開，

一條大漢跨大步衝到了他身旁，

凶悍的，沒有帽子或外衣，赤著臂膀，

並沒有轉身，不睬他，半句話不講，

但跳進了漆黑的夜暗裏，

失去了蹤影像幽靈一樣。

西西里王羅波，教皇烏爾班的弟弟，

他的長兄是阿勒冥的華蒙皇帝，

被剝去了華貴的衣飾，

光著頭，喘吁吁的，滿身污泥，

暴怒如雷大踏步到了宮門，

感受侮辱，怒氣填胸卻無法可施，

衝過了庭院，找人發洩

左右的僮僕和管家執事，

在火把下照著他蒼白的面孔，

急忙跑上寬闊和迴音的樓梯。

他匆促的穿堂復過室，

他聽到在喊叫發聲，卻無人置理，

最後到達了宴會廳，

燈燭輝煌，撲鼻的薰香氣息。

廳堂一端高坐著另一位王，

戴著他御印的戒指，他的王冠和衣裳，

是羅波王的身材，同樣相貌和形狀，

只是全部變化成天使的榮光！

那是一個天使；他在那裏

到處充滿了他神聖的輝煌，

高貴的氣質透過他的形體，
只是沒有誰能認出是天使的化裝。

那失去寶座的王向天使注視，
一時驚訝無言，不能夠行動，
遇到他的忿怒和驚奇，
目光中帶著神聖的憐憫神情；
他說：“你是誰，竟敢到這裏來？”
換來的是羅波王回答譏諷：

“我是王，要來收復
被你這假冒者篡奪的朝廷！”
這大膽無禮的話，忽然
使座上客人都跳起來，紛紛拔劍反應；
那天使連眉頭也不皺平靜的說：
“不，不是王，是王的小丑一名，
今後要戴上海扇帽，佩著銅鈴，
帶一隻猿猴作你的參謀隨從；
你要順服王的僕役使喚，
服侍我的侍從們在堂前聽命！”

無人管他的恫嚇喊叫和祈求，
他們把他推下樓梯趕出廳堂；
一群僮僕們竊笑著在前面跑，
當他們把摺門開敞，
聽到了武士們在宏聲狂笑，
他的心下沉了，有奇異的緊張，
高大的房頂哄起迴響，
嘲弄的恭賀說：“萬歲我王！”

次日清早，第一線曙光使他復醒，
他自己心裏說：“那不過是個夢！”
當他轉頭的時候身下的稻草窸窣有聲，
旁邊是他的小丑帽子和銅鈴，

周圍是沒有裝飾褪色的牆壁，
不遠處是群駒在嚼草的馬棚，
在角落裏，有個活動的身影，
是那可憐的猿猴在瑟縮著吱喳作聲。
那不是夢；他所深愛的世界
已經變作了塵灰，著手成空！

一天天過去又復再來，
西西里恢復了上古盛世；
在天使的統治善政之下
那快樂的海島五穀登新酒洋溢，
在火山灼熱的胸膛之下，
那古老的巨人也恬然安息。

這樣，羅波王也自己安分由命，
不得安慰，陰鬱的沉悶安靜。
穿著小丑的雜色花衣，
看來似是迷失，直直無神的眼睛，
從下巴到耳朵上邊刮得淨光像僧，
忍受著侍從的譏諷僮僕的嘲弄，
他唯一的朋友是那隻猿猴，他的食物
是別人吃過的殘飯剩羹——他仍然不認輸定。
當那天使偶然相遇在途中，
半認真的對他說話，有一半嘲諷，
嚴肅的，卻是輕柔，他覺得似乎是
天鵝絨的鞘藏著青鋼利刃的刀鋒：
“你是王嗎？”刺著他的隱痛
他會忽然迸發難以藏容；
昂起他的額頭，粗率的說：
“我是，我是王！”傲岸回應。

大約三年過去了；來了
特使尊貴又有盛名，

是阿勒冥皇帝華蒙差來轉達
教皇烏爾班向羅波王發出的邀請，
那信是要他立即啟程
在聖禮拜四到達他的羅馬城。
那天使對來使盛大歡迎，
給他們禮物和錦繡外套，
天鵝絨披肩有華貴的勳銜
給他們戒指和稀世的珠寶。
然後同他們一道揚帆啟航，
從海上到了可愛的意大利半島；
顯赫的行列引得萬人矚目，
大群的隨扈還有馬隊前導，
鞍轡履鐙都是鑲金嵌玉，
全都衣冠鮮明還插著彩色羽毛。
看，在僕從中間，有個可笑的角色
有一匹雜種跛馬蹣跚而行，
羅波王騎著，外衣綴著狐狸尾飄動隨風，
那猿猴端肅的在駕馭一本正經，
所經過全國的大小城鎮，
總是有大批來取樂的觀眾。

教皇迎接他們以盛壯的聲勢，
聖彼得廣場上，鳴號又懸挂旌旗。
為他們祝福又加上擁抱，
熱烈的盡足使徒的恩賜和禮儀。
他既有頌賀復再祝禱，
不知不覺的接待了天使。
小丑羅波，忽然從人叢中冒了出來，
到他們的面前高聲大嚷，
“我是王！看，認清我本人
羅波，你的親兄弟，西西里王！
你眼前這個人，有我的形相，
是假冒的王，在裝模作樣。

你不認得我？心裏豈沒有微聲
答應我的呼求，承認我是骨肉同堂？”
教皇靜默不言，表現困惑心意搖蕩，
看著天使的面貌是那麼安詳；
皇帝笑著說：“真有他的奇風異想，
把一個狂人當小丑來豢養！”
可憐的小丑受盡奚落面目無光，
擠回到人叢裏悄然躲藏。

莊嚴的受難週來而復往，
復活節主日清晨露出曙光，
天使的臨在，帶著榮美，
在日出以前把全城照亮，
新的熱誠充滿了人的心間，
覺得基督復活的真實無妄。
連那個小丑在他稻草的床，
憔悴的眼看見了榮美非同尋常，
他覺得裏面有種從未經驗的能力，
使他謙卑的跪在床前的地上，
他聽到主急飄的衣裳，
拂過安靜的空氣升上天堂。

現在訪問的時光已過，再一次
華蒙離去往多瑙河岸的回程，
那天使也再次踏上歸家的路，
在途中展現他盛壯的扈從，
經過意大利的城和鎮，
從沙萊諾港出海拔錨啟碇。
再進入泊勒摩的城牆內，
升上他的寶座在偉大的朝廷，
聽到修院傳來禱告的鐘聲，
像是更美的世界在與我們交通，
他招呼羅波王近前來，

示意屏退其餘的人眾；
單獨相對的時候，那天使問：
“你是王嗎？”低垂著頭，
羅波王的雙手交叉當胸，
謙恭的回答：“你最知道！
我的罪如同硃紅；讓我去
修院的靜室好好懺悔，
跪爬在石頭上，成為道路能到天庭，
赤腳行走，直到我負疚的靈魂赦淨！”

那天使微笑著，從他光輝的臉上
聖潔的光照亮所有的地方，
聽到鄰近的教堂修士們誦唱，
傳進敞開的窗，高越而嘹亮，
超越街道上市聲的喧囂擾攘：
“祂叫有權柄的失位，
叫卑賤的升高！”
在那誦唱以外有另一個韻律，
升越像是單絃音在振盪：
“我是個天使，你是王！”

羅波王，原來站在寶座的左近，
舉目看來，啊！只有他一人！
所有的衣飾依然如舊，
榮美的外袍綴玉繡金；
當宮廷的侍臣來發現他在那裏
跪在地上全心禱告，靜默深沈。

King Robert of Sicily

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperour of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
" 'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reechoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said:
"Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
And man rushed by him at a single stride,
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the night,
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperour of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazed with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light!
It was an Angel; and his presence there

With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes;
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
"I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon my benchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsubdued,
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,

Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet acabbard held a sword of steel,
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemiane,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's aquare,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unaweres,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is stange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,

With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
And if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
When they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
And in some cloister's school of penitence,
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place,
And through the open window, loud and clear,
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
Above the stir and tumult of the street:
"He has put down the mighty of their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!"
And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
And when his courtiers came, they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)
American poet and educator

聖誕鐘聲 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

在聖誕節我聽到了鐘聲，
奏出古老熟習的歌頌，
 甜美而且激越
 在反覆的述說
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

想到這日子又再來臨，
普世歡騰協和同慶，
 鐘樓傳出鐘聲
 歌唱持續不停
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

一路來鳴鐘，歌唱不斷，
大地轉動從黑夜到白天，
 歌聲樂音連連
 旋律宏亮莊嚴
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

然後，從每個大砲黑色的口腔，

可咒詛的雷聲起自南方，
所發出的聲響
淹沒聖誕歌唱
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

好像是強烈的地震發生，
撕裂了這大陸上許多家庭，
造成喪亡不幸
家門自相分爭
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

在失望中我低頭黯然，
說道：“在這地上全無平安，
因為恨意深濃
在譏諷著歌頌
地上有平安，善意歸人群！”

把鐘聲敲響更宏亮更深妙：
“上帝沒有死，祂也不睡覺！
邪惡終必敗亡
正義得勝昌旺
地上有平安，善意歸人群！”

* 此詩作於美國南北戰爭期間。

Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)
American poet and educator

鄉村鐵匠 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

有個鄉村的鐵匠鋪，
在一棵大栗子樹旁；
那鐵匠非常的強壯，
有雙巨大有力的手掌，
滿有筋肉褐色的臂膀，

像一束鋼鐵一樣。

他的頭髮光亮，黑而且長，
臉面如同皮革皺紋；
眉梢流著誠實的汗珠，
盡可能的賺錢生存，
他面對全世界沒有愧怍，
因為他從不虧欠任何人。

一週復又一週，從早到晚，
他風箱的聲音可以聽見；
你聽到他揮動沉重的大錘，
擊打有節奏有時緩慢，
像管教堂的敲動那鄉村的鐘，
當夕陽低沉下山。

當孩子們放學回家
從那敞開的門張望；
他們愛看那爐中的火焰，
聽那風箱吼叫的聲響，
看到那迸起的火花
像禾場上颳起的糠。

主日他去到教堂，
坐在他兒子們的中央；
聽牧師禱告和傳講，
聽他女兒的歌唱，
在鄉村詩班的歌聲，
使他的心歡喜飛揚。

聽來如同她母親的聲音，
歌唱在天上的樂園！
他不免又一次的想起她，

如何在墳墓裏安眠；
淚珠流出了他的雙眼，
就用粗硬的手擦乾。

勞苦，—歡樂，—憂傷，
伴隨著生命前進不止；
每早晨看工作開始，
每晚間看工作完畢；
有的事試去作，有的事成就，
他獲得一夜的安息。

感謝，感謝你，我尊貴的朋友，
你所教導我們的課程！
在人生命的煉爐中，
我們的前途如此作成；
如此的在砧上錘煉又鑄形，
每一燃燒的思想和行動。

The Village Blacksmith

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands:
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
He earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)
American poet and educator

夜的頌詩 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

我聽見夜的衣裾
 掃過她大理石的殿堂！
我看見她黑貂皮的裙邊
 鑲嵌著天上的星光！

我感覺到她的存在，大能的影響
 俯在我以上；
夜平靜，莊嚴的臨在
 像我所愛的一樣。

我聽見悲痛和歡樂的聲音，
 那多重的，輕柔鐘鈴，
充盈著那些夜所佔領的房舍，
 像是老年詩人的吟誦。

從午夜冷冽的水池
 我的心靈暢飲憩息；
從那深池的泉源中
 長久的平安湧流不止。

噢，聖善的夜，我學著接受
 如同多人在我以前，
你把手指按在憂慮的嘴唇上，
 他們就不再抱怨。

平安！平安！我發出奧萊斯迪的禱告！*
 展開你寬闊的翅膀降臨，
我所歡迎的，再三祈求的，最美的，

最愛的夜！

* 希臘神話：奧萊斯迪 (Orestes) 為 Agamemnon 之子。其父為 Argos 王，Troy 戰爭離國十年，凱旋歸來後，其妻與情夫弑夫篡位。奧萊斯迪逃亡，長成後歸國，殺母及情夫而復國為王。

Hymn to the Night

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!

Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)
American poet, educator

孩童時間 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

當夜幕開始降下，
 黑暗將接續白天，
一天事工完畢的休閒，
 那叫作孩童時間。

我聽到上面的房中，
 有輕促的小腳步聲，
有開房門的聲響，
 語音甜而柔輕。

從我書房的燈光可以看見
 寬闊的樓梯上降下，
莊重的愛莉，嘻笑雅麗歌拉，
 還有伊滌慈金黃的頭髮。

先是耳語，接著是安靜：
 但我知道從頑皮的眼睛
他們在商議一同定計

為要使我意外驚奇。

忽然間奔跑經過走道，
忽然間突擊衝過廳堂！
這三道門都未曾設防，
他們衝進我堡壘的牆！

他們爬上了我的角樓
上了旁手和我的椅脊；
他們包圍我無處可逃避，
好像他們遍處都是。

他們的親吻幾乎把我吞掉，
他們擁抱我交互纏繞，
叫我想起那濱鎮的主教，
在萊茵鼠樓被群鼠所咬。

噢，藍眼睛的強盜們，豈不想，
因為你們爬越了牆，
一個老鬍子像我這樣
那能夠同你們較量！

我緊困你們在我的城堡裏，
絕不讓你們逃奔，
要把你們放在牢獄中囚禁
在那圓樓裏——我的心。

我要永遠把你們放在那裏，
是的，永遠到一天，
到那牆壁變成頹垣，
與塵土一同歸於衰殘！

The Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon

In the round-tower of my heart.
And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

基督徒的呼召 John Greenleaf Whittier

不是常有旋風猛烈
 像在可畏的何烈山，
不是常有焚燒荊棘的火焰
 向米甸牧人的先知顯現，
也不是那聲音莊嚴
 臨到以色列的先知詩人，
也不是分岔火焰的舌頭
 也不是恩賜會說可畏的語言 —

不常是有這些外表的記號
 烈火和聲音來自天上，
那神聖真理的信息
 那從神來的呼召下降！
在人的心中覺醒
 愛真實和公義，
熱心追尋基督徒的理想
 有力量去打基督徒的仗。

並不是限於男子漢的心房
 才有這種神聖的影響，
婦女的心也能感覺到
 超乎自己的溫暖歡狂！
像那女人為救主奔走
 在撒瑪利亞的城牆 —
像那些與熱誠的保羅
 跟謙和的亞居拉同工一樣；

或像那些謙和的人殉道
 成了羅馬聚觀的盛景；
或像那些在阿爾卑斯山的家鄉
 奮勇為十字軍戰爭，
當沃德的青巒，顫動，聽到，
 傳遍它死的幽谷，

使婦女們最後的殘息
傾注出殉道者凱旋的歌聲。

輕柔的，藉著千般的事物
在我們的心靈上經過，
像和風撫過了細的琴弦，
或像雲霧拂摸著草葉，
那樂音或是淡影，
留下奇異而新的記號，
對公義真實和恩慈的心靈
作出了輕柔的呼召。

噢，這樣，如果些微真理和亮光，
閃過你等候的心間，
人類的需要缺欠，
展示在你心靈的面前；
如果，為世人的憂苦沉思，
是你真誠的心願，
不是為了你自己悲苦，
要使人歡樂緩釋重擔；

雖然全沒有可畏的預報，
也沒有外在的表現或記號；
雖然只有對裏面的耳朵，
細語輕柔而聲音微小；
雖然不可見，卻是從天上來，
降落，只像是嗎哪下飄，
像夜露無聲，要好好留意——
你天父愛的呼召！

衛理爾(John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892) 美國詩人，從早年自學，
愛文學，是極為敬虔的 Quaker 傳道人，強烈反奴役的領袖。

The Call of the Christian

Not always as the whirlwind's rush
 On Herob's mount of fear,
Not always as the burning bush
 To Midian's shepherd seer,
Nor as the awful voice which came
 To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
 Nor gift of fearful words, —

Not always thus, with outward sign
 Of fire or voice from Heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
 The call of God is given!
Awaking in the human heart
 Love for the true and right, —
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
 Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
The holy influence steals:
Warm with a rapture not its own,
The heart of woman feels!
As she who by Samaria's wall
The Saviour's errand sought, —
As those who with the fervent Paul
And meek Aquila wrought:

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
Rome's gathered grandeur saw:
Or those who in their Alpine home
Braved the Crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,
Through all its vales of death,
The martyr's song of triumph poured
From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirit pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapors o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange and new
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the right and true
And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight
The wants of human-kind;
If, brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not thine own; —

Though heralded with naught of fear
Or outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well, —
Thy Father's call of love!

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)
American religious poet

倫敦教堂 Richard Monckton Milnes Houghton

在一個星期天的早上，
我站在一座教堂的大門旁，
會眾都聚集在那裏
還有幾十部車輛 —
從車中走出一位貴婦
我常得有幸瞻仰。

她手持一卷公禱書，
還拿者飾金的香匣；
那書上清楚印著
人類救恩的徽記 —
但在十字架的上面
還有一頂鍍金的冠冕。*

一名諂媚的執事趨前
為她敞開了內門，
她的腳步仿佛是滑動，
輕盈的像在舞廳一般——
在她邪惡的虛驕中
也許會有過一絲善念。

但在她後面來了一個婦人，
懷著渴慕向門裏張望，
生活殘酷的印痕，
刻劃在她病弱的臉上——
顯示著悲慘的三合一
罪壓，軟弱，和痛傷。

她找不到空處安息和禱告，
早有人擠滿了免費的座位；**
與到處的盛裝相比
她殘破的外衣使她慚愧——
“神的家容不下貧窮的罪人”，
她嘆息著蹣跚的離開。

* 那金冠冕是有勳爵的徽記。

** 英國教區的家庭，一般在教會中租定座椅，可遲到或不到，但別人不得坐用；其餘的是免費自由座位(free seats)。

浩屯伯爵(Lord Richard Monckton Milnes Houghton, 1809-1885)英國詩人，文學贊助者，也是提倡教會改革的人。這首詩寫他觀察到教會內存在重富棄貧的現象，正是雅各書第二章所指責的。

A London Church

I stood, one Sunday morning,
Before a large church door,

The congregation gathered
And carriages a score, —
From one out stepped a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette;
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set, —
But above the Cross there glistened
A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide,
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide, —
There might be good thoughts in her
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline, —
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray;
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array —
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed, and crept away.

Lord Richard Monckton Milnes Houghton (1809- 1885)

越過沙洲

Lord Alfred Tennyson

夕陽和夜星，
向我發出清晰的呼喚！
不要有沙洲嗚咽的悲聲，
當我出海航遠。

但潮水似睡眠般的流動，
有太多的聲響和浪花，
自無邊無垠的深洋湧來，
然後轉而歸家。

黃昏微光和暮鐘，
隨著來的是黑暗！
不要有送別的哀痛，
當我登舟揚帆；

超越時間和空間的界限，
海浪將我載去悠悠，
希望見我的舵手面對面，
當我越過那限阻的沙洲。

英國桂冠詩人丁尼生 (Lord Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892)，作品很受時人歡迎，得到“人民詩人”的雅號。

1889年，八十歲的丁尼生，從英格蘭的奧德沃茨(Aldworth)夏居，渡海到衛特島(Isle of Wight)的冬季別墅去避寒。船過索倫(The Solent)海峽的沙洲，聽到波浪衝激的嗚咽聲，似在悲泣，那是風暴將至的預報。安然抵達島上，風暴才來到。

幾天後，丁尼生病了。僱來一個護士服侍，陪侍照顧衰老病中的詩人。在他們談話時，那基督徒護士說：“先生，您有很多詩作，但很少聖詩。您現在病中，我希望您寫首詩，安慰其他病苦的人。”老詩人回想船過沙洲時的風浪聲音，當夜在病床上寫成了這首詩。

詩中把沙洲的嗚咽，用為喪葬的意喻。這雖然不是他最後的作品，但依他的囑託，收為他每本詩集的最後一首。表明基督徒的生命之舟，勝過死亡面見救主耶穌基督的盼望。

作者面對死亡沒有懼怕，而是看到死亡後面的安息。他用平靜近於渴望的心情，想像越過死亡的關柵，也就同時越過了官感的限制(“bar” “沙洲”，也有關限的意思)，而在肉體之外得見神(參伯一九：26 林前一三：12)，面見生命的“舵手”。

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our borne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

Lord Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892)
English Victorian poet laureate

失落的領袖

Robert Browning

I

只為了盈把的銀錢他離開了我們，
 只為了一條帶子綴在他的衣裳 —
發現幸運的賜予一度使我們傷心，
 失去了對她別的恩惠的欽仰；
那些布施金子的更能夠收買他，
 使銀子在他眼中失去了光芒；
我們供獻的幾文銅錢他哪還會在意！
 高傲的心把紫衣當破布一樣！
我們這批愛過他，跟過他，尊崇過他的，
 曾生活煦育在他尊貴的，慈祥的眼光，
學習他偉大的語詞，模仿他特有的調腔，
 把他當我們的模式，不論生存或死亡！
莎士比亞是我們的，彌爾頓是我們的，
 本恩斯，雪萊同著我們—他們從墳墓張望！
只有他，離開了改革的先鋒隊和自由人
 只有他下沉成為落伍者，同奴隸列行。

II

我們要前進興旺 — 不需要靠他在場；
 不用他的曲調 — 我們有詩歌激勵歌唱，
事功仍然要作成 — 當他在誇口他的冥想，
 我們偏依然靜臥，讓他去號令激揚；
勾銷他的名字，記錄下一個靈魂的失喪，
 又一項事工的隕失，又一條路徑荒涼，
又一次人的墮落，又一次對神的侮辱！
 又一次魔鬼的勝利天使的憂傷！

生命的暗夜開始了：請他不要再回到我們中間！

那裏準會有疑惑，痛苦和彷徨，
借我們有名的頌讚—微光的昏黃，
不再是歡樂自信的晨光！
我們來教導他好好打一仗—英勇的攻擊吧，
在我們征服他之前威脅我們的心房；
然後讓他接受新知識且等我們，
先到主寶座前，得赦免進入天堂。(1843-45)

布朗寧 (Robert Browning, 1812-1889) 英國詩人，劇作家。
華德務茨(William Wordsworth, 1770-1850)曾是英國思想界及文壇領袖，
為當時的少年一代所崇敬。到了晚年接受政府“桂冠詩人”的榮銜，拿了當
權者的錢，言詞就大不相同了。跟從他的年輕人都非常失望。本詩作者布朗
寧，比他年輕四十二歲，為他哀傷，作了悼詩，題為“失落的領袖”(“The
Lost Leader”)。為了名與利失去了理想，不僅是一個人的失敗。

The Lost Leader

I

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed:
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freeman
— He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II

We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;

Deeds will be done—While he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!

1843 1845

Robert Browning (1812-1889) English poet

那推動搖籃的手 William Ross Wallace

賜福婦女的手！
天使護引它的力量和恩愛，
在王宮，村舍，茅屋，
啊，不論甚麼所在，
有彩虹溫和的懸挂，
不受風暴的侵害，
因為那推動搖籃的手，
那手也掌管著世界。

嬰孩是幼弱的泉源，
流出權力和美麗，
是母親，首先引導那小溪，
活潑的靈魂從那裡長起--
長成善，或長成惡，
流送陽光或流出暴力，
因為那推動搖籃的手，

那手也掌管著世界。

女人啊，你的使命多麼神聖，
就在你自己的土地上！
保守，啊，保守那幼小的心，
時常向神的靈氣開放！
是母愛綴成的珠串，
成為所有世代真實的獎章，
因為那推動搖籃的手，
那手也掌管著世界。

賜福婦女的手！
父親們和兒女們呼求，
這神聖的歌聲，
與天上的敬拜匯流--
在那裡沒有風暴陰暗，
彩虹永遠拱懸在上頭，
因為那推動搖籃的手，
那手也掌管著世界。

華勒士(William Ross Wallace, 1819-1881)美國詩人。

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

Blessing on the hand of women!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
Oh, no matter where the place;
Would that never storms assailed it,

Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain,
Power may with beauty flow,
Mother's first to guide the streamlets
From them souls unresting grow--
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or evil hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of women!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky —
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

William Ross Wallace (1819-1881)
American poet

北國傳奇：

啄木鳥的故事

Phoebe Cary

在北地，遙遠，遙遠，
那裏的日子白晝苦短，
冬夜有那麼長的時間
他們不能夠一直睡眠；

當冬天下雪的時候，
他們用迅捷的馴鹿拖雪橇；
孩子們像是小熊寶寶，
裹著多毛的皮裘看著可笑；

大人們說給孩子奇異的故事——
我不相信那是真實；
但你可以學到功課，
且等我把這傳奇告訴你。

從前，良善的聖徒彼得
還曾住在人間，
他走遍四方傳道，
他所作的你也聽見。

當他在地上周游旅行，
來到一個村舍的門口，
那裏有個小婦人在作餅，
又放在爐火上烘烤；

那天他在禁食肚子飢餓，
一天已快過將近日落，
彼得向著她堆在那裏的餅，
他並不多要只要一個。

她作了一個很小的餅，
放在爐中的炭火上，
她越看好像越大，
要給別人那是休想。

因此她又再搓弄擗麵，
作成了更小的一個；

當她端詳著，再翻轉，
跟從前作的同樣太多。

她就再捏下很小一點麵，
弄得菲薄壓了又捻；
烤成像一片微化餅乾——
想到要給人猶不甘願。

她想：“我這餅似太小
如果我自己吃並不能飽，
但要給別人就太大了。”
所以把那餅在架上放好。

良善的聖彼得怒從心起，
他已經很飢餓以至發昏；
實在這樣的一個婦人
足以惹得聖徒氣憤。

他說：“你太過於自私
不配穿人形住在人間，
給你有食物又有房屋，
並且有火給你保持溫暖。

現在，你必須作築巢的鳥，
你所得的食物定要微少，
要煩勞的啄，啄，啄，
每天啄那乾硬的樹殼。”

她立即穿過煙囪上升，
再也不能作人言人聲，
從屋頂飛出一隻啄木鳥，
她已經變化成為鳥形。

只有她頭上戴的那頂紅帽，
 仍然像從前一般，
其餘的衣裳都被燻黑
 像是炭和烏煙。

所有的學童來自鄉間
 都能夠看見她在林中，
她住在樹上直到今天，
 啄著，啄食蛀蟲。

這功課她教導我們學習：
 人活著總不要單為自己，
免得你不可憐別人的缺欠，
 有一天你自己要成為可憐。

所賜給你的要多多給予，
 要聽憐恤的呼召；
不要在你給予時看小為大，
 你所接受的卻以為是小。

我的孩子們，現在要記牢，
 切莫忘行慈愛和良善，
當你看見啄木鳥的紅帽，
 和她穿的燻黑衣衫。

你可能不會給變成一隻鳥，
 即使你生活得自私不仁；
但你能夠變得更微小—
 一個低鄙自私的小人。

非比.凱瑞 (Phoebe Cary, 1824-1871) 美國詩人。

A Legend of the Northland

Away, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the night are so long in winter
That they cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges, when it snows;
And the children look like bears' cubs
In their funny, furry clothes;

They tell them a curious story —
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson
If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know,

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer —
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small
When I eat them of myself,

And yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard, dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country schoolboy
Has seen her in the wood,
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird though you live
As selfish as you can;

But you will be changd to a smaller thing—
A mean and selfish man.

Phoebe Cary (1824-1871)
American poet

新巨像：自由頌 Emma Lazarus

不同於那有名的偉大希臘銅像，
伸展著征服的膀臂達到各方；
在我們海浪沖濺的海口，對著夕陽
一個強壯的女人舉著火炬發光
火焰是收蓄的閃電，她的名字是
被放逐者的娘。從她照引的手
向普世放出歡迎的光芒：她慈祥
的望著那長橋聯結著雙城形成的巨港。

“古老的土地，保留你們固有的堂皇！”
她靜默的嘴唇喊著。“給我你的疲乏，貧民，
你壅擠的群眾渴求呼吸自由舒暢，
你可憐的賤民在滿集的岸上。
把這些無家的，風浪飄蕩的人給我。
我擎著燈站在這金門！”

提起美國，有三個形像可以代表：紐約港口巍然屹立高舉火炬的自由巨像，
展翅的飛鷹，和瘦削精明的生意人山姆叔。美國的三面性型：宗教，武力，
金錢(God, Gold, Glory)也正是“發現時代”的精神具型。其中只有自由巨
像是實際存在的塑像。

建立巨像，是世界上文明古國都有的傳統。希臘羅德島上，有銅鑄的太陽神

像，高逾一百呎，稱為世界七奇之一。

美國南北戰爭之後，法國歷史家 Edouard de Laboulaye 發起，由法國民間集資，經巴黎愛弗勒高塔的 Alexandre-Gustave Eiffel 設計，經雕塑家 Frederic Auguste Bartholdi 建造，於 1885 年完成，運來美國。像高 151 呎 1 吋，連座高約 305 呎，在 1886 年立於紐約港口移民入境經過的 Ellis 島上。在像座的銅牌上，刻著艾瑪.拉撒路“新巨像”詩的末五句。

美國女詩人艾瑪.拉撒路(Emma Lazarus)紐約人，於 1883 年，寫了“新巨像”詩，表達對美國收容難民慈愛精神信仰與頌讚。

如果說：“一幅圖像勝過千言萬語”，在這裡，我們看見了寥寥幾行詩句，給巍然巨像注入了靈魂；這靈魂，是基督教精神的具體表現。只有認識基督真理，才可以引人進入真理的光中。

艾瑪.拉撒路 (Emma Lazarus, 1849-1887) 美國詩人，論文作家，慈善家。為援助受迫害的猶太人，組織救濟團體。

The New Colossus Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles. From her beaconed-hand
Glow world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)
American poet

天獵 Francis Thompson

我逃避祂，歷經白晝，到夜間；
我逃避祂，歷經年復一年；
我逃避祂，歷經我自己思念中

錯綜的迷徑：在淒迷的眼淚裡
我躲藏祂，在連續的嘻笑後面。
我急速的攀登希望的遠景，
又吶喊，流汗，
在下邊巨大可怕的深淵，
那強壯的腳步，在身後跟著，跟在後邊。
但不是匆忙的追趕，
腳步並不慌亂，
從容的速度，緊促而不失莊嚴，
腳步節奏中 -- 聲音響起
比那腳步更近邇 --
“你這背離我的，萬有都背離你。”

我抗辯，逾越法制的邊限，
有許多可愛的窗檻，垂著紅的窗簾，
其間有恩愛的糾纏
(我雖知道祂的愛跟隨著，
卻是深深的懼怕
惟恐有了祂，就必須捨棄所有的其他愛戀)；
但是，如果那小窗扉只開啟一扇，
祂的狂風將衝進裡面。
懼怕不知如何逃，愛卻要追趕。
我奔逃，超越世界的邊緣，
闖進了群星的金衢街道間，
擾亂了他們的柵欄尋求遮掩：
穿越那些芳香的瓶罐
搖動月亮的銀門發聲鏗然。
我對清晨說：快來；告訴夜：不要遲延；
用你的新花掩埋我
躲避那極端的愛的眼！
撒出你朦朧的紗環繞我，叫祂看不見！
我試遍祂所有的僕役，終於發現
我雖然背逆他們卻貞堅，

他們對主忠實對我卻多變，
他們的違逆是真實，赤誠是欺騙。
我向所有速變的東西請求速援：
攀懸在每陣呼嘯的風長鬣上面。
但不論他們如何猛馳，疾駛，
那碧藍的長空平原：
或是乘駕雷電，
他們緊附著祂的車橫越上天
繞蹄濺著飛行的電閃 --
懼怕不知如何逃，愛卻要追趕。
仍然不匆忙的追趕，
腳步並不慌亂，
從容的速度，緊促而不失莊嚴，
那腳步跟在後邊，
語音比步聲更加清晰 —
“沒有甚麼不接納我，而能接納你。”

我不再尋求從前的迷途
那臉孔是男或是女：
但仍然在小孩童的眼中
似乎有些甚麼，甚麼可以給我答覆：
至少他們會支持我，一定支持我！
我轉向他們滿懷著希望：
可是，正當他們忽然示愛凝眸
將要把答案傾吐，
天使抓住了頭髮拉他們離去。
“來吧，你們大自然另外的兒女 —”
我說：“與我同享你們美好的歡娛：
讓我親吻歡迎你，
讓我與你擁抱輕撫，
嬉戲
弄我們母親飄揚的長髮，
歡宴

在她風為牆壁的宮府，
她湛藍的頂蓋遮覆，
照你純潔的樣子，
從杯中，傾飲著
晶瑩明亮的陽光。”

這些都過去了：
我曾是他們甘美團契中之一員 --
開啟過自然的秘密之門。
我知道一切的意含
在上天固執的臉；
我知道雲如何升起
狂野的海噴吐沫涎；
所有的生或死亡
升或沉降 -- 使他們能形成 --

我自己的心境，哀悼或逍遙 --
同他們歡樂或悲慘。

我很憂悶在晚間
當她燃點她閃亮的燈盞
圍繞白晝死去的尊嚴。
我歡笑在清晨的眼簾。
我歡騰又悲哀隨著氣候變換，
天與我一同哭泣，
天的甜淚和我的融合成鹹；
夕陽的心赤紅震顫

我把自己跳動的心並放在那邊，
二者的熱交會相連；
但不是如此，如此作，只是消除我人生的傷痛。
我的眼淚徒然沾濕了上天灰色的面頰。
噢！因為我們彼此言語不通，
我和自然界：雖然我言語有聲--
他們的言語卻是靜默，他們只是移動。
自然，可憐的繼母，不能夠舒解我的枯旱；
如果她還承認我，讓她

解下那藍色的胸衫，向我顯露出
 她雙乳的柔軟；
她從沒有用一滴的乳汁滋潤
 我嘴唇的乾渴。
 逼近更逼近的追趕，
 腳步並不慌亂，
 從容的速度，緊促而不失莊嚴，
 有個聲音傳來的更快捷
 在腳步的聲響以先 --
“注意，如果不滿足我，沒有甚麼會滿足你。”

我無助的等待你愛的下擊！
一件一件的你解除了我的武裝，
 又打倒使我屈膝：
 我全然無法反抗。
 我想，我睡去，又醒覺，
慢慢的，我發現在睡中被剝脫得赤裸。
我曾鹵莽的以充沛的青年精力，
 在我撼動巨柱的時刻
盡情的任意生活：沾滿了污跡，
我站在歲月堆積的灰塵裡 --
我糟蹋的青年死去沉埋在灰堆底。
我破碎的年日化成煙逝去，
如泡沫升脹又破碎在陽光下的水面。
 是的，現在都已破失：夢幻
和作夢的人，琵琶和弄絃者：
超越我綴連幻想，在它編織的花樣裡
運轉大地猶如小玩意在腕間，
腱索都嫌不夠強健
因為地上沉重的憂傷過於充滿。
 啊！你的愛豈是
一種野草，雖則是不衰亡的野草，
不讓任何花兒滋長只自己擴展？

啊！必定 --

無限的設計者 --

啊！你豈是定要燒焦樹林才可造成木炭？

我青年的力量耗盡抖顫著歸於塵土：

現在我的心如同破裂的泉源，

眼淚從裡面流積著，

從陰濕的思想不停的流

分濺在我心靈嘆息的枝頭。

既如此，又將如何？

果漿這樣苦，果皮的味何堪？

我隱約的猜想迷霧中的時間朦朧難辨：

從永恒隱藏的城垣

卻偶爾有號角聲響起：

暫時震動迷霧閃開空隙 一片，然後

在半瞥之後樓闕重被遮掩。

但到祂傳召之後

我才得看見，展現

絢麗的紫袍，柏葉的冠冕：

我知道祂的名，號角已經宣示。

是否人的心或生命能出產

你的莊稼，你那產地

必須用糞肥和腐朽的死？

在那長久的追逐之後

巨響已近在身邊：

那聲音包圍我像是突來的海濤一般：

“是否你的土地已全失盡

像破而又碎的瓦片？

看哪，因你逃避我，所有的都逃避你！

奇怪，可憐，無益的東西，

何必讓其他的把你的愛隔離？

只有我從無有造出萬有。” 祂說。

“人性的愛需要有人間的成就

你有甚麼可值得誇口 --
所有泥塊的人中最骯髒的泥塊？
唉，你不知道
你何等不值得任何的愛！
你能找到誰肯救卑賤的你
除了我，除非唯一的我？
所有我從你拿去的我剝奪
並非是要害你，
是要你能單從我手中尋得。
你一切童駭的誤意
幻想是損失，我都已經為你收存在家裡：
起來，握緊我的手，來！”

那腳步在我旁停住：
或許是我的陰鬱，
祂的手蔭伸出慰撫？
“啊，最愚昧，最軟弱，最盲目的，
我是那一位你尋求追逐！
你驅動我的愛，愛驅使我。”

英國詩人湯樸生 (Francis Thompson, 1859-1907)，父親執業醫生。父親希望他讀神學，但他選擇習醫學。不過，習醫失敗，貧病交迫，為止病痛，又染上了鴉片的嗜好，淪落倫敦街頭，賣火柴和報紙為生，一度寄居在修鞋店裡幫閒。但他總執意不肯放棄所喜愛的文學和鴉片。後來，有一個編輯名 Wilfred Meynell 發現他的才華，在其雜誌上發表了他的詩，並送他入醫院療養恢復健康，又助他刊行詩集。

他的詩出版後，勃朗寧(Robert Browning)讀過之後大為讚賞；特別“天獵”詩，他的朋友 Coventry Patmore 稱之為英國文學中的最佳作品。湯樸生的詩，很像十七世紀英國宗教詩人的作品。在“天獵”詩中，有豐富的意喻，還像奧古斯丁 (St. Augustine)，敘述自己的懺悔，特別是神的恒久忍耐和不可抗拒的恩典。人在神以外追尋滿足，結果不過是虛空和失望；也描述人的逃避與神恩的追逐，仿佛是詩篇第一百三十九篇的演述。

The Hound of Heaven Francis Thompson

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days,
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat – and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet –
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities
(For, though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clanged bars;

Fretted to dulcet jars
 And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
 I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon;
 With thy young skyey blossoms heap me over
 From this tremendous Lover!
 Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
 I tempted all His servitors, but to find
 My own betrayal in their constancy,
 In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
 Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
 To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
 Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
 But whether they slept, smoothly fleet,
 The long savannahs of the blue;
 Or whether, Thunder-driven,
 They changed their chariot 'thwart a heaven
 Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn of their feet –
 Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
 Still with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbed pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 Came on the following Feet,
 And a Voice above their beat –
 " Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed
 In face of man or maid;
 But still within the little children's eyes
 Seems something, something that replies;
They at least are for me, surely for me!
 I turned me to them very wistfully;
 But, just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
 With dawning answers there,
 Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
 "Come then, ye other children, Nature's – share
 With me," said I, "your delicate fellowship;
 Let me greet you lip to lip,
 Let me twine with you caresses
 Wantoning
 With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses
 Banqueting
 With her in her wind-walled palace,
 Underneath her azured dais,
 Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
 From a chalice
 Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
 So it was done;
 I in their delicate fellowship was one –
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
 I knew all the swift importings
 On the willful face of skies;
 I knew how the clouds arise
 Spumed of the wild sea-snotings;
 All that's born or dies
 Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
 With them joyed and was bereaven.
 I was heavy with the even,

When she lit her glimmering tapers
 Round the day's dead sanctities.
 I laughed in the morning's eyes.
 I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
 Heaven and I wept together,
 And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
 Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
 I laid my own to beat,
 And share commingling heat;
 But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
 In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.
 For ah! we know not what each other says,
 These things and I; in sound *I* speak —
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
 Let her, if she would owe me,
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
 The breasts o' her tenderness;
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth.
 Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
 With unperturbed pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
 And past those noised Feet—
 A voice comes yet more fleet—
 "Lo naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
 My harness piece by piece Thou has hewn from me,
 And smitten me to my knee;
 I am defenseless utterly.
 I slept, methinks, and woke,
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
 In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
 I shook the pillaring hours
 And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
 I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
 My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
 Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
 Yea, faileth now even dream
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
 I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
 For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
 Ah, is Thy love indeed
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
 Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
 Ah! must—
 Designer infinite!—
 Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
 My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
 And now my heart is as a broken fount,
 Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
 From the dank thoughts that shiver
 Upon the sightful branches of my mind.
 Such is; what is to be?

The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
 I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity;
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.
 But not ere him who summoneth
 I first have seen, enwound
 With blooming robes, purpureal, cypress-crowned;
 His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
 Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
 Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
 Be dinged with rotten death?

 Now of that long pursuit
 Comes on at hand the bruit;
 That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
 "And is thy earth so marred,
 Shattered in shard on shard?
 Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
 Strange, piteous, futile thing,
 Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
 Seeing none but I makes much of naught," He said,
 "And human love needs human meriting,
 How hast thou merited—
 Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
 Alack, thou knowest not
 How little worthy of any love thou art!
 Whom wilt thou find to live ignoble thee
 Save Me, save only Me?
 All which I took from thee I did but take,
 Not for thy harms,
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
 All which thy child's mistake
 Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home;
 Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

 Halts by me that footfall;
 Is my gloom, after all,
 Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
 "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
 I am He Whom thou seekest!
 Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

曲終人散

我們先祖自古信奉的神，
我們迤遠戰線的主，
在祂可畏的手覆蓋下，
從棕櫚到寒松的疆土；
主萬軍之神啊，還求與我們同在，
恐怕我們忘記 — 恐怕我們忘記！

喧囂和呼喊靜息了；
首領和君王都消逝；
謙卑和痛悔的心，
依然是你古老的祭。
主萬軍之神啊，還求與我們同在，
恐怕我們忘記 — 恐怕我們忘記！

遠去了，我們的軍艦消隱；
海嶼和沙丘上的煙火低沉；
啊，我們昨天所有的烜赫
與尼尼微和推羅一同消盡！
萬國的審判者，還求饒恕我們，
恐怕我們忘記 — 恐怕我們忘記！

如果眼前的權力使我們沉醉，
放肆的口舌對你失去敬畏，
像外邦人那樣的誇口，
或像沒有律法的賤胚 —
主萬軍之神啊，還求與我們同在，
恐怕我們忘記 — 恐怕我們忘記！

因為外邦人的心所信託的
不過是煙囪和鐵船殼，
看守，卻不求你看守，
在塵土上建造所有塵土優越，
瘋狂的誇張和愚昧的話語 —
主啊，求你憐憫你的百姓！

先知詩人的“曲終人散”

英國作家吉普霖 (Rudyard Kipling, 1865-1936)，二十歲即有文名，著有多本小說及詩集。在二十七歲時，英國認為是拜倫(George Gordon Byron, 1788-1824)以後第一人。1907年，成為第一個得諾貝爾文學獎的英人。他心目中理想的殖民地政策，應該是宣揚福音，而不歧視本土文化；發揚英國聲威，而不欺壓弱小民族。這可稱為羅曼蒂克福音思想。據說，他曾兩次婉謝封授爵士勳銜，那是英國人的最高榮譽。

1897年，英國女皇維多利亞在位六十年，全國舉行鑽禧慶祝，舉世同歡。倫敦泰晤士報(*London Times*)徵請最有名的吉普霖，寫一首詩。結果他寫了“Recessional”(聖職人員及詩班退席時唱的聖詩)，並聲明發表時及以後，都不接受任何報酬。那時，日不落的大英帝國，是舉世無匹的海上霸權，擁有歷史上從沒有過最遼闊的疆土，真如日正中天。他竟然沒想到討甚麼人歡喜，寫出來的詩，像是先知耶利米的信息，不是慶祝，頌揚，也不是感恩的話，卻是祈求神的憐憫。其所表達的信息，是曲終人散，盛況過去，這激使國人批評，也使有些人深思。我們不知道，他到底是看見了甚麼異象，使他寫出這樣的詩章。但過了不到半個世紀，吉普霖的話應驗了，日不落的大英帝國，竟然隕落了，往昔的興盛，一去不返。

今天，無論甚麼國家，甚麼人，蒙神的恩典，叫你與人不同，仍然應該想一想：“恐怕我們忘記”！

Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,

An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word.
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)
English author, poet

留守的牧人

Theodosia Garrison

在樂園裡的靈魂
並不是偉大也不是智慧，
但忠心的都有冠冕
每個人戴著無遜無愧。

我主人叫我在夜裡看守羊群；
我的責任是堅守。我不知道
同工們在那大光裡見到甚麼，
我不管那要他們去的語聲，
我不知道他們是發狂或是驚皇；
我只知道我守住。

山坡上像是著了火；我感覺
翅膀從我頭上面掃過；我跑去
看是否有甚麼危險驚嚇了我的羊群。
雖然我看到他們仍然在圈裡安臥，
雖然弟兄們哭泣又拉著我的衣袖，
我也不離開。

林中有盜賊，山上又有狼，
我的責任是留守。雖然有點怪，
我不想留住我的同伴，不願
要他們待著跟我一同看守。
我沒有聽見他們所順從的呼召；
我只知道我守住。

也許天亮時他們就回來
報說伯利恒和他們去的原因。
我只知道獨自在這裡看守，
我知道一種奇異的滿足。
我沒有辜負那加在我身上的託付；
我別無所求 -- 我守住。

蓋瑞生 (Theodosia Garrison, b. 1874) 美國詩人。

The Shepherd Who Stayed

There are in Paradise
Souls neither great nor wise,
Yet souls who wear no less
The crown of faithfulness.

My master bade me watch the flock by night;
My duty was to stay. I do not know
What thing my comrades saw in that great light,
I did not heed the words that bade them go,
I know not were they maddened or afraid;
I only know I stayed.

The hillside seemed on fire; I felt the sweep
Of wings above my head; I ran to see
If any danger threatened these my sheep.
What though I found them folded quietly,
What though my brother wept and plucked my sleeve,
They were not mine to leave.

Thieves in the wood and wolves upon the hill,
My duty was to stay. Strange though it be,
I had no thought to hold my mates, no will
To bid them wait and keep the watch with me.
I had not heard that summons they obeyed;
I only know I stayed.

Perchance they will return upon the dawn
With word of Bethlehem and why they went
I only know that watching here alone,
I know a strange content.
I have not failed that trust upon me laid;
I ask no more—I stayed.

Theodosia Garrison (b.1874)
American poet

大地和祭壇的神 Gilbert Keith Chesterton

噢，大地和祭壇的神
請俯聽我們的求告，
我們屬地的統治者會動搖，
我們的人民飄移並死亡；
金牆成為埋葬我們的墳墓，
可恥的刀劍分爭，
不求你的震怒離開我們，
只求除去我們的驕傲。

從所有恐怖的教導，
從舌頭和筆的虛謊，
從所有輕易的演講
叫殘暴的人安康，
從出賣並妄濫
運用榮譽，和刀，
從沉睡和咒詛中，
良善的主啊，釋放我們！

用生命的繩索繫住我們
君王祭司和平民，
把我們所有的人捆在一起，
責打並拯救我們；
經歷忿怒和歡喜
用信心和自由激勵，
舉起一個活的國家，

合成你唯一的劍。

柴思特屯 (Gilbert Keith Chesterton, 1876-1936) 英國新聞作家，評論家。

O God of Earth and Altar

O God of earth and altar,
Bow down and hear our cry,
Our earth rulers falter,
Our people drift and die;
The walls of gold entomb us,
The swords of scorn divide,
Take not Thy thunder from us,
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,
From lies of tongue and pen.
From all the easy speeches
That comfort cruel men,
From sale and profanation
Of honor, and the sword,
From sleep and from damnation,
Deliver us, good Lord!

Tie in a living tether
The prince and priest and thrall,
Bind all our lives together,

Smite us and save us all;
In ire and exultation
Aflame with faith, and free,
Lift up a living nation,
A single sword to Thee.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874-1936)
English poet, author and journalist

守財者驚夢

夜來起狂風，
窗戶皆震動。
守財奴陡然驚醒，
往復徘徊靜室中。
轉頭看看背後，
邊踱步，邊顫驚。
查遍每道門，每個鎖，
探遍每個角落每條縫；
然後打開藏寶箱，
欣賞聚斂得意忘形。

驀地良心猛省；
他搓著雙手又捶胸。
他狂張著雙睛，
罪咎的靈魂宣判發聲：

大地若是保守那些礦藏，
我心深處也保得平安寧靜；
但如今，品德已經賣空！
天啊，甚麼代價
 能補償罪惡的傷痛？
噢，致命的黃金，引誘欺矇，
人，軟弱的人，
怎能戰勝你的權能？
黃金從思想中趕走了榮譽，
只剩得一個虛名；
黃金在世上撒遍惡種，
黃金叫兇手去行凶；
黃金指引懦夫的心，
教他奸詐權術與敗行。
邪惡多得誰能算清？
道德卻在地上絕了影蹤！

-- Austin's *Chironomia*, in Charles H. Spurgeon: *Lectures To My Students*. 司布真意在教導他作教牧的學生，在講道時，不可過分表演，有失莊重；但其詞意甚佳。

The Awakening of The Miser

The wind was high,
The window shakes;
With sudden start,
The Miser wakes!
Along the silent room he stalks;

Looks back, and trembles as he walks!
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opens his chest with treasure stored,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard:
But now with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.
By conscience stung he wildly stares;
Thus his guilty soul declares.
Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
The heart had known sweet peace of mind,
But virtue's sold!
Good heavens! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice?
O bane of gold! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold banished honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!

Austin's *Chironomia*
in Charles H. Spurgeon: *Lectures To My Students*

孩子們都已進來了嗎？ 佚名

夜晚臨近時我常回想
那一幢老屋建在山上，
那庭院寬廣百花綻放
孩子們自由的戲游歡暢。

深黑的夜終於降臨，
歡笑也歸於低沉，
母親周圍巡視並且問說：
“孩子們都已進來了嗎？”

許多許多年已經過去，
那山上的老屋空庭
不再有孩子們的腳步響聲
一切都寂靜，那麼的寂靜。

但夜影伸展時我仍然看見，
雖然已經過了許多年
我能夠聽到母親的呼問：
“孩子們都已進來了嗎？”

我在想，如果夜幕落下
地上最後的日子過完，
當我們跟外面的世界道別再見，
完全倦於我們兒時的戲玩，

當我們面見那位愛孩子們的主
祂受死救他們脫離罪苦，
我們是否聽到祂像母親呼問：
“孩子們都已進來了嗎？”

Are All the Children In?

I think of times as the night draws nigh
Of an old house on the hill,
Of a yard all wide and blossom-starred
Where the children played at will.

And when deep night at last came down,
Hushing the merry din,
Mother would look all around and ask,
"Are all the children in?"

'Tis many and many a year since then,
And the old house on the hill
No longer echoes childish feet
And the yard is still, so still.

And I see it all as the shadows creep,
And tho' many the years have been
Since then, I can hear my mother ask,
"Are all the children in?"

I wonder if, when those shadows fall
On the last short earthly day,
When we say good-bye to the world outside,
All tired of our childish play,

When we meet the Lover of boys and girls
Who died to save them from sin,
Will we hear Him ask as Mother did,
"Are all the children in?"

-- Anon

兄妹孤兒

佚名

我的馬車到達鄉村的旅舍，
最後餘暉的夕陽
斜映著街對面古老的教堂，
把屋頂的風旗染上燦爛金黃。

為了打發晚餐前的時間，
我默默的踱過到對面，
在苔封的古老墓叢
尋味死者的遺願。

那裏許多寒素的青綠墳墓，
是貧困缺乏勞苦的安息之處；
也有許多諛諛的墓石，
表明他們曾擁有財富。

一棵凋落的榴樹褐色的影子，
投射在一座墳是憂患的眠息，
在那裏稀疏的草還未長起，
有兩名襤褸的孩子坐著哭泣。

在當中放著一塊麵包，
他們二人都無意去取，
但他們看來是那麼貧苦，
使我的心酸楚。

“我的孩子，對我來講

為甚你們這樣的憂傷，
又為甚浪費丟掉那麵包，
會使許多人吃了歡暢？”

那小男孩，用可愛的語聲回答，
眼淚成串的下滴：
“夫人哪！我們在挨餓缺食，
即使有我們也不會任意拋棄。

“只是妹妹瑪莉變得淘氣，
我說好說歹她總不肯吃，
雖然我知道那麵包實在是她的，
因為她全天都不曾吃過東西。”

蒼白瘦弱的瑪莉說：“肯定的，
除非亨利吃，我決不再吃半點，
因為昨天我吃過一點麵包，
他甚麼都沒吃打從前天。”

我的心膨漲，胸口起伏，
我感覺好像是無法言語；
靜默的我坐在那墳墓，
把冰冷的小手用我雙手握住。

所表現的憂苦是如此真實，
所表現傳達了感恩的心意，
那抖顫的小男孩更接近我，
說出了一個簡單的故事：

“在父親離開我們以前，
他被壞人引誘去作海員，
妹妹和我不作一事只是貪玩，—
我們家就在那大白楊樹旁邊。

“但可憐的母親時常哭泣，
眼看改變忒多，我形容不來；
她跟我們說不久就要死，
囑咐我們要好好彼此相愛。

“她說，也許我們會見到爸；
那天要等戰爭過去，
如果我們不能再見他，
上帝會作我們的父！

“她同我們親嘴然後死了，
我們就此不再有母親；
有好多天我們坐著哭號，
一同在可憐母親的墳。

“雖然我們的爸不回家，
我以為在海上會把他找著，
在那裏我們定能遇到他，
重聚在一起就會再快樂。

“我們手牽著手走過許多哩，
一個又一個逢人就問路；
有的人只微笑，有的人嘆息，
也有人給我們一些食物。

“但我們到海的時候才發現，
原來是一片無邊大水汪洋，
想來父親必然已經淹死，
哭著，恨不得我們也都死亡。

“因此，我們回到媽的墓上，
只希望能跟她在一塊；

好姨來給我們這些乾糧，
說是爸已經死在海外。

“既然在這裏我們沒有父母，
我們要去到處尋找上帝；
夫人，求你，能不能告訴我們
那位上帝，我們的爸，祂在哪裏？”

“我們的媽說，上帝在天上，
好姨說，那也是媽的所在；
所以如果媽知道我們需要祂幫忙，
我想，她或許要祂到這裏來。”

我拉緊這兩個孩子在我胸前，
哭著說：“來吧，你倆，跟我同住；
我要作你們第二個母親，
給你穿，給你吃，給你安息照顧。

“上帝仍然是你們的父親，
是祂的恩典差我到這裏，
教導你們好順從祂的旨意，
引導你的腳步，使你的心歡喜。”

The Orphans

My chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray
Tipped with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile,
In moralizing o'er the dead
That mouldered round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave showed
Where want and pain and toil did rest;
And many a flattering stone I viewed
O'er those who once had wealth possest.

A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seemed inclined to take,
And yet they looked so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

"My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear,
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a one might cheer?"

The little boy in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chased,—
"Lady! we 've not enough to eat,
Ah! if we had, we could not waste.

"But Sister Mary 's naughty grown,
And will not eat whate'er I say,
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
For she has tasted none to-day."

"Indeed," the wan, starved Mary said,
"Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more,
For yesterday I got some bread,
He 's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech;
Silent I sat upon the grave,
And clasped the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks of woe too sadly true,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering boy then nearer drew,
And did his simple tale impart:

"Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,
Sister and I did naught but play,—
We lived beside yon great ash-tree.

"But then poor mother did so cry,
And looked so changed, I cannot tell;
She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war was o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see;
But if we never saw him more,
That God our father then would be!

"She kissed us both, and then she died,
And we no more a mother have;
Here many a day we've sat and cried
Together at poor mother's grave.

"But when my father came not here,
I thought if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

"We hand in hand went many a mile,
And asked our way of all we met;
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reached the sea and found
'T was one great water round us spread,
We thought that father must be drowned,
And cried, and wished we both were dead.

"So we returned to mother's grave,
And only longed with her to be;
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

"Then since no parent we have here,
We'll go and search for God around;
Lady, pray, can you tell us where
That God, our Father, may be found?

"He lives in heaven, our mother said,
And Goody says that mother 's there;
So, if she knows we want his aid,
I think perhaps she 'll send him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, "Come, both, and live with me;
I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
And will a second mother be.

"And God shall be your Father still,
'T was he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

Anonymous

雄偉的巴比倫發起了舉哀，
里底亞的大理石宮殿深沉的回應；
如同遙遠海洋波瀾被風吹送，
哈馬丹城的高牆遍起哀聲。

因為他，那可畏的裁判者，新興帝國的倚恃，
常勝的雄鷹之子，偉大，睿智，公義，
亞述著名征服的劍，瑪代王者的能力，
最終在更高權能的手下低頭著地。

黑暗憂傷遍滿地上，幼發洛底河蜿蜒流過，
銀色波浪的錫得納斯河，聽到了輓歌；
從廣闊和炎熱的東方，到冰封的北國，
小鼓和豎琴都靜默，——號啕的悲聲遍野。

那裏有一座孤獨的墳墓，雜草繁生，
只一棵彎曲的可憐棕樹靠近苔封的墓碑，
緩慢的微風，一陣陣穿過樹間葉叢，
好像為下面長眠的人，嘆出喪曲的低喟。

旁邊荒野的噴泉濺起點點泡沫；
田田浮水的紅蓮平靜的發出芬芳，
野土狼偷偷出來寂靜孤單的搜索；
潛伏的山狐狸在兀鷹巢旁隱藏。

這荒野的安息處竟成為勇者的臥床？
榮耀的道路，啟發盛名的光，竟到此盡頭？
君王中建樹最高者，威名傳播遠方，
為何你可誇的名遺忘，榮光的星黯然而收！

就近——看銘刻的詩文如何說？“啊，人的虛驕！
宇內可羨慕的禮物曾屬我，大地的頌讚毫不吝惜。
旅行的人，如果懇求者的迴聲在你心頭響起，

啊，莫嫉妒這一抔土掩蓋我必朽的軀體安息！”

* 古列王常譯居普士。史載：亞力山大東征過此墓，沉思良久，揮手令繼續前進。末二句意：“旅人啊！當年曾不乏人求恩乞憐，今唯願此遺軀入土為安！”

The Tomb of Cyrus

A voice from stately Babylon, a mourner's rising cry,
And Lydia's marble palaces give back their deep reply;
And like the sounds of distant winds o'er ocean's billows sent,
Ecbatana, thy storied walls send forth the wild lament.

For he, the dreaded arbiter, a dawning empire's trust,
The eagle child of victory, the great, the wise, the just,
Assyria's famed and conquering sword, and Media's regal strength,
Hath bowed his head to earth beneath a mightier hand at length.

And darkly through a sorrowing land Euphrates winds along,
And Cydnus with its silver wave hath heard the funeral song;
And through the wide and sultry East, and through the frozen North,
The tabret and the harp are hushed,— the wail of grief goes forth.

There is solitary tomb, with rankling weeds o'er-grown,
A single palm bends mournfully beside the mouldering stone
Amidst whose leaves the passing breeze with fitful gust and slow
Seems sighing forth a feeble dirge for him who sleeps below.

Beside, its sparkling drops of foam a desert fountain showers;
And, floating calm, the lotus wreathes its red and scented flowers,
Here lurks the mountain fox unseen beside the vulture's nest;
And steals the wild hyena forth, in lone and silent quest.

Is this deserted resting-place the couch of fallen might?
And ends the path of glory thus, and fame's inspiring light?
Chief of a progeny of kings renowned and feared afar,
How is thy boasted name forgot, and dimmed thine honour's star!

Approach,— what saith the graven verse? "Alas for human pride!
Dominion's envied gifts were mine, nor earth her praise denied.
Thou traveller, if a suppliant's voice find echo in thy breast,
O, envy not the little dust that hides my mortal rest!"

Anonymous

後語：

聖經文學與失落的瑞獸

好多年前，我們住在奧立根州的撒冷。小城靜居，是一段難忘的日子。

住在我們隔壁，是一個白人醫生，夫婦有四個孩子。他們是我所遇到最沒有種族成見的人。有一次，他們鄭重說：“如果不是因你們年紀還輕，我們想叫孩子們稱你們爺爺奶奶。”

這位醫生，每周一晚上有聚會，同幾個醫生和學者，討論盧益思 (C.S. Lewis) 的作品，和達爾文的進化論。那是以不信者為對象的聚會。曾邀我同去。可惜，我對達爾文缺乏興趣，而對盧益思的作品，也未全讀過，所以不曾參加。他妻子則是很活躍的反墮胎運動主席；他們家還收容著小未婚媽媽，待產後安置母子的生活問題。

只是他們夫婦都是熱心的天主教徒。

有一天，談話中間，我笑著說：“我也是 catholic [指宇宙性的教會]，小寫的 ‘c’。”然後，轉而問那丈夫：“恐怕你也會 protestant 吧？小寫的 ‘p’，對某些事持反對意見吧？”他回答說，反對神甫獨身制度。

我問那太太說：“你怎會成為天主教徒呢？”因為我知道她生在密其根州 Grand Rapids，那地方福音派教會很強。

她說：“我們家本來是浸信會的，住在教會附近。我小的時候，去教堂練鋼琴。那裏的牧師很勢利眼，看不起我們，對我們態度很壞。母親就決定離開那裏。”當然，現在他們的孩子們，也跟著進了天主教。我雖然沒說：“卿本佳人，奈何作賊！”但顯然福音派教會，失去這樣的花，怎能不感慨？

又是一個可悲的故事。可能他們的感受，不一定會跟實際相同。

盧益思這位英國文學家，曾任教於牛津和劍橋大學，有約二十五本著作，包括學術性的作品，靈修作品，還有科學小說和童話，詩歌和散文，

都是有深度，有影響力的好書。也許，一般人能夠寫出任何一本這樣的書都該滿足。但影響最深的，好像還是他的童話。

盧益思的特點，是他對聖經有精深的認識，而後能用淺明的筆法，把其精義表現於所寫的作品。這是聖經文學的極高境界，能達到廣大的群眾。1998年，盧益思誕生一百週年，英國還為他發行紀念郵票，可見其如何受國人重視。

就以他的童話詩“遲來的搭客”來說吧。

西洋神話裏的“獨角瑞獸”，仿佛中國傳說的麒麟，只是頭頂當中，有一隻紅顏色螺旋角，是直的，其身體跟馬相似，尾巴像獅子，全身白毛，紫頭，藍眼；象徵貞潔。當然，現在絕種了。但在許多家庭裏，常見陳列著這種微塑型。孩子們會問起，為甚麼現在的動物園中沒有？且聽盧益思叔叔道來。

遲來的搭客 C.S. Lewis (1898-1963)

雨聲急密，天空低沈而陰暗，
挪亞的兒子們站在方舟的窗前。

群獸都進來了，但雅弗說：“我見還有一種獸，
在那門前直叩；遲來了，孤獨無偶。”

含說：“讓它去叩門吧，任它淹死或練游泳，
看看我們的情形吧，這裡已經是無處可容。”

閃說：“它仍在叩門呢，拼命叩著焦急驚惶，
它四蹄像獨角那樣的堅硬，卻遍體帶著異香。”

含說：“莫作聲，你如果驚醒老爹來看
是甚麼在門外，準會增加我們的工作負擔。”

從下面的暗處，傳來挪亞的高聲大吼，
“有活物在叩門！放它進來再關閉方舟。”

含高喊回應，猛力戳那兩兄弟不要作聲：
“那不過是雅弗，他在用錘敲下一支鞋釘。”

挪亞說：“孩子們，我聽到像是馬的蹄聲。”
含說：“噢，那是可怕的豪雨敲擊著屋頂。”

挪亞倉皇的爬上頂層，探頭一看出去：
他的臉轉灰青，雙膝發軟，撕自己的鬍鬚，

“看，看！它不再等了。它離去，逃脫。
兒子們，今夜，你們合夥，真幹了絕活！

“就算我能趕過它，它也不會再轉回—
我們對它不客氣，自然贏得人家鄙視不理會。

“啊，高貴的孤獸，我的兒子們真不友好，
如此的黑夜你何處能尋得棚舍和草料？

“啊，那金的蹄，啊，飄洒的長鬃，翕張的鼻孔
充滿氣憤！啊，那彎弓的倔強頸項，可愛的傲性！

“啊，要多麼長久，在人的心上留下犁溝
要多久，它才會再度來到棚舍和槽頭？

“我們的種類要經歷漫長的黑暗彎曲路徑，
像莖枝折斷的花，頹喪的垂頭度過人生，

“含啊，全世界要以生你的那日子可詛可咒，
為了你，竟在方舟啟航時失落那獨角瑞獸。”

孩子們從詩中聽到的悲慘故事，是獨角瑞獸被關在挪亞方舟的門外，也許可以教導他們愛護動物，不要使現在的動物絕種。但是，對成人也頗有可

以深思的教訓：方舟代表基督的救恩，除祂以外，別無拯救。可惜，有些人像主耶穌所責備的文士和法利賽人，“當人前把天國的門關了，自己不進去，也不容別人進去”（太二三：13）。但另一種，也同樣的不負責任：在教會的圍牆裏面，自己進了天國，卻全然不關心別人，又自私懶惰，像詩中挪亞的兒子們，任別人關在天國的門外。

世界上許多文學作品中，都有洪水的記載。在聖經中，方舟是預表基督。世人都犯了罪，結局是審判和滅亡。唯一的救法，是相信進入基督裏面：“除祂以外，別無拯救，因為在天下人間，沒有賜下別的名，我們可以靠著得救。”（徒四：12）

這首詩的主旨，是鼓勵人及時傳福音，趁著今天是拯救的日子，引人進入方舟。最好是在孩子的時候。

蒙田 (Michel de Montaigne, 1533-1592)極力主張及早教育兒童：“趁泥土柔軟的時候，現在，現在趕快在急速旋轉的輪子上，作成器皿。”這個敘事詩，正是藉說故事，教導兒童注意傳福音。更特別的，全詩沒有說教性的勸勉，卻啟發孩子們自己省思。

我們可以從挪亞的話看出，獨角瑞獸是罕見的，有其品格和個性，不是戀棧豆的駑馬可比。駑馬只要有得吃就行；瑞獸卻是一經拒絕，掉頭就走，不會輕易再來。所以從小養成尊重別人，是非常重要的。我想起舊日鄰居的故事。

也是盧益思說過：我們在世上所遇到的，沒有普通的人；不是要在永世裏得榮耀，榮美無比，就是要在地獄裏，永遠受羞辱，可厭之極。這正是但以理書的話（但一二：2）。如果我們看到這麼重要，就該努力得人，不要因外貌而失人。

知道傳福音的重要，我們該對為何傳福音沒有疑問。從這裏，進一步想到如何傳的問題。從盧益思的實在例子，可以知道，文學作品是一個不可忽略的工具。所以，不要把基督教文學，當作是少數人的興趣，是冷門藝術；而該認識是每個信徒可以作的事，當作的事。

可惜，相當多的人，拒絕踏進禮拜堂，對聽講章不表示興趣；但他們不拒絕讀好的文學作品。而且報章刊物，會幫助我們刊載，傳播；教育機構會在教科書中採用，幫助我們推廣；社區會傳誦；不用說，教會和家庭中，都該時常提倡談論。這樣，基督教文學就有前途，可以使人得救恩，也可進一步而改變文化。

讓我們多讀聖經，多注意讀基督教文學，而寫作基督教文學，寫出基督教文學的傑作。

附 “遲來的搭客”：

The Late Passenger

The sky was low, the sounding rain was falling dense and dark,
And Noah's sons were standing at the window of the ark.

The beasts were in, but Japhet said, "I see one creature more
Belated and unmated there come knocking at the door."

"Well let him knock," said Ham, "Or let him drown or learn to swim.
We're overcrowded as it is; we've got no room for him."

"And yet it knocks, how terribly it knocks," said Shem, "Its feet
Are hard as horn—but oh the air that comes from it is sweet."

"Now hush," said Ham, "You'll waken Dad, and once he comes to see
What's at the door, it's sure to mean more work for you and me."

Noah's voice came roaring from the darkness down below,
"Some animal is knocking. Take it in before we go."

Ham shouted back, and savagely he nudged the other two,
"That's only Japhet knocking down a brad-nail in his shoe."

Said Noah, "Boys, I hear a noise that's like a horse's hoof."
Said Ham, "Why, that's the dreadful rain that drums upon the roof."

Noah tumbled up on deck and out he put his head;
His face went gray, his knees were loosed, he tore his beard and said,

"Look, look! It would not wait. It turns away. It takes its flight.
Fine work you've made of it, my sons, between you all tonight!

"Even if I could outrun it now, it would not turn again—Not now.
Our great discourtesy has earned its high disdain.

"Oh noble and unmated beast, my sons were all unkind;
In such a night what stable and what manger will you find?

"Oh golden hoofs, oh cataracts of mane, oh nostrils wide
With indignation! Oh the neck wave-arched, the lovely pride!

"Oh long shall be the furrows ploughed across the hearts of men
Before it comes to stable and to manger once again,

"And dark and crooked all the ways in which our race shall walk,
And shriveled all their manhood like a flower with broken stalk,

"And all the world, oh Ham, may curse the hour when you were born;
Because of you the Ark must sail without the Unicorn."

--C.S. Lewis (1898-1963)

English novelist, essayist, and educator

Author, *The Screwtape Letters* and *The Chronicles of Narnia*

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