

頌詩譯選

POEMS & HYMNS

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前言

在世界上不同的文學中，詩的領域發展得最早。中國最早的文學是“擊壤歌”，“卿雲歌”和詩經；希臘文學的荷馬史詩(Homer)；古巴比倫吉爾戈邁士史詩(*Gilgamesh Epic*)；印度的 *Mahabharata* 史詩，都是以詩歌的形式出現。這都是由於詩歌能表達情感，易於記憶，便於傳誦。早期的詩與歌，是不分開的；而且在詠歌之外，還會手之舞之，足之蹈之。

亞理斯多德(Aristotle)認為，詩歌(包括詩劇)，比歷史更重要，因為：歷史記載的是過去的事，詩歌是說到將來可能發生的事；歷史是關乎個別的人，詩歌是普遍性的，其所描述的是人的性型，可以發生在任何個人身上。

聖經早就記載，詩歌的教導作用。摩西以詩歌教導以色列的百姓；先知以賽亞，以西結，哈巴谷等，都有詩歌的教導。詩篇中的訓誨詩，顯然是以教導為目的；其他部分，也是感動造就人，把人的心引向敬拜神，那不僅是聖徒所發的心聲，更是詩人受聖靈感動，預言基督的心。至於先知

書中的預言，多以詩的形式發出。以後詩人的作品，常使用“靈感”的語詞。

詩因為有韻，所以誦讀時使人產生美感和快感，同時可以有教育作用，對於思想的傳播，比枯燥的理論容易吸引人。

佛教在中國的傳播，並不是由於他們玄奧的教義，而是在於其運用淺白的通俗文學；其中的“變文”，就是藉說書而說教，聽眾不知不覺接受到心裏。變文的意思，是說一段道白，變成夾一段唱詞。這在當時不僅是普及的娛樂，更有教育的作用。

基督教是歌唱的宗教。奧古斯丁 (St. Augustine)還沒有歸主，尋求真道的時候，在米蘭聽安波羅修(St. Ambrosius)主教講道；安波羅修也是詩人，把他的詩作，譜以曲調，教導會眾歌唱，以激勵信徒。奧古斯丁說：有時講道沒有進入心中，藉著不可抵拒的音樂，把歌詞從耳朵唱進心裏。

詩歌是情感的昇華，又具有語詞的美，所以是文學中的冠冕。

西方文學，基本上是基督教文學；而其傑出的文學作品，則是聖經的注腳。特別是在十六世紀以後，英國文學，確定了在西方文學的領導地位：在那個時代，英國出版了主要是廷道勒(William Tyndale, c.1494-1536)譯的日內瓦聖經(1560年)；經過修訂後，成為英雅各王欽定譯本(1611年)。復有詩人莎士比亞(William Shakespeare, 1564-1616)和彌爾頓(John Milton, 1608-1674)。他們不僅在英國文學上是空前絕後，在世界文學上也無人可以超越。法國文豪雨果(Victor Hugo, 1773-1828)說得好：“英國有兩本書：聖經和莎士比亞；英國產生了莎士比亞，但聖經產生了英國。”

實際上，莎士比亞和彌爾頓，都深受聖經的影響。廷道勒偉大的天才譯筆，不僅把聖經中的詩體翻譯得美妙無比，而且全本聖經讀來都像莊嚴的詩；欽定譯本修訂時，能夠保留了這種風格。彌爾頓的主要詩作，失樂園(*Paradise Lost*)，得樂園(*Paradise Regained*)，以及鬥士參孫(*Samson Agonistes*)，當然都是以聖經為主體寫成的史詩；莎士比亞寫的劇本有三十七個，每劇中都引用聖經，平均有二十處以上，並有一百五十四篇 Sonnets (十四行詩)，也是取材於聖經，就達到了“以娛以教”的目的，把聖經原則和信仰，運用日常生活，真配稱為道德的教師。到現在

使用英文的人，往往用了他們的成語而不自知。到去查考牛津字典 (*Oxford English Dictionary*)時，才發現其第一次使用的出處，可見其影響有多麼深遠了。

1881 至 1885 年，英文修正譯本在英國問世。有人向司布真 (Charles H. Spurgeon)請教他的意見。司布真認為新譯本在英文上弱於欽訂本。至於以後的譯本，更是落在後面了；原因是今代文學水準的普遍低落。

追想在文藝復興時代，注重全人教育；意大利的米迦蘭琪羅 (Michelangelo) 著名的藝術家，畫家，雕塑家，建築家，也是詩人。至於教牧中，形上詩人但恩 (John Donne)，任聖保羅大教堂的主牧；喬治赫伯特 (George Herbert)，也以擅場作詩知名，後來約翰衛斯理 (John Wesley) 還曾把赫伯特的詩五十餘首修訂成為聖詩。凱恩 (Thomas Ken)，華慈 (Isaac Watts)，紐屯 (John Newton)，都是詩人，在聚會中唱他們自己作的聖詩；紐屯還曾與當時的詩人庫樸 (William Cowper) 合作出版了俄尼詩集 (*Olney Hymns*)。其中如凱恩主教 (Thomas Ken) 的頌詩，自然是出於聖經，今天我們教會中普遍唱的“三一頌”，竟少人知道其原來面貌，收在這裏。在本集也可以意外看到，英國著名的三大浪漫詩人，拜倫 (George Gordon Byron)，濟慈 (John Keats)，和雪萊 (Percy Bysshe Shelly) 雖然他們的信仰說不上純正，名聲少說也算不上好，其中拜倫連他自己也知道是離經叛道，別人更看他是敵基督的；但他始終叛離不了聖經的傳統影響。事實是這裏所收羅的詩歌，作者來自許多不同行業，其中只有喬治赫伯特，是以宗教詩人知名，從小未寫過非宗教性的詩。可見西方文學與基督教詩歌關係之深，因為同是源於神所啟示的寶貝聖經；聖經也成為“詩魂”，不了解聖經，就無法了解西方文化，不能充分享受西方文學。在另一方面，聖經文學是作者表達其對聖經的了解，因此，也就能幫助讀者了解聖經。

華人有“詩如其人”的說法。不過，我以為審評詩的美，像作詩的人一樣，有靈，魂，體之分：特別信息是靈，意境超遠是魂，辭藻華美是體。如果三者都沒有可取的，就真是無足觀了。當然，只有聖經是最高靈感的源泉，人類詩歌也是因此而達到最高的境界。

說到翻譯，幾乎沒有人不知道嚴復(幾道)的信，達，雅理論。其實，那只是理想，不是可行的原則。就以嚴先生自己的譯作群學肄言來說，就難以說是達了。那是哪類書？原來是社會學導論。就這樣說豈不更“達”得多？何況文字體裁風格不同，無法達到那理想。例如：醫學，法律的書，誰能譯到達和雅的地步？應該以信為重。又如水滸傳和紅樓夢，如果譯成同樣風格，或互換其風格，必然讀來別有滋味。把馬克吐溫的作品，用桐城派典雅的古文來譯，也將十分困難。

在譯詩的時候，還得顧及聲韻意境。賈島到京師去，在馬上得句：“鳥宿池邊樹，僧敲月下門”，思索比擬，不覺衝了署理京兆尹韓愈的從騎，被帶來究問。韓愈聽他說明後，判定說：敲字是矣。這是“推敲”的來源。但在千年以後，還難定論；因為敲字音勝，但在月下的僧歸禪寺，深夜敲門，不僅驚飛了樹上棲宿的鳥，也破壞了意境，也許應該取靜為上。

幾年前，試譯奧瑪四行詩(*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*)，有一首我譯為：

晨雞才初啼幾遍，
已經有人在酒店門前叫喊：
“開門吧，我們要走的路還遠，
又誰知此去能不能復還！”

覺得還算過得去。但後來想到荊軻刺秦的時候，給他在易水餞別的歌：

風蕭蕭兮易水寒，
壯士一去兮不復還！

那是悲壯的聲韻。而“涼州曲”有：

醉臥沙場君莫笑，

古來征戰幾人回！

則是纏綿悲涼，自然不該譯為剛音。因此，改譯如下：

曉雞才初唱晨光熹微，
已經有人在酒店門前喊催：
“開門吧，我們要行的路還遠，
又誰知此去能不能復回！”

雖然遠不及英譯所表達的，但自以為比前譯稍好些。這裏舉例說明，不是訴苦，也無意自我表揚；只是說，譯詩不易，如有錯失，還望讀者包涵，並希指教；並相信原作好得多，難以傳譯。

實在說，翻譯就是解釋，並不能都恰切的表達原意，在翻譯過程中，失去了一部分；不幸，有時失去的還會是精髓，因為無法傳神，更無法把文化背景一起搬過來。英國大詩人德萊頓(John Dryden, 1631-1700)說：最好的文學作品不能翻譯，為的是要讀者去讀原文。

從聖經發源的詩歌，是基督教文學的瑰寶。本集所收的雖然都是短詩，獻於讀者之前，但盼望能表現浩瀚的偉大作品之一斑。本集所收的詩歌，都是由英文翻譯的；其中有少數原作是歐洲語文，則是由英文譯本轉譯。自知譎陋末學，難以期望達到原作者高深的屬靈水平；數年來陸續譯出的詩歌，雖參校不同版本，仍恐舛漏在所難免。因跡尋原作，並行刊出，讀者可以參證並欣賞，並歡迎指出錯誤，以便改正。

于中旻謹識

詩人的祈求

John Milton

首先，聖靈啊，你喜歡
正直清潔的心超過所有的殿，
教導我，因為你知道；在萬有之先
就在那裏，以你大能的翅膀伸展
如同鴿子孵育在廣大無邊的深淵
使它孕生：我裏面有甚麼黑暗
光照，有甚麼低賤提升並救援；
為這偉大高遠的論辯
使我能正確宣示永恆的計畫
證明神的道路在人間。

彌爾敦 (John Milton, 1608-1674)英國最著名清教徒詩人，並散文作家，兼擅拉丁文及英文。1649年，英國內戰，清教徒國會軍推翻王室，克倫威爾(Oliver Cromwell)執政，任拉丁秘書，相當於外交部長。1652年雙目失明，由馬衛勒(Andrew Marvell)助理。1660年，英王復辟，得當時任國會議員的馬衛勒盡力援救，免於

入獄。1665年，其長詩失樂園 (*Paradise Lost*) 完成，初為十卷，
於1667年出版(1674年增至十二卷出版)。其後得樂園 (*Paradise Regained*) 及
其另一傑作史詩鬥士參孫 (*Samson Agonistes*) 完成於1671年。

The Poet's Invocation

And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that does prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

From Paradise Lost

John Milton (1608-1674)

English poet

那推動搖籃的手

William Ross Wallace

賜福婦女的手！
天使護引它的力量和恩愛，
在王宮，村舍，茅屋，
啊，不論甚麼所在，
有彩虹溫和的懸挂，
不受風暴的侵害，
因為那推動搖籃的手，
那手也掌管著世界。

嬰孩是幼弱的泉源，
 流出權力和美麗，
是母親，首先引導那小溪，
 活潑的靈魂從那裡長起--
長成善，或長成惡，
 流送陽光或流出暴力，
因為那推動搖籃的手，
 那手也掌管著世界。

女人啊，你的使命多麼神聖，
 就在你自己的土地上！
保守，啊，保守那幼小的心，
 時常向神的靈氣開放！
是母愛綴成的珠串，
 成為所有世代真實的獎章，
因為那推動搖籃的手，
 那手也掌管著世界。

賜福婦女的手！
 父親們和兒女們呼求，
這神聖的歌聲，
 與天上的敬拜匯流--
在那裡沒有風暴陰暗，
 彩虹永遠拱懸在上頭，
因為那推動搖籃的手，
 那手也掌管著世界。

華勒士(William Ross Wallace, 1819-1881)美國詩人。

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle

Blessing on the hand of women!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel,
Oh, no matter where the place;
Would that never storms assailed it,
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain,
Power may with beauty flow,
Mother's first to guide the streamlets
From them souls unresting grow--
Grow on for the good or evil,
Sunshine streamed or evil hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of women!
Fathers, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky —
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows evermore are hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

William Ross Wallace (1819-1881)
American poet

孩子們都已進來了嗎？ 佚名

夜晚臨近時我常回想
那一幢老屋建在山上，
那庭院寬廣百花綻放
孩子們自由的戲游歡暢。

深黑的夜終於降臨，
歡笑也歸於低沉，
母親周圍巡視並且問說：
“孩子們都已進來了嗎？”

許多許多年已經過去，
那山上的老屋空庭
不再有孩子們的腳步響聲
一切都寂靜，那麼的寂靜。

但夜影伸展時我仍然看見，
雖然已經過了許多年
我能夠聽到母親的呼問：
“孩子們都已進來了嗎？”

我在想，如果夜幕落下
地上最後的日子過完，
當我們跟外面的世界道別再見，
完全倦於我們兒時的戲玩，

當我們面見那位愛孩子們的主

祂受死救他們脫離罪苦，
我們是否聽到祂像母親呼問：
“孩子們都已進來了嗎？”

Are All the Children In?

I think of times as the night draws nigh
Of an old house on the hill,
Of a yard all wide and blossom-starred
Where the children played at will.

And when deep night at last came down,
Hushing the merry din,
Mother would look all around and ask,
"Are all the children in?"

'Tis many and many a year since then,
And the old house on the hill
No longer echoes childish feet
And the yard is still, so still.

And I see it all as the shadows creep,
And tho' many the years have been
Since then, I can hear my mother ask,
"Are all the children in?"

I wonder if, when those shadows fall
On the last short earthly day,
When we say good-bye to the world outside,
All tired of our childish play,

When we meet the Lover of boys and girls
Who died to save them from sin,
Will we hear Him ask as Mother did,
"Are all the children in?"

-- Anon

人

Henry Vaughan

思量，堅定和莊嚴
屬於些低級的物住在下世間，
鳥兒像警醒的時鐘
 記認著無聲的日子和時間更換，
蜂群在夜裏歸返蜂巢和花叢
 知道早，也知道晚，
隨太陽醒起，也在同一房舍棲眠；

 我說，但願我的神也肯
 賜給人像這些物的堅定！因他們
 對祂的聖命謹守忠貞，
 並沒有新事務破壞他們的和平；
 飛鳥不種不收，卻有餐有食，
 花兒活著並沒有衣，

連所羅門王也不曾有他們的美飾。

人卻一直有煩擾，有思慮，
他沒有根，也不繫定一處，
永不會安息也沒有規律
在地上奔勞往返來去，
他知道有個家，卻說不上在哪裏
他說，是那麼遙遠
以至他忘卻怎箇覓回家的路。

他叩遍每個門戶，迷失又流浪，
有些頑石的智慧竟比人還強，
造物主賜磁石內在的感應，
在極暗的黑夜指向家鄉；
人是一隻梭，往返尋覓，
經過機杼間來復不已
神命定動作，但卻未命定安息。

文涵(Henry Vaughan, 1621-1695)英國詩人。在南威爾斯行醫。自稱受敬虔的喬治·赫伯特(George Herbert)影響歸正。

Man

Weighing the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds like watchful Clocks the noiseless date
And Intercourse of Times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flow'rs

Early, as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bow'rs;

I would (said I) my God would give
The staidness of these things to man! for these
To his divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace;
The birds nor sow, nor reap, yet sup and dine,
The flow'rs without clothes live,
Yet *Solomon* was never dressed so fine.

Man hath still either toys, or Care,
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But ever restless and Irregular
About this earth doth run and ride,
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where,
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which in the darkest night point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)
English Poet

人

Edward Young

人是多麼貧窮，多麼豐富，多麼卑鄙，多麼高貴，

多麼複雜，多麼奇妙！
那位造他如此的，該是多麼超越奇妙可畏！
祂在我們中造設如此奇異的反極，
從不同的品質美妙的合在一起，
把遙遠的世界精巧的聯繫！
是無盡存在體系超然的一環！
在虛無與神聖的中間！
天上的一光線，被吸收，污染！
絕對偉大的微型朦朧暗淡！
一位榮耀的後嗣！一個脆弱塵土的孩子！
無助的不朽！卑微的無限！
一尾蟲！一位神！— 我對自己震顫，
我迷失在自己裏面。一個異鄉人，在家園，
雖然上下飄蕩，希奇，驚惶，
自以為不可擬想。理智何等迷惘！
噢，人是何等的奇蹟叫人難想！
得意洋洋卻悲愴！何等歡娛！何等畏懼！
交互的興奮和震怖！
怎能保守我的生命？又怎能毀滅？
天使的膀臂不能救拔我脫出墳墓，
許多營的天使也難以困我在那裏。

楊格 (Edward Young, 1683-1765) 英國詩人，劇作家，評論家。

Man

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a God!— I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
O, what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! What joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

Edward Young (1683-1765)

English poet, dramatist & literary critic

無意義的存在

Isaac Watts

在我們當中有一些人，
來到這世界只為了吃和睡；
不知道為何生而又何往，
只是在消耗米糧，
吞吃了禽鳥，魚類，和牛羊，
身後留下個空的盤盞。
烏鴉和鴉鳥也能如此行，
不幸的鳥類落得可恨的名聲。
鴉鳥和烏鴉能代替他們的位置，
也能吃下米糧和屍體，
如果他們崩逝也立碑銘，
絕不要學奉承或虛謊圖名，
終其一生真是乏善可陳，
只能說：“他們吃足了麵包，
喝夠了杯中物，已上床就寢。”

華慈(Isaac Watts, 1674-1748) 英國獨立教會牧師，聖詩作家，神學家。創作英文聖詩六百餘首，被稱為“現代英文聖詩之父”。

Insignificant Existence

There are a number of us creep
Into this world, to eat and sleep;
And know no reason why we're born,

But only to consume the corn,
Devour the cattle, fowl, and fish,
And leave behind an empty dish.
The crows and ravens do the same,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their place,
And swallow corn and carcasses,
Then if their tombstone, when they die,
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There 's nothing better will be said
Than that "they 've eat up all their bread,
Drunk up their drink, and gone to bed."

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

English theologian & hymn writer

升輪*

George Herbert

當上帝造人的開端，
有一隻福杯在祂旁邊；
祂說：讓我們儘量的傾注給他；
讓世界的豐盛散布周遍，
成為兩間的繫連。

這樣，祂先賜下能力；
隨後是美，又加才智，榮耀，歡喜。
當幾乎要傾盡時，上帝作一停息，
看到祂唯一的至寶
餘存**，安息在杯底。

祂說，如果我連
這珍寶也賜給我所造的，

他就會捨我而崇拜恩賜，
安息於自然，而非自然的主宰，
 這樣，二者將同歸喪失。

 讓他得著其餘的，
得著那些，也怨嘆而無安息；
使他富而不足，且有困疲，至少
如果仁慈不能引他，困疲
 會舉起他到我懷裏。

* 升輪，或名滑車，吊桿。

** “餘存” “安息”，均為 “rest”。

喬治·赫伯特 (George Herbert, 1593-1633)，英國形上派詩人，生於顯要世家。三歲時，其父 Sir Richard 去世，由其母撫養孩子們長成；於十三年後，再嫁一比她小二十歲的勳爵。

喬治畢業於劍橋大學，二十三歲得 M.A. 並選為院士，受任大學發言人，顯示頗有政治前途。1624 年，當選國會議員。但對政治興趣淡泊，於 1627 年母喪，謝絕政治。1630 年，受任 Bemerton 鄉村教會牧師。他一生敬虔，十七歲時，立志專寫宗教詩篇，成 聖殿詩集 (The Temple, 1633)。

The Pully

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us" (said he) "pour on him all we can:
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:
When almost all was out, God made a stay,

Perceiving that alone of all his treasure
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should" (said he)
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature:
So both should losers be."

"Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

George Herbert (1593-1633)
English religious poet

追 逐

Henry Vaughan

主啊！你造的人
是一個多麼匆忙不安靜？
每天，每時他都在飛來飛去，
沒有片刻的安寧：
他失去了太陽和光

因為陰雲突起；
他在暗夜也作生意，
藉夜色的隱蔽；
你豈曾給這活躍的塵土
長久不休不罷，
浪子不厭倦離開荳莢
不曾想望回家；
那原是你的隱秘
也是你的憐憫，
當一切都無法使他得福，
然後這必定成就。
噢，主啊！那是何等的代價
使我們經過疾苦，健康時不肯對你接受？

The Pursuit

Lord! what a busy, restless thing
Hast thou made man?
Each day, and hour he is on wing,
Rests not a span;
Then having lost the Sun, and light
By clouds surprised;
He keeps a Commerce in the night
With air disguised ;
Hadst thou given to this active dust
A state untired,
The lost Son had not left the husk
Nor home desired;
That was thy secret, and it is
Thy mercy too
For when all fails to bring to bliss,
Then, this must do.
Ah! Lord! and what a Purchase will that be
To take us sick, that sound would not take thee?

Henry Vaughan

人之欲

John Quincy Adams

“人在世上所需要的本來微少，
而且那微少的也不久長。”
但在我的經驗不盡如此：
雖然歌曲唱的是那樣。
說起來我的需要頗多，
數下去哪怕沒有百般：
雖則每個願望都是鉅金，
我仍然希望多多益善。

首先我要日用的飲食 —
野味之外 -- 還要有酒
當用膳時在我的桌上
羅列著世間各地所有珍饈。
僅四道菜肴自然還不夠
略為滿足我的食欲：
要有四名特選的法國名廚，
調製我的餐式適口悅目。

我還要，用王公的高價，
打扮得衣飾入時鮮麗豪華：
黑貂輕裘禦寒冬的霜雪，
炎夏時則用絲羅綢紗，
克什米肩帔和布魯塞爾花邊
從胸前直到外面裝飾 --
手上戴光耀的金鋼鑽，

頸項挂的是紅寶石。

我還要 (誰不想要 ?) 一個妻子
多情而又美麗；
能夠安慰生活中一切的憂患，
也分享所有的歡喜。
她的脾氣柔和，又能順從，
情緒穩定而且恬靜 —
接納我一切缺欠，依然愛我，
嫵雅而有不變的深情。

隨著時間的車不停的駛過，
我的財富積聚增加滿倉盈屋，
我要多生男而且養女，
至少要八個或十全十足。
我要 (啲！世人竟然敢
祈求如此的福分圓滿 ?)
女子子個個是貞潔的美娟，
丈夫子都是智勇雙全。

我要有熱誠而忠實的朋友，
在逆境中能給我歡愉快慰；
他們永不會奉迎諂諛，
他們的膝也不會屈服於權威 —
犯了錯誤時有朋友能諫諍責備，
在靈魂的深處我可以看得見；
我的友情也經得試驗，
顯明對他人也同樣的貞堅。

我要有權力和高位的印記，

發號施令的徽旗：
受命於人民無私的恩典
統治我祖國的土地：
我不要皇冠也不求權杖
只要出於全國共同的意志，
或晝，或夜，致力於大業
務求使國家的福杯滿溢。

我要真誠的稱讚聲音
跟隨在我的身後，
將來的日子會想念
這全人類的朋友，
許多世代之後，繼起的人，
他們要宣告歡騰
同聲歌唱響徹天庭
稱頌我的榮名。

這些都是必死之人的欲望 --
我不能欲望其存得久長，
因為人生不過是窄如手掌，
屬地的福樂 -- 只是歌曲。
我末了的大欲 -- 結語：
當我歸於泥土，
最後被呼喚見主，
我神的憐恤。

崑瑞亞當斯 (John Quincy Adams, 1767-1848) 曾任美國第六任總統(1825-1829)。其父約翰亞當斯 (John Adams) 為美國第二任總統(1797-1801)。

崑瑞亞當斯卸任後，為國會眾議員(1831-1848)。有人問他，以曾任總統之尊，而屈為議員，是否降格？他說：服務國家，無論任何職務，都不是卑下的。

這首“人之欲”諷世詩，仿佛是現代的傳道書，指出一切都是不足輕重的，真正的需要是神的憐憫。

The Wants of Man

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'T is not with *me* exactly so;
But 't is so in the song.
My wants are many and, if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread —
And canvas-backs — and wine —
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me, when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell;
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck, —
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife, —
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind, —
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)

That all the girls be chaste and fair, —
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command;
Charged by the People's unbought grace
To rule my native land
Nor crown nor scepter would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind,
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the *Wants* of mortal *Man* —
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss—a song.
My last great *Want* — absorbing all —
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The *Mercy of My God*.

John Quincy Adams (1767-1848)
Sixth president of the United States

守財者驚夢

夜來起狂風，
窗戶皆震動。
守財奴陡然驚醒，
往復徘徊靜室中。
轉頭看看背後，
邊踱步，邊顫驚。
查遍每道門，每個鎖，
探遍每個角落每條縫；
然後打開藏寶箱，
欣賞聚斂得意忘形。

驀地良心猛省；
他搓著雙手又捶胸。
他狂張著雙睛，
罪咎的靈魂宣判發聲：
大地若是保守那些礦藏，
我心深處也保得平安寧靜；
但如今，品德已經賣空！
天啊，甚麼代價
 能補償罪惡的傷痛？
噢，致命的黃金，引誘欺矇，
人，軟弱的人，
怎能戰勝你的權能？
黃金從思想中趕走了榮譽，
只剩得一個虛名；
黃金在世上撒遍惡種，
黃金叫兇手去行凶；

黃金指引懦夫的心，
教他奸詐權術與敗行。
邪惡多得誰能算清？
道德卻在地上絕了影蹤！

-- Austin's *Chironomia*, in Charles H. Spurgeon: *Lectures To My Students*. 司布真意在教導他作教牧的學生，在講道時，不可過分表演，有失莊重；但其詞意甚佳。

The Awakening of The Miser

The wind was high,
The window shakes;
With sudden start,
The Miser wakes!
Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks!
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opens his chest with treasure stored,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard:
But now with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.
By conscience stung he wildly stares;
Thus his guilty soul declares.
Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
The heart had known sweet peace of mind,
But virtue's sold!
Good heavens! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice?
O bane of gold! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold banished honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;

Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!

Austin's *Chironomia*
in Charles H. Spurgeon: *Lectures To My Students*

拜金者的晨禱

Ben Jonson

向白晝道罷早安；然後，
我的金子！
打開聖龕！我來瞻仰我的神聖；
向世界的靈魂和我的靈魂致敬！
我歡欣過於
靈雨的大地看到久慕的太陽，
從天上的白羊宮張望，
我看你黃金的威燁，
掩霾白日的光芒；
你臥在我別的貨藏中間，
顯耀如夜間的火焰，或像白日
射透混沌，所有的黑暗逃遁
隱向中間。噢，你這金烏之子，

卻勝過你父太陽的光亮，
 讓我親吻你
欽崇你，和每一珍藏
在這蒙福室中的神聖寶物。...
你是道德，名聲，榮耀，
 和一切別的東西。得著你的
 就成為尊貴，高尚，誠實，智慧。
 — *Volpone*, I, i, 1-27.

章生 (Ben Jonson, 1572-1637) 英國劇作家及詩人，被認為是英國第一位桂冠詩人。
早年從其繼父習為泥水工，後從事戲劇演員兼作家，與莎士比亞齊名，其諷刺劇或有過之。

Volpone's Morning-Watch

Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint
Hail the world's soul, and mine! More glad than is
The teeming earth to see the long'd-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendour dark'ning his;

That lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relic
Of sacred treasure in this blessed room. ...
Thou art virtue, fame,
Honour, and all things else. Who can get thee,
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise.—
Volpone, I, i, 1-27

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)
English playwright and poet

那夜晚我看見了永恒
如同一個大環有無盡的光而且潔淨，
 全然無聲，它也是光明，
在它下面，時間以小時，日，年
 受天體驅動
像個巨大的影子運行，這世界
 和它的長尾跟從前衝；
迷戀的愛人以他們精巧的作風
 在作態怨訴，
他的豎琴，他的幻想，他的奔逐，
 小聰明的低下歡娛，
同著手套，愛情結，愚昧的網羅愛欲
 他可貴的財富
全都散置不顧，他的雙目
 只向那朵花兒傾注。

2

那陰沉的政客挂著莊重和苦臉
像午夜的濃霧移動的那麼緩慢
 他不就去，也不流連；
蹙著眉，可定罪的意念(晦暗像日蝕般)
 在他的靈魂間，
如雲的見證哀哭在外面
 追著他一致吶喊。
卻如地鼠鑽營，他用的方法
 是在地下作工，
攫取他的獵物，但隱住
 他的陰謀，
利用教會和祭壇肥己，

作假看如微物，
周圍是泣血和淚雨，
但他飲下不顧。

3

害怕的吝嗇鬼坐在銅鏽堆，
一生在那裏苦思憔悴，
不信任自己的手去碰那塵灰，
卻不肯積一點在上面，
寧活著擔心盜賊。
有千萬人像他一樣的顛倒
各人擁抱自己的阿堵物，
徹底的伊庇鳩魯，天堂是感官肚腹
譏笑虛飾
也有人放縱無節制
並不斤斤論理；
有軟弱的人纖細必計，為小器奴役
卻自炫耀得意，
可憐的真理被藐視，坐著詳記
他們的勝利。

4

另有些人，一直在哭泣和歌唱，
歌唱，哭泣，升達天上，
進入那環，雖然不用翅膀。
噢，傻瓜哪(我說)，寧喜歡暗夜
卻不要真光，
生活在洞穴中，恨惡白晝
因為能顯明道路，

那道路從死亡和幽暗的住處
引領到神那裏去，
那道路使你能踏向太陽，
比它還要明亮。
但是當我這樣論說他們的痴狂
有一位向我輕聲講：
那環新郎不是給別人預備的
只為他的新娘。

凡世界上的一切事—就像肉體的情慾，眼目的情慾，並今生的驕傲，都不是從父來的，乃是從世界來的。這世界和其上的情慾，都要過去，惟獨遵行神旨意的，是永遠長存。
— 約壹二：16,17

The World

I saw eternity the other night
Like a great *Ring* of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved, In which the world
And all her train were hurled;
The doting Lover in his quaintest strain
Did there Complain,
Near him, his Lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wits sour delights,
With gloves, and knots the silly snares of pleasure
Yet his dear Treasure

All scattered lay, while his eyes did pour
Upon a flow'r.

2

The darksome Statesman hung with weights and woe
Like a thick midnight-fog moved there so slow
He did not stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts (like sad Eclipses) scowl
Upon his soul,
And Clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the Mole, and lest his ways be found
Worked under ground,
Where he did Clutch his prey, but one did see
That policy,
Churches and altars fed him, Perjuries
Were gnats and flies,
It rained about him blood and tears, but he
Drank them as free.

3

The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust,
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself
And hugged each one his pelf,
The down-right Epicure placed heav'n in sense
And scorned pretence
While others slipt into a wide Excess
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares Enslave
Who think them brave,
And poor, despised truth sat Counting by
Their victory.

4

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing, and weep, soared up into the *Ring*,
But most would use no wing.
O fools (said I,) thus to prefer dark night
Before true light,
To live in grots, and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,

The way which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the Sun, and be
 More bright than he.
But as I did their madness so discuss
 One whispered thus,
*This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide
 But for his bride.*

I John Ch. 2, vs. 16,17

*All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the
Eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the
world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof,
but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever.*

Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)

English poet

世界的虛空

Francis Quarles

虛假的世界，你不誠實

 你不能提供最低的歡樂：

你的恩惠那麼微小吝惜，

 不足以贏得一個朋友知己；

在早晨的歡娛

 到夜晚就止息：

需求你極少能夠供給，

你還誇張吹噓，要同天爭比；

愚蠢的地，你炫誇；虛假的世界，你不誠實。

你長舌嘮叨在講說些

 無限的財寶金色傳奇；

你銜售能夠施與

 無盡的歡娛得來輕易；

你詢問欠安的良心，

 許諾會使她安逸；

你賜予的就再別無所求：

你拒絕的沒有誰能供給。

呀！愚蠢的世界，你炫誇；虛假的世界，你不誠實。

聰明的耳朵

 怎理會地的巧言？

你的話說是金子，

 但兌現是塗色的爛泥：

你可以用詐術作牌，

 你卻不能夠玩：

你的技巧最拙劣，卻仍然要爭比；

如果被看穿，就爭執，就賴皮：

你是虛有其表；虛假的世界，你不誠實。

你虛飾的襟懷看來像
 造出新錢財寶的鑄幣廠；
一個樂園，沒有吝惜，
 沒有改變，沒有限量；
實在是畫漆的箱，裏面空無所有，
 沒有歡樂，沒有寶藏：
虛空的地！同人結夥虛謊；
虛空的人！你以地為倚仗；
虛空的人，你痴迷；虛空的地，你不誠實。

為何愚笨可恥的靈魂，以這樣高的品質，
 裝在屬地低賤的器皿裏，
它最偉大的財寶，
 只是渣滓和垃圾？
它迷人歡樂的至極
 也不過一閃即逝？
這就是你供給我們必死之人的東西？
這就是最高的？這怎能給我們平安善意？
虛假的世界，你不誠實。

寇勒斯(Francis Quarles, 1592-1644) 英國詩人。

The Vanity of the World

False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
 The least delight:
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,
 They are so slight;
Thy morning pleasures make an end

To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven; fond earth, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her;
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coined treasure;
A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in 't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
On earth; vain man! thou dot'st; vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash?
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? false world, thou ly'st.

Francis Quarles (1592-1644)
English poet

天獵

Francis Thompson

我逃避祂，歷經白晝，到夜間：

我逃避祂，歷經年復一年：

我逃避祂，歷經我自己思念中

錯綜的迷徑：在淒迷的眼淚裡

我躲藏祂，在連續的嘻笑後面。

我急速的攀登希望的遠景，

又吶喊，流汗，

在下邊巨大可怕的深淵，

那強壯的腳步，在身後跟著，跟在後邊。

但不是匆忙的追趕，

腳步並不慌亂，

從容的速度，緊促而不失莊嚴，

腳步節奏中 -- 聲音響起

比那腳步更近邇 --

“你這背離我的，萬有都背離你。”

我抗辯，逾越法制的邊限，

有許多可愛的窗檻，垂著紅的窗帘，

其間有恩愛的糾纏

(我雖知道祂的愛跟隨著，

卻是深深的懼怕

惟恐有了祂，就必須捨棄所有的其他愛戀)：

但是，如果那小窗扉只開啟一扇，
祂的狂風將衝進裡面。
懼怕不知如何逃，愛卻要追趕。
我奔逃，超越世界的邊緣，
闖進了群星的金衢街道間，
擾亂了他們的柵欄尋求遮掩：
 穿越那些芳香的瓶罐
搖動月亮的銀門發聲鏗然。
我對清晨說：快來；告訴夜：不要遲延；
 用你的新花掩埋我
 躲避那極端的愛的眼！
撒出你朦朧的紗環繞我，叫祂看不見！
 我試遍祂所有的僕役，終於發現
我雖然背逆他們卻貞堅，
他們對主忠實對我卻多變，
 他們的違逆是真實，赤誠是欺騙。
我向所有速變的東西請求速援：
 攀懸在每陣呼嘯的風長鬣上面。
 但不論他們如何猛馳，疾駛，
 那碧藍的長空平原：
 或是乘駕雷電，
 他們緊附著祂的車橫越上天
繞蹄濺著飛行的電閃 --
懼怕不知如何逃，愛卻要追趕。
 仍然不匆忙的追趕，
 腳步並不慌亂，
 從容的速度，緊促而不失莊嚴，
 那腳步跟在後邊，
 語音比步聲更加清晰 —
 “沒有甚麼不接納我，而能接納你。”

我不再尋求從前的迷途
 那臉孔是男或是女；
但仍然在小孩童的眼中
 似乎有些甚麼，甚麼可以給我答覆；
至少他們會支持我，一定支持我！
我轉向他們滿懷著希望；
可是，正當他們忽然示愛凝眸
 將要把答案傾吐，
天使抓住了頭髮拉他們離去。
 “來吧，你們大自然另外的兒女 -- ”
我說：“與我同享你們美好的歡娛；
 讓我親吻歡迎你，
 讓我與你擁抱輕撫，
 嬉戲
 弄我們母親飄揚的長髮，
 歡宴
 在她風為牆壁的宮府，
 她湛藍的頂蓋遮覆，
 照你純潔的樣子，
 從杯中，傾飲著
 晶瑩明亮的陽光。
 這些都過去了；
我曾是他們甘美團契中之一員 --
開啟過自然的秘密之門。
 我知道一切的意含
 在上天固執的臉；
 我知道雲如何升起
 狂野的海噴吐沫涎；
 所有的生或死亡

升或沉降 -- 使他們能形成 --
我自己的心境，哀悼或逍遙 --
同他們歡樂或悲慘。
我很憂悶在晚間
當她燃點她閃亮的燈盞
圍繞白晝死去的尊嚴。
我歡笑在清晨的眼簾。
我歡騰又悲哀隨著氣候變換，
天與我一同哭泣，
天的甜淚和我的融合成鹹：
夕陽的心赤紅震顫
我把自己跳動的心並放在那邊，
二者的熱交會相連：
但不是如此，如此作，只是消除我人生的傷痛。
我的眼淚徒然沾濕了上天灰色的面頰。
噢！因為我們彼此言語不通，
我和自然界：雖然我言語有聲--
他們的言語卻是靜默，他們只是移動。
自然，可憐的繼母，不能夠舒解我的枯旱：
如果她還承認我，讓她
解下那藍色的胸衫，向我顯露出
她雙乳的柔軟：
她從沒有用一滴的乳汁滋潤
我嘴唇的乾渴。
逼近更逼近的追趕，
腳步並不慌亂，
從容的速度，緊促而不失莊嚴，
有個聲音傳來的更快捷
在腳步的聲響以先 --
“注意，如果不滿足我，沒有甚麼會滿足你。”

我無助的等待你愛的下擊！
一件一件的你解除了我的武裝，
 又打倒使我屈膝：
 我全然無法反抗。
 我想，我睡去，又醒覺，
慢慢的，我發現在睡中被剝脫得赤裸。
我曾鹵莽的以充沛的青年精力，
 在我撼動巨柱的時刻
盡情的任意生活：沾滿了污跡，
我站在歲月堆積的灰塵裡 --
我糟蹋的青年死去沉埋在灰堆底。
我破碎的年日化成煙逝去，
如泡沫升脹又破碎在陽光下的水面。
 是的，現在都已破失：夢幻
和作夢的人，琵琶和弄絃者：
超越我綴連幻想，在它編織的花樣裡
運轉大地猶如小玩意在腕間，
腱索都嫌不夠強健
因為地上沉重的憂傷過於充滿。
 啊！你的愛豈是
一種野草，雖則是不衰亡的野草，
不讓任何花兒滋長只自己擴展？
 啊！必定 --
 無限的設計者 --
啊！你豈是定要燒焦樹林才可造成木炭？
我青年的力量耗盡抖顫著歸於塵土：
現在我的心如同破裂的泉源，
眼淚從裡面流積著，
 從陰濕的思想不停的流

分濺在我心靈嘆息的枝頭。

既如此，又將如何？

果漿這樣苦，果皮的味何堪？

我隱約的猜想迷霧中的時間朦朧難辨：

從永恒隱藏的城垣

卻偶爾有號角聲響起：

暫時震動迷霧閃開空隙一片，然後

在半瞥之後樓闕重被遮掩。

但到祂傳召之後

我才得看見，展現

絢麗的紫袍，柏葉的冠冕：

我知道祂的名，號角已經宣示。

是否人的心或生命能出產

你的莊稼，你那產地

必須用糞肥和腐朽的死？

在那長久的追逐之後

巨響已近在身邊：

那聲音包圍我像是突來的海濤一般：

“是否你的土地已全失盡

像破而又碎的瓦片？

看哪，因你逃避我，所有的都逃避你！

奇怪，可憐，無益的東西，

何必讓其他的把你的愛隔離？

只有我從無有造出萬有。”祂說。

“人性的愛需要有人間的成就

你有甚麼可值得誇口 --

所有泥塊的人中最骯髒的泥塊？

唉，你不知道

你何等不值得任何的愛！

你能找到誰肯救卑賤的你
除了我，除非唯一的我？
所有我從你拿去的我剝奪
並非是要害你，
是要你能單從我手中尋得。
你一切童駭的誤意
幻想是損失，我都已經為你收存在家裡；
起來，握緊我的手，來！ "

那腳步在我旁停住；
或許是我的陰鬱，
祂的手蔭伸出慰撫？
“啊，最愚昧，最軟弱，最盲目的，
我是那一位你尋求追逐！
你驅動我的愛，愛驅使我。 ”

英國詩人湯樸生 (Francis Thompson, 1859-1907) ，父親執業醫生。父親希望他讀神學，但他選擇習醫學。不過，他習醫失敗，貧病交迫，為止病痛，又染上了鴉片的嗜好，淪落倫敦街頭，賣火柴和報紙為生，一度寄居在修鞋店裡幫閒。但他總執意不肯放棄所喜愛的文學和鴉片。後來，有一個編輯 Wilfred Meynell 發現他的才華，在其雜誌上發表了他的詩，並送他入醫院療養恢復健康，又助他刊行詩集。

他的詩出版後，勃朗寧(Robert Browning)讀過之後大為讚賞；特別是“天獵”詩，他的朋友 Coventry Patmore 稱之為英國文學中的最佳作品。

湯樸生的詩，很像十七世紀英國宗教詩人的作品。在“天獵”詩中，有豐富的意喻，還像奧古斯丁 (St. Augustine) ，敘述自己的懺悔，特別是神的恒久忍耐和不可抗拒的恩典。人在神以外追尋滿足，結果不過是虛空和失望；也描述人的逃避與神恩的追逐，仿佛是詩篇第一百三十九篇的演述。

The Hound of Heaven

Francis Thompson

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days,
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat – and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet –
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities
(For, though I knew His love Who followed,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clanged bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon;
With thy young skyey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all His servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they slept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They changed their chariot 'thwart a heaven

Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn of their feet –
Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat –
" Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that after which I strayed
In face of man or maid;
But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies;
They at least are for me, surely for me!
I turned me to them very wistfully;
But, just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
With dawning answers there,
Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
"Come then, ye other children, Nature's – share
With me," said I, "your delicate fellowship;
Let me greet you lip to lip,
Let me twine with you caresses
Wantoning
With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses
Banqueting
With her in her wind-walled palace,
Underneath her azured dais,
Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
From a chalice
Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
So it was done;
I in their delicate fellowship was one –
Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
I knew all the swift importings
On the willful face of skies;
I knew how the clouds arise
Spumed of the wild sea-snotings;
All that's born or dies
Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
With them joyed and was bereaven.
I was heavy with the even,
When she lit her glimmering tapers
Round the day's dead sanctities.
I laughed in the morning's eyes.
I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
Heaven and I wept together,
And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
I laid my own to beat,
And share commingling heat;
But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.

For ah! we know not what each other says,
 These things and I; in sound *I* speak —
Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
 Let her, if she would owe me,
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
 The breasts o' her tenderness;
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth.
 Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
 With unperturbed pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;
 And past those noised Feet—
 A voice comes yet more fleet—
 "Lo naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
 My harness piece by piece Thou has hewn from me,
 And smitten me to my knee;
 I am defenseless utterly.
 I slept, methinks, and woke,
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
 In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
 I shook the pillaring hours
 And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
 I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.
 My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
 Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.
 Yea, faileth now even dream
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
 I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
 For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.
 Ah, is Thy love indeed
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
 Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
 Ah! must—
 Designer infinite!—
 Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?
 My freshness spent its wavering shower i' the dust;
 And now my heart is as a broken fount,
 Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
 From the dank thoughts that shiver
 Upon the sightful branches of my mind.
 Such is; what is to be?
 The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
 I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity;
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.

But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With blooming robes, purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
Be dinged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
Comes on at hand the bruit;
That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
"And is thy earth so marred,
Shattered in shard on shard?
Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
Strange, piteous, futile thing,
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught," He said,
"And human love needs human meriting,
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to live ignoble thee
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home;
Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that footfall;
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

1890-92

1893

隱藏的線：人的定數 Joseph Addison Alexander

有一個時候，我們不知何時，
 有一個地點，我們不知何方，
記著人的定數，
 往榮耀或是失望。

有一條線我們看不見的線，
 在每條道路上相遇，
那是隱藏的邊限
 界分著神的忍耐和烈怒。

越過那界限就是死亡，
 像是悄然的臨到一樣；
不會息滅眼中的光亮，
 不是蒼白代替豐澤的健康。

良心可能依然安逸自在，
 精神也輕鬆而且愉快；
依然會取樂感受歡樂，
 且把憂慮暫時拋開。

但在額上神已經設定
 一個不能抹除的記號，

人不能看見，因為人仍是
 瞎眼在昏暗中不能知曉。

只是那被定罪者在世的路程
 也許像伊甸開花繁盛；
他不曾，不會，也不知道，
 不覺得他的罪刑已定。

他知道，他感覺萬事亨通，
 一無所懼怕安穩平靜；
生活，死亡，在地獄裡覺醒，
 他不僅被定罪，且受永刑。

噢！哪裡是那條奧秘的窄線
 與我們的道路相遇；
神自己起誓，誰越過此限，
 必永遠失喪受咒詛。

我們在罪中繼續前進還要多遠？
 神的寬容還有多長？
在哪裡是盼望的盡頭，過此就
 進入無盡的失望？

從諸天之上發出回音：
 “你們離開神的人，
當趁著還有‘今日’，悔改回轉，
 不可硬著你的心。”

亞迪生·亞歷山大(J. Addison Alexander, 1809-1860)美國教育家。

The Hidden Line, or The Destiny of Men

There is a time, we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below
May bloom as Eden bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know,
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

Oh! where is that mysterious borne

By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it called today, repent,
And harden not your heart."

J. Addison Alexander (1809-1860)
American educator

沙中的名字

Hanna Flagg Gould

我獨自走在海洋的岸邊，
手裡拿著珠光的貝殼一片：
我彎下腰寫在了沙的上面
我的名字 — 那年 — 那月那天。
從那裡我繼續再往前走，
又轉身回望了一下背後：
一個大浪捲來又高又急，
把我的名字沖洗去了無痕跡。

因此我想，不用再過多久
我在地上的印記將一無存留：
黑色遺忘之海的巨浪
將要湧來淹沒遍地迷茫
我所曾踏過的沙灘
時間，存在，都不復可見，
我--我的日子--我用的名字，
留不下可尋的一蹤一跡。

但是，祂數計所有的沙粒
也掌握著眾水在祂的手裡，
我知道有一個永存的冊籍
在我的名下注記，
所有我肉身的動作措施，
所有我心魂的意念營思，
在這短暫一生中都被記錄
為要得榮耀或是受羞辱。

顧爾德(Hannah F. Gould, 1789-1865),美國詩人。

A Name in the Sand

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand:
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name — the year — the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been, to be no more,
Of me—my day—the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame.

Hannah Flagg Gould (1789-1865)
American poet

唯獨藉信

Michelangelo

全地上的物再沒有比我更邪惡卑賤
如果沒有你，我的人生只有悲慘。
現在，我的靈陷在諸多的錯失裡面，
軟弱，疲倦，不堅，懇求你的赦免。
至高的主啊！向我伸展那施恩的鍊，
那鍊，與各樣神聖的恩賜相連：
我以信心的極限傾訴靈魂的深願，
逃避肉慾，它的路引向死亡陰間。
有了稀有恩賜中最大的恩賜，仍然
願求更加豐盛：還再要求更加添，
因為世界不能夠給真實的滿足平安，
唯獨藉著信，使我的內心成為
湧流出悲苦眼淚的泉源，真實悔罪：
此外再沒有別的鑰匙能開啟天堂門限。

米加勒安琪羅(Michelangelo, di Lodovico Buonarroti Simoni, 1475-1564) 意大利雕塑家，畫家，建築師，詩人。

By Faith Alone

No earthly object is more base and vile
Than I, without Thee, miserable am.
My spirit now, midst errors multiform,
Weak, wearied, and infirm, pardon implores.
O Lord most high! extend to me that chain
Which with itself links every gift divine:
Chiefest to my faith I bid my soul aspire,
Flying from sense, whose path conducts to death.
The rarer be this gift of gifts, the more
May it to be abound; and still the more,
Since the world yields not true content and peace
By faith alone the font of bitter tears
Can spring within my heart, made penitent:
No other key unlocks the gates of heaven.

Michelangelo (1475-1564)
Italian sculptor, painter, & architect

恩典

George Herbert

我的根本死亡枯乾，
任我笨拙的勞苦澆灌也不能增添：
噢，讓你不止息的恩典
自上降下！

如果太陽仍然掩面不顧，
你的殿實在成為牢獄，
你的事工為夜的俘虜：噢，讓恩典
自上降下！

甘露每早晨降落，
難道甘露把你的鴿子勝過？
甘露，絕不是青草能夠召來，
自上降下。

死亡一直在工作如同地鼠，
每一動作都在為我掘墳墓：
讓恩典也在我的靈魂工作，
自上降下。

罪一直在錘擊為的心靈
使虛空無愛成為剛硬：
讓柔軟的恩典消除它的詭計，
自上降下。

噢，來吧！因為你知道道路：
如果你不為所移，
就把我移去，在那裏我無需說，
 自上降下。

Grace

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve:
O let thy graces without cease
 Drop from above!

If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captive: O let grace
 Drop from above!

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
 Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove:
Let grace work too, and on my soul
 Drop from above.

Sin is still hammering my heart

“親愛的，我願意來服事。”
愛說道：“你一定要入席，來嘗我的肉。”
這樣，我就坐下來享受。

Love

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back
 Guilty of dust and sin.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
 If I lack'd any thing.

"A guest", I answer'd, "worthy to be here."
 Love said, "You shall be he."

"I the unkind, ungrateful? Ah my dear,
I cannot look on thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not", says Love, "who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will serve."
"You must sit down", says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

George Herbert (1593-1633)
English religious poet

轉 變

G.K. Chesterton

瞬息間我低下頭之後

整個世界翻轉並立得正直，
我出來老舊的路照得白晰，
我走在路上聽見所有的人在說，
如林的舌頭，像秋天的樹葉未脫，
雖然不是不可愛只是奇異和輕鬆；
對於舊謎語和新教條，不是看輕
只溫和的，像人微笑著對待死者。

智者能給人一百張地圖，
他們攀援宇宙像是爬樹，
他們用許多理性的篩簸來翻去，
讓黃金漏失卻收藏起砂礫：
這一切對於我都不如塵土，
因為我活了，我名叫拉撒路。

The Convert

After one moment I bowed my head
And the whole world turned over and came upright,
And I came out where the old road shone white,
I walked the ways and heard what all men said,
Forests of tongues, like autumn leaves unshed,
Being not unlovable but strange and light;
Old riddles and new creeds, not in despite
But softly, as men smile about the dead.

The sages have a hundred maps to give
That their crawling cosmos like a tree,
They rattle reason out through many a sieve
That stores the sand and lets the gold go free:
And all these things are less than dust to me
Because my name is Lazarus and I live.

G.K. Chesterton (1874-1936)

奴役

William Cowper

噢，那棚屋在廣袤的原野，
無盡連綿的綠蔭，
那裏壓榨和詐欺的謠言
成功與不成功的戰爭，
可以全不關我！每天傳聞
世界充滿了不公和暴行
使我耳朵痛苦靈魂厭恨。
全沒有肉在人剛硬的心；
對人失去了感覺；
那自然的兄弟關連受了傷損
如同麻遇到火焰破碎無存。
他發現同類的罪過在於皮膚
顏色和他不同，並且有力量
就可以為了這無價值的借口而動武
判定其作為合法的獵物。
土地僅一帶水之隔彼此恨惡。
山脈連接使國與國構成仇隙，
本該是親族像水滴匯合為一。
如此人惡待他的弟兄而且毀滅，
最壞的，最可悲哀的是
人性最粗野，最穢臭的污點，
是給他帶鎖鏈，役使他，榨取他的汗
用鞭打，如果慈憐看見
這樣的虐待牲畜她也會流血悲泣。

人又如何？甚麼人，有人的情感，
看到這樣，能不羞慚，
垂下頭，想他自己也是人？
我絕不要一個奴隸耕我的田，
抬著我，在睡覺時為我打扇，
當我醒來他就發顫，任多大財富，
那筋力所得的我不能買賣賺錢。
不；自由如此可貴，在我心中衡量
珍視在所有的價值之上，
我深願自己作奴隸，
被捆綁，而不願把鎖鏈加於他人身上。
我們沒有奴隸在本鄉。— 這樣，為甚麼在外邦？
他們一度曾自己航過波浪
使我們部分人得到自由和解放。
奴隸不能夠存在於英國；如果他們的肺
接受了我們的空氣，他們立即自由；
他們踏上我們的國土，他們的枷鎖就脫落。
那是高貴的，表明一個國家自豪
享有可羨慕的福分。因此，應該散播，
讓這福分周流在每個血管
在我們全國；這樣，當不列顛
權力所及，人類也可感受她的慈惠。

Slavery

From *The Timepiece*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own, and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No; dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slave at home.— Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave

That parts us are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

William Cowper (1731-1800)
English poet & hymn writer

手鼓大聲響起

Thomas Moore

亞倫的姐姐米利暗，手裏拿著鼓，眾婦女
也跟著她出去，拿鼓跳舞。(出一五：20)

手鼓大聲響起，在埃及黑暗的海盡頭！
耶和華大大戰勝——祂的人民得著自由！
歌唱！——因為那暴君的驕傲已被粉碎，
他的戰車，他的馬兵，所有他的
勇士和威榮——一無存留；

主發出言語，何等虛空是人的誇口！
戰車和馬兵都沉沒在波浪悠悠。
手鼓大聲響起，在埃及黑暗的海盡頭！
耶和華大大戰勝——祂的人民得著自由！

頌讚歸於征服者，頌讚歸於上主！
祂的話是我們的箭，祂口中氣是我們的刀。
有誰歸回埃及去報告
在驕狂中派遣的大軍哪裏去了？
因為上主從祂榮耀的雲柱火柱中觀瞧，
所有埃及的千軍萬馬都捲入了海潮。
手鼓大聲響起，在埃及黑暗的海盡頭！
耶和華大大戰勝——祂的人民得著自由！

多馬·慕爾(Thomas Moore, 1779-1852) 愛爾蘭名詩人。筆名 Thomas Little,
Thomas Brown the younger。

Sound the Loud Timbrel

Miriam's Song

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances." Exod. xv:20

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free!
Sing, — for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave, —
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed, — his people are free!

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)
Irish poet

自由人

William Cowper

他是自由人 — 真理使他自由，
在他以外都是奴隸。沒有任何鎖鍊
能捆綁他。地獄仇敵結伙想傷害他，
他掙落，像參孫掙落青繩般的輕易。
雖然，論起那些眼睛看得見的堂皇巨廈
也許真是貧窮；
他觀看自然的原野，
稱那些悅目的景物都是他自己的。
山峰是他的，深谷也屬他，
閃亮的河流也是他的。他享有
別人不能感受的自覺，
惟有他那種超然親密的自信，
向天舉起不自傲的眼睛，
含笑說：“我父造了這一切！”
他豈不是有特殊理由
強調他擁有這一切的權益？
他的眼中充滿神聖歡樂的淚，
他的心裏滿了讚美，他意想到就高興，
因那高貴不變的愛
經營建造世界，並且保持至今，
以美麗裝飾，為了背逆的人？
是的，你可收穫盈車的土產，

裝滿你的倉貯；你可以耗費貲財，
無意識的恣情逸樂；然而在宴樂中，
在追逐中，在歌舞中，總不能尋得
像他那種自由。他從來未曾
篡奪，也沒有虧負任何人，
他父造成的大自然是他的，
他可以有更多的權利支配你所有的。
他實在是自由人。生而自由，
在一個高貴的城裏，早就命定
在諸山未曾造成，泉源未曾開闢，
海洋還未曾湧出無數怒吼的波浪之前。
他的自由在任何情形下都是一樣，
不受變化的人生所影響 — 人生
滿了焦慮，不僅是
一天有一天的難處。
他有翅膀，無論疾病，痛苦，
或貧乏都不能限止；
雖然在狹隘拘困中，他仍能展翅，
自由，自在。迫害者捆綁他的
身體；卻不知道他
靈的寬廣，全不在意鎖鍊；
想拘禁他是枉然的 —
神喜悅他，住在他裏面。

庫樸(William Cowper, 1731-1800)英國詩人及聖詩作家。曾與紐屯牧師(John Newton)合作出版俄尼聖詩集(Olney Hymns)，一同致力於反奴運動，並領導英文詩歌普及化。

The Freeman

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confederate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature; and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valley his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, "My Father made them all!"
And they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eyes they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That planned and built, and still upholds, a world
So clothed with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes, ye may fill your garners, yet that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeached

Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city, planned o'er the hills
Were built, and the fountains opened, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in every state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Bring its own evil with it, makes it less.
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound; but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

William Cowper (1731-1800)
English poet and hymn writer

耶路撒冷

William Blake

那雙腳曾否在古時候
走在英格蘭的青山上？
是否那神聖潔的羔羊
曾出現在英格蘭可愛的草場？

曾否那神聖的面容
光照過我們雲掩的群峰？
耶路撒冷是否曾建造在
這些撒但黑暗的工廠當中？

拿來我燃燒的金弓！
拿來我熱望的箭！
拿來我的矛槍！噢雲霧，消散！
拿來我的戰車是火焰！

我絕不止息信仰的爭戰，
我不會讓我的劍在手中睡眠，
直到我建立耶路撒冷
在英格蘭青綠可愛的田園。

布萊克 (William Blake, 1757-1827) 英國詩人，藝術家。著有寓意詩多首，自己雕版並繪製著色插圖。

Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold!
Bring me my Arrows of desire!
Bring me my Spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake (1757-1827)
English poet

你徒然的為獲得而奔忙；
在我不是快跑的能得勝場；
經過長久忍耐痛苦遲延，
開你的眼睛必看見天父的臉；
不在此不在彼，現在你腳轉移，
你會發現祂一直在尋覓你；
但要用順服息滅你欲望的焚燒，
不論你在那裏你的父也必到。
看哪！日新又日新靈裏成長，
你內在的光能見到從前所隱藏；
直等到你自己有神的形像，
你仍然要穿著起初的衣裳，
當祂的手造就你到潔白光明，
你見祂萬有的主在受造者中。

維瑞 (Jones Very, 1813-1880) 美國詩人，評論家。

The Created

There is naught for thee by thy haste to gain;
'Tis not the swift with Me that win the race;
Through long endurance of delaying pain,
Thine opened eye shall see thy Father 's face;
Nor here nor there, where now thy feet would turn,
Thou wilt find Him who ever seeks for thee;
But let obedience quench desires that burn,
And where thou art, thy Father, too, will be.
Behold! as day by day the spirit grows,
Thou see'st by inward light things hid before;
Till what God is, thyself, his image shows;
And thou dost wear the robe that first thou wore,
When bright with radiance from His forming hand,
He saw thee Lord of all his creatures stand.

Jones Very (1813-1880)
American pietist poet

我們的主

John Greenleaf Whittier

我們不能攀登天般的高峻
去領主基督下臨；
徒然到最深的海底搜尋，
因為沒有深淵能淹沒神。

噢主我們萬有的大君！
我們任何的名字或位分，
我們當順從你指揮，聽你命令。
我們的生命由你測定。

噢屬天的葡萄樹伸展你的根，
在我們屬地的土裏，
是完全的人和完全的神，
最尊榮的神和人。

Our Master

We may not climb the heavenly steep
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deep,
For Him no depths can drown.

O Lord and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most Divine,
The flower of Man and God.

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)
American poet

在巴比倫河邊

George Gordon Byron

我們坐下哀哭在巴別水邊
追想過去的那一天
撒冷的高處作仇敵的獵物，
他們在任意殺戮叫喊，
你們，她不幸的女兒！
全都哭泣著遠離被趕散。

當我們悲哀的向河水注視
在腳下自由的奔流不息，
他們命令我們唱一只歌，
但噢，永不屈服讓外人勝利！
寧願這右手永遠枯乾，
也不會奏豎琴娛樂仇敵！

把我們的豎琴懸挂上垂柳，
噢，撒冷！它聽來該是自由；
當你榮耀終止的時候，

那表徵仍在我心存留：
當擄掠者的聲音在我身旁，
我永不調和柔美的韻奏！

By the Rivers of Babylon

We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,
Made Salem's high places his prey;
And Ye, oh her desolate daughters!
Were scattered all weeping away.

While sadly we gazed on the river
Which rolled on in freedom below,
They demanded the song; but, oh never

That triumph the Stranger shall know!
May this right hand be withered for ever,
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

On the willow that harp is suspended,
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;
And the hour when thy glories were ended
But let me that token of thee:
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended
With the voice of the Spoiler by me!

Lord George Gordon Byron (1788-1824)
English romantic poet

神啊，垂聽！ Ben Jonson

神啊，垂聽！
一顆破碎的心，
是我唯一奇珍：
到你動用你的杖
我才可以體驗

其中對我的愛憐。

如果你不是
嚴峻不溫柔，
任憑我自由，
我早就忘記你
也忘了我自己。

罪是那麼甘甜，
心念傾向惡
極難以悔過，
直等到遇見
受責罰的鞭。

人怎能別有所求
因為你
賜下你兒子
釋放罪奴自由
本來一無所有，
得贖享受萬有？

罪，死，和陰間，
祂榮耀的名
完全已得勝，
我依舊背叛，
全然看為輕。

但我要歸家，
不等到失喪
再遠離飄蕩，
在祂十架下
必可打勝仗。

Hear Me, O God!

Hear me, O God!
A broken Heart
Is my best part:
Use still Thy rod
That I may prove
Therein my love.

If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and Thee.

For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than Thou
That gav'st a son
To free a slave
First made of nought
With all since bought?

Sin, Death, and Hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under His cross.

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)
English playwright and poet

急渴少年的牧者 Clement of Alexandria

急渴少年的牧者，
以恩典和真理引領
經過分歧的路徑 —
基督，我們得勝的王，
我們歌頌你的名；
在此你的兒女來
向你貢獻讚頌。

你是我們的聖主，
征服一切的道，
治癒爭競成就和平；
你曾自己降卑
從罪惡羞辱的深淵
你能拯救我們這賤種
賜給我們生命。

常在我們身旁，
我們的引路者和良牧，
我們的詩歌和杖，
耶穌，你，神的基督，
用你永恒的道
領我們跟隨你的腳步，
使我們信心堅固。

革力免(Clement of Alexandria, c.150-215)是早期教會亞歷山大城的學者，愛哲學，對於 *Logos*(道)，領悟尤多。這首教會最古老的聖詩，就是以“道”為中心的默想。

Shepherd of Eager Youth

Shepherd of eager youth,
Guiding in love and truth
Through devious ways —
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing;
Hither Thy children bring
Tributes of praise.

Thou art our Holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase
That form sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race
And give us life.

Ever be near our side,
Our shepherd and our guide,
Our staff and song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy enduring Word

Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

Clement of Alexandria (c.170-c.215)

Trans. Henry Martyn (1821-1890)

基督徒的呼召 John Greenleaf Whittier

不是常有旋風猛烈
 像在可畏的何烈山，
不是常有焚燒荊棘的火焰
 向米甸牧人的先知顯現，
也不是那聲音莊嚴
 臨到以色列的先知詩人，
也不是分岔火焰的舌頭
 也不是恩賜會說可畏的語言 —

不常是有這些外表的記號
 烈火和聲音來自天上，
那神聖真理的信息
 那從神來的呼召下降！
在人的心中覺醒
 愛真實和公義，
熱心追尋基督徒的理想
 有力量去打基督徒的仗。

並不是限於男子漢的心房
 才有這種神聖的影響，
婦女的心也能感覺到
 超乎自己的溫暖歡狂！
像那女人為救主奔走
 在撒瑪利亞的井旁 —
像那些與熱誠的保羅
 跟謙和的亞居拉同工一樣；

或像那些謙和的人殉道
 成了羅馬聚觀的盛景；
或像那些在阿爾卑斯山的家鄉
 奮勇為十字軍戰爭，
當沃德的青巒，顫動，聽到，
 傳遍它死的幽谷，
使婦女們最後的殘息
 傾注出殉道者凱旋的歌聲。

輕柔的，藉著千般的事物
 在我們的心靈上經過，
像和風撫過了細的琴弦，

或像雲霧拂摸著草葉，
那樂音或是淡影，
留下奇異而新的記號，
對公義真實和恩慈的心靈
作出了輕柔的呼召。

噢，這樣，如果些微真理和亮光，
閃過你等候的心間，
人類的需要缺欠，
展示在你心靈的眼前；
如果，為世人的憂苦沉思，
是你真誠的心願，
不是為了你自己悲苦，
要使人歡樂緩釋重擔；

雖然全沒有可畏的預報，
也沒有外在的表現或記號；
雖然只有對裏面的耳朵，
細語輕柔而聲音微小；
雖然不可見，卻是從天上來，
降落，只像是嗎哪下飄，
像夜露無聲，要好好留意 —
你天父愛的呼召！

衛理爾(John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807-1892) 美國詩人，從早年自學，愛文學，是極為敬虔的 Quaker 傳道人，強烈反奴役的領袖。

The Call of the Christian

Not always as the whirlwind's rush
 On Herob's mount of fear,
Not always as the burning bush
 To Midian's shepherd seer,
Nor as the awful voice which came
 To Israel's prophet bards,
Nor as the tongues of cloven flame,
 Nor gift of fearful words, —

Not always thus, with outward sign
 Of fire or voice from Heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
 The call of God is given!
Awaking in the human heart
 Love for the true and right, —
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
 Strength for the Christian's fight.

Nor unto manhood's heart alone
 The holy influence steals:
Warm with a rapture not its own,
 The heart of woman feels!
As she who by Samaria's wall
 The Saviour's errand sought, —
As those who with the fervent Paul
 And meek Aquila wrought:

Or those meek ones whose martyrdom
 Rome's gathered grandeur saw:
Or those who in their Alpine home
 Braved the Crusader's war,
When the green Vaudois, trembling, heard,

Through all its vales of death,
The martyr's song of triumph poured
From woman's failing breath.

And gently, by a thousand things
Which o'er our spirit pass,
Like breezes o'er the harp's fine strings,
Or vapors o'er a glass,
Leaving their token strange and new
Of music or of shade,
The summons to the right and true
And merciful is made.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight
The wants of human-kind;
If, brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not thine own; —

Though heralded with naught of fear
Or outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low;
Though dropping, as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Noiseless as dew-fall, heed it well, —
Thy Father's call of love!

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)
American religious poet

化石成金

George Herbert

教導我，我主我王，
在所有的事上看見你，
不論我為了何事忙，
所作都是為了你。

不是像粗野的動物，
反應動作本然；
但仍使你預先宣言，
終究能使其完全。

人對著鏡子觀看，
他會定睛在其上，
若他願看透另一面，
他就能看見天堂。

凡事可與你同作，
無事可算為不屑，
如果存心“為主作”，
無不化為光明清潔。

僕人持守這原則
可化雜務為聖工：
清掃房間，無殊宣講聖經，
使房間和行動都純淨。

這是那有名的石頭
能把一切變為金；
因神所作並所有的
不能減損所言半分。

George Herbert(1593-1633)

注：據傳說：古時的術士能煉成“昇化石”(Elixir)，也稱為“The philosopher's stone”，能點石成金，又能使人長生不老。詩人以“有名的石頭”喻聖徒事奉觀念的轉變。

The Elixir

Teach Me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And that I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely as a beast,
To run into an action;
But still to make thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with his tincture, "For Thy sake,"
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drugery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

George Herbert (1593-1633)
English religious poet

活 水

Caroline Spencer

有些心像是水井，有青苔而且深
如常在夏天相遇；
他們的水冷冽——是的，冷冽而甘甜；——
但你必須來汲取。
他們不吝嗇囤積，但滿足安然，
不求也不會給予；
他們靜默守著不用的財富，
他們生活是自滿自足。

也有些如同泉水，潺潺流放
在多塵土的路旁，
有經過的行旅困倦流蕩，
就可以隨地作止渴的瓊漿；
從不去問草場是否需要，
他們總是樂於給予—
不必去求取，他們活是為別人生活
他們生活是自動施出。

有一位如同海洋，淵深浩渺，
是所有眾水的歸結；
環繞廣闊的大地，引導海潮，
流出而容納一切。
孕育著霧，也發出雲
收取，又復給予，
就是神偉大而慈愛的心，
所有的愛都從那裏生活流露。

司品賽(Caroline Spencer, b. 1850-)美國詩人。

Living Waters

There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
 As ever Summer saw;
And cool their water is,— yea, cool and sweet;—
 But you must come to draw.
They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
 And not unsought will give;
They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
 So self-contained they live.

And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
 To follow dusty ways,
And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
 Where the tired traveller strays;
That never ask the meadows if they want
 What is their joy to give;—
Unasked, their lives to other life they grant,
 So self-bestowed they live!

And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
 Within all waters fall;
That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
 Feeding and bearing all;
That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
 That takes, again to give;—
Even the great and loving heart of God,
 Whereby all love doth live.

Caroline Spencer (1850-)
American poet

噢你明亮的珍寶我掙扎企圖
要領悟你。你自己的話宣述
智慧甚高超越愚昧人所能及
我停止驚奇也不復去嘗試
探究你的高或測度你的深奧。
不過我的心啊不要沉入失望。
品德就在近旁並用柔和的手
現在要擁抱你，攀過你的頭。
有屬天生命的人樂與她談論，
尋求她，戀慕她應許的福分。
...陪伴我，品德，在我幼年的歲月！
噢，不要離我給現今虛幻的歡樂！
引導我腳步到永遠生命幸福。

菲莉絲·惠特禮 (Phillis Wheatley, 1753-1784) 為美國第一黑人女詩人。生於西
非洲，被擄賣到波斯頓，為 John Wheatley 夫人之女奴。十三歲即能詩，享有
盛名。嫁於獲自由之黑奴 John Peters，貧苦以終。

On Virtue

O thou bright jewel in my aim I strive
To comprehend thee. Thine own words declare
Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach
I cease to wonder and no more attempt
Thine height t' explore or fathom thy profound.
But O my soul sink not into despair.
Virtue is near thee and with a gentle hand
Would now embrace thee, hovers o'er thine head.
Fain would the heaven born soul with her converse,
Then seek, then court her for her promis'd bliss.
... Attend me Virtue, through my youthful years!
O leave me not to the false joys of time!
But guide my steps to endless life and bliss.

Phillis Wheatley (c. 1753-1784)
First African American woman poet

聖彼得 Christina Rossetti

聖彼得曾說：“主啊，你洗我的腳嗎？”——
我更加該說：“主啊，你久站
敲我緊閉的心門，比石頭更粗賤，
不配你的輕觸，關著且上了門，
全未經裝飾，也全然無可觀？
跳躍的野山羊嘲弄，鴉鳥棲宿在裏面。”
主啊，我聽見了雞叫，
卻沒有痛哭：噢，主啊，你都知道。
但我仍然聽見你叩門，我仍聽見：
“給我開門，看我眼對眼，
我就絞榨你的心，使它得純全；
並教導你愛，因我以你為寶貴
心靈通連與你同坐席歡筵
在榮耀裏與你同坐席，到永遠。”

基利斯婷·羅斯提(Christina Georgina Rossetti, 1830-1894)
英國意大利裔詩人，著有詩集及兒童詩歌多種。其父 Gabriele Pasquale Giuseppe
Rossetti，兄 Dante Gabriel, William 均為詩人，文藝批評家及畫家。

St Peter

St Peter once: "Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?"
Much more I say: "Lord, dost Thou stand and knock
At my closed heart more rugged than a rock,
Bolted and barred, for Thy soft touch unmeet,

Nor garnished nor in any wise made sweet?
Owls roost within and dancing satyrs mock.
Lord, I have heard the crowing of the cock
And have not wept: ah, Lord, Thou knowest it.
Yet still I hear Thee knocking, still I hear:
"Open to Me, look on Me eye to eye,
That I may wring thy heart and make it whole;
And teach thee love because I hold thee dear
And sup with thee in gladness soul with soul,
And sup with thee in glory by and by."

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894) English poet

牧人

William Blake

牧人甜美的事工多麼美甜，
他漫步著從早到晚：
他跟隨羊群整整一天
他的舌頭上滿了頌讚。

他聽到羊羔無邪的呼叫聲音。
也聽到母羊溫和的回應，
當他們平安時他注意留心，
他們也知道牧人就在比近。

The Shepherd

How sweet is the Shepherds sweet lot,
From the morn to the evening he strays:
He shall follow his sheep all the day
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs innocent call.
And he hears the ewes tender reply,
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

William Blake

牧童之歌

John Bunyan

那已經躺下的人，不必擔心跌倒；
那低微的人，沒有驕傲；
那謙卑的人總會
有神作他的引導。

我滿足於自己所有，
不論是多或是少；

主啊，知足的心是我所切要，
因為這樣的人你會拯救。

自滿真的是要自負，
在人生的旅途上擔重：
今生所有的少，來世蒙福，
最上好的豐富在永恒。

約翰·本仁 (John Bunyan, 1628-1688) 為英國獨立教會傳道人及作家。早年所受教育極為有限，曾加入清教徒軍隊，後為 Bedford 獨立教會傳道人。英王復辟後，因無執照講道兩度入獄，後被釋放。其著作六十餘種，其中 *天路歷程* (*Pilgrim's Progress*) 係獄中寫成，為聖經以外發行最多的書籍。

The Shepherd Boy's Song

He that is down, needs fear no fall;
 He is that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because thou savest such.

Fulness to such a burden is,
 That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

John Bunyan (1628-1688)
English Independent church preacher

他自知有翅膀

Victor Hugo

何必去管它，人生總是無定？
有甚麼關係壯志難成？
又何必計較你蹉跎並敗奔 --
我們豈不是各自有靈魂？
要像那鳥兒在柔弱的枝梢，
經不起它歡樂的跳躍；
雖然那細枝斷折了它仍歌唱 --
因為它知道自己有翅膀！

雨果 (Victor-Marie Hugo, 1802-1885) 法國詩人，劇作家，及小說家。早年的劇作克倫威爾 (*Cromwell*, 1827) 及 “序” 享有盛譽。繼以其小說悲慘世界 (*Les Misérables*, 1862) 著名。曾任國會議員。

He Knows He Has Wings

What matter it though life uncertain be
To all? What though its goal
Be never reached? What though it fall and flee —
Have we not each a soul?
Be like the bird that on a bough too frail
To bear him gaily swings;
He carols though the slender branches fail —

He knows he has wings!

Victor Hugo (1802-1885)

French novelist and poet

箭與歌

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

我向天空射一枝箭，
不知道著落在何地何方；
因箭飛行迅速不能看見
早已超越了我的眼光。

我向天空唱一支歌，
不知道飄落在何地何方；
因為誰有那麼銳利的眼光，
怎能夠追尋歌聲的飛揚？

過了許久，許久，在一棵橡樹
我找到那枝箭依舊完整；
那支歌從起頭到最後，
我又發現它在朋友的心中。

郎斐羅 (Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882) 美國語文學家
及教授，為當世最受歡迎的詩人。

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

人生的詩篇 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

-- 一個青年人向詩篇作者的心語

“生命要發出
向結局的挑戰，
當它來時，要說：朋友，歡迎見面！”

不要用悲觀的數字來跟我說，
人生不過是空虛的夢幻！--
因為睡了的人靈魂死亡，
萬物不是像外形一般。

生命是實在的！生命是真！
墳墓並不是人生的方針；
你本是塵土，仍要歸於塵土，
所說的並不是指靈魂。

不是悲哀，也不是貪歡，
那不是命定的結局或路線，
只要行動，每一個明日
都會發現我們更遠過今天。

生命的藝術長遠，時間短暫飛逝，
我們的心雖然勇壯，
依然敲著低沉的鼓聲
喪葬的行進走向墳場。

在世界廣闊的戰場，
在生命的營帳，
不要像靜默被趕著的牲畜！
要作英雄搏鬥前往！

將來不可知，無論如何歡暢！
讓已逝的過去埋葬它的死亡！
行動—行動在活著的現在！
心在胸腔內，神在你的頭上！
偉人的生命提醒你我
我們能使生命輝煌，
當離去的時候總要留下
腳印在時間的沙灘上；

腳印，或許有後來的人
在人生的巨洋裏遠航，
一個孤單船破的弟兄看見，
使他的心再度昂揚。

因此，我們要奮起行動，
全然不在意任何的環境，
學習工作，也學習等候，
仍然要奮進，仍然要成功。
--1838,1839

注：這首詩原載於郎斐羅夜間的聲音(Voice of the Night, 1839)
詩集，引句(引自英國詩人 Richard Crashaw)。

郎斐羅自己說到這首詩：“有一段時間，我把本詩的手稿保存著，不給任何人看；那是從情緒低沉中恢復的時候，我內心深處發生的聲音。”這是他妻子逝世後的經歷，對詩篇第九十篇的回應。在參讀詩篇第九十篇的時候，我們會發現另一種人生觀，郎斐羅似乎還沒有得著，雖然他是有盛名的語文學者。不過，激勵人振奮面對人生，還是正確的。

A Psalm of Life Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

What the Heart of the Young Man Said To the Psalmist

*"Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, 'friend.'"*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream! —
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! — life is earnest! —
And the grave is not its goal:
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destin'd end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act, — act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

1838,1839

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)
American poet and educator

暮霞

Sir Walter Scott

那朵朵的暮雲，那夕照的光輝，
絢爛的彩色，為要展示
對偉大造物主的讚美：
那稱為“人”的短命受造者，
生命不過手掌一般窄，
該向神敬拜。

我們常會讚美暮霞，
那麼鮮艷和雄偉的彩雲，
卻不常想到我們的神，
是祂把雲霞塗上黃金。

司可特 (Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832) 蘇格蘭詩人，戲劇，及小說家，歷史及傳記作家。

The Evening Clouds

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,

To Him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)
Scottish novelist and poet

在樹葉下

Albert Lighton

我時常走過這林蔭的小徑，
卻不曾早些知道
在那些枯葉的下面
最美麗的蓓蕾已在發萌。

今天的南風，掃除了
秋天威嚴的象徵，
顯露出野楊梅芳香的花朵——
春之兒女們，柔和而且潔淨。

啊，先知的花朵！——綻開的嘴唇，
你的美容勝過
珠光的海洋貝殼
信心和堅貞，你教導了我！

你像是在說，走在人生黑暗的路上，
有神的聖愛能先知道
在人看來只有敗葉枯黃，
神看是芬芳的花兒在成長。

萊屯 (Albert Loughton, 1829-1887) 美國律師及詩人。

Under The Leaves

Oft have I walked these woodland paths,
Without the blessed foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest buds were growing.

Today the south-wind sweeps away
The types of autumn's splendor,

And shows the sweet arbutus flowers,
Spring's children, pure and tender.

O prophet-flowers! — with lips of bloom,
Outvying in your beauty
The pearly tints of ocean shells,
Ye teach me faith and duty!

Walk life's dark ways, ye seem to say,
With love's divine foreknowing
That where man sees but withered leaves,
God sees sweet flowers growing.

Albert Laighton (1829-1887)

American attorney and verse writer

春天隨著冬天

Anne Bradstreet

春天來到隨著冬天已往
赤裸的樹木著上新葉的衣裳，

全黑的大地穿了綠色。
歡欣迎接著普照的陽光。

我的太陽回歸有醫治的翅膀，
我的靈魂和身體同時歡暢，
我的心昂揚讚美歌唱
因祂聽了我的哀聲和悲傷。

我的冬天已過，我的風暴消逝，
從前的烏雲現在也盡都逃避，
即使會再有重來的陰翳，
我將投奔我救援之地。

我有一庇護所可禦風暴，
蔭蔽處躲避那眩暈的熱潮，
我能夠進到祂的寶座，
祂是那位神偉大奇妙。

噢，你成就了我的旅程
美好，晴朗，而且愉快歡喜，
賜福我從幼年直到老年時，
流淚谷成為了泉源洋溢。

噢，我應當作的是殷勤敬虔
歡樂的盡責事奉在主面前：
所有我能給的原是你的
最多還不值一文小錢。

布萊斯翠 (Ann Bradstreet, c.1612-1672) 美國最早的女詩人。其夫 Simon 曾任新英格蘭總督。

As Spring the Winter

As spring the winter doth succeed
And leaves the naked trees do dress,
The earth all black is clothed in green.
At sunshine each their joy express.

My sun's return with healing wings,
My soul and body doth rejoice,
My heart exults and praises sings
To Him that heard my wailing voice.

My winter's past, my storms are gone,
And former clouds seem now all fled,
But if they must eclipse again,
I'll run where I was succored.

I have a shelter from the storm,
A shadow from the fainting heat,
I have access to His throne,
Who is a God so wondrous great.

O hath thou made my pilgrimage
Thus pleasant, fair, and good,
Blessed me in youth and elder age,
My Baca* made a springing flood.

O studious am what I shall do
To show my duty with delight;
All I can give is but thine own
And at most a simple mite.**

Ann Bradstreet (1612-1672)

Puritan writer and America's first poet

* Hebrew for "weeping"

** small sum

留守的牧人

Theodosia Garrison

在樂園裡的靈魂
並不是偉大也不是智慧，
但忠心的都有冠冕
每個人戴著無遜無愧。

我主人叫我在夜裡看守羊群：
我的責任是堅守。我不知道
同工們在那大光裡見到甚麼，
我不管那要他們去的語聲，
我不知道他們是發狂或是驚皇：
我只知道我守住。

山坡上像是著了火：我感覺
翅膀從我頭上面掃過：我跑去
看是否有甚麼危險驚嚇了我的羊群。
雖然我看到他們仍然在圈裡安臥，
雖然弟兄們哭泣又拉著我的衣袖，
我也不離開。

林中有盜賊，山上又有狼，

我的責任是留守。雖然有點怪，
我不想留住我的同伴，不願
要他們待著跟我一同看守。
我沒有聽見他們所順從的呼召：
 我只知道我守住。

也許天亮時他們就回來
報說伯利恒和他們去的原因。
我只知道獨自在這裡看守，
我知道一種奇異的滿足。
我沒有辜負那加在我身上的託付：
 我別無所求 -- 我守住。

蓋瑞生 (Theodosia Garrison, b. 1874) 美國詩人。

The Shepherd Who Stayed

There are in Paradise
Souls neither great nor wise,
Yet souls who wear no less
The crown of faithfulness.

My master bade me watch the flock by night;
My duty was to stay. I do not know
What thing my comrades saw in that great light,
I did not heed the words that bade them go,
I know not were they maddened or afraid;
 I only know I stayed.

The hillside seemed on fire; I felt the sweep
Of wings above my head; I ran to see
If any danger threatened these my sheep.
What though I found them folded quietly,

What though my brother wept and plucked my sleeve,
They were not mine to leave.

Thieves in the wood and wolves upon the hill,
My duty was to stay. Strange though it be,
I had no thought to hold my mates, no will
To bid them wait and keep the watch with me.
I had not heard that summons they obeyed;
I only know I stayed.

Perchance they will return upon the dawn
With word of Bethlehem and why they went
I only know that watching here alone,
I know a strange content.
I have not failed that trust upon me laid;
I ask no more—I stayed.

Theodosia Garrison (b.1874)
American poet

登 山

Christiana Rossetti (1830-1894)

是不是這彎曲的登山路一直這樣？

是的，一直到盡頭。

是不是這天的路程有整日那麼長？

從早晨到夜晚，我的朋友。

但是夜裡有沒有可以住宿的旅店？

當夜暗來臨時就有庇身安歇。

那黑夜會不會把它遮掩？

你總不能錯過那個旅舍。

在夜間我能否遇見別的旅人？
有許多過來人在你以前。
是否我見到就進去，或是得叩門？
絕不會讓你在門口久站。

是否能舒暢，旅途的疲弱創傷？
能夠使勞苦的人滿意。
我跟求宿的人都可以有眠床？
是的，所有來的人都得安息。

Up-Hill

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

Italian-born English poet

古談

Pyotr Ilich Tschaikovsky

童年的基督栽種了一個花園，
有許多的玫瑰開在裡面，
祂按時每天澆水三遍，
要為祂的頭髮作一個花圈。

到時候玫瑰花紛然綻放
祂叫孩童們進來一起觀賞：
他們把每一棵上的花都撕掉
使花園成為殘破荒涼。

“現在所有的玫瑰都已死了
你的花冠要怎樣來作？”
孩童基督說：“你忘了還有
玫瑰的刺是留下為我。”

他們用刺枝作成一個冠冕
又粗暴的戴在祂的頭上。
那本該戴玫瑰花冠的前額
竟然是血如花瓣滴淌。

柴可夫斯基 (Pyotr Ilich Tschaikovsky, 1840-1893) 俄國作曲家，
初習法律，任法學教授。1877 年以後，專從事作曲。

A Legend

Christ, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there,
He watered them three times a day,
To make a garland for his hair.

And when in time the roses bloomed
He called the children in to share;
They tore the flowers from every stem
And left the garden stript and bare.

"How wilt thou weave thyself a crown
Now that thy roses all are dead?"
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me," the Christ-child said.

They plaited then a crown of thorns
And laid it rudely on his head.
A garland for his forehead made
For roses drops of blood instead.

Pyotr Ilich Tschaikovsky (1840-1893)
Russian composer

馬利亞到她救主的墓 John Newton

馬利亞到她救主的墓
 匆忙的，在絕早的清晨；
她帶著極貴的香料—
 但她所愛的主已不在那裏。
她站在那裏哭泣
 因為她憂傷又驚奇，
眼淚，像洪水般的流著，
 眼淚是從心底湧起。

雖然不常看見主的形像，
 耶穌，時常在身旁，

祂來安慰頹喪的孩子，
親切的問她為何憂傷。
雖然她起初認不出主——
當主喚著她的名字，
所有的煩惱都忘記了，
發現耶穌仍然像從前一樣。

當她聽見主那可愛的聲音，
憂傷和嘆息忽然逃避；
她以為已死去的耶穌，
現在卻叫她的心歡喜。
祂的話叫黑暗變為白晝，
是何等改變的能力！
所有為耶穌流淚的，
祂要擦乾你所有的眼淚。

主曾來安慰憂傷的馬利亞，
當她以為一切盡都失落，
祂也會顯現來扶助你，
雖然現在你被風浪催迫；
你的心思注定在祂的愛上，
在祂的應許上把重擔交託；
哭泣不過是暫時的，
早晨就帶來喜樂。

紐屯 (John Newton, 1752-1807) 英國牧師，聖詩作家。早年曾從事販奴，悔改歸主後，致力反奴役。

Mary to Her Saviour's Tomb

Mary to her Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume, —
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For a while she weeping stood,
Struck with sorrow and surprise,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart supplied her eyes.

Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Comes his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved.
Though at first she knew him not,
When he called her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her
When she thought her all was lost
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tossed.
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

John Newton (1725-1807)

English non-conformist preacher and hymn writer

基督徒的 “晚安”

Sarah Doudney

安眠吧，親愛的！好好的安息；
把你的頭放在救主的胸懷裏；
我們愛你深，但耶穌最美善的愛你 —
晚安！晚安！晚安！

你平靜的睡去像嬰兒般的安眠，
但不再有勞苦哀泣也不再醒轉，
你完美的安息，深沉而且安全 —
晚安！晚安！晚安！

直等到陰影被驅出這地上；
直等到主最後將祂的禾捆收藏；
直等到幽暗成為清晨的光亮 —
晚安！晚安！晚安！

直等到復活的榮光照亮天際；
直等到在基督裏死的人復起；
祂將要再臨，不再是卑微的樣式 —
晚安！晚安！晚安！

直等到那神聖的愛賜給你榮光，
你將要變成主的榮耀形像，
祂要將精金的冠冕戴在你頭上 —
晚安！晚安！晚安！

不過是晚安，親愛的 — 不是分離
過不多久，祂所有的聖徒住在一起
神聖的聯合，雖然是沒有形體 —
晚安！晚安！晚安！

直等到我們在祂的寶座前再次聚集，
穿上主賜屬祂之人全然聖潔的白衣；
直等到有像主知道我們一樣的真知 —
晚安！晚安！晚安！

撒拉·道尼 (Sarah Doudney, 1843-1926) 英國作家。

The Christian's "Good-Night"

Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee best —
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep,
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep —
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until the shadows from this earth are cast;
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;
Until the twilight gloom be overpast —
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise;
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise —
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine —
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Only Good-night, beloved — not Farewell
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell

In hallowed union, indivisible —
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own;
Until we know even as we are known —
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

Sarah Doudney (1843-1926)
English writer

垂死的基督徒對他的靈魂 Alexander Pope

屬天火焰的生之火花！
離去，噢，脫離這必死的軀殼！
顫抖，希望，纏綿，飛逝，
噢！這痛苦，這死的福樂！
停息，愛生的本性，停息你的爭持，
讓我消萎進入生命裡！

聽啊！他們在輕語：天使們說，
靈魂姐妹，離開吧！
是甚麼完全吞沒了我？
取去了我的官感，關閉了我的視象，
淹沒了我的心靈，吸竭了我的氣息？
告訴我，我的靈魂，難道這就是死亡？

世界退去了：它消逝了！
天堂展現在我眼前！我的雙耳

聽到撒拉弗的聲響！
借我，借你的翅膀！我乘駕！我飛翔！
墳墓啊！你得勝的權勢在哪裡？
死亡啊！你的毒鉤在哪裡？

坡樸 (Alexander Pope, 1688-1744) 英國詩人，擅諷刺詩。幼年生病致發育不正常，體弱，但寫作甚多，並翻譯荷馬(Homer)史詩。

The Dying Christian to His Soul

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?*

*The last two lines are from I Corinthians, 15:55

Alexander Pope (1688-1744)
English poet and satirist

從深沉的幽暗中

John Keats

像從深沉的幽暗中一隻銀色的鴿子
衝上去，射入東方的光明，
搨動的雙翼上負載著歡樂滿盈，
你的靈魂也是這樣飛入天庭，
那裡是永遠的愛與和平；
在那裡，快樂的靈魂戴著冠冕嵌鑲
著星的光芒，榮耀輝煌，
享至高的喜樂只有蒙福的人得嘗。

你或參加那不朽的詩班歌唱
用天上榮美的旋律
充滿至高的賜福，或隨
全能天父的意欲，穿越天空
傳送神的聖諭--喜樂無可言喻
為何讓憂傷損害我們的歡愉？

濟慈 (John Keats, 1795-1821) 英國浪漫詩人。習醫但從未執業。
因病往意大利，逝於羅馬。

As From the Darkening Gloom*

As from the darkening gloom a silver dove
Upsoars, and darts into the Eastern light,
On pinions that naught moves but pure delight,
So fled thy soul into the realms above,
Regions of peace and everlasting love;
Where happy spirits, crown'd with circlets bright
Of starry beam, and gloriously bedight,**
Taste the high joy none but the blest can prove.
There thou or joinest the immortal quire
In melodies that even Heaven fair
Fill with superior bliss, or, at desire
Of the omnipotent Father, cleavest the air
On holy message sent—What pleasure's higher
Wherefore does any grief our joy impair?

John Keats (1795-1821)
English romantic poet

* A sonnet written upon the death of the poet's grandmother in 1814.
** arrayed

更美的復活 Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)

我沒有才思，沒有言語，沒有淚流：

我的心在裡面像一塊石頭

過分的麻木以至失卻希望或畏懼。

右盼，左顧，我孤獨的居住：

我舉目，但因憂傷而迷茫的眼

看不見那永恒的山：

我的生命像一片落葉飄零：

耶穌啊，甦醒我。

我的生命像枯葉凋敝，

我的成就只落得糠粃：

我的生命真是虛空而短暫

在空漠的黃昏乏味黯淡：

我的生命像結冰之物，

看不到蓓蕾或新綠：

但仍然要復起--春天的漿汁：

耶穌啊，在裡面興起我。

我的生命像破碎的器皿，

破碎的器皿全然不能盛容

一滴涼水滋潤我的靈魂

或一滴醇酒驅除刺骨寒冷：

把這敗壞的東西丟進火裡：

鎔化，再復鑄造，直至成為

我君王，祂的御杯：

耶穌啊，傾飲我。

A Better Resurrection

I have no wit, no words, no tears;
My heart within me like a stone
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears.
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but dimmed with grief
No everlasting hills I see;
My life is in the falling leaf
O Jesus quicken me.

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk:
Truly my life is void and brief
And tedious in the barren dusk;
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud or greenness can I see;
Yet rise it shall--the sap of Spring;
O Jesus rise in me.

My life is like a broken bowl,
A broken bowl that cannot hold
One drop of water for my soul
Or cordial in the searching cold;
Cast in the fire the perished thing;
Melt and remold it, till it be
A royal cup for Him, my King:
O Jesus drink of me.

Christina Rossetti (1830-1894)
Italian-born poet

聖書

Henry Vaughan

永恒的上帝！創造一切
生活在這裏，為墮落的人；
萬古磐石！在你蔭下
茫茫眾生繁長又消逝。
你早已認識這紙，當它
僅是種子，以後發長成草；
它用不著穿衣，也不紡線，
卻作成細麻布，給人蔽體；
你知道他們的生命，思想行動舉止
或是好麥子，或是稗子不結實。

你早已認識這樹，還在綠蔭下
被覆庇，使它成為蔭庇。
他滋生，發展，長起，
像是永存不會死。

你早已認識這無害的牲畜，

照你的定旨生活飲食，
吃各樣的青物；然後飽足眠息，
它穿過的毛皮，現在鋪展開，
成了這古老書帙的外衣。
這使我慧悟哭泣，看到
灰塵的自己；只不過是灰塵，
論乾淨還不能與灰塵相比。
你早已認識，已看見這一切，
還未成形前，你已認識我們現在的體質。

噢，全知，榮耀的靈！
你使樹木牲畜更新，使人復起，
你叫萬事復興，
卻只毀滅痛苦和死，
那些愛你，尋求你面的，
為你工作的必蒙賞賜！

* 詩中的變體字，是詩人所加，認為出自聖經，有關救恩。

The Book

Eternal God! Maker of all
That have lived here, since the man's fall;
The Rock of ages! in whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade.
Thou knew'st this *paper*, when it was
Mere *seed*, and after that but *grass*;
Before 'twas *drest* or *spun*, and when
Made *linen*, who did *wear* it then:
What were their lives, their thoughts and deeds
Whether good *corn*, or fruitless *weeds*.

Thou knew'st this *Tree*, when a green *shade*
Covered it, since a *Cover* made,
And where it flourished, grew and spread,
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless *beast*, when he
Did live and feed by thy decree
On each green thing; then slept (well fed)
Clothed with this *skin*, which now lies spread
A *Covering* o'er this aged book,
Which makes me wisely weep and look
On my own dust; mere dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all and though
Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts and men,
When thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying only death and pain,
Give him amongst thy works a place,
Who in them loved and sought thy face!

Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)
English religious poet

熱誠者的朝聖旅程

給我朝聖路程行盡*的寧靜，
信心作我行路的杖，
我喜樂的袋囊，永生的糧，
我榮耀的衣裳，盼望的真計程儀，

這樣，登上我朝聖的旅程前往。

血是我身體的藥油。
此外沒有別的可以療傷
我的靈魂像白衣的朝聖者，
行進步向天堂，
經過銀色的山嶺，
那裏有美好的泉源蘊藏；
在那裏我要傾飲
盈罌的蒙福瓊漿，
我要舀滿永遠的豐盛
在每一座流奶的山岡
但我的靈魂仍然渴想，
此後，那永不再渴的境況。

我還要看到更多的旅者
在這喜樂蒙福的路上，
他們要褪下塵土的外衣
穿上像我一樣清新的衣裳。
首先我要帶他們
去滿足他們的乾渴，
然後去啜飲那瓊漿
滿有甜美芬芳，
聖徒們用水晶容器汲取
在那澄清的井旁。

當我們的皮袋和全人
全都變成了不朽壤；
我們所要行走的聖路，
厚鋪著紅寶石如同石塊，

用藍寶石鋪地，鑽石是頂蓋，
珊瑚為高牆，珍珠作居住的所在。

從那裏進到天上無私的殿堂
沒有腐敗的聲音在喧嚷爭執，
良知不會鎔化成黃金，
也沒有偽證和控告者的買賣交易，
沒有延遲受理，沒有枉費的奔走，
因為基督是君王的律師：
祂不分貴賤，為所有的人辯訴，
只是沒有費用，惟有天使。**

當那一千二百萬的大陪審團
對我們惡極的罪怒如烈火，
對我們污黑的靈魂判罪定讞，
基督用祂的死抗辯，使我們得活。
你是我的代言者，無玷污的辯護者，
釋脫的律師，真正的上訴者，
並不像律師們伸出索賄的手掌，
你完全白白賜下救恩作為施捨。

向那位創造天地和海洋的主，
這是我永遠的訴求：
看我血肉之軀即將要死去，
明午我頂上就沒有飲食的人頭，
只要斧一砍下去我的頸血橫濺
就使我的靈魂連於永遠的元首。
我，就要成為朝聖者，如聖經
所記踏上蒙福路程行走。
死亡和審判，天堂和地獄，

那時常思念的，也必須善其終。

* scallop shell 指從前完成朝聖旅程的人，戴有海扇殼為標識。

** angel, 是雙關語，意思為“天使”，也是“銀錢”。

饒烈 (Sir Walter Raleigh, or Raleigh, 1554-1618) 英國航海家，史學家，詩人。於 1584 年，航至北美洲東岸，今弗羅里達及北加洛林納州，引進甘藷及菸草至英國及愛爾蘭。1618 年被斬首。此詩作於就刑不久之前。

The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet:
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gauge,
And thus I'll make my pilgrimage!

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul like a white palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains
Where spring the nectar fountains.
And there I'll kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink mine eternal fill
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after, it will ne'er thirst more.

Then by the happy, blissful day
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,

That have cast off their rags of clay,
And walk apparelled fresh like me.
I'll take them first
To quench their thirst,
And taste of nectar's suckets
As those clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are filled with immortality,
Then the blest paths we'll travel,
Strewed with rubies thick as gravel, —
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless hall
Where no corrupted voices brawl;
No conscience molten into gold,
No forg'd accuser, bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's attorney:
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels,* but no fees;

When the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins with direful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
Thou giv'st salvation even for alms, —
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.

And this is my eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
That since my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set my soul an everlasting head:
Then am I, like a palmer, fit
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.
Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

* a pun on the "angel-noble", an Elizabethan coin.

Sir Walter Raleigh (c. 1552-1618)
English explorer, adventurer, and advisor to Queen Elizabeth I

神的國

Francis Thompson

噢，不可見的世界，我們看見你，
噢，不可觸及的世界，我們摸著你，
噢，不可知的世界，我們認識你，
不可捉摸的，我們擁有你！

是否魚升騰去找尋海洋，
大鷹俯衝去找尋空氣，
我們問運行的星群
曾否聽到傳聞你在哪裏？

不是在轉動的系統變成黑暗，
我們麻木的想像力升騰！ —
我們會聽到那翅膀的聲音，
搏擊我們門戶的塵封。

天使們保守他們古舊的本位 —
石頭轉變發生羽翼！
那是你們，是你們陌生的面孔
迷失那許多絢麗的東西。

但是 (當悲哀到不能再悲哀時)
哀哭 — 為那麼慘重的損失
會照亮從天堂到殘破的十字架
雅各那來往的天梯。

是的，在夜間，我的靈魂，我女兒，
哀哭 — 抓緊天堂的衣襟；
看哪，基督在水面上行走，
不在革尼撒勒湖，卻是在泰晤士！

1908

湯樸生 (Francis Thompson, 1859-1907) 英國詩人及文藝評論家。於窮困中，
其第一首詩寫於製靴店中，後聲譽漸著，時人譽為絕世之才。

The Kingdom of God

Francis Thompson

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air —

That we ask the stars in motion
If they have rumor of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars! —
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places —
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendored thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry — and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Genesareth, but Thames!

1908

Francis Thompson (1859-1907)

English poet

作者：于中旻
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