

孩子們

凌風譯

孩子們，到我這裡來！
因為我聽到你們在遊戲，
那些困擾著我的問題，
就消逝了無蹤跡。

你們開了東面的窗，
向著初升的太陽，
那裡思緒是燕子歌唱
早晨的溪水流暢。

在你們的心裡是鳥兒和陽光，
你們思想裡小溪流蕩，
但在我心頭是秋風生涼
帶著雪花初降。

啊，我們的世界將是怎般
如果孩童都消失不見？
我們會恐懼沙漠在後面
更壞過前面的黑暗。

正如葉子之與森林，
陽光和空氣之與食物，
先是他們甜柔的汁漿
再硬化成長為樹木，一

孩童對世界也是這樣；
藉他們才感覺到光芒
更明亮和晴朗的氣候
達到他們的根本之上。

孩子們，到我這裡來！
在我的耳邊輕語

鳥兒和清風鳴唱些甚麼
在你們晴朗的領域。

我們所有的謀畫算甚麼，
還有我們書卷的智慧，
與你們的輕撫和歡樂面容
相比時成為何等輕微？

你們勝過所有的頌歌
不論是述說或詠唱；
因為你們是活的詩篇，
其餘的都已死亡。

Children

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sun-shine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah, what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,

With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them that feels the glow
Of a bright and sunnier climate
That reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compare with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

You are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow(1807-

1882)

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