

母親的聖經

George Pope Morris . 凌風 譯

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

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聖經網
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