

戰爭

噢！哪裡的閃光，
火焰劃過天空！— 深紅的煙
染污了銀色的月亮？群星被
黑暗淹沒，潔白發光的雪
依稀微弱的照著那結集！
聽那巨聲，快速震耳的怒吼
在群山中無數的迴應，
驚起眾星環拱寶座上蒼白的午夜！
現在聲音囂亂混雜；
炮彈連續可怕的爆炸；
帶著火光落下，尖叫，呻吟，呼號，
不停的喧鬧，人憤怒激動
匆忙的奔跑；— 高聲，聲音更高
更加混亂無序；直到蒼白的死亡
展開他冰冷染血的裹屍布，
把勝者和敗者一併遮沒。— 所有那裡的人
當落日告別的餘暉看到他們還強壯
驕傲豐盛的健康；他們的心
急切的跳動對著夕陽，
現在，有幾個還跳動，幾個倖存未死亡！
都深深的沉默，像在暴風雨暫時停息
可怕的平靜下小睡；
只寡婦為所愛的人狂亂的哀號
迸發出來使人戰慄，或低微的呻吟
是幾許靈魂在衝破包圍的泥土軀殼前
用它的餘力掙扎。

灰色的早晨
臨到這悲慘的戰場；硝煙
在冰冷的晨風前遠颺，
寒霜明亮的晨光跳躍
在閃亮的雪上。血的路徑

伸展到林木的深處，散落的武器，
了無生氣的戰士，剛硬的輪廓
死亡不能改變，印記著
突擊勝利者恐怖的路；遙遠的後方，
黑灰標識著他們驕傲的城市的遺蹟。
在遠方的樹林中有一道幽谷，一
每棵樹遮掩著白日的光芒
在一座戰士的墓上搖盪。

戰爭是政治家的遊戲，祭司的歡喜，
律師的玩笑，雇佣殺手的職業，
至於買那些皇家凶手卑鄙的寶座
代價是奸詐的罪惡和血漬，
他們所吃的餅，所倚靠的杖。
衛士穿著血紅的制服，圍繞
他們的王宮，以武力保衛
罪惡的共犯，防止國人的憤怒
保護那頂王冠，各樣的咒詛臨到
饑荒，瘋狂，禍患，貧窮傾降。
這是那些雇勇保衛
暴君的寶座。

WAR

Ah! whence you glare,
That fires the arch of heaven? — that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!

Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage; — loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud. — Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there,
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All in deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn
Dawn on the mournful scene; the sulphureous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood
Even to the frost's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors; far behind,
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen, —
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,

And to those royal murderers whose mean thrones
Are bought by crimes and treachery and gore,
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.
Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround
Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's rage
Secure the crown, which all the curses reach
That famine, frenzy, woe, and penury breathe.
These are the hired bare the hired bravos who defend
The tyrant's throne.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

內戰

佚名

“步槍手，給我開漂亮的一槍
對正遠處那游動騎哨兵的心房；
目標是那護身符般的東西

在他的胸前閃爍發亮！”

“啊，隊長！這射出美好的光，
從我槍膛中發出如音樂妙響！”
頃刻！槍彈的使者飛去，
那騎兵從馬背上栽下死亡。

“步槍手，現在，從樹叢中潛過去，
取個初次流血的彩頭從死者身上；
一個鈕扣，帶子，或那晶亮的東西
在月下像是鑽石的領章！”

“啊，隊長，我一路上驚愕緊張，
當我注視那死去騎兵的面龐，
他仰臥著，看來跟你那樣的相像，
到現在我的心還升到口腔。

但是，我扯下來這金項鍊盒，
隔我射的彈孔僅僅一寸距離；
只瞥見裏面的相片那樣美麗，
一個漂亮女子新娘的裝飾。”

“哈！步槍手，丟給我那項鍊盒！—
是她，我弟弟年輕的妻子，—
那死騎兵是她丈夫，—這是天意，
來！月光下我們把他埋在那裏！”

但，聽！遠方響起他們警告的號角，
戰爭是道德，—軟弱是罪跡；
今夜在周圍有潛伏和躍進的行動，
步槍手，彈再上膛，手保持在扳機！”

Civil War

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot

Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold;
And inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'t is she,
My brother's young bride,—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 't was heaven's decree,
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warning unite;
War is a virtue,—weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load agian, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

Anonymous

戰場遺蹟

Sarah T. Bolton

甚麼，那是一場夢？只有我孤單
在冷夜裏，淒迷的雨天？
噓！— 啊，那只是流水的嗚咽；
我被遺留在後邊，被殺的人中間。

是的，我清楚的記起！
我們相遇從不同的陣地；
我們一同使用武器又倒下去，

我的刀刺進他顫動的心裏。

在幽暗的柏樹下，這件事作成，
太昏黑中看不清他的面貌；
但我聽見他垂死的呻吟聲聲，
他給我緊緊的冰冷擁抱。

他對我說過話，但我聽不清
他所說的，因為大炮雷鳴；
但我懼怕要死，我的心變冷，—
神啊，我曾聽過那語聲！

我曾聽過在我們母親的膝前，
當我們一同祝誦晚禱呢喃！
我的兄弟！但願我替你死，—
這重壓過於我靈魂所能負擔！

我把嘴唇貼近他僵冷的臉邊，
求他表明給我他的赦免，
用言語或手勢：他已口不能言，
但他把冰冷的面孔緊偎我的臉。

我的血從肋旁傷口急速的流，
我忘卻傷痛有一段時候，
好像又回到童年在小湖上，
兩個孩子同盪著一隻小舟。

然後，在夢中，只有我們站在
陰影降下的森林小徑邊；
我又聽見那震顫的聲音，
和他溫柔的話別再見。

但那次的分別，是在許多年前，
他離家飄流到異鄉的土地；
我們親愛的老娘永不會知道，
今夜死在他弟兄的手裏。

* * * * *

來掩埋屍體的兵士們
不曾打擾他們最後的擁抱，
放他們臉對臉，心對著心，
在那裏長眠到末日審判來到。

Left on The Battle-field

What, was it a dream? am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist! — ah, it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind with the mangled slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
 The words he said, for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear, —
 O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,
 When we lisped the words of our evening prayer!
My brother! would I had died for thee, —
 This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
 And begged him to show me, by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me: he could not speak,
 But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
 And then for a while I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
 In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream we stood alone
 On a forest path where the shadows fell;
And I heard again the tremulous tone,
 And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,
 He wandered away to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
 That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

* * * * *

The soldiers who buried the dead away
 Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the judgment-day,
 Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

Sarah T. Bolton (1814-1893)

亞道爾福的戰歌 Michael Altenburg

這小群啊，不要懼怕！仇敵
瘋狂的想要覆滅我們，
 不要畏懼他們的怒氣和權勢；
何如你們的勇氣有時消失？
他們似乎勝過神的聖徒
 只是短暫的時期。

你們要歡樂；你們的行動屬於
祂會為你們伸冤，
 交託祂，我們的主。
雖然現在隱藏我們不能看見，
祂會興起基甸出現
 拯救我們，並有祂的聖言。

要真實因神自己的話是真實，
雖然全地和地獄所有的差役
 反對我們總不能勝利。
他們要成為笑語和鄙夷；
神與我們同在，我們屬祂自己，
 我們要得勝無可懷疑。

阿們，主耶穌；應允我們的祈求！
偉大的元帥，現在顯露你的臂膀；
再一次為我們打仗！
因此聖徒和殉道者要剛強
雄壯的歌聲向你頌揚，
萬世無疆！ 阿們。

亞道爾福 (Gustavus Adolphus II, 1594-1632) 瑞典國王，
改革宗信仰。於 1631 年九月，與德國路德宗諸侯聯合，在
Breitenfeld 戰敗日耳曼羅馬天主教皇帝，堅定宗教改革在
歐洲的形勢。

The Battle-song of Gustavus Adolphus

Fear not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seek your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him our Lord.
Though hidden now from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end! Amen.

Michael Altenburg

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