凌風 譯

經過許久的睽違 我們終於再相晤: 相會給我們的是快樂, 抑或是給我們痛苦?

生命的樹已經被搖動, 現在只剩下我們幾個存留, 像先知所說的兩三顆果子 在那最高的樹梢枝頭。

我們熱切的互相招呼 用那舊日的熟悉聲調; 我們心想雖然口未說出, 他是多麼的蒼而又老!

我們在說著聖誕快樂 並連連道新年恭喜; 各人在自己內心想著 那些人現在不在這裡。

The Meeting

After so long an absence
At last we meet again:
Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,

But few of us linger now, Like the Prophet's two or three berries In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other
In the old, familiar tone;
And we think, though we do not say it,
How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of Merry Christmas
And many a Happy New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow(1807-1882)

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