

## 責任頌

William Wordsworth  
凌風譯

**責任！神聲音嚴肅的女兒，  
你可喜歡這名字**

你是引路的光，  
糾正錯誤並責罰的杖；  
你，是勝利和法律  
使虛空的恫嚇畏服；  
軟弱的人類從虛榮的試探解放；  
脫離勞煩的掙扎中得到舒暢。

有的人不問是否你的眼睛  
對他們注視；行在愛和真理，  
沒有焦慮和懷疑，只以  
青年內在的品性和精力；  
快樂的心！沒有責疚和污漬；  
他們行你的意旨，而不自知；  
噢！如果他們誤信被誤導失敗了，  
你拯救的膀臂，以可畏的能力環衛護持。

我們的日子會平靜明朗，  
歡愉是我們的性向，  
當愛作無誤的光，  
喜樂是它自己的保障。  
他們持定蒙福的路徑  
在現今，如果不無知盲撞，  
生活在這規範的精神；  
尋求你及時的堅定扶幫。

我，喜愛自由，缺乏經驗，  
不習慣於各樣狂亂的風暴，  
但以自我我引導，  
會趨向盲目的信靠；  
我遲延你及時的使命，  
我的心曾時常聽到，  
但現在，我願更堅定的服事你，  
不再迷失在便利的小道。  
沒有經過靈魂的擾攘，



And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them; who in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth:  
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;  
Who do thy work, and know it not:  
Oh! If through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread power! Around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an erring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold,  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed;  
Yet seek thy form support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust;  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray;  
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control;  
But in the quietness of thought:  
Me this unchartered freedom tires;  
I feel the weight of chance desires:  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
Nor know we anything so fair  
As is the smile upon thy face:  
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds  
And fragrance in thy footing treads;  
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;  
The most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!  
I call thee: I myself commend

Unto thy guidance from this hour:  
Oh, let my weakness have an end!  
Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice;  
The confidence of reason give;  
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!  
1804

William Wordsworth, 1170-1850

1807  
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