

# 頌詩譯選

## POEMS & HYMNS

II

### 目錄

神顯赫的榮耀光輝.Splendour of God's Glory: St. Ambrosius  
你是我異象.Be Thou My Vision: Irish Hymn  
耶穌你前導.Jesus, Lead Thou On: Nicolaus von Zinzendorf  
清教徒移民登陸.Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers: Felicia D. Hemans  
新巨像.The New Colossus: Emma Lazarus  
百周年頌.Centennial Hymn: John G. Whittier  
亞伯拉罕林肯.Abraham Lincoln: Samuel V. Cole  
布魯斯和蜘蛛.Bruce and the Spider: Bernard Barton  
曲終人散.Recessional: Rudyard Kipling  
敖茲曼帝亞.Ozymandias: Percy B. Shelly  
古列王陵墓.The Tomb of Cyrus: Anonymous  
西拿基立的毀滅.The Destruction of Sennacherrib: George G. Byron  
大地和祭壇的神.God of Earth and Altar: G.K. Chesterton  
我靈歌頌天上王.Praise, My Soul, The King of Heaven: Henry F. Lyte  
永恒的主讚美都歸於你.All Praise to Thee, Eternal Lord: Martin Luther  
從天降世.From Heaven Above to Earth I Come: Martin Luther  
倫敦教堂.A London Church: Richard M.M. Houghton  
威特腓.Whitefield: William Cowper  
無信仰者得勢.The Triumph of Infidelity: Timothy Dwight  
西西里王羅波.King Robert of Sicily: Henry W. Longfellow  
失落的領袖.The Lost Leader: Robert Browning  
我家失火.Upon The Burning of Our House: Anne Bradstreet  
當我思量.On His Blindness: John Milton  
十字架下.Under The Cross: W.C.R.  
忍耐天使.The Angel of Patience: John G. Whittier  
教會音樂.Church Music: George Herbert  
聖誕鐘聲.Christmas Bells: Henry W. Longfellow  
靈魂與肉體.Body and Soul: William Shakespeare  
傳揚福音.Preaching the Gospel: Richard Baxter  
鄉村鐵匠.The Village Blacksmith: Henry W. Longfellow  
喜樂的人生.The Character of A Happy Life: Henry Wotton  
主啊·用不著我擔心.Lord, It Belongs Not to My Care: Richard Baxter  
我若能關上那道門.If I Could Shut the Gate: Anonymous  
夜的頌詩.Hymn to the Night: Henry W. Longfellow  
黑暗中的亮光.Light Shining out of Darkness: William Cowper  
何如今夜是世界盡頭.What If this Present were the World's Last Night: John Donne  
死亡·你不要驕狂.Death, Be Not Proud: John Donne  
基督復活升天.Christ's Resurrection and Ascension: Philip Doddridge  
越過沙洲.Crossing the Bar: Alfred Tennyson

殉道者.The Martyr's Hymn: Martin Luther  
靠賴你的恩典慈憐.For Thy Mercy and Thy Grace: Henry Downton  
醒起·我的靈魂.Awake, My Soul: Thomas Ken  
我的神·榮耀歸於你.Glory to Thee, My God, this Night: Thomas Ken  
戰鬥的教會.The Church Militant: George Herbert

## 神顯赫的榮耀光輝 St. Ambrosius

啊·神顯赫的榮耀光輝·  
啊·你最光亮的光·  
啊·你眾光之光·光的永生泉源·  
啊·永恒的白晝照顯。

啊·你是真太陽·你的視線  
帶著尊貴的恩眷；  
聖靈使人成聖的光流注  
潔淨我們的感官。

天父·垂聽我們的禱告懇求·  
榮耀的天父直到永遠；  
所有能力和恩典的父·  
祛除我們對罪的流連。

引導我們的行動高尚·  
用愛心征服一切妒忌·  
使所有的困苦成為順利·

賜我們恩典能忍受橫逆。

安波羅修 (St. Ambrosius, 339-397) 拉丁教父。出身羅馬世家，曾任意大利北部總督。374 年，因教會有爭議，他以地方首長前往處理，被信徒公舉為米蘭 (Milan) 主教。他知是出於神的呼召；惟僅為慕道學道者，隨於七天內先受洗而就任主教。他極力反對容忍異教，主張教會高於政治。因皇帝 Theodosius 允許軍隊屠殺帖撒羅尼迦人民的錯誤，雖然立即後悔，但命令已經執行，悔不能改，大錯鑄成。安波羅修即拒絕他進入教堂，直到皇帝當眾公開懺悔，也恢復友誼，皇帝對他極為敬重，臨終時死在他的臂抱中，安波羅修主教並為他主持葬禮。

## Splendour of God's Glory Light

O splendour of God's Glory light,  
O Thou that brightest light from light,  
O Light of light, light's living spring,  
O Day all days illumining.

O Thou true Sun, on us Thy glance  
Let fall in royal radiance;  
The Spirit's sanctifying beam  
Upon our earthly senses stream.

The Father, too, our prayers implore,  
Father of glory evermore;  
The Father of all grace and might,  
To banish sin from our delight.

To guide whate'er we nobly go,  
With love all envy to subdue,  
To make ill fortune turn to fair,  
And give us grace our wrongs to bear.

St. Ambrosius (339-397)  
Bishop of Milan  
trans. Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)

你是我異象      Irish Hymn (Columba of Donegal ?)

我心靈的主，你是我異象；  
你是我一切，再別無指望——  
日夜所思念，都在你身上，  
或醒或睡眠，你是我真光。

你是我真道，你是我智慧；  
主與我同在，我願常伴隨；  
你是我天父，我是真兒子，

你住我裏面，我同你合一。

財富非我求，虛譽非我願，  
你是我基業，從今到永遠，  
我心惟有主，願主居首位，  
天上至高王，你是我至寶。

主是我得勝，至高天上王，  
屬天的喜樂，光明的太陽！  
我心的中心，不論何境遇，  
我終身君王，永是我異象。

## Be Thou My Vision

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;  
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art —  
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;  
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;  
Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son,  
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,  
Thou my inheritance, now and always;  
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,  
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,  
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

Irish hymn (eighth century)  
trans. Mary Elizabeth Byrne (1880-1931)

耶穌，你前導  
直到得著安息；  
雖然道路沒有歡樂，  
我必安然無懼跟隨到底：  
用你的手引導  
到我們父家之地。

如果道路陰沉，  
如果仇敵逼近，  
莫使不信懼怕勝過我們；  
莫使信心盼望離開我們；  
因為經歷許多艱難  
我們向父家前進。

當在長久憂苦中，  
我們想尋求安慰；  
當遇到試探來引誘，  
使我們能堅忍不退；  
顯示給我們那光明的岸  
在那裏不再有眼淚。

耶穌，你為前導，  
直到得著安息。  
天國的領導，仍然指引我們，  
仍然支持，管理，保守我們，  
直到我們安然站立  
在我們父家之地。

國 森欽道夫(Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, Graf. 1700-1760) 德

勳爵世家，近代莫拉維弟兄會(Moravian Brethren)主要領袖。以其祖業為教會公用；曾一度被放逐，在英國，荷蘭，及美國賓塞維尼亞等地設立教會。

## Jesus, Lead Thou On

Jesus, Lead Thou on  
Till our rest is won;  
And although the way be cheerless,  
We will follow calm and fearless:  
Guide us by Thy hand  
To our fatherland.

If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us;  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
For through many a woe  
To our home we go.

When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief;  
When temptations come alluring,  
Make us patient and enduring;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

Jesus, lead Thou on  
Till our rest is won.  
Heav'nly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, control, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our fatherland.

Nicolaus von Zinzendorf (1700-1760)  
Moravian church & mission leader  
trans. Jane Laurie Borthwick (1813-1897)



清教徒移民登陸 Felicia Dorothea Hemans

蒼涼多石的海岸上，  
激濺著飛揚的碎浪，  
陰沉風暴的天空下，  
樹木巨大的枝柯在搖蕩；

黑沉沉的夜暗低懸，  
覆蓋著山頭和水邊，  
負載著流浪者的小船，  
碇泊在新英格蘭荒涼的海岸。

不是要作征服者，  
他們帶著真誠的心；  
不曾打著激揚的戰鼓，  
也沒有號角吹起聲威遠聞；

他們不是逃亡飄泊，  
心懷者懼怕畏怯靜默——  
他們用歡樂昂揚的詩歌  
震撼著沉鬱的荒漠。

在風浪中他們歌唱，  
超越了海濤達到了群星；  
幽暗的林徑也發出迴響  
應和著自由的歌聲。

雄鷹離巢凌空直上  
海洋綻開白色的浪花；  
樹林搖舞松風呼嘯——  
是在歡迎他們到家。

在那群移民者當中  
有些人已經是鬚髮斑白；  
是甚麼使他們離開童年的故土，  
到這遙遠的異鄉來？

那裏一位婦女無畏的眼睛，  
閃耀著對真理的深愛；  
那裏有男子高貴的眉宇間，  
顯示青年燃燒的壯懷。

他們何所尋求來自遠方？  
是為閃耀珍寶的礦藏？  
是海上的豐富或戰爭的掠物報賞？  
他們是尋求純潔信仰的殿堂。

是的，他們的腳剛一上陸，  
就稱這裏為聖地；  
他們不願被沾染，而現在  
尋得了敬拜上主的自由。

\* 1620年十一月二十日，首批英國清教徒移民搭乘“五月花”號(Mayflower)抵達美洲東海岸；稱這地方為Plymouth，在今麻薩諸塞州。以後，為了記念先民登陸，定為感恩節。

菲莉雪·海門斯(Felicia Dorothea *nee* Browne, Hemans,1793-1835)  
英國詩人。

## Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers

The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods against a stormy sky  
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and waters o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted came;  
Nor with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear —  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of loft cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam;  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—  
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band:  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land.

There was a woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,  
The soil where they first trod;  
They have left unstained what there they found —  
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835)  
English poet

新巨像：自由頌      Emma Lazarus

不同於那有名的偉大希臘銅像，  
伸展著征服的膀臂達到各方；  
在我們海浪沖濺的海口，對著夕陽  
一個強壯的女人舉著火炬發光  
火焰是收蓄的閃電，她的名字是  
被放逐者的娘。從她照引的手  
向普世放出歡迎的光芒；她慈祥  
的望著那長橋聯結著雙城形成的巨港。

“古老的土地，保留你們固有的堂皇！”  
她靜默的嘴唇喊著。“給我你的疲乏，貧民，  
你壅擠的群眾渴求呼吸自由舒暢，  
你可憐的賤民在滿集的岸上。

把這些無家的，風浪飄蕩的人給我。  
我擎著燈站在這金門！ ”

提起美國，有三個形像可以代表：紐約港口巍然屹立高舉火炬的自由巨像，展翅的飛鷹，和瘦削精明的生意人山姆叔。是美國的三面性型：宗教，武力，金錢(God, Gold, Glory)也正是 “發現時代” 的精神具型。其中只有自由巨像是實際存在的塑像。建立巨像是世界上文明古國都有的傳統。希臘羅德島上，有銅鑄的太陽神像，高逾一百呎，稱為世界七奇之一。美國南北戰爭之後，法國歷史家 Edouard de Laboulaye 發起，由法國的民間集資，經巴黎愛弗勒高塔的 Alexandre-Gustave Eiffel 設計，經雕塑家 Frederic Auguste Bartholdi 建造，於 1885 年完成，運來美國。像高 151 呎 1 吋，連座高約 305 呎，在 1886 年立於紐約港口移民入境經過的 Eliis 島上。在像座的銅牌上，刻著艾瑪.拉撒路 “新巨像” 詩的末五句。

美國女詩人艾瑪.拉撒路 (Emma Lazarus) 紐約人，於 1883 年，寫了 “新巨像” 詩，表達對美國收容難民慈愛精神信仰與頌讚。如果說：“一幅圖像勝過千言萬語”，在這裡，我們看見了寥寥幾行詩句，給巍然巨像注入了靈魂：這靈魂，是基督教精神的具體表現。只有認識基督真理，才可以引人進入真理的光中。

艾瑪.拉撒路 (Emma Lazarus, 1849-1887) 美國詩人，論文作家，慈善家。為援助受迫害的猶太人，組織救濟團體。

## The New Colossus          Emma Lazarus

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beaconed-hand  
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she  
With silent lips. “Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.  
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me.  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

Emma Lazarus (1849-1887)  
American poet

## 百周年頌

John Greenleaf Whittier

我們今天聚集自由合一，  
忠誠於神和我們的土地。

感謝你一個世紀已完畢，  
信靠你另一個世紀開始。

噢，使我們將來長久世紀，  
和平且安全，強盛而公義，  
從你恩賜的自由能得以  
保衛你所立公義的法律：  
並且鑄成更神聖的型範，  
使新的年歲更勝於從前！

## Centennial Hymn

We meet today, united free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one.

O make Thou us, through centuries long,  
In peace secure, in justice strong;  
Around our gift of freedom draw  
The safeguards of Thy righteous law:  
And, cast in some diviner mould,  
Let the new cycle shame the old!

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)  
American poet

亞伯拉罕·林肯 Samuel Valentine Cole

這人從哪裡來？像風的翅膀  
從神那裡吹降！  
他昂然在將領和君王中間來往  
他未曾學過，卻自己知道  
他是邦國之子，或受命自天上？  
啊！請說，或者他二者都是！  
當風雲聚集，人們何嘗夢想，  
他是怎樣的人，又將成就怎樣！

當希望的燈光在搖曳，或幾乎  
要被狂怒的暴風吹熄，  
他從那在上永不衰殘  
更大的光取得光輝：  
神引導他在許多患難危險中間  
達成榮美的目標  
他勇往直前，不畏懼 -- 這堅強  
神賜的，英勇的大丈夫！

現在我們知道他的職任何等高貴，  
他的遠象又是何等清新！  
無比堅強的手，最仁慈的心  
在眾人之中 -- 這人中的巨人！  
權力的驕傲或自私的慾望  
他絲毫沒有這樣卑污存心，  
他的自我全消失在大我裡  
為了他的國家和全人群。

有些人可以稱為偉大或良善  
但在這長長的名單裡面，  
不會有幾個像他一般  
能夠偉大和良善兼全。



持守他的那國家大大蒙福  
他不會全然死亡，  
他不息的給予智慧和激勵，  
經歷危難的日子久長！

當號角的聲音已經停止，  
旌旗也已經被捲起，  
征戰和威風都已被忘記，  
當知還有審判的日子，  
不論誰何，在那大浪潮中，  
會沈沒並全然流逝，  
那些對自己靈魂真實的靈魂，  
將永遠的前進不息！

也有些像這樣的人，也曾計畫，  
我們卻永不會再看見：  
但願神給我們的土地上有更多  
如他那樣的真實和簡單 --  
他眉宇間有王的印記，  
卻像平常人生活行動：  
他在世是眾人中的一人，  
現在已屬於永恆！

寇勒 (Samuel Valentine Cole, 1851-1925) 美國詩人。

## Abraham Lincoln

Whence came this man? As if on the wings  
Of the winds of God that blew!  
He moved, undaunted, mid captians and kings,

And, not having learned, he knew I  
Was he son of the soil, or child of the sky?  
Or, pray, was he both? Ah me!  
How little they dreamed, as the storm rolled high,  
What he was, and was to be!

When trembled the lamps of hopes, or quite  
Blew out in that furious gale,  
He drew his light from the Larger Light  
Above him that did not fail:  
Heaven-led all trials and perils among,  
As unto some splendid goal  
He fared right onward, unflinching—this strong  
God-gifted, heroic soul!

We know him now how noble his part,  
And how clear was his vision then!  
With the firmest hand and the kindest heart  
Of them all—this master of men!  
Of the pride of power or the lust of self,  
Oh never a taint we find:  
He lost himself in the larger self  
Of his country and all mankind.

There are those called great, or good, by right  
But as long as the long roll is,  
Not many the names, with the double light  
Of greatness and goodness like his.  
Thrice happy the nation that holds him dear  
Who never can wholly die,  
Never cease to bestow of his counsel and cheer,  
As the perilous years go by!

For after the trumpets have ceased to blow,  
And the banners are folded away,  
And the stress and the splendor forgotten, we know,  
Of a truth, in that judgment day,  
That whatsoever else, in the Stream that rolls,  
May sink and be utterly gone,  
The souls of the men who were true to their souls  
Forever go marching on!

There are those whose like, it was somehow planned,  
We never again shall see;  
But I would to God there were more in the land  
As true and as simple as he,—  
As he who walked in our common ways,  
With the seal of a king on his brow;  
Who lived as a man among men his days,  
And belongs to the ages now!

Samuel Valentine Cole (1851-1925)  
American poet

## 布魯斯和蜘蛛

Bernard Barton

為了蘇格蘭的自由和權利，  
布魯斯曾經盡心致力，  
連續五次在戰場搏擊，  
也一連五次失意敗績；  
再一次的進戰英軍，  
結果仍然不如意  
他的部眾又再潰奔；  
從戰場退下來，筋疲力盡，  
成了無家可歸的孤單逃犯  
在一個棚下躲避棲身。

想要爭取寶座的他  
竟然落到這淒涼的地方：  
他沒有華美的寶蓋，  
有的僅是粗陋的屋梁；  
草鋪的條椅是他唯一的床，—  
但即使那是天鵝絨的臥榻  
他也難以進入夢鄉！  
從暗夜到清晨的曙光，  
為蘇格蘭和她的王權  
他躺在那裏難眠沉想。

東方升起了光明的太陽，  
微光照著那不堪的眠床，  
照著那支持低矮屋頂  
粗陋不成樣子的屋梁。  
抬起憂思的眼睛上望，  
布魯斯看見一隻蜘蛛，  
試圖用柔細的絲結網  
從小屋的梁往那梁上盪；  
那昆蟲盡力的奔忙  
啟導著蘇格蘭未來的王。

那思慮周詳的蜘蛛  
一連六次投出纖細的絲；  
那細線飛盪乏力  
或是迷失目標不濟  
六次都失敗了，卻不放棄  
那忍耐的昆蟲繼續堅持，  
絕不能動搖它的意志；  
不久，當布魯斯急切的注視，  
看到它準備再一次的嘗試，  
盡它的勇氣，力量，和戰技。

再努力，第七次，最後一次！  
那英雄讚揚它的表現！  
在它所想望的梁上，  
繫緊了那蛛絲的細線；  
雖然是微弱，卻激起他的靈感  
使他思想，不僅僅是吉兆，  
這功課實在是恰好，  
明顯不過任誰都能讀得到：  
堅毅者終必獲得酬報  
忍耐贏得了賽跑。

巴屯 (Bernard Barton, 1784-1849) 英國詩人。

## Bruce and the Spider

For Scotland's and for freedom's right  
The Bruce his part had played,  
In five successive fields of fight  
Been conquered and dismayed;  
Once more against the English host  
His band he led, and once more lost  
The meed for which he fought;  
And now from battle, faint and worn,  
The homeless fugitive forlorn  
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place  
For him who claimed a throne:  
His canopy, devoid of grace,  
The rude, rough beams alone;  
The heather couch his only bed, —  
Yet well I ween had slumber fled  
From couch of eider-down!  
Through darksome night till dawn of day,  
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay  
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam  
Fell on that hapless bed,  
And tinged with light each shapeless beam  
Which roofed the lowly shed;  
When, looking up with wistful eye,  
The Bruce beheld a spider try  
His filmy thread to fling  
From beam to beam of that rude cot;  
And well the insect's toilsome lot  
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread  
The wary spider threw;

In vain the filmy line was sped,  
For powerless or untrue  
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled  
The patient insect, six times foiled,  
And yet unconquered still;  
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,  
Saw him prepare once more to try  
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last!  
The hero hailed the sign!  
And on the wished-for beam hung fast  
That slender, silken line;  
Slight as it was, his spirit caught  
The more than omen, for his thought  
The lesson well could trace,  
Which even "he who runs may read,"  
That Perseverance gains its meed,  
And Patience wins the race.

Bernard Barton (1784-1849)  
English poet

## 曲終人散

我們先祖自古信奉的神，  
我們迤遠戰線的主，  
在祂可畏的手覆蓋下，  
從棕櫚到寒松的疆土；  
主萬軍之神啊，還求與我們同在，  
恐怕我們忘記 — 恐怕我們忘記！

喧囂和呼喊靜息了；

首領和君王都消逝；  
謙卑和痛悔的心，  
依然是你古老的祭。  
主萬軍之神啊，還求與我們同在，  
恐怕我們忘記 — 恐怕我們忘記！

遠去了，我們的軍艦消隱；  
海嶼和沙丘上的煙火低沉；  
啊，我們昨天所有的烜赫  
與尼尼微和推羅一同消盡！  
萬國的審判者，還求饒恕我們，  
恐怕我們忘記 — 恐怕我們忘記！

如果眼前的權力使我們沉醉，  
放肆的口舌對你失去敬畏，  
像外邦人那樣的誇口，  
或像沒有律法的賤胚 —  
主萬軍之神啊，還求與我們同在，  
恐怕我們忘記 — 恐怕我們忘記！

因為外邦人的心所信託的  
不過是煙囪和鐵船殼，  
看守，卻不求你看守，  
在塵土上建造所有塵土優越，  
瘋狂的誇張和愚昧的話語 —  
主啊，求你憐憫你的百姓！

### 先知詩人的“曲終人散”

英國作家吉普霖 (Rudyard Kipling, 1865-1936)，二十歲即有文名，著有多本小說及詩集。在二十七歲時，被英國認為是拜倫 (George Gordon Byron, 1788-1824) 以後第一人。1907年，成為第一個得諾貝爾文學獎的英人。他心目中理想的殖民地政策，應該是宣揚福音，而不歧視本土文化；發揚英國聲威，而不欺壓

弱小民族。這可稱為羅曼蒂克福音思想。據說，他曾兩次婉謝封授爵士勳銜，那是英國人的最高榮譽。

1897年，英國女皇維多利亞在位六十年，全國舉行鑽禧慶祝，舉世同歡。倫敦泰晤士報(*London Times*)徵請最有名的吉普霖，寫一首詩。他寫了“Recessional”(聖職人員及詩班退席時唱的聖詩)，並聲明發表時及以後，都不接受任何報酬。那時，日不落的大英帝國，是舉世無匹的海上霸權，擁有歷史上從沒有過最遼闊的疆土，真如日正中天。

他竟然沒想到討甚麼人歡喜，寫出來的詩，像是先知耶利米的信息，不是慶祝，頌揚，也不是感恩的話，卻是祈求神的憐憫。其所表達的信息，是曲終人散，盛況過去，這激使國人批評，也使有些人深思。我們不知道，他到底是看見了甚麼異象，使他寫出這樣的詩章。但不到半個世紀，吉普霖的話應驗了，日不落的大英帝國，竟然隕落了，往昔的興盛，一去不返。

今天，無論甚麼國家，甚麼人，蒙神的恩典，叫你與人不同，仍然應該想一想：“恐怕我們忘記”！



## Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine —  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;  
On dune and headland sinks the fire:  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard —  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard —  
For frantic boast and foolish word.  
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)  
English author, poet

## 敖茲曼帝亞

Percy Bysshe Shelley

我遇到一個旅人來自古老的土地  
他說：“有二條巨大沒有軀幹的腿石  
矗立在沙漠中...。附近的沙裏，  
半沉埋著一個殘破的面容，蹙著額，  
瞥著脣，冷酷的命令鄙夷；  
顯示著雕像者熟知這些神情  
依然存留，印在沒有生命的物體上，  
那製造者的手，心理感受是這樣；  
座台上的銘文如此刻著：  
    我的名字是敖茲曼帝亞，諸王之王，  
    看看我的功業，大能者，你休想！  
此外別無所有。旁邊那朽敗  
的偉大殘骸，無邊而荒涼，  
寂寞的平沙伸展向遠方。”

\* 敖茲曼帝亞是埃及王法老蘭塞二世(Ramses II)的希臘文名字，可能就是摩西奉神差遣領以色列人出埃及時的統治者。

雪萊 (Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792-1822) 英國浪漫詩人。

## Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
    'My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings,  
    Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!'  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of the colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

1817

1818

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)  
English Romantic poet

## 古列王陵墓

佚名

雄偉的巴比倫發起了舉哀，  
里底亞的大理石宮殿深沉的回應；  
如同遙遠海洋波瀾被風吹送，  
哈馬丹城的高牆遍起哀聲。

因為他，那可畏的裁判者，新興帝國的倚恃，  
常勝的雄鷹之子，偉大，睿智，公義，  
亞述著名征服的劍，瑪代王者的能力，  
最終在更高權能的手下低頭著地。

黑暗憂傷遍滿地上，幼發洛底河蜿蜒流過，  
銀色波浪的錫得納斯河，聽到了輓歌；  
從廣闊和炎熱的東方，到冰封的北國，  
小鼓和豎琴都靜默，——號啕的悲聲遍野。

那裏有一座孤獨的墳墓，雜草繁生，  
只一棵彎曲的可憐棕樹靠近苔封的墓碑，  
緩慢的微風，一陣陣穿過樹間葉叢，

好像為下面長眠的人，嘆出喪曲的低喟。

旁邊荒野的噴泉濺起點點泡沫；  
田田浮水的紅蓮平靜的發出芬芳，  
野土狼偷偷出來寂靜孤單的搜索；  
潛伏的山狐狸在兀鷹巢旁隱藏。

這荒野的安息處竟成為勇者的臥床？  
榮耀的道路，啟發盛名的光，竟到此盡頭？  
君王中建樹最高者，威名傳播遠方，  
為何你可誇的名遺忘，榮光的星黯然而收！

就近——看銘刻的詩文如何說？“啊，人的虛驕！  
宇內可羨慕的禮物曾屬我，大地的頌讚毫不吝惜。  
旅行的人，如果懇求者的迴聲在你心頭響起，  
啊，莫嫉妒這一抔土掩蓋我必朽的軀體安息！”

\* 古列王常譯居普士。史載：亞力山大東征過此墓，沉思良久，揮  
手令繼續前進。末二句意：“旅人啊！當年曾不乏人求恩乞憐，  
今唯願此遺軀入土為安！”

## The Tomb of Cyrus

A voice from stately Babylon, a mourner's rising cry,  
And Lydia's marble palaces give back their deep reply;  
And like the sounds of distant winds o'er ocean's billows sent,  
Ecbatana, thy storied walls send forth the wild lament.

For he, the dreaded arbiter, a dawning empire's trust,  
The eagle child of victory, the great, the wise, the just,  
Assyria's famed and conquering sword, and Media's regal strength,  
Hath bowed his head to earth beneath a mightier hand at length.

And darkly through a sorrowing land Euphrates winds along,  
And Cydnus with its silver wave hath heard the funeral song;

And through the wide and sultry East, and through the frozen North,  
The tabret and the harp are hushed,— the wail of grief goes forth.

There is solitary tomb, with rankling weeds o'er-grown,  
A single palm bends mournfully beside the mouldering stone  
Amidst whose leaves the passing breeze with fitful gust and slow  
Seems sighing forth a feeble dirge for him who sleeps below.

Beside, its sparkling drops of foam a desert fountain showers;  
And, floating calm, the lotus wreathes its red and scented flowers,  
Here lurks the mountain fox unseen beside the vulture's nest;  
And steals the wild hyena forth, in lone and silent quest.

Is this deserted resting-place the couch of fallen might?  
And ends the path of glory thus, and fame's inspiring light?  
Chief of a progeny of kings renowned and feared afar,  
How is thy boasted name forgot, and dimmed thine honour's star!

Approach,— what saith the graven verse? "Alas for human pride!  
Dominion's envied gifts were mine, nor earth her praise denied.  
Thou traveller, if a suppliant's voice find echo in thy breast,  
O, envy not the little dust that hides my mortal rest!"

Anonymous

## 西拿基立的毀滅

Lord George Gordon Byron

亞述人下來如同狼入羊圈，  
他的軍隊穿戴著金紫閃現；  
槍矛的光耀像星在海面上，  
加利利夜海翻騰藍色波浪。

如同夏天林間豐綠的樹葉，

落日照著大軍飄揚的旗幟；  
如同秋風吹過林間的枯葉，  
明晨大軍的旗幟散落堆積。

死亡的天使展開他的翅膀，  
經過時吹氣在仇敵的臉上；  
睡者的眼都變成定著冷殭，  
他們的心也停息不再激揚。

那裏躺臥的戰馬鼻孔全張，  
只是沒有噴出氣息的驕狂；  
奔跑的白色口沫凝在草上，  
像是沖擊岩石散落的碎浪。

那裏躺臥著騎士蒼白扭曲，  
戰甲上有褐銹眉間有冷露；  
帳幕靜寂無聲旌旗不飛舞，  
號角不再吹響戈矛無人舉。

亞述的寡婦舉起哀聲遍地，  
巴力廟裏的偶像也都破碎；  
外邦的軍威不是刀劍擊潰，  
神只一觀看就如雪融冰頹。

拜倫 (Lord George Gordon Byron, 1788-1824) 英國浪漫詩人。

## The Destruction of Sennacherib

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved— and for ever stood still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;  
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail:  
And the tents were all silent— the banners alone—  
The lances unlifted— the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

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



## 大地和祭壇的神

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

噢，大地和祭壇的神  
請俯聽我們的求告，  
我們屬地的統治者會動搖，  
我們的人民飄移並死亡；  
金牆成為埋葬我們的墳墓，  
可恥的刀劍分爭，  
不求你的震怒離開我們，  
只求除去我們的驕傲。

從所有恐怖的教導，  
從舌頭和筆的虛謊，  
從所有輕易的演講  
叫殘暴的人安康，  
從出賣並妄濫  
運用榮譽，和刀，  
從沉睡和咒詛中，  
良善的主啊，釋放我們！

用生命的繩索繫住我們  
君王祭司和平民，  
把我們所有的人捆在一起，  
責打並拯救我們；  
經歷忿怒和歡喜  
用信心和自由激勵，  
舉起一個活的國家，  
合成你唯一的劍。

柴思特屯 (Gilbert Keith Chesterton, 1876-1936) 英國新聞作家，  
評論家。

## O God of Earth and Altar

O God of earth and altar,  
Bow down and hear our cry,  
Our earth rulers falter,  
Our people drift and die;  
The walls of gold entomb us,  
The swords of scorn divide,  
Take not Thy thunder from us,  
But take away our pride.

From all that terror teaches,  
From lies of tongue and pen.  
From all the easy speeches  
That comfort cruel men,  
From sale and profanation  
Of honor, and the sword,  
From sleep and from damnation,  
Deliver us, good Lord!

Tie in a living tether  
The prince and priest and thrall,  
Bind all our lives together,  
Smite us and save us all;  
In ire and exultation  
Aflame with faith, and free,  
Lift up a living nation,  
A single sword to Thee.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874-1936)  
English poet, author and journalist

## 我靈歌頌天上王

Henry Francis Lyte

我的靈啊，歌頌天上的王，  
把你的讚美獻在祂腳前；  
救贖，醫治，恢復，赦免，  
當永遠向祂頌讚。  
哈利路亞！哈利路亞！歌頌永遠的王。

歌頌祂施恩典和憐恤  
當我們先祖陷於困苦；  
歌頌祂，永遠不改變，  
不輕易發怒，樂於賜福。  
哈利路亞！哈利路亞！榮耀信實的主。

祂像慈父，護佑饒恕我們；  
祂深知我們卑微的本體；  
祂的恩手輕柔的托著我們，  
救助我們脫離一切仇敵。  
哈利路亞！哈利路亞！祂恩慈湧流不息。

在高處的天使敬拜祂；  
面對面瞻仰祂榮顏；  
得勝的聖徒俯伏在祂前，  
召聚自各族各民中間。

哈利路亞！哈利路亞！同頌有恩典的神。

1947 年 · 英女王以莉莎白二世婚禮時選唱此詩。

萊特 (Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847) 英國詩人 · 聖詩作家。

## Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven

Praise, my soul, the King of heaven,  
To His feet thy tribute bring;  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Evermore His praises sing.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him, still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Glorious in His faithfulness.

Fatherlike, He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,  
Rescue us from all our foes.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height, adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,  
Gathered in from every race.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte (1793-1847)  
English hymn writer and poet

## 永恒的主頌讚都歸於你

Martin Luther

永恒的主，頌讚都歸於你，  
你穿上了血肉之體；  
選擇馬槽為你的寶座，  
雖然所有的世界全屬你。

諸天曾都向你俯首，  
現在你竟在童女的臂抱中；  
天使曾都為你歡樂，  
現在聽你嬰孩的語聲。

一個小孩，你是我們的嘉賓，  
勞倦的人在你得到安息；  
你生成孤單和卑微，  
使我們升到天堂從這下地。

你來到黑暗的夜裏，  
使我們成為光明之子，  
使我們進到神聖的領域，  
在你光中，如你的眾天使。

因你的愛為我們成就這一切，  
為此你配得我們的愛，  
為此我們獻上頌讚的樂歌，  
歡呼感謝讚美永不懈怠。

馬丁·路德 (Martin Luther, 1483-1546) 德國宗教改革家，神學家，  
翻譯家，聖詩作家。

## All Praise to Thee, Eternal Lord

All praise to thee, eternal Lord,  
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;  
Choosing a manger for Thy throne,  
While worlds on worlds are Thine alone.

Once did the skies before Thee bow,  
A Virgin's arms contain Thee now;  
Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,  
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

A little child, Thou art our guest,  
That weary one in Thee may rest;

Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,  
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night,  
To make us children of the light,  
To make us in the realms divine,  
Like Thine own angels, 'round Thee shine.

All this for us Thy love hath done,  
By this to Thee our love is won,  
For this we tune our cheerful lays,  
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Martin Luther (1483-1546), trans. fr. Latin  
German reformer, author, and hymn writer

## 從天降世

Martin Luther

從高天我降到世間  
傳好信息給每一家庭；  
帶來歡樂的大喜佳音。  
因此我現在要傳揚歌頌。

為你們今夜生了一個嬰孩

馬利亞是蒙揀選的溫和母親；  
那個卑微的小孩子，  
是喜樂為全地上的人。

儘管這大地再千倍美好，  
鑲嵌著精金珠寶絕世稀罕，  
主啊，仍然是貧窮難堪  
不配作你狹小的搖籃。

啊，最親愛的聖嬰耶穌，  
為你作一張床，柔軟又純潔，  
在我的心裏願意預備  
為你保留的安靜房舍。

“榮耀歸於神在至高的天堂，  
祂的愛子賜給了人間”，  
當天使們用敬虔的歡樂歌唱，  
全地上開了喜樂的新紀元。

From Heaven Above to Earth I Come



From heaven above to earth I come  
To bear good news to every home:  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,  
Whereof I now will say and sing.

To you this night is born a child  
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;  
This little child, of lowly birth,  
Shall be the joy of all the earth.

Were earth a thousand times as fair,  
Beset with gold and jewels rare,  
She yet were far too poor to be  
A narrow cradle, Lord, to Thee.

Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,  
Make Thee a bed, soft undefiled,  
Within my heart, that it may be  
A quiet chamber kept for Thee.

"Glory to God in highest heaven,  
Who unto man His Son hath given,"  
While angels sing with pious mirth  
A glad new year to all the earth.

Martin Luther (1483-1546)  
trans. Catherine Winkworth (1827-1878)

## 倫敦教堂 Richard Monckton Milnes Houghton

在一個星期天的早上，  
我站在一座教堂的大門旁，  
會眾都聚集在那裏  
還有幾十部車輛 —  
從車中走出一位貴婦  
我常得有幸瞻仰。

她手持一卷公禱書，  
還拿者飾金的香匣；  
那書上清楚印著  
人類救恩的徽記 —  
但在十字架的上面  
還有一頂鍍金的冠冕。\*

一名諂媚的執事趨前  
為她敞開了內門，  
她的腳步仿佛是滑動，  
輕盈的像在舞廳一般 —  
在她邪惡的虛驕中  
也許會有過一絲善念。

但在她後面來了一個婦人，  
懷著渴慕向門裏張望，  
生活殘酷的印痕，  
刻劃在她病弱的臉上 —  
顯示著悲慘的三合一  
罪壓，軟弱，和痛傷。

她找不到空處安息和禱告，

早有人擠滿了免費的座位；\*\*  
與到處的盛裝相比  
她殘破的外衣使她慚愧 —  
“神的家容不下貧窮的罪人”<sup>\*</sup>，  
她嘆息著蹣跚的離開。

\* 那金冠冕是有勳爵的徽記。

\*\* 英國教區的家庭，一般在教會中租定座椅，可遲到或不到，  
但別人不得坐用；其餘的是免費自由座位(free seats)。

浩屯伯爵(Lord Richard Monckton Milnes Houghton, 1809-  
1885)英國詩人，文學贊助者，也是提倡教會改革的人。

這首詩寫他觀察到教會內存在者重富棄貧的現象，正是雅各  
書第二章所指責的現象。

## A London Church

I stood, one Sunday morning,  
Before a large church door,  
The congregation gathered  
And carriages a score, —  
From one out stepped a lady  
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,  
And held a vinaigrette;  
The sign of man's redemption  
Clear on the book was set, —  
But above the Cross there glistened  
A golden Coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle  
The inner door flung wide,  
Lightly, as up a ball-room,  
Her footsteps seemed to glide, —  
There might be good thoughts in her  
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman  
Peeped wistfully within,  
On whose wan face was graven  
Life's hardest discipline, —

The trace of the sad trinity  
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free-seats were crowded  
Where she could rest and pray;  
With her worn garb contrasted  
Each side in fair array —  
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"  
She sighed, and crept away.

Lord Richard Monckton Milnes Houghton (1809-1885)

威特腓

William Cowper

盧克耐 (在希臘語音下面  
隱約有個名字詩人不敢宣稱)  
站在刑枷公開羞辱的高台上，  
忍受攻擊的風暴已經半生；  
最低賤的誹謗者，  
射盡所有的箭惡毒無情。  
那提到他的人，立即從他的脣間  
摒除憐憫，只發出譏笑和嘶聲；  
說他的罪遠超過所多瑪；  
用虛謊立誓言竟說是真誠；  
他的目的傷害，他的熱心是裝假，  
他的演講是反叛常識普通；  
簡直是個傻瓜，如果以理智來論評，  
他是個騙徒，若以誠實的標準權衡；  
世界最上好的事，就是他的毀滅，  
當他死後，必定受審判永刑。

現在，真理，來掌權；  
揭開驕傲和成見的幕帘，  
(他已經死了)向驚奇的眼睛呈現，  
這實在超越巨怪的裝扮。

他愛那恨他的世界；  
落在聖經上的眼淚誠實不假。  
受到口舌的爭鬧毀謗咒罵，  
他只以無可指摘的生活回答；  
對那些鑄造槍箭和投射的人，  
他都報以弟兄般的愛心。  
保羅愛基督並且堅貞不渝，  
他完全效法也完美的表露。  
他跟從保羅；熱誠愛肉體的火焰，  
愛心範模也正是如同使徒。  
像保羅歡然橫渡波危濤急的海洋，  
放棄家園，親戚，朋友，和舒暢；  
像保羅，他勞苦，也像他，知足，  
忍受一切，背負羞辱，不論何往。  
慚愧啊，誹謗的人！寫在他的墓上，  
如果真實的頌揚還有足夠的地方，  
要深切的悔改你千萬的虛謊，  
雖然是對他，卻射傷獲罪於上蒼；  
要說：塗抹我的罪，認罪，憂傷，  
啊，主！我敵對你聖徒有你的形像！

譯注：盧克耐模(Leuconomus)可能希臘語根隱有“白其名”的意思：“白”(White)是威特腓名字的字首；也可能意在表白或潔白；更可能“白石新名”(啟二：17)的意思。

## Whitefield

*From Hope*

Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek  
I slur a name a poet may not speak)  
Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,  
And bore the pelting storm of half an age;  
The very butt of slander, and the blot  
For every dart that malice ever shot.

The man that mentioned him at once dismissed  
All mercy from his lips, and sneered and hissed;  
His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,  
And perjury stood up to swear all true;  
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,  
His speech rebellion against common sense;  
A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,  
And when by that of reason, a mere fool;  
The world's best comfort was, his doom was past;  
Die when he might, he must be damned at last.

Now, truth, perform thine office; waft aside  
The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride,  
Reveal (the man is dead) to wondering eyes  
This more than monster in his proper guise.

He loved the world that hated him; the tear  
That droped upon his Bible was sincere;  
Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,  
His only answer was a blameless life;  
And he that forged and he that threw the dart  
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.  
Paul's love of Christ and steadiness unbribed  
Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.  
He followed Paul; his zeal a kindred flame,  
His apostolic charity the same.  
Like him crossed cheerfully tempestuous seas,  
Forsaking country, kindred, friends, and ease;  
Like him he laboured, and like him, content  
To bear it, suffered shame where'er he went.  
Blush, Calumny! and write upon his tomb,  
If honest Eulogy can spare thee room,  
The deep repentance of thy thousand lies,  
Which, aimed at him, has pierced the offended skies;  
And say, Blot out my sin, confessed, deplored,  
Against thine image in thy saint, O Lord!

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

無信仰者得勢

Timothy Dwight

這裏站著假冒為善者穿著暗褐衣衫，  
一副安息日的面孔還帶著皺眉苦臉。  
他說著現今這陰暗時代的故事陰暗，



這個可哀世界充滿著最可哀的罪犯；  
皺紋的面頰上為別人的罪流著眼淚，  
對他裏面的地獄就把眼睛閉上不看。

那邊是圓滑的聖職人員常挂著笑顏，  
怕傷害罪人心地獄的警告他講不慣。  
可怕的事情總沾不著他溫和的舌邊，  
刺耳的真理會對高貴良善的人冒犯。  
那奇異的“重生”，那循理派的“恩典”，  
在他的心中，在他講章裏，都難以發現。  
柏拉圖美好的故事他倒笨拙的講演，  
陳腐的，爐邊談，道德劇，古板而可厭；  
能夠下地獄的罪愆，救贖大愛的赦免，  
在他的基督和聖經裏面都是那樣遙遠。  
他說，人類應該停止犯罪那是最好不過，  
如此就會有好的聲譽；內心也就有真平安。  
他自然知道向上心不能驅使如此作，  
但盼望他們仍然會樂於上到天堂。  
每個禮拜他總不忘盡責任去作探訪，  
巧言，滑稽，大笑；把私人的新聞重複傳講；  
各樣煙薰的美食，對她的奶酪欣賞，  
給她點著煙斗，並且把嬰孩抱在手上。  
或住在大的城市裏，穿著漆亮的皮鞋，  
修整的假髮，合身長衣，閃光的緊褲，  
他躬身，談論政治，學禮儀舉止溫如；  
最恭謹的詢問，最溫雅流暢的笑語；  
富人諧語時高聲大笑，恭維講的故事；  
對夫人們的時裝，注目，注目，再注目；  
烹調精妙的火雞餐最適口美味果腹；  
不必為禁食推卻，也可以忘記讀書；  
但是從他們的教堂看到弟兄被逐出，  
他咆哮著講真理，發天堂的語聲，  
使罪咎導向撒但墜落路徑的心寒戰兢，

使腳步被吸引回轉，死亡的耳能聽。  
他喊著：“讓愚昧人飢餓，我卻謹慎  
在我的巢中舒適生活，也必舒適而終。”

在那裏站著無信仰者的現代品類，  
被咒詛的栽子為地獄的種族。  
他不像理神派，也不屬基督徒，  
一切原則，和一切品德，他一應俱無。  
對於他，所有都是一樣，不分善和惡，  
耶和華，株庇特，喇嘛，或是鬼魔；  
牟罕默德的喊叫，或以賽亞的唱詩；  
印地安人的祝禳，或基督徒的頌歌。  
對於他，所有自然的意欲都是好的，  
他嗜欲燉肉，或摩和克人嗜欲流血，  
生成不能知道，或愛，全然美好的思想，  
也摸不著路徑飛翔到榮美的天堂。  
但他最親愛的自己選擇大衰！去景仰；  
去穿戴，去嬉戲，去賭咒，去酗酒，去嫖娼；  
他去賽馬；或別人競賽，作手法欺騙；  
他起誓，最快樂榮光是觀賞鬥雞場。  
他的靈魂沒有穿著神聖的屬性，  
只是美好鐘表彈簧在偉大的機器，  
運作起來比睿騰豪斯的設計完美，  
身體；人的主要部分；人，他自己；  
人，是傑出的畜生最高貴的形體，  
不披鬃毛的豬，沒有尾巴的大猴子。  
他光榮的目的——交配，吃喝，和死，  
作牡蠣的墳場，肥嫩闖雞的墓地。

德懷特 (Timothy Dwight, 1752-1817) 美國教牧，教育家，詩人。  
為美國神學家愛德務滋 (Jonathan Edwards) 之外孫，曾任耶魯大學  
(Yale University) 校長。其孫同名 Timothy Dwight 亦任耶魯神學  
教授及校長。

## The Triumph of Infidelity

Here stood Hypocrisy, in sober brown,  
His sabbath face all sorrow'd with a frown.  
A dismal tale he told of dismal times,  
And this sad world brimfull of saddest crimes;  
Furrowed his cheeks with tears for others' sin,  
But closed his eyelids on the hell within.

There smiled the smooth Divine, unused to wound  
The sinner's heart with hell's alarming sound.  
No terrors on his gentle tongue attend,  
No grating truths the nicest ear offend.  
That strange "New Birth", that methodistic "Grace"  
Nor in his heart, nor sermons, found a place.  
Plato's fine tales he clumsily retold,  
Trite, fireside, moral see-saws, dull as old;  
His Christ and Bible placed at good remove  
Guilt hell-deserving, and forgiving love.  
'Twas best, he said, mankind should cease to sin;  
Good fame required it; so did peace within.  
Their honours, well he knew, would ne'er be driven;  
But hoped they still would please to go to heaven.  
Each week, he paid his visitation dues;  
Coaxed, jested, laughed; rehearsed the private news;  
Smoked with each goody, thought her cheese excelled;  
Her pipe he lighted, and her baby held.  
Or placed in some great town, with lacquered shoes,  
Trim wig, and trimmer gown, and glistening hose,  
He bowed, talked politics, learned manners mild;  
Most meekly questioned, and most smoothly smiled;  
At rich men's jests laughed loud, their stories praised;  
Their wives' new patterns gazed, and gazed, and gazed;  
Most daintily on pampered turkeys dined;  
Nor shrunk with fasting, nor with study pined:

Yet from their churches saw his brethren driven  
Who thundered truth and spoke the voice of heaven,  
Chilled trembling guilt, in Satan's headlong path  
Charmed the feet back, and roused the ear of death.  
"Let fools", he cried, "starve on, while prudent I  
Snug in my nest shall live, and snug shall die."

There stood the infidel of modern breed,  
Blest vegetation of infernal seed.  
Alike no Deist, and no Christian, he;  
But from all principle, all virtue, free.  
To him all things the same, as good or evil:  
Jehovah, Jove, the Lama, or the Devil;  
Mohammed's braying, or Isaiah's lays;  
The Indian's pow-wows; or the Christian's praise.  
With him all *natural* desires are good:  
His thirst for stews; the Mohawk's thirst for blood,  
Made not to know, or love, the all-beauteous mind  
Or wing through heaven his path to bliss refined.  
But his dear self, choice Dagon! to adore;  
To dress, to game, to swear, to drink, to whore;  
To race his steeds; or cheat, when others run;  
Pit tortured cocks, and swear 'tis glorious fun.  
His soul not clothed with attributes divine  
But a nice watch-spring to that grand machine,  
That work more nice than Rittenhouse can plan;  
The body; man's chief part; himself, the man;  
Man, that illustrious brute of noblest shape,  
A swine unbristled, and an untailed ape.  
To couple, eat, and die— his glorious doom:  
The oyster's churchyard, and the capon's tomb.

Timothy Dwight (1752-1817)  
American clergyman, educator & poet

## 西西里王羅波

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

西西里王羅波，是教皇烏爾班的弟弟，

阿勒冥的皇帝華蒙是他的長兄，

身穿華貴的衣飾，

帶著大群的武士和侍從，

在聖約翰節日晚禱時，傲然坐著

聽教牧吟唱“尊主頌”。

當他聽著，一遍又一遍的

重複，仿佛是抑制和擔重，

當聽到了：“祂叫有權柄的

失位，叫卑賤的高升”；

他慢慢抬起王者尊貴的頭

垂詢身邊識字的秘書隨從：

“這句話是甚麼意思？”秘書立即回應：

“祂使有權能的從高位降卑，

高舉沒有地位的上騰。”

羅波王鄙夷的低聲說：

“好在這種煽動性的語句  
只由教職人員用拉丁語唱誦；  
讓教牧們和人民都知道，  
沒有甚麼能力推翻我的寶座權柄！”  
靠在椅背上，他打個呵欠，入睡了，  
單調的唱誦使他睡意更濃。

當他醒轉時，已經是夜間，  
空蕩蕩的教堂，全然沒有光亮，  
只有幾盞殘燈，發著微弱的火焰，  
照出淡淡的黃暈在聖徒的像旁。  
他從座位上四圍環望，  
看不見甚麼活物，也聽不到聲響。  
他摸索到門前，但門已經鎖上，  
他大聲喊叫，聽著，再又敲撞，  
發著可怕的恫嚇，加上抱怨，  
他咒詛人，也祈求聖徒幫忙。  
如同死去的聖像在那裏嘲笑，  
空有迴響來自屋頂和牆。

最後，管教堂的從外面聽見  
那喊叫的擾攘和敲門，  
以為是盜賊進入了禱告的殿，  
挑著燈籠來查問：“是甚麼人？”  
半氣結的羅波王盛怒回答：  
“是我，王！你害怕嗎？給我開門！”  
管堂的受了驚，自言自語，咒詛著說：  
“是酒醉的流浪漢，或更下等的惡棍！”  
用那把大鑰匙猛然把教堂門敞開，  
一條大漢跨大步衝到了他身旁，  
凶悍的，沒有帽子或外衣，赤著臂膀，  
並沒有轉身，不睬他，半句話不講，  
但跳進了漆黑的夜暗裏，

失去了蹤影像幽靈一樣。

西西里王羅波，教皇烏爾班的弟弟，  
他的長兄是阿勒冥的華蒙皇帝，  
被剝去了華貴的衣飾，  
光著頭，喘吁吁的，滿身污泥，  
暴怒如雷大踏步到了宮門，  
感受侮辱，怒氣填胸卻無法可施，  
衝過了庭院，找人發洩  
左右的僮僕和管家執事，  
在火把下照著他蒼白的面孔，  
急忙跑上寬闊和迴音的樓梯。  
他匆促的穿堂復過室，  
他聽到在喊叫發聲，卻無人置理，  
最後到達了宴會廳，  
燈燭輝煌，撲鼻的薰香氣息。

廳堂一端高坐著另一位王，  
戴著他御印的戒指，他的王冠和衣裳，  
是羅波王的身材，同樣相貌和形狀，  
只是全部變化成天使的榮光！  
那是一個天使；他在那裏  
到處充滿了他神聖的輝煌，  
高貴的氣質透過他的形體，  
只是沒有誰能認出是天使的化裝。

那失去寶座的王向天使注視，  
一時驚訝無言，不能夠行動，  
遇到他的忿怒和驚奇，  
目光中帶著神聖的憐憫神情；  
他說：“你是誰，竟敢到這裏來？”  
換來的是羅波王回答譏諷：  
“我是王，要來收復

被你這假冒者篡奪的朝廷！ ”  
這大膽無禮的話，忽然  
使座上客人都跳起來，紛紛拔劍反應；  
那天使連眉頭也不皺平靜的說：  
“不，不是王，是王的小丑一名，  
今後要戴上海扇帽，佩著銅鈴，  
帶一隻猿猴作你的參謀隨從；  
你要順服王的僕役使喚，  
服侍我的侍從們在堂前聽命！ ”

無人管他的恫嚇喊叫和祈求，  
他們把他推下樓梯趕出廳堂；  
一群僮僕們竊笑著在前面跑，  
當他們把摺門開敞，  
聽到了武士們在宏聲狂笑，  
他的心下沉了，有奇異的緊張，  
高大的房頂哄起迴響，  
嘲弄的恭賀說：“萬歲我王！ ”

次日清早，第一線曙光使他復醒，  
他自己心裏說：“那不過是個夢！ ”  
當他轉頭的時候身下的稻草窸窣有聲，  
旁邊是他的小丑帽子和銅鈴，  
周圍是沒有裝飾褪色的牆壁，  
不遠處是群駒在嚼草的馬棚，  
在角落裏，有個活動的身影，  
是那可憐的猿猴在瑟縮著吱喳作聲。  
那不是夢；他所深愛的世界  
已經變作了塵灰，著手成空！

一天天過去又復再來，  
西西里恢復了上古盛世；  
在天使的統治善政之下



那快樂的海島五穀登新酒洋溢，  
在火山灼熱的胸膛之下，  
那古老的巨人也恬然安息。

這樣，羅波王也自己安分由命，  
不得安慰，陰鬱的沉悶安靜。  
穿著小丑的雜色花衣，  
看來似是迷失，直直無神的眼睛，  
從下巴到耳朵上邊刮得淨光像僧，  
忍受著侍從的譏諷僮僕的嘲弄，  
他唯一的朋友是那隻猿猴，他的食物  
是別人吃過的殘飯剩羹——他仍然不認輸定。  
當那天使偶然相遇在途中，  
半認真的對他說話，有一半嘲諷，  
嚴肅的，卻是輕柔，他覺得似乎是  
天鵝絨的鞘藏著青鋼利刃的刀鋒：  
“你是王嗎？”刺著他的隱痛  
他會忽然迸發難以藏容；  
昂起他的額頭，粗率的說：  
“我是，我是王！”傲岸回應。

大約三年過去了；來了  
特使尊貴又有盛名，  
是阿勒冥皇帝華蒙差來轉達  
教皇烏爾班向羅波王發出的邀請，  
那信是要他立即啟程  
在聖禮拜四到達他的羅馬城。  
那天使對來使盛大歡迎，  
給他們禮物和錦繡外套，  
天鵝絨披肩有華貴的勳銜  
給他們戒指和稀世的珠寶。  
然後同他們一道揚帆啟航，  
從海上到了可愛的意大利半島；

顯赫的行列引得萬人矚目，  
大群的隨扈還有馬隊前導，  
鞍轡屨鐙都是鑲金嵌玉，  
全都衣冠鮮明還插著彩色羽毛。  
看，在僕從中間，有個可笑的角色  
有一匹雜種跛馬蹣跚而行，  
羅波王騎著，外衣綴著狐狸尾飄動隨風，  
那猿猴端肅的在駕馭一本正經，  
所經過全國的大小城鎮，  
總是有大批來取樂的觀眾。

教皇迎接他們以盛壯的聲勢，  
聖彼得廣場上，鳴號又懸挂旌旗。  
為他們祝福又加上擁抱，  
熱烈的盡足使徒的恩賜和禮儀。  
他既有頌賀復再祝禱，  
不知不覺的接待了天使。  
小丑羅波，忽然從人叢中冒了出來，  
到他們的面前高聲大嚷，  
“我是王！看，認清我本人  
羅波，你的親兄弟，西西里王！  
你眼前這個人，有我的形相，  
是假冒的王，在裝模作樣。  
你不認得我？心裏豈沒有微聲  
答應我的呼求，承認我是骨肉同堂？”  
教皇靜默不言，表現困惑心意搖蕩，  
看著天使的面貌是那麼安詳；  
皇帝笑著說：“真有他的奇風異想，  
把一個狂人當小丑來豢養！”  
可憐的小丑受盡奚落面目無光，  
擠回到人叢裏悄然躲藏。

莊嚴的受難週來而復往，

復活節主日清晨露出曙光，  
天使的臨在，帶著榮美，  
在日出以前把全城照亮，  
新的熱誠充滿了人的心間，  
覺得基督復活的真實無妄。  
連那個小丑在他稻草的床，  
憔悴的眼看見了榮美非同尋常，  
他覺得裏面有種從未經驗的能力，  
使他謙卑的跪在床前的地上，  
他聽到主急飄的衣裳，  
拂過安靜的空氣升上天堂。

現在訪問的時光已過，再一次  
華蒙離去往多瑙河岸的回程，  
那天使也再次踏上歸家的路，  
在途中展現他盛壯的扈從，  
經過意大利的城和鎮，  
從沙萊諾港出海拔錨啟碇。  
再進入泊勒摩的城牆內，  
登上他的寶座在偉大的朝廷，  
聽到修院傳來禱告的鐘聲，  
像是更美的世界在與我們交通，  
他招呼羅波王近前來，  
示意屏退其餘的人眾；  
單獨相對的時候，那天使問：  
“你是王嗎？”低垂著頭，  
羅波王的雙手交叉當胸，  
謙恭的回答：“你最知道！  
我的罪如同硃紅；讓我去  
修院的靜室好好懺悔，  
跪爬在石頭上，成為道路能到天庭，  
赤腳行走，直到我負疚的靈魂赦淨！”

那天使微笑著，從他光輝的臉上  
聖潔的光照亮所有的地方，  
聽到鄰近的教堂修士們誦唱，  
傳進敞開的窗，高越而嘹亮，  
超越街道上市聲的喧囂擾攘：  
“祂叫有權柄的失位，  
叫卑賤的升高！”  
在那誦唱以外有另一個韻律，  
升越像是單絃音在振盪：  
“我是個天使，你是王！”

羅波王，原來站在寶座的左近，  
舉目看來，啊！只有他一人！  
所有的衣飾依然如舊，  
榮美的外袍綴玉繡金；  
當宮廷的侍臣來發現他在那裏  
跪在地上全心禱告，靜默深沈。

## King Robert of Sicily

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Apparelled in magificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;*"  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree."  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,

" 'T is well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne!"  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night;  
The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds reechoed from the roof and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said:  
"Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?"  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
"This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"  
Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;  
And man rushed by him at a single stride,  
Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;  
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal and page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;  
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazed with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form, and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light!  
It was an Angel; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
Who met his look of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes;  
Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"  
To which King Robert answered with a sneer,  
"I am the King, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;  
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou  
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my benchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding-door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,  
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,  
And in the corner, a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;  
Under the Angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsubdued,  
And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet acabbard held a sword of steel,  
"Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling

The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

Almost three years were ended; when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemiane,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,  
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.  
And lo! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.  
While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!  
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a king's disguise.  
Do you not know me? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"  
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;  
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is stange sport  
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
And if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;  
When they were alone, the Angel said,  
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,  
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!  
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street:  
"He has put down the mighty of their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree!"  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string:  
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!  
But all apparelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

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



失落的領袖

Robert Browning

I

只為了盈把的銀錢他離開了我們，  
只為了一條帶子綴在他的衣裳 —  
發現幸運的賜予一度使我們傷心，  
失去了對她別的恩惠的欽仰；  
那些布施金子的更能夠收買他，  
使銀子在他眼中失去了光芒；  
我們供獻的幾文銅錢他哪還會在意！  
高傲的心把紫衣當破布一樣！  
我們這批愛過他，跟過他，尊崇過他的，  
曾生活煦育在他尊貴的，慈祥的眼光，  
學習他偉大的語詞，模仿他特有的調腔，  
把他當我們的模式，不論生存或死亡！  
莎士比亞是我們的，彌爾頓是我們的，  
本恩斯，雪萊同著我們—他們從墳墓張望！  
只有他，離開了改革的先鋒隊和自由人  
只有他下沉成為落伍者，同奴隸列行。

## II

我們要前進興旺 — 不需要靠他在場；  
不用他的曲調 — 我們有詩歌激勵歌唱，  
事功仍然要作成 — 當他在誇口他的冥想，  
我們偏依然靜臥，讓他去號令激揚；  
勾銷他的名字，記錄下一個靈魂的失喪，  
又一項事工的隕失，又一條路徑荒涼，  
又一次人的墮落，又一次對神的侮辱！  
又一次魔鬼的勝利天使的憂傷！  
生命的暗夜開始了：請他不要再回到我們中間！  
那裏準會有疑惑，痛苦和彷徨，  
借我們有名的頌讚—微光的昏黃，  
不再是歡樂自信的晨光！  
我們來教導他好好打一仗—英勇的攻擊吧，  
在我們征服他之前威脅我們的心房；  
然後讓他接受新知識且等我們，

先到主寶座前，得赦免進入天堂。

1843-45

布朗寧 (Robert Browning, 1812-1889) 英國詩人，劇作家。

華德務茨(William Wordsworth, 1770-1850)曾是英國思想界及文壇領袖，為當時的少年一代所崇敬。到了晚年接受政府“桂冠詩人”的榮銜，拿了當權者的錢，言詞就大不相同了。跟從他的年輕人都非常失望。

本詩作者布朗寧，比他年輕四十二歲，為他哀傷，作了悼詩，題為“失落的領袖”(“The Lost Leader”)。為了名與利失去了理想，不僅是一個人的失敗。

## The Lost Leader

I

Just for a handful of silver he left us,  
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—  
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,  
Lost all the others she lets us devote;  
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,  
So much was theirs who so little allowed:  
How all our copper had gone for his service!  
Rags — were they purple, his heart had been proud!  
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,  
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,  
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,  
Made him our pattern to live and to die!  
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,  
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!  
He alone breaks from the van and the freeman  
— He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II

We shall march prospering—not through his presence;  
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;  
Deeds will be done—While he boasts his quiescence,  
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire:  
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,  
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,  
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,  
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!  
Life's night begins: let him never come back to us!  
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,  
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,  
Never glad confident morning again!  
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,  
Menace our heart ere we master his own;

Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,  
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne!  
1843 1845

Robert Browning (1812-1889) English poet

## 我家失火

Anne Bradstreet

1666 年七月十日

在靜夜裏我已經安息上床，  
卻不知禍患就在附近隱藏。  
我驚覺聽到了如雷的巨響，  
夾雜著慘叫的可怕聲浪：  
“火！” “火啊！” 喊聲充滿驚惶，  
誰也不會想那是我的願望。

我，立即起來，看見了火光，  
我心向著我的上帝求訴：  
“在苦難中求你賜給我力量，  
不要撇下我無靠無助！”  
到外面以後，立即看見，  
烈焰吞噬了我的住處。

當我不能夠繼續看下去，  
就稱頌主的名，祂賞賜又收取，  
我積存的財物現在成為虛無，  
那本是塵土應該歸於塵土。  
那全是屬於主，並不是我的，

絕不該有任何的抱怨訴苦。

祂雖然可能把一切盡都剝奪，  
卻留下部分足夠我們生活。  
我憂傷的眼睛也曾經瞥視，  
當我常從那廢墟邊經過：  
從這裏和那裏熟悉的角落，  
我常在這裏坐，常在那裏躺臥。

這裏放過我的箱，那裏是我的櫃，  
裏面存放著我最寶貴喜歡，  
我喜愛的東西都化為灰燼，  
我再也不能得以看見。  
在你屋頂下再沒有賓客的座位，  
也不能再在你的桌旁聚集共餐。  
再也不能述說那可愛的故事，  
再也不能追憶那古老的事情。  
燈光不再照耀在你的當中，  
也不會聽見新郎的歡聲。  
你將在那裏長臥安靜，  
再見，再見，一切的虛榮。

然後我得著力量責備我的心，  
你豈是積儻財寶在地上？  
你豈是在腐土上注定你的希望？  
你豈是要倚靠血肉的臂膀？  
舉起你的思想超越青天，  
那糞堆的迷霧全消逝淨光。

在上面你有一座房屋，  
經營建造的是那位大能的工師，  
並且有榮美華麗的陳設裝飾，  
地上的房屋過去它卻永遠堅立。

那屋已經買定了並且已付清，  
是那位萬有的主祂成全備齊。

其代價是那麼巨大超乎所想，  
但靠祂的恩賜，你擁有安享。  
那裏的財富滿足，我一無所缺；  
去吧，我的錢財！去吧，我的寶藏！  
這世界不再是我所愛慕，  
我的盼望和財寶全在天上。

## Upon the Burning of Our House

July 10<sup>th</sup>, 1666

In silent night when rest I took,  
For sorrow near I did not look,  
I waken'd was with thundring noise  
And piteous shrieks of dreadful voice.  
That fearful sound of "Fire!" and "Fire!"  
Let no man know is my Desire.

I, starting up, the light did spye,  
And to my God my heart did cry  
To strengthen me in my Distresse,  
And not to leave me succourlesse.  
Then coming out, beheld apace  
The flame consume my dwelling place.

And when I could no longer look,  
I blest his Name that gave and took,  
That layd my goods now in the dust:  
Yea so it was, and so 'twas just.  
It was his own: it was not mine;  
Far be it that I should repine.

He might of All justly bereft,  
But yet sufficient for us left.  
When by the Ruines oft I past,  
My sorrowing eyes aside did cast,  
And here and there the places spye  
Where oft I sate, and long did lye.

Here stood that Trunk, and there that chest;  
There lay that store I counted the best:  
My pleasant things in ashes lye,  
And them behold no more shall I.  
Under my roof no guest shall sitt,  
Nor at thy Table eat a bitt.

No pleasant tale shall e'er be told,  
Nor things recounted done of old.  
No candle e'er shall shine in Thee,  
Nor bridegroom's voice e'er heard shall bee.  
In silence ever shalt thou lye;  
Adeiu, Adeiu; All's vanity.

Then streight I' gan my heart to chide:  
And did thy wealth on earth abide?  
Didst fix thy hope on mouldring dust,  
The arm of flesh didst make thy trust?  
Raise up thy thoughts above the skye,  
That dunghill mists away may flie.

Thou hast an house on high erect,  
Fram'd by that mighty Architect,  
With glory richly furnished,  
Stands permanent though this bee fled.  
It's purchased, and paid for, too,  
By Him who hath enough to doe.

A Prise so vast as is unknown,  
Yet, by his Gift, is made thine own.



There's wealth enough, I need no more;  
Farewell my Pelf, farewell my Store.  
The world no longer let me Love,  
My Hope and Treasure lyes Above.

Anne Bradstreet (1612?-1672)  
American's first poet

## 當我思量

John Milton

當我思量我的光如何耗完，  
進入黑暗無邊的世界，還未到中年，  
而且埋藏才幹的人是該死的罪愆，  
懷才莫展，雖然我心魂深願  
要事奉造我的主，以後在祂面前  
交帳，免得在祂再臨遭責受譴：  
“神怎要求白晝工作而不給化日光天，  
我想要質問；但忍耐阻攔  
那樣的抱怨，立即回答：“神並不需要  
人的工作或他的才幹；最善  
負祂輕省的軛的人，事奉最完善；祂權威  
尊嚴。急速遵行祂差遣的盈千累萬  
遍佈於洋海陸地工作不倦；  
但也有的只是侍立和隨伴。”

On His Blindness      sonnet xix

When I consider how my light is spent  
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
And that one Talent which is death to hide,  
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent  
To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
My true account, Lest he returning chide;  
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,"  
I fondly ask; But Patience to prevent  
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best; His State  
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed  
And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest;  
They also serve who only stand and wait."

John Milton (1608-1674)  
English poet

十字架下      W.C.R.

我不能，我不能說出，  
從我壓傷破碎的心，  
被風浪催逼，在滿佈荊棘的路途，  
當血開始滴流  
由每個毛孔，我蹣跚前走，  
“神啊，你的旨意成就！”

我曾想，那不過是昨天，  
神寶貴的旨意就是我的意願；  
那說來會多麼甘甜，  
任何苦難  
我的心境將堅定喜歡，

“我的神，你的旨意成就！”

但我軟弱又錯誤，  
軟弱的靈魂更有錯誤的心意；  
只有我裏面的驕傲強健，  
用奸詐巧計  
給我金色太陽的欺騙，  
聲言：“神的旨意成就！”

啊，陰影沉鬱而寒冷，  
嚇醒我脫離愚昧的驕傲；  
洪水從我心底翻騰  
它的巨浪狂濤；  
我說，等你的大能給我知識，  
“不是我的，神的旨意成就！”

現在，疲軟而且懼怕，  
在沉重粗糙的十字架下，  
我的眾偶像都破碎成灰，  
像灰塵被踐踏，  
那聖言我蒼白的嘴脣怯於出口，  
“神啊，你的旨意成就！”

神啊，憐憫我的悲慘，  
重堅我的意志用你的氣溫暖；  
把你的杖放在我抖顫的手裏，  
那能夠使我從死復起；  
這樣，我死的信心感覺你的暖日，  
就說：“你的旨意成就！”



## Under The Cross

I cannot, cannot say,  
Out of my bruised and breaking heart,  
Storm-driven along a thorn-set way,  
While blood-drops start  
From every pore, as I drag on,  
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

I thought, but yesterday,  
My will was one with God's dear will;  
And that it would be sweet to say,  
Whatever ill  
My happy state should smite upon,  
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

But I was weak and wrong,  
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart;  
And Pride alone in me was strong,  
With cunning art  
To cheat me in the golden sun,  
To say, "God's will be done!"

O shadow drear and cold,  
That frights me out of foolish pride;  
O flood, that through my bosom rolled  
Its billowy tide;  
I said, till ye your power made known,  
"God's will, not mine, be done!"

Now, faint and sore afraid,  
Under my cross, heavy and rude,  
My idols in the ashes laid,  
Like ashes strewed,  
The holy words my pale lips shun,  
"O God, thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God,  
And touch my will with thy warm breath;  
Put in my trembling hand thy rod,  
That quickens death;  
That my dead faith may feel the sun,  
And say, "Thy will be done!"

W. C. R.

## 忍耐天使

John Greenleaf Whittier

到困乏的心，到悲傷的家，  
神最溫和的天使翩然來臨：  
他並沒有驅除痛苦的權能，  
已失去的也不能給還我們；  
但我們親愛的天父  
以最溫柔的愛差他到這裏。

那天使的眼光中帶有平靜，  
他寧謐的面容表現出安息！  
他不隨便嘻笑譏刺悲哀，  
沒有傷害的話入哀傷的耳；  
他雖然不醫治憂痛和傷害，  
和善的教導我們能夠忍耐。

忍耐天使！用安慰的油  
冷卻我們狂熱的眉頭；  
鋪設希望和恐懼的風暴，  
和解人生的眼淚和微笑；  
使受傷的高傲震顫平息，  
使我們願欲成父的旨意。

噢你行在最憂傷的道路，  
渴望著這一天能快過去；  
那和善的天使與你同行，  
輕聲的低語，“要退一步：  
鼓起勇氣，前進，結局顯明  
萬事都有親愛主安排無誤！”

## The Angel of Patience

*A free paraphrase of the German*

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel gently comes:  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again;  
And yet in tenderest love our dear  
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
There's rest in his countenance!  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;  
But ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day;  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892)  
American poet

## 教會音樂

George Herbert

甘美中最甘美的，我感謝你。當不歡愉  
經過我的身軀傷害我的心靈，  
你帶我去你那裏，在你歡樂的家  
給我一個優雅的住處，

現在我行動脫離軀殼，  
隨著你的翅膀升降翱翔：  
我們同在一起相愛生活，  
你說，有時神幫助可憐的君王。

安慰，我將死；如果你離開去，  
我必定死亡，且更長遠無望：  
若我有你同行同往，  
你知道天堂之門的道路。

## Church Music

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you. When displeasure



Did through my body wound my mind,  
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure  
A dainty lodging me assigned,

Now I in you without a body move,  
Rising and falling with your wings:  
We both together sweetly live and love,  
You say some times, *God help poor Kings.*

Comfort, I'll die; for if you post from me,  
Sure I shall do so, and much more:  
But if I travel in your company,  
You know the way to heaven's door.

George Herbert

### 聖誕鐘聲

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

在聖誕節我聽到了鐘聲，  
奏出古老熟習的歌頌，  
甜美而且激越  
在反覆的述說  
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

想到這日子又再來臨，  
普世歡騰協和同慶，  
鐘樓傳出鐘聲  
歌唱持續不停  
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

一路來鳴鐘，歌唱不斷，  
大地轉動從黑夜到白天，  
歌聲樂音連連

旋律宏亮莊嚴  
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

然後，從每個大砲黑色的口腔，  
可咒詛的雷聲起自南方，  
所發出的聲響  
淹沒聖誕歌唱  
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

好像是強烈的地震發生，  
撕裂了這大陸上許多家庭，  
造成喪亡不幸  
家門自相分爭  
地上有平安，善意歸人群！

在失望中我低頭黯然，  
說道：“在這地上全無平安，  
因為恨意深濃  
在譏諷著歌頌  
地上有平安，善意歸人群！”

把鐘聲敲響更宏亮更深妙：  
“上帝沒有死，祂也不睡覺！  
邪惡終必敗亡  
正義得勝昌旺  
地上有平安，善意歸人群！”

\* 此詩作於美國南北戰爭期間。

## Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old, familiar carols play,  
    And wild and sweet  
    The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom

Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day,  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth  
The cannon thundered in the South,  
And with the sound  
The carols drowned  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent  
The hearth-stones of a continent,  
And made forlorn  
The households born  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;  
"There is no peace on earth," I said;  
"For hate is strong  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!  
The wrong shall fail,  
The right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

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

## 靈魂與肉體

William Shakespeare

可憐的靈魂，我罪惡世界的中央，  
你受騙去跟那些反叛的勢力結幫，  
為甚麼你裏面憔悴受苦無量，  
外面的牆卻油漆得貴價輝煌？  
為甚麼花偌大的代價，租約那麼短，  
為你那將傾殘的巨廈付上許多錢？  
內藏的蠹蟲，豈不是要蝕盡你  
投下的巨款？你肉體豈不也有終點？  
靈魂啊，讓你的僕役耗費給你生活供養，  
要它瘦減，使你的富藏增長，  
賣掉無用的時間換取神聖的永約，  
外面的富麗壯觀全消失，裏面卻強壯。

死亡嚙噬人，你嚙噬死亡也是這樣，  
到死亡死去了，然後不再有死亡。

莎士比亞 (William Shakespeare, 1564-1616) 英國劇作家，  
詩人。

## Body and Soul sonnet 146

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
My sinful earth, these rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store.  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross,  
Within be fed, without be rich no more.  
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)  
English playwright and poet

## 傳揚福音

Richard Baxter

主呼召我出去工作趁著白天；  
警告可憐的靈魂轉回切莫遲延：  
決心儘快去傳播主的道，  
隨學隨教導同安波羅修一般。  
時時想到我不能活得長久，  
心中火熱為得人靈魂爭戰。

我講道，不確知是否能再講，  
像將亡的人傳給將亡的人！  
啊，傳道者該如何切望得人悔改，  
誰知道教堂與墓園原是比鄰？  
看到人在傳講，在聽，在死亡，  
轉眼從時間進入無盡的永恒！

貝克斯特 (Richard Baxter, 1615-1691) 英國清教徒教牧及作家。  
曾任克倫威爾軍牧。英王查理二世復辟後，曾因非國教立場而數  
次入獄。

## Preaching the Gospel

This called me out to work while it was day;  
And warn poor souls to turn without delay:  
Resolving speedily thy Word to preach,  
With Ambrose I at once did learn and teach.  
Still thinking I had little time to live,  
My fervent heart to win men's souls did strive.  
I preach as never sure to preach again,  
And as a dying man to dying men!  
O how should preachers men's repenting crave  
Who see how near the Church is to the grave?  
And see that while we preach and hear, we die,  
Rapt by swift time to vast eternity!

Richard Baxter (1615-1691)  
English author, hymn writer, & preacher

## 鄉村鐵匠

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

有個鄉村的鐵匠鋪，

在一棵大栗子樹旁；  
那鐵匠非常的強壯，  
有雙巨大有力的手掌，  
滿有筋肉褐色的臂膀，  
像一束鋼鐵一樣。

他的頭髮光亮，黑而且長，  
臉面如同皮革皺紋；  
眉梢流著誠實的汗珠，  
盡可能的賺錢生存，  
他面對全世界沒有愧怍，  
因為他從不虧欠任何人。

一週復又一週，從早到晚，  
他風箱的聲音可以聽見；  
你聽到他揮動沉重的大錘，  
擊打有節奏有時緩慢，  
像管教堂的敲動那鄉村的鐘，  
當夕陽低沉下山。

當孩子們放學回家  
從那敞開的門張望；  
他們愛看那爐中的火焰，  
聽那風箱吼叫的聲響，  
看到那迸起的火花  
像禾場上颳起的糠。

主日他去到教堂，  
坐在他兒子們的中央；  
聽牧師禱告和傳講，  
聽他女兒的歌唱，  
在鄉村詩班的歌聲，  
使他的心歡喜飛揚。



聽來如同她母親的聲音，  
歌唱在天上的樂園！  
他不免又一次的想起她，  
如何在墳墓裏安眠；  
淚珠流出了他的雙眼，  
就用粗硬的手擦乾。

勞苦，—歡樂，—憂傷，  
伴隨著生命前進不止；  
每早晨看工作開始，  
每晚間看工作完畢；  
有的事試去作，有的事成就，  
他獲得一夜的安息。

感謝，感謝你，我尊貴的朋友，  
你所教導我們的課程！  
在人生命的煉爐中，  
我們的前途如此作成；  
如此的在砧上錘煉又鑄形，  
每一燃燒的思想和行動。

## The Village Blacksmith

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands:  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
He earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882)

American poet and educator

## 喜樂的人生

Henry Wotton

何等喜樂人有這樣的教養：  
不是要服事別人的意想；  
單純的真理是他最大的技巧，  
誠實的信念是他的武裝徽章！

他不是自己情欲的奴役，  
他的心靈隨時準備赴死，  
不受世界所挂慮牽繫  
不愛公眾的聲譽不仰私人聲息；

別人有機緣爬高他不會羨慕，  
也不因誰作惡成功而嫉妒；  
他從不會因人的稱讚而深受傷害；  
不違背政府的法律，持守良善的律：

他一生不涉及謠言中傷，  
良心是他堅強的保障；  
他的身分不建立在人的逢迎上，  
也不為多大的迫害而沮喪；

他早晚在神的面前禱告，  
多為神的恩典而非為恩賜祈求；

在排遣日常的時間上，  
    閱讀屬靈書籍或交往屬靈朋友；

不冀求升高，也不怕降卑，  
    這自由人不會被奴役拘囚；  
他是自己的主，卻不在於地業；  
    雖然一無所有，卻甚麼都有。

渥屯 (Sir Henry Wotton, 1568-1639) 英國外交官及詩人。

## A Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught,  
    That serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
    And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,  
    Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the worldly care  
    Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
    Or vice; who never understand  
How deepest wounds are given by praise;  
    Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who God doth late and early pray  
    More of his grace than gifts to lend;  
And entertains the harmless day  
    With a religious book or a friend;

This man is freed from servile bands  
    Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands;

And, having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639)  
English diplomat and poet

主啊，用不著我擔心      Richard Baxter

主啊，用不著我擔心  
我死亡或存活；  
愛你服事你是我的本分，  
所需的恩典你必賜給我。

如果生命長久，我會歡喜  
我就能夠順服長久；  
如果短命，我何須憂愁  
將升到無盡的白晝？

基督領我所行的路徑

不比祂自己經過的幽暗更深；  
所有進入神國的人  
必須經過這門。

主啊，來吧，你靠恩典使我得  
見到你榮美的面；  
如果在地上你的工作是甜的  
你的榮耀怎能彰顯？

我對那生命所知有限；  
信心的眼睛模糊；  
但基督知道一切我就滿足，  
我將要與祂同住。

## Lord, It Belongs Not to My Care

Lord, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;

If short, yet why should I be sad  
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
He that into God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessed face to see;  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What shall Thy glory be?

My knowledge of that life is small;  
My eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter (1615-1691)  
English preacher, hymn writer, and author.

我若能關上那道門

佚名

我若能關上那道通往思想的門  
使憂傷不能進到這屋內，  
我若能勾消所有記憶的舊帳

不再想到過失和所犯的罪：  
我的靈魂多麼明淨清潔自由安息，  
免除了這些可厭的伴隨！

或是在我心外另有別房  
不跟我的良知那麼鄰近，  
使我能把罪念寄放在那裏  
喧鬧的喊聲就不再聽聞；  
享受何等的平靜安逸和喜樂，  
再不讓它擾害壓制我的靈魂！

但，我的救主，是我的避難所，  
你奇妙的恩典在罪與我的中間，  
成為我心分別的牆垣  
使我得以暢然的享受安眠；  
使我裏面有和平喜樂與安息，  
永遠的和我的罪隔斷。



## If I Could Shut the Gate

If I could shut the gate against my thoughts  
And keep out sorrow from this room within,  
Or memory could cancel all the notes  
Of my misdeeds, and I unthink my sin:  
How free, how clear, how clean my soul should lie,  
Discharged of such a loathsome company!

Or were there other rooms without my heart  
That did not to my conscience join so near,  
Where I might lodge the thoughts of sin apart  
There I might not their clam'rous crying hear;  
What peace, what joy, what ease should I possess,  
Freed from their horrors that my soul oppress!

But, O my Saviour, who my refuge art,  
Let thy dear mercies stand 'twixt them and me,  
And be the wall to separate my heart  
So that I may at length repose me free;  
That peace, and joy, and rest may be within,  
And I remain divided from my sin.

Anonymous

## 夜的頌詩

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

我聽見夜的衣裾  
掃過她大理石的殿堂！  
我看見她黑貂皮的裙邊  
鑲嵌著天上的星光！

我感覺到她的存在，大能的影響  
俯在我以上；  
夜平靜，莊嚴的臨在  
像我所愛的一樣。

我聽見悲痛和歡樂的聲音，  
那多重的，輕柔鐘鈴，  
充盈著那些夜所佔領的房舍，  
像是老年詩人的吟誦。

從午夜冷冽的水池  
我的心靈暢飲憩息；  
從那深池的泉源中  
長久的平安湧流不止。

噢，聖善的夜，我學著接受  
如同多人在我以前，  
你把手指按在憂慮的嘴脣上，  
他們就不再抱怨。

平安！平安！我發出奧萊斯迪的禱告！\*

展開你寬闊的翅膀降臨，  
我所歡迎的，再三祈求的，最美的，  
最愛的夜！

\* 希臘神話：奧萊斯迪 (Orestes) 為 Agamemnon 之子。其父為 Argos 王，Troy 戰爭離國十年，凱旋歸來後，其妻與情夫弑夫篡位。奧萊斯迪逃亡，長成後歸國，殺母及情夫而復國為王。

## Hymn to the Night

I heard the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls!  
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,  
Stoop o'er me from above;  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,  
The manifold, soft chimes,  
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,  
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air  
My spirit drank repose;  
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there, —  
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear  
What man has borne before!  
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,  
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!  
Descend with broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,  
The best-beloved Night!

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

## 黑暗中的亮光

William Cowper

神的道路奧秘，  
祂獨行奇事；  
祂行走在風浪上，  
祂的腳蹤在大海裏。

深藏人不能測度  
祂的經營永不錯失，  
神掩蔽祂光明的計畫，  
成就其統治的旨意。

膽怯的聖徒，剛強起來  
你所畏懼的密雲  
是神巨大的憐憫，  
將成為賜福降臨。

不要用微弱的感官判斷神，  
只要信靠祂的恩典；

在造物者怒容的後面，  
祂隱藏著笑臉。

祂的計畫很快要成就，  
支持著每一時刻；  
花蕾雖然會帶苦味，  
終開出甜美的花朵。

盲目的不信必然錯誤，  
測度祂的工作是虛空；  
神是祂自己的解釋者，  
祂將使一切都分明。

## Light Shining out of Darkness

God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never failing skill;  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,

But trust Him for His grace;  
Behind a frowning Providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

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

## 何如今夜是世界盡頭

John Donne

何如今夜是世界盡頭？  
噢，靈魂，記得我心你的住處，  
基督釘十字架的畫像，告訴我  
你的面是否變色驚懼。  
祂眼中的淚息滅了那奇異的光，  
受傷的頭流血滿了祂緊蹙的眉宇。  
那舌頭曾為恨祂的仇敵求饒恕  
怎能夠判定你墜入地獄？  
不，不；像我在崇拜的時刻  
對我所有庸俗的情婦說過：  
“憐惜看為美麗，憎嫌醜惡

只表明是嚴酷 "，因此我向你說：  
對邪惡的靈被棄絕不蒙眷顧，  
美好的形象肯定是由於你恩憐。

但恩(John Donne, 1572-1631)英國詩人，作家。曾任國會議員，  
後經雅各一世 (King James I)屬意，任聖公會聖保羅座堂首牧，常  
在雅各一世及查理一世 (Charles I)前講道。

## What if this present were the world's Last Night?

What if this present were the world's last night?  
Mark in my heart, O Soul, where thou dost dwell,  
The picture of Christ crudified, and tell  
Whether that countenance can thee affright.  
Tears in his eyes quench the amazing light,  
Blood fills his frowns, which from His pierc'd head fell.  
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell  
Which pray'd forgiveness for His foes' fierce spite?  
No, no; but as in my idolatry  
I said to all my profane mistresses,  
"Beauty, of pity, foulness only is  
A sign of rigour", so I say to thee:  
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,  
This beauteous form assures a piteous mind.

John Donne (1572-1631)  
English poet

## 死亡，你不要驕狂 John Donne

死亡，你不要驕狂！雖然有些人稱你  
強大而且可怕，但你並不是那樣；  
因為有的人你以為已經打倒勝過了，  
卻沒有死；可憐的死亡，你也殺不了我。  
從安息和睡眠，可以看見你的影像，

而且，更要從你流出多少歡暢；  
當我們最好的人與你同往，  
他們的骸骨安息了，靈魂得到釋放。  
你是奴隸，服事命運，機會，君王和流浪漢，  
是毒藥，戰爭，疾病的內涵；  
罌粟或迷藥也可以使我們有好的睡眠，  
而且強過你的本事。那麼，你有甚麼好神氣？  
在短暫的睡眠過後，我們永遠復起，  
死亡就不再有了。死亡，你定要死。

## Death, Be Not Proud

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;  
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
Die not, poor Death, Nor yet canst thou kill me.  
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,  
Much pleasure — then from thee much more must flow;  
And soonest our best men with thee do go,  
Rest of their bones and soul's delivery.  
Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
And doth with poison, war, and sickness dwell;  
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,  
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?  
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt die.

John Donne (c. 1571-1631)

English poet and dean of St. Paul Cathedral

基督復活升天

Philip Doddridge



你們尋求主的謙卑人，  
驅除所有的懼怕驚惶；  
心中歡狂低頭觀看，  
主耶穌躺臥的地方。

生命之主如此降卑，  
何等大愛所作的奇蹟；  
如此躺臥在冰冷的死地，  
受創流血是為了你。

抬起眼睛再發歌聲，  
我們的救主又再復生；  
任憑死亡所有的門鎖，  
也不能把得勝的主拘禁。

祂的頭曾受辱受傷，  
高昂在天使群眾之上，  
祂曾經進入過死亡，  
要永遠掌權統治無疆。

同主歡樂的眾聖徒，  
來觀看我主的空墓，  
也要復活與升天的主  
同在永遠光明的國度。

道瑞治 (Philip Doddridge, 1702-1751) 英國獨立教會教牧，宗教作家，聖詩作家。

## Christ's Resurrection and Ascension

Ye humble souls that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away;  
And bow with rapture down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.

Thus low the Lord of Life was brought,  
Such wonders love can do;  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throbbed and bled for you.

But raise your eyes and tune your songs;  
The Saviour lives again:  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The Conqueror could detain.

High o'er the angelic bands He rears  
His once dishonoured head;  
And through unnumbered years He reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.

With joy like His shall every saint  
His vacant tomb survey;  
Then rise with his ascending Lord  
To realms of endless day.

Philip Doddridge (1702-1751)  
English non-conformist preacher and hymn writer

## 越過沙洲

Lord Alfred Tennyson

夕陽和夜星，  
向我發出清晰的呼喚！  
不要有沙洲嗚咽的悲聲，  
當我出海航遠。

但潮水似睡眠般的流動，  
有太多的聲響和浪花，  
自無邊無垠的深洋湧來，  
然後轉而歸家。

黃昏微光和暮鐘，  
隨著來的是黑暗！  
不要有送別的哀痛，  
當我登舟揚帆；

超越時間和空間的界限，  
海浪將我載去悠悠，  
希望見我的舵手面對面，  
當我越過那限阻的沙洲。

英國桂冠詩人丁尼生 (Lord Alfred Tennyson, 1809-1892) · 作品很受時人歡迎，得到“人民詩人”的雅號。

1889年，八十歲的丁尼生，從英格蘭的奧德沃茨(Aldworth)夏居，渡海到衛特島(Isle of Wight)的冬季別墅去避寒。船過索倫(The Solent)海峽的沙洲，聽到波浪衝激的嗚咽聲，似在悲泣，那是風暴將至的預報。安然抵達島上，風暴才來到。

幾天後，丁尼生病了。僱來一個護士服侍，陪侍照顧衰老病中

的詩人。在他們談話時，那基督徒護士說：“先生，您有很多詩作，但很少聖詩。您現在病中，我希望您寫首詩，安慰其他病苦的人。”老詩人回想船過沙洲時的風浪聲音，當夜在病床上寫成了這首詩。

詩中把沙洲的嗚咽，用為喪葬的意喻。這雖然不是他最後的作品，但依他的囑託，收為他每本詩集的最後一首。表明基督徒的生命之舟，勝過死亡面見救主耶穌基督的盼望。

作者面對死亡沒有懼怕，而是看到死亡後面的安息。他用平靜近於渴望的心情，想像越過死亡的關柵，也就同時越過了官感的限制(“bar”是“沙洲”，也有關限的意思)，而在肉體之外得見神(參伯一九：26 林前一三：12)，面見生命的“舵手”。

## Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our borne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar.

Lord Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892)  
English Victorian poet laureate

## 殉道者

Martin Luther

讓風隨意散播，  
或在水面撒落，  
看，殉道者的骨灰，  
最後必再收聚；  
在我們近周或遠方，  
從分散的塵土，  
必發生許多的種子  
見證榮耀上主。

父神已經收取  
他們末後生命的氣息；  
撒但徒然誇口  
他們死亡是它的勝利；  
雖然死了，卻仍然，仍然說話，  
他們號角的舌頭宣告  
那唯一有能力的尊名  
向廣闊甦醒的大地。

## The Martyr's Hymn

Flung to the heedless winds,  
Or on the waters cast,  
The martyrs' ashes, watched,  
Shall gathered be at last;  
And from that scattered dust,  
Around us and abroad,  
Shall spring a plenteous seed  
Of witnesses for God.

The Father hath received  
Their latest living breath;  
And vain is Satan's boast  
Of victory in their death;  
Still, still, though dead, they speak,  
And, trumpet-tongued, proclaim  
To many a wakening land  
The one availing name.

Martin Luther (1483-1546)  
German theologian & reformer  
trans. John Foxe (1516-1587) author *The Book of Martyrs*

## 靠賴你的恩典慈憐

Henry Downton

靠賴你的恩典慈憐，  
持續度過又是一年，  
請聽我們感恩頌詩，  
天父和救贖主，垂聽！

前途黑暗求你引導，  
恩光和明亮的晨星；  
搏鬥艱苦仇敵凶猛；  
救主，裝備我們戰爭。

在我們軟弱危難時，  
堅強磐石你是支助；  
在迷茫無路的曠野，  
作我們真正的活路。

保守我們忠誠聖潔，  
保守屬你直到永遠；  
救助啊，助我能堅忍，  
配得那應許的冠冕。

當屯 (Henry Downton, 1818-1885) 英國教牧，聖詩作家，翻譯家。

## For Thy Mercy and Thy Grace

For Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Constant through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Father and Redeemer, hear!

Dark the future; let Thy light  
Guide us, bright and morning star:  
Fierce our foes and hard the fight;  
Arm us, Savior, for the war.

In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;  
In the pathless wilderness,  
Be our true and living way.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,



Keep us evermore Thine own;  
Help, O help us to endure;  
Fit us for the promised crown.

Henry Downton (1818-1885)  
English pastor, hymn writer & translator

## 醒起，我的靈魂

Thomas Ken

醒起，我的靈魂，同著白日  
盡每天的責任自強不息：  
洒脫懶散，歡樂興起  
去獻上清晨的祭。

興起，我的心啊，你要舉起  
盡你本分同眾天使一樣，  
他們日夜不倦的歌唱  
頌揚那永遠的王。

所有頌讚歸保守我的主，

當安眠時使我得以更新：  
主啊，當我從死裏復起  
與永遠生命有分。

主啊，我向你再次的祈求；  
使我罪消散如向日晨露；  
所新發出的心思意念  
你在我心靈充足。

這一天指引，管理，引導我，  
一切的計畫，言語，行動，  
所有我的智能和力量，  
都是為榮耀你名。

讚美真神萬福之源，  
天下萬民都當頌揚；  
天使天軍齊頌主名：  
頌讚聖父聖子聖靈。

## 我的神，榮耀歸於你

我的神，榮耀歸於你，今夜  
為光中所有福分感謝你賞賜；  
求保守我，啊，萬王之王，  
你全能翅膀覆翼。

主啊，因你的愛子赦免我，  
今天所犯下的一切過失，  
在我睡前能夠有和平，  
對神，世人，和自己。

教導我生活，使我不怕死  
看墳墓不過是我的眠床；  
教導我死亡，使我能在  
可畏大日進榮耀裏。

啊，我的靈魂在你得安息，  
進入甜美睡眠眼睛閉上，  
安睡為了要再起來時  
服事神更有力量。

如果我夜裏不能夠入睡，  
賜給我靈魂屬天的思想，  
不讓惡夢擾亂我安息，  
或黑暗權勢侵害。

讚美真神萬福之源，  
天下萬民都當頌揚，  
天使天軍齊頌主名，  
讚美聖父聖子聖靈。

肯恩 (Thomas Ken, 1637-1711) 英國教牧，聖詩作家。  
肯恩正直敢言，曾為主教，並英王查理二世宮廷牧師，講道時，  
常當英王面前指責宮廷淫佚奢侈等罪惡。但查理許為諍友。後為  
主教，因不肯對英王威廉及瑪莉(William & Mary)，得罪當權者，  
於 1691 年去職。獲釋放後，在貧困中安度二十年去世。  
在任溫徹斯特學院院長 (Winchester College) 時，為鼓勵學生禱告  
寫了禱告手冊 (*Manual of Prayer*)，其中載有早晚的禱告詩，只有  
“讚美真神” 每篇的結束，成為今天教會通行的 “三一頌”。

## Awake, My Soul

Awake, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run:

Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the eternal King.

All Praise to Thee, who safe has kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept:  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake  
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say,  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken (1637-1711)  
English bishop and hymn writer

Glory to Thee, My God, this Night

Glory to Thee, my God, this night

For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,  
Beneath Thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day has done,  
That with the world, myself, and Thee  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
Sleep that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken (1637-1711)  
English bishop and hymn writer

全能的主，從你榮耀的寶座上  
垂看並治理萬有成其統合：  
最微小的螞蟻或原子曉得你的權能，  
深知每時刻和每一分鐘：  
世上邦國更認識你，  
他們的政策都有你隱藏的旨意，  
成就你的謀畫，無一超越  
或違逆你永恆的思念。  
但最重要的，你的教會和配偶證明  
你愛的約束，不僅由於權能的命令。  
你早起來栽種這棵葡萄樹，  
是你所深愛惟你所歸屬。  
你的配偶，正如香料來自東方；  
整潔如同晨光，甜美滿有汁漿  
像挪亞多果的葡萄，純貞如同鴿子；  
預備接受你的愛惜。  
行程是向著西方，好像太陽照亮  
我們的理智給我們遠象。  
從方舟停住的地方，*亞伯拉罕*啟始  
發起了約櫃在*迦南地*。  
*摩西*繼續；*所羅門*王營造  
完成建立了舊的宗教。  
當變成鬆弛的時候，猶太人想望虛空  
藉釘死基督使它再堅定。  
但對於外邦人祂背起十字架前往，  
用地震拆毀了那間隔的牆：  
現在，十字架現出榮光，  
不僅是約櫃和發芽的杖。  
宗教，像是朝聖者，向西方邁進，  
所經過的地方，她叩遍所有的門。  
像太陽一樣，飛往西方，  
在他的後面，隨帶著餘光，  
直到完全離開：如此，教會往前走，

當一隻腳邁前，另一隻停留  
有一段時間在東方領域，  
然後雙腳移到西方地區。  
她首先到埃及來，從前發怒  
現在顯明是奇妙的慈愛。  
十條誠命在那裏傳開  
勝過先前的苦難十災。  
聖馬凱流和偉大的安篤尼  
使法老成為摩西，改變了歷史。  
歌珊地遍地黑暗，埃及滿有光明，  
尼羅的巨怪生成了以色列民。  
如此奇妙大能的洗禮  
不幸的事竟然成就更高的利益。  
神啊，你的意念向我何等寶貴！  
誰能與你相比？

宗教從那裏飛到希臘，藝術  
佔據著所有人心的最高處。  
哲學沉沒了，學術被置放一旁，  
詭辯家被收進了漁夫的網。  
柏拉圖和亞理斯多德惶惑驚訝，  
轉向而傳揚基督十字架。  
祈禱把三段論法趕回穴洞，  
以是轉化成阿們之聲。  
希臘騎上快馬不讓埃及先鞭，  
羅馬也一樣急起追趕；  
但埃及的疾馳到定時而衰疲，  
希臘也越過來她全盛的早期；  
宗教到了羅馬，征服了仇敵，  
原來的征服者竟然向她曲膝。  
戰士不再以傷疤誇揚，  
似降服於基督更偉大的創傷：  
祂為使人蒙福受傷出於甘願，  
為被誘失敗的人類恢復樂園。

偉大的心降卑不自私為戰利品  
從灰塵中抬舉痛悔的人：  
放棄了他刺傷主的槍矛，  
不再傷害主的肢體被殺殉道。  
這裏牧人的杖成為權杖，  
給名字和數字為新的紀元。  
不過，帝國仍在希臘撫慰遺民  
他們出自亞力山大殘存的根本。  
在那裏發長的武功和藝文  
預備人心接受傳來的福音：  
福音使用而不怕文化的結合  
因應其力量建立她的寶座。  
帝國經歷許多的分裂和爭張，  
衰亡的事物總是這樣；  
直到再往西飛到了日耳曼，  
人民也參與教會的節筵：  
像以往帝國和文化的前行，  
作為教會開路的先鋒；  
他們仍然是在前面走，  
教會第一次得抬起了頭。  
武力鏟平了地，文化耕殖，  
宗教的滋潤使萬物結實。  
西班牙在帝國和日耳曼並比，  
但英格蘭達到了更高的勝利：  
教會在王冠下得國家保持，  
並不遜於後來贏得的獨立。  
古時康士坦丁的不列顛遺傳，  
竟然形成奧秘的羊圈，  
一葉殘破的陳舊歷史，  
卻在這裏成為實蹟。  
如此教會和太陽一同前行，  
達到了最高點日正天中。  
神啊，你的意念向我何等寶貴！



### 誰能與你相比？

約在同一的時間和地點，  
教會開始她的進展，  
罪惡從東方的*巴比倫*出動，  
也是從那裏向西方進行：  
所到的地方唆使教會偏行，  
破壞她的和平，污損她的美名。  
他先到*埃及*，在那裏散播下  
遍地的神佛，還逐年在增加，  
新鮮精美的偶像，代價可昂貴，  
增加一個神顯然損失一頂頭盔。  
唉，缺乏恩典的人何等不堪，  
卑賤無恥的去崇拜蔥蒜，  
乞求飲食目的只想果腹，  
在飢餓中就崇拜食物！  
把一個樹根作神，何等的低鄙，  
當神和人來無盡的服事！  
可憐亦可厭豈能再醜陋，  
家中極污穢卻去拜掃帚？  
現在沒有人能夠相信領會，  
我們拜金錢也是變相的愚昧。  
罪在*埃及*長久的潛據，可憐的把戲，  
最高的是一頭牛或是鱷魚。  
從那裏他向*希臘*前去，  
比起良善他更為詭僞，  
他留在後面有罪惡成營  
而且每天在鞏固得勝。  
罪惡滋長，置買了富麗的廟堂，  
發表預言也預備了苗床：  
他發展成勇士予取予求，  
聲言他的預告誇揚成就。  
不，他竟然一變而成為詩人，  
用此獲得了最美的擄物。

世界作了他贏得的賭注，  
給他撈得手滿囊足。  
但這都是堂皇的騙局厚顏詐欺，  
可憐有些真理被混作釣餌：  
他自己得了名聲和榮譽，  
發現真理的人竟被羞辱。  
從希臘他再到羅馬去，  
先前他作神，現在成為皇帝。  
尼祿一般人接待他在那裏暫住，  
委任他去管理羅馬區域。  
榮耀是他固有的器用，  
在失效的時候享樂立即成功。  
我們救主曾消除的罪愆，  
很快又被煽動成為火焰：  
開放了聖言的約束和所有的寶庫，  
隱伏下了苦難去對抗歡娛；  
一名惡棍給人歡樂的指望，  
能夠騙最聰明的國家上當。  
誰能像希臘和埃及的持平肅靜？  
也墜入他們奇技淫巧的殼中。  
以至連默罕謨德的愚蒙，  
那古老的國家竟然會以為聖明。  
*神啊，你的意念向我何等寶貴！*  
*誰能與你相比？*  
僅剩下西方和羅馬得保守避免  
這不忠貞邪說的感染。  
這只能誇口他們的磐石，  
羅馬有一天會陷入她的錯失。  
罪惡不能夠把這裏的教會拔起，  
一夜間定下了新的巧計：  
敗壞的老無賴承受了聖職，  
戴起主教的法冠化為文士。  
我看見他坐在書房裏，

忙碌於新近興起的爭議。  
宗教外衣和筆對他妙用恰當，  
他重要的觀點不是地獄而在天堂：  
在那裏是一副壯觀的景象，  
他只用眼角偶然瞥望。  
從前罪在希臘扮演先知，  
在古老羅馬是偉大的皇帝；  
現在作祭司公然宣告，  
把基督的三重聖職當作譏笑：  
從前他分散的欺騙把戲，  
現在竟然聚合時間和空間統一。  
從埃及搬來些神明瑣物，  
從希臘來的是神言無誤，  
從古老羅馬來的歡樂縱慾，  
任意浪費教會的寶庫。  
為了紀念他古舊的座位，  
他給宮廷的別名為巴比倫。  
他要更有效爭取邦國人民，  
也恰如其名的變亂轉混，  
從這些地方，在不同的時間，  
他用美好的面具把罪行遮掩：  
從埃及學來了安定和隱晦，  
從希臘和羅馬學得莊嚴有威；  
混合在一起就轉移了人的注意，  
得意的炫耀勝利忽略了真理：  
他的疆域拓展卻竟然放棄  
那曾經擄掠猶太人的大能大力。  
這樣他巧妙的迷惑了各國各邦  
使他們志願的移位轉向。  
條條大路通羅馬：君王們俯首低項，  
公開吻他的腳，或私下對他的手段投降。  
如此仍然難滿壯圖雄想，  
或他的遠征，不饜足的口胃奢望。

因此他派遣出能幹的差役，  
實質上是政客，修士為外衣：  
不用槍矛，不用刀劍或戰鼓，  
只憑他們的舌頭就完成了征服；  
佔領了，又能夠用策略統理，  
全世界似乎成為教皇的騾子。  
新舊羅馬揉合成一個國度，  
雙方協和是同一敵基督。  
卻像他們的占諾絲有兩副面孔，  
顯示在他們古老破裂的銅鏡。  
*神啊，你的意念向我何等寶貴！*  
*誰能與你相比？*  
罪惡如此在西方巴比倫得勝炫耀，  
卻不叫作罪，而稱為宗教。  
在兩個寶座中，後者更為成功，  
從東方支持他的行程。  
新舊巴比倫如地獄和黑夜相同，  
對比日和月是天堂和光明。  
當一個沈落了，另一個接替出現，  
同樣的對抗律法和恩典。  
他們是地獄的標識撒但的雙峰，  
他們是罪的雙乳滋養著西東。  
雖然罪惡的複製超過原版，  
良善的行動卻不如典範：  
罪使他後來的座位高於從前，  
後來的教會對原先卻有虧欠。  
第二聖殿難比先前的殿，  
後來的復原也不及從前：  
比起更純潔的日子上古之年，  
我們同歸回的猶太人流淚懷念。  
不，它仍然要繼續衰微減損，  
世界的黑暗要更加進侵；  
像主第一次降世時，當祂再臨，

還要保守祂命定的小群；  
在廣大世界和屬主的人中間，  
比起來像普世的群眾和陪審團。  
宗教在我們土地上兢業難展，  
即將要過渡到美洲海岸。  
當邪惡高漲，放縱私慾忘形，  
無恥的犯罪，巫術，不信妄行：  
這些將來毀滅的先兆層出不窮，  
終必要使我們刑罰的苦杯滿盈。  
當塞恩河漲溢漫過台治河畔  
二水匯合就把泰晤士河諸流污染：  
當意大利對我們趁了她的心願，  
她所有的日歷被罪惡充滿；  
人可以預知甚麼罪在明年，  
法蘭西和英格蘭都受她統管；  
宗教就只好到美洲避難，  
像我們一樣福音有他們的時間。  
我的神，你已經為他們預備了道路，  
使他們的黃金成為擄掠之物：  
黃金和恩典永難以同心共處，  
宗教時常是與貧窮為伍。  
我們想是擄掠了他們，卻是錯誤，  
我們更加貧窮，他們因而成為豐富。  
你要為他們伸冤賜恩眷顧，  
要我們償還欠債虧負施行報復，  
我們的故土變成了破落無存，  
要遠道乞援向他們投奔。  
然而當教會朝那裏西向而飛，  
罪惡也立即在後面跟隨：  
他們也有自己的定時和期限，  
為了他們良善的行為與罪愆。  
正如古時候的國度和藝文，  
西班牙曾預備福音進入人的心，

藝文先開墾教會再繼進，  
罪惡又來對教會破壞窒悶；  
當他們完成了各自的圓圈，  
相遇在東方最初古老的海灣，  
要徹底被鑒察遭受審判。  
這樣，教會和太陽的光同時顯明，  
互相映照也一同前行。  
罪惡和黑暗仍然要相隨，  
盡力量和技巧跟教會和太陽作對。  
太陽仍然周行西方到東方，  
教會也照樣由西而東前往；  
因為那時間和地點日漸接近，  
在那裏審判一定會來臨。  
神啊，你的意念向我何等寶貴！  
誰能與你相比？

## 後語

榮耀的王，和平的君，  
一方面既使戰爭息盡，  
一方面賜福你的羊群，  
愛你，在你裏面睡眠安享。  
不要讓罪吞吃你的羊，  
誇說你的血已經冷卻，  
你的死也已經死亡，  
他卻在逐日擴張；  
你的肉已經失去滋養，  
你的十字架是朽木平常。  
堵住他的口不能再狂言無忌，  
卻暫時留下他的呼吸，

直到他的失敗你的勝利，  
用盡餘力以發出嘆息，  
然後再掙扎呼出殘喘，  
把一切都放下在後面。

頌讚惟獨歸於神，  
三度頌讚三一神。

1633

## The Church Militant

Almightie Lord, who from thy glorious throne  
Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one:  
The smallest ant or atome knows thy power,  
Known also to each minute of an houre:  
Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,  
And wrap their policies in thy decree,  
Complying with thy counsels, doing nought  
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.  
But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove  
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.  
Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,  
Which might the more indeare it to be thine.  
Spices come from the East; so did thy Spouse,  
Trimme as the light, sweet as the laden boughs  
Of *Noahs* shadie vine, chaste as the dove;  
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.  
The course was westward, that the sunne might light  
As well our understanding as our sight.  
Where th' Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began  
To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.

*Moses* pursu'd this: but King *Solomon*  
 Finish'd and fixt the old religion.  
 When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain  
 By nailing Christ to fasten it again.  
 But to the Gentiles he bore crosse and all,  
 Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall:  
 Onely whereas the Ark in glorie shone,  
 Now with the crosse, as with a staffe, alone,  
 Religion, like a pilgrime, westward bent,  
 Knocking at all doores, ever as she went.  
 Yet as the sunne, though forward be his flight,  
 Listens behinde him, and allows some light,  
 Till all depart: so went the Church her way,  
 Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay  
 Among the eastern nations for a time,  
 Till both removed to the western clime.  
 To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove  
 Wonders of anger once, but now of love.  
 The ten Commandments there did flourish more  
 Then the ten bitter plagues had done before.  
 Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthonie*  
 Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' historie.  
*Goshen* was darknesse, *Egypt* full of lights,  
*Nilus* for monsters brought forth Israelites.  
 Such power hath mightie Baptisme to produce  
 For things misshapen, things of highest use.  
*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!*  
*Who may with thee compare?*  
 Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where arts  
 Gave her the highest place in all mens hearts.  
 Learning was pos'd, Philosophie was set,  
 Sophisters taken in fishers net.  
*Plato* and *Aristotle* were at a losse,  
 And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ-Crosse*.  
 Prayers chas'd syllogismes into their den,  
 And *Ergo* was transform'd into *amen*.  
 Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,  
 And *Rome* as both; yet *Egypt* faster rid,  
 And spent her period and prefixed time  
 Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,  
 Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,  
 Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.  
 The Warriar his deere skarres no more resounds,  
 But seems to yeeld Christ hath the greater wounds,  
 Wounds willingly endur'd to work his blisse,  
 Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.  
 The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust  
 A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust:  
 Quitting his spear, lest it shoud pierce again  
 Him in his members, who for him was slain.  
 The Shepherds hook grew to a scepter here,  
 Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.  
 But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them  
 Who were cut short in *Alexanders* stemme.  
 In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame  
 And tune mens hearts against the Gospel came:  
 Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one,  
 Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne.  
 Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew,



(As dying things are wont) until it flew  
 At length to *Germanie*, still westward bending,  
 And there the Churches festivall attending:  
 That as before Empire and Arts made way,  
 (For no lesse Harbingers would serve then they)  
 So they might still, and point us out the place  
 Where first the Church should raise her down-cast face.  
 Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there;  
 Then showres Religion, and makes all to bear.  
*Spain* in the Empire shar'd with *Germanie*,  
 But *England* in the higher victorie:  
 Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,  
 And not go lesse then she had done of late.  
*Constantines* British line meant this of old,  
 And did this mysterie wrap up and fold  
 Within a sheet of paper, which was rent  
 From times great Chronicle, and higher sent.  
 Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran  
 Unto the farthest old meridian.

*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!*

*Who may with thee compare?*

Much about one and the same time and place,  
 Both where and when the Church began her race,  
 Sinne did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,  
 And travell'd westward also: journeying on  
 He chid the Church away, where e'er he came,  
 Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.  
 At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow  
 Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow  
 Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,  
 Who for a god clearely a sallet lost.  
 Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,  
 Adoring garlick with an humble face,  
 Begging his food of that which he may eat,  
 Starving the while he worshipping his meat!  
 Who makes a root his god, how low is he,  
 If God and man be sever'd infinitely!  
 What wretchednesse can give him any room,  
 Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom?  
 None will beleeeve this now, though money be  
 In us the same transplanted foolerie.  
 Thus Sinne in *Egypt* sneaked for a while;  
 His highest was an ox or crocodile,  
 And such poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth passe,  
 And being craftier much then Goodnesse was,  
 He left behinde him garrisons of sinnes  
 To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.  
 Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed  
 Rich shrines and oracles he purchased:  
 He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell  
 As well what should befall, as what befell.  
 Nay, he became a poet, and would serve  
 His pills of sublimate in that conserve.  
 The world came in with hands and purses full  
 To this great lotterie, and all would pull.  
 But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,  
 Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait  
 To credit him, and to discredit those  
 Who after him should braver truths disclose.

From *Greece* he went to *Rome*: and as before  
 He was a God, now he's an Emperour.  
*Nero* and others lodg'd him bravely there,  
 Put him in trust to rule the Roman sphere.  
 Glorie was his chief instrument of old:  
 Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold.  
 Which soon was blown to such a mightie flame,  
 That though our Saviour did destroy the game,  
 Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,  
 Setting affliction to encounter pleasure;  
 Yet did a rogue with hope of carnall joy  
 Cheat the most subtill nations. Who so coy,  
 So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts  
 Are given over, for their curious arts,  
 To such Mahometan stupidities,  
 As the old heathen would deem prodigies.  
*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!*  
*Who may with thee compare?*  
 Onely the West and *Rome* do keep them free  
 From this contagious infidelitie.  
 And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,  
 As *Rome* will one day finde unto her cost.  
 Sinne being not able to extirpate quite  
 The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night  
 To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre:  
 The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.  
 I saw him in his studie, where he sate  
 Busie in controversies sprung of late.  
 A gown and pen became him wondrous well:  
 His grave aspect had more of heav'n then hell:  
 Onely there was a handsome picture by,  
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.  
 As Sinne in *Greece* a Prophet was before,  
 And in old *Rome* a mightie Emperour;  
 So now being Priest he plainly did professe  
 To make a jest of Christs three offices:  
 The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were  
 United now in one both time and sphere.  
 From *Egypt* he took pettie deities,  
 From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,  
 And from old *Rome* the libertie of pleasure  
 By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.  
 Then in memoriall of his ancient throne  
 He did surname his palace, *Babylon*.  
 Yet that he might the better gain all nations,  
 And make that name good by their transmigrations,  
 From all these places, but at divers times,  
 He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes:  
 From *Egypt* Anchorisme and retirednesse,  
 Learning from *Greece*, from old *Rome* statelinesse:  
 And blending these he carri'd all mens eyes,  
 While Truth sat by, counting his victories:  
 Whereby he grew apace and scorn'd to use  
 Such force as once did captivate the Jews;  
 But did bewitch, and finely work each nation  
 Into a voluntarie transmigration.  
 All poste to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks  
 Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.  
 It did not fit his gravitie to stirre,

Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre.  
 Therefore he sent out able ministers,  
 Statesmen within, without doores cloisterers:  
 Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme  
 Then what was in their tongue, did overcome;  
 And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,  
 That the whole world did seem but the Popes mule.  
 As new and old *Rome* did one Empire twist;  
 So both together are one Antichrist,  
 Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was,  
 Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.  
*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!*  
*Who may with thee compare?*  
 Thus Sinne triumphs in Western *Babylon*;  
 Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion.  
 Of his two thrones he made the latter best,  
 And to defray his journey from the east.  
 Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,  
 As is the moon and sunne to heav'n and light.  
 When th' one did set, the other did take place,  
 Confronting equally the Law and Grace.  
 They are hells land-marks, Satans double crest:  
 They are Sinnes nipples, feeding th' east and west.  
 But as in vice the copie still exceeds  
 The pattern, but not so in vertuous deeds;  
 So though Sinne made his latter seat the better,  
 The latter Church is to the first a debter.  
 The second Temple could not reach the first:  
 And the late reformation never durst  
 Compare with ancient times and purer yeares;  
 But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.  
 Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade;  
 Till such a darknesse do the world invade  
 At Christs last coming, as his first did finde:  
 Yet must there such proportion be assign'd  
 To these diminishings, as is between  
 The spacious world and *Jurie* to be seen.  
 Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,  
 Readie to passe to the *American* strand.  
 When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,  
 Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts  
 (The marks of future bane) shall fill our cup  
 Unto the brimme, and make our measure up;  
 When *Sein* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*  
 By letting in them both pollutes her streams:  
 When *Italie* of us shall have her will,  
 And all her calendar of sinnes fulfill;  
 Whereby one may foretell, what sinnes next yeare  
 Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer:  
 Then shall Religion to *America* flee:  
 They have their times on Gospel, ev'n as we.  
 My God, thou dost prepare for them a way  
 By carrying first their gold from them away:  
 For gold and grace did never yet agree:  
 Religion alwaies sides with povertie.  
 We think we rob them, but we think amisse:  
 We are more poore, and they more rich by this.  
 Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace  
 To pay our debts, and leave her ancient place

To go to them, while that which now their nation  
 But lends to us, shall be our desolation.  
 Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,  
 So Sinne shall trace and dog her instantly:  
 They have their period also and set times  
 Both for their vertuous actions and their crimes.  
 And where of old the Empire and the Arts  
 Usher'd the Gospel ever in mens hearts,  
*Spain* hath done one; when Arts perform the other,  
 The Church shall come, & Sinne the Church shall smother:  
 That when they have accomplished their round,  
 And met in th' east their first and ancient sound,  
 Judgement may meet them both & search them round.  
 Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne,  
 Light one another, and together runne.  
 Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still  
 The Church and Sunne with all their power and skill.  
 But as the Sunne still goes both west and east;  
 So also did the Church by going west  
 Still eastward go; because it drew more neare  
 To time and place, where judgement shall appeare.  
*How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are!*  
*Who may with thee compare?*

*L' Envoy*

*King of Glorie, King of Peace,*  
 With the one make warre to cease;  
 With the other blesse thy sheep,  
 Thee to love, in thee to sleep.  
 Let not Sinne devoure thy fold,  
 Bragging that thy bloud is cold,  
 That thy death is also dead,  
 While his conquests dayly spread;  
 That thy flesh hath lost his food,  
 And thy Crosse is common wood.  
 Choke him, let him say no more,  
 But reserve his breath in store,  
 Till thy conquests and his fall  
 Make his sighs to use it all,  
 And then bargain with the winde  
 To discharge what is behinde.

*Blessed be God alone,*  
*Thrice blessed Three in One.*

*FINIS*

George Herbert (1593-1633)  
English poet & Anglican church pastor

作者：于中旻  
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