

築橋的人 Will Allen Dromgoole

一個老人，走過一條道路孤單，
日落黃昏，陰冷而且灰暗，
到了一個河谷，又大，又深，又寬，
高漲的水，湧流在中間。
老人不擔心那漲溢的河流，
因他在黃昏已經過到對岸；
他回來要築一道跨河的橋，
雖然他已安全到了那邊。
有個同路的旅人來對他說：
“老人，你何必浪費氣力修建；
你不需要再經過這條路，
你的行程要終結在將完今天；
你已經渡過了這廣闊的深淵，
何必要築橋在天色已晚？”

築橋者抬起他白髮蒼蒼的頭說：
“朋友，我走過了這條道路，
今天有個跟隨我的少年人，
他的腳步也要經過這旅途。
這深淵對過來人已不算甚麼，
對那少年卻可能使他失足。
好朋友，我是為了來人修築，
因為他也要經過在昏暗的日暮。”

The Bridge Builder

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And build a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim, near,
"You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide—
Why build you the bridge at the eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me to-day
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for *him*."

Will Allen Dromgoole

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