

頌詩譯選

POEMS & HYMNS

III

目錄

J.N. Darby:

呼召.The call

道路.The Road

神在曠野.God in the Wilderness

盼望天亮.The Hope of Day

靈魂的切求.The Soul's Desire

期望.Expectation

Oswald Chambers:

等候.Wait

解放 Emancipation

最好的.The Best

抉擇.Decision

努力 Effort

責任.Duty

與我同住 Abide With Me

自我認知.Self-Aquaintance: William Cowper

我豈不曾說.Said I Not So: George Herbert

罪的圓圈.Sin's Round: George Herbert

華冠.A Wreath: George Herbert

冠冕.The Coronet: Andrew Marvell

當我見周圍密雲聚集.When Gathering Clouds Around: Robert Grant

破曉.Daybreak: Henry W. Longfellow

雨天.The Rainy Day: Henry W. Longfellow

孩童時間.The Children's Hour: Henry W. Longfellow

我們感謝你.We Thank Thee: Ralph Waldo Emerson

兄妹孤兒.The Orphans: Anonymous

家·甜美的家.Home, Sweet Home: John H. Payne

我受洗的生日.My Baptismal Birthday: Samuel T. Coleridge

主啊·當哲士們來.Lord, When the Wise Men Came: Sidney Godolphin

頌歌. Ode: Joseph Addison

勞動歌.Labour Song: Denis F. MacCarthy

蘭凱郡讚美詩.A Lancashire Doxology: Dinah M. Craik

勞作是禱告.To Labor Is To Pray: Frances S. Osgood

同道之歌.A Wayfaring Song: Henry van Dyke

真理.Truth: Ben Jonson

仁慈.Mercy: William Shakespeare

愛頌.Amoretti: Edmund Spenser

啄木鳥的故事.A Legend of the Northland: Phoebe Cary
盲童.The Blind Boy: Colley Cibber
暮鐘.Those Evening Bells: Thomas Moore
互相謙讓.Mutual Subjection: Christopher Smart
彩虹.The Rainbow: William Wordsworth
永不再.The Nevermore: Dante G. Rossetti
夏天的日暮.A Summer Evening: Isaac Watts
當我見那榮耀的光.When Those Glorious Lights I See: George Wither
伐木者·留下那樹.Woodman, Spare That Tree: George P. Morris
母親的聖經.My Mother's Bible: George P. Morris
老之將至. of old Age: George Crabbe
何時我們再都相會.When Shall We All Meet Again: Anonymous
他們都去矣.They Are All Gone: Henry Vaughan
生命.Life: Henry King
死亡的最後勝利.Death's Final Conquest: James Shirley
貧民臨終.The Pauper's Death-Bed: Caroline Bowles
必死之人何必高傲? Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?: William Knox
神的僕人·作得成功. Servant of God, Well Done: James Montgomery
有平靜安息的時候.There is An Hour of Peaceful Rest: W.B.Tappan
神的田畝.God's Acre: Henry W. Longfellow
靈域.The Spirit-Land: Jones Very
新耶路撒冷. The New Jerusalem: David Dickson
我站立在錫安山.I Stand On Zion's Mount: Charles Swain
光明節頌詩. Hanukkah Hymn
詩人.The Poet: Angela Morgon
閉幕辭.The End of The Play: William M. Thackeray

後語. *L'Envoi*

達秘詩選：

呼 召

John Nelson Darby

何等有力大能的聲音呼召我，
不是來自地上卻又如此的近，
用那麼平靜，清越的語韻，
從那不可見的世界，我的心？

那聲音莊嚴，卻有吸引的能力

和從未曾知的甜蜜；
那信息論到一個時期，
當世界的聲音永遠消逝。

那聲音輕緩，又全然嚴肅；
因那屬天的呼聲，
自然沈入寧靜，
沒有屬地的聲音相同！

是祂的。是，是的；沒有別的聲音
能夠這樣動我的心弦；
曾使我的心歸祂那裏
是主的聲音藉著恩典。

真的，這次是另一種語聲，
以前曾使我心靈覺醒，
負祂仁慈的軛下
生命和平安得日以加增。

配得頌讚的主，是你說話！
你的聲音曾引我心歸你；
吸引我作更美的選擇，
你的恩典使我得以自由。

願我惟獨以你為樂，
在世行事靠信心；
夠了，我已聽你聲音，
知道你為我受苦至深——

主啊，今後惟願榮耀你
在這荒野無處可得安息；
我要專誠急速行你的道路，
主啊，生活在你的安息裏。

是的，以前是信心——你的話；
現在我心靈求與你親近，
我的靈魂思想日向高處
那更光明的境界。

1832

道 路

不是用無定的腳步
在我們無家的道路奔走；
一個熟知的聲音
召我們走向永遠的白晝。

呼召我們的那一位
孤單走過那前無人經的路上，
在引向神的道路留下印記
免得我們再流離失喪；

現在也不撇下我們
獨自經過那荒野迷茫，
卻仍然以日用的恩典指引
急速的走向那家鄉。

住在祂的旨意中前途仍遙
考驗我們的信心和忍耐，
背負每一重擔祂慈愛可靠
我們的心靈不被侵害。

祂永遠同在不論路短或長，
主是我們隨時的力量；
祂是我的喜樂確定的安息，

與主面對面再無憂惶。

神在曠野

醒起，我的靈，你的神指引你；
陌生的手再不能阻止；
前往吧，祂的手保護你——
那釋放被擄者的能力。

是否那在你面前的曠野——
荒涼的土地遍是乾旱？
屬天的泉源會滋潤你，
從神清新無窮的豐滿。

你所經過處有聖光環繞，
神親自標識你的路程；
隱藏的福分，豐足滿盈，
引向無盡白晝的永恒。

神，是你永遠的分，
以強者的肉為你的食物；
再不用作埃及的苦役，
換取飲食來填滿肚腹。

盼望天亮

是這樣嗎，我將同你的兒子相像？

贏得這恩典祂為我打了勝仗？
榮耀的父！思想超過所有的思想，
買贖祂自己的榮耀蒙福的形狀。

耶穌，主啊，誰像你這樣愛我？
這都在於你成就的工作！
同你我要見你永遠的榮耀，
我只是你靈魂受苦和得勝的成果。

必然如此！你的愛還沒有安息
直到人完全得贖蒙福同你在一起 —
這愛不同於世上的愛，
是蒙愛的一同得業同為後嗣。

不僅是我；你所愛的，同歸於一，
在榮耀裏都圍繞你歡喜聚集；
都像你一樣，主啊！因為有你的榮美，
你是超越萬有，萬有都敬拜你！

靈魂的切求

主啊，我等候你，
主啊，那時看見你自己，
我等候你，
在你再臨時。
主啊，你的榮耀將偉大無比，
主啊，當天國臨世；
你的榮耀將偉大無比，
在你再臨時。

主啊，被提到空中，

主啊，那榮耀我們將相共；
每一聖徒要在那裏，
在你再臨時。
主啊，你恩典何等榮美，
主啊，給我們如此位分；
那就快要臨近，
在你再臨時。

期 望

主耶穌，諸般恩典的本源，
在榮美的神聖光間，
我們就要與你面對面，
在那榮耀普照無限；

永遠與你同在，聽你聲音，
全然沒有隔阻，
盡嘗你的愛喜樂滿足，
雖然仍在這荒涼廢墟。

在平安驚奇中我們敬拜
想念你神聖的愛，
永遠在那境界
我們與你交織不分開。

約翰·達秘 (John Nelson Darby, 1800-1882) 英國神學作家，近代弟兄會重要創始人之一。父為海軍將領。早年至愛爾蘭，初習法律，轉為聖公會教牧；約於 1830 年，倡“時代主義”之說，以為聖品階級不合於聖經，而信者皆為弟兄，故稱“弟兄會”。

Selected Poems of J.N. Darby:

The Call

What powerful, mighty Voice, so near,
Calls me from earth apart —
Reaches, with tones so still, so clear,
From th' unseen world, my heart?

'Tis solemn, yet it draws with power
And sweetness yet unknown;
It speaks the language of an hour
When earth's forever gone.

It soothes, yet solemnizes all;
What yet of nature is

Lies silent, through the heavenly call;
No earth voice like this!

'Tis His. Yes, yes; no other sound
Could move my heart like this;
The voice of Him that earlier bound
Through grace that heart to His —

In other accents now, 'tis true,
Than once my spirit woke,
To life and peace, through which it grew
Under His gracious yoke.

Blest Lord, Thou speak'st! 'Twas erst Thy voice
That led my heart to Thee;
That drew me to that better choice
Where grace has set me free.

Then would'st Thou that I should rejoice,
And walk by faith below;
Enough, that I had heard Thy voice,
And learnt Thy love's deep woe—

Thy glory, Lord. This living waste
Thenceforth no rest could give;
My path was on with earnest haste,
Lord, in Thy rest to live.

Yes, then 'twas faith—Thy word; but now
Thyself my soul draw'st nigh,
My soul with nearer thoughts to bow
Of brighter worlds on high.

1832

The Road

It is not with uncertain step
That we tread our homeless way;
A well-known Voice has called us up
To everlasting day.

The voice of Him who, whilom, trod
Alone the trackless way,
(And marked the road that leads to God),
Where we once, as lost, did stray;

Nor leaves us now alone to trace
Our path across the waste,
But leads us still with living grace
To the home to which we haste.

May abide His will, for the longer road
Where patience and faith are tried,
And count on a love which bears each load,
And our hearts from trial may hide.

He will still be there, be it long or brief,
Our strength in every need;
Himself our joy, our sure relief,
Till from care in His presence we're freed.

God In The Wilderness

Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee;
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on, His hand protects thee—
Strength that has the captive freed.

Is the wilderness before thee—
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heavenly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides.

Light divine surrounds thy going,
God Himself shall mark thy way,
Secret blessings, richly flowing,
Lead to everlasting day.

God, thine everlasting portion,
Feeds thee with the mighty's meat;
Price of Egypt's hard extortion,
Egypt's food no more to eat.

1837

The Hope of Day

And is it so, I shall be like Thy Son,
Is this the grace which He for me has won?
Father of glory! Thought beyond all thought,
In glory to His own blest likeness brought!

O Jesus, Lord, who loved me like to Thee?
Fruit of Thy work! With Thee, too, there to see
Thy glory, Lord, while endless ages roll,
Myself the prize and travail of Thy soul.

Yet it must be! Thy love had not its rest
Were Thy redeemed not with Thee fully blest —
That love that gives not as the world, but shares
All it possesses with its loved co-heirs!

Nor I alone; Thy loved ones all, complete,
In glory around Thee with joy shall meet;
All like Thee, for Thy glory like Thee, Lord!
Object supreme of all, by all adored.

1872

The Soul's Desire

I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,
Thyself then to see, Lord;
I'm waiting for Thee,
At Thy coming again.
Thy glory'll be great, Lord,
In heavenly state, Lord;
Thy glory'll be great
At Thy coming again.

Caught up in the air, Lord,
That glory we'll share, Lord;
Each saint will be there,
At Thy coming again.
How glorious the grace, Lord,
That gave such a place, Lord;
It's nearing apace,
At Thy coming again.

1881

Expectation

Lord Jesus, source of every grace,
Glorious in light divine,
Soon shall we see Thee face to face,
And in that glory shine;

Be ever with Thee, hear Thy voice,
Unhindered then shall taste
The love which doth our hearts rejoice,
Though absent in this waste.

In peaceful wonder we adore
The thoughts of Love divine,
Which in that world for evermore
Our lot with Thine entwine!

John Nelson Darby (1800-1882)

澄波詩選：

等候

Oswald Chambers

止住煩躁不安，
不要焦急，對於你這是預備的時間；
你必須要造成像你所服事的主形像。
等候，鑽石必須要先切割成小的面
才可以映出太陽榮耀清新的光線。
欲必須降下，
灰暗色的球莖才會發長芬芳的花朵。
靜默在神前，你服事的時間還未來到；
忍耐，這等候的考驗是愛你的主所差遣；
要靜止——祂知道一切，你知道祂的旨意最美好。

1892年七月七日

解放

遠離世界和殘暴，
 遠離日間和爭擾；
遠離悲哀和歡樂，
 遠離鬥爭的生活。

遠離那午夜的催眠，
 遠離我生成的天然，
遠去到音樂的領域
 在那裏的美永不衰殘。

像一個急渴，半受驚的異物，
 像狂吹的風忽然停住，
我的靈魂在等候思念，渴望，
 緊張的如同被吊在刑架上。

來自遠方，現在那麼近——那麼遠
 出現一位那麼痛切的親愛；

我靈魂的渴望突然間逸去，
我心的懼怕也忽然不復存在。

歸家離開那些在外游蕩者，
歸家離開寒冷的異域他鄉，
回到“我們的父”的臂膀，
在家，我全然屬祂祂也屬我。

1893年十二月二十九日

最好的

比家和最愛的更近，
比親近和最親近的更近；
比氣息更近，
比死亡更近
是耶穌甜蜜的靈。

比所有最近的更可貴，
比親愛和最親愛的更可貴，
比視覺更可貴，
比光更可貴
是同耶穌的團契。

1893年十二月二十九日

抉擇

最後

霧已升起，
雲已消散；
我飄泊的靈魂，
也被高舉
到光明中間。

最後
那呼召臨到，
帶著能力，
我的靈魂升高，
神已勝過了
死亡的黑夜。

最後
野心受到摧敗
不再被其搖擺，
口渴得以紓解，
良善得以持定
成為神聖。

最後
我心得到滿足，
雖然違背本性
同意這樣決定
絕不後悔返顧
行這道路。

1895 年三月八日

努力

奮力前奔，不朽靈魂的駿馬，
許多時代撇在你背後留下，
飛啊，隨從我屬靈種性的激動，
飛啊，神的靈是你火蹄的引領。

衝過錯誤迷雲的騰湧，
不聽膽怯的哭喊驚叫聲，虛空！
決心的力量，不朽的遠景，
經過幽暗達到真理的神聖光明。

不管恐怖的強烈風暴
可怕的形狀在你周圍環繞；
奮力爭戰直等爭戰止息，
所切慕安靜的永遠平安來到。

轉耳不聽那妖星們的歌聲迷惑，
躲避他們的美貌因其美貌險惡，
對你裏面渴望專慕的心真實，
對所愛的忠貞，直至愛和光匯合。

快跑，因那大能者操著你的韁繩，
快跑，因現在所有努力總不虛空；
飛啊，經過我們正午有限的日光，
飛啊，直到鞭策你的賽程完成。

在將盡的黑夜工作為無盡的白天，
在黎明的光中聽神偉大的靈稱讚：
“歡迎，這駿馬跑過人間有限的原野，
歡迎，現在來享有我大能的威權！”

1895年四月十六日

責任

冷月照過無葉的空林，
夢的迷霧慘淡而低沉；
不靜的風吹送著怪喊，
雲移動著奇異而緩慢。

我們在冷暗的土地上等候，
我們的靈魂涕泣痛苦淚流；
我們等候抓住神的右手，
啊，難道等候竟空無所有？

不，黎明的光穿過那陰沉的山嶺，
那伸展的道路清晰顯明；
神的右手抓住那意志飄搖，
責任重現出微笑相迎。

1896年一月二十七日

與我同住

來自那闐靜的深夜間，
來自那昏睡的天。
當你歡然經過的時候，
撫慰我安息在路邊。

來自環繞的神秘
當你從眼前消失；

悲哀和罪就彌漫陰翳，
那向我顯示需要亮光。

來吧，你被殺成就救贖，
奪取我脫出罪和墳墓，
提高我的信心，被你吸引
使我成為恩典的奴僕。

1901 年六月八日

澄波 (Oswald Chambers, 1874-1917) 蘇格蘭聖經教師，宣教士。
早年因司布真 (Charles Surgeon) 講道而信主，成為“更深生命”
教師。參加五旬節禱告團，後任倫敦之聖經學校校長。第一次世界大戰
時，赴埃及任英軍軍牧，染疾逝世。

Selected poems of Oswald Chambers:

Wait

Cease from disquietude,

Fret not, this is unto thee a preparation time;
Thou must be made in likeness unto Him thou wouldest serve.
Wait, the diamond must be cut ere from its tiny facets
Flash the glory of the sun's pure ray.
Rain must descend,
Else from yon dull grey bulb springeth no sweet perfumed
flower.
Be silent upon God, thy time for service has not come;
Patient, this waiting trial is by Him who loves thee sent;
Be still—He knoweth all, thou knowest His will is best.
July 7, 1892

Emancipation

Away from the world and the cruel,
Away from the day and its strife;
Away from the sad and the joyful,
Away from the struggle of life.

Away through the high hush of midnight,
Away from myself am I borne,
Away to the region of music,
Where the beautiful ever is worn.

Like a strange eager thing, half-frightened,
Like the rushing of wind held back,
My soul, yearning, longing was waiting,
Strained intensely, as held on a rack.

Far away, now so near—now so far
Came a presence so painfully dear;
Away burst my soul from its longing,
Away burst my heart from the fear.

Home from those wayward wanderings,
Home from that cold foreign clime,
Home, to the arms of "Our Father,"
Where I am all His and He's mine.
December 29, 1893

The Best

Nearer than Home and than dearest,
Nearer than near or than nearest;
Nearer than breath,

Nearer than death
Is the sweet spirit of Jesus.

Dearer than all that is nearest,
Dearer than dear or than dearest,
Dearer than sight,
Dearer than light
Is the communion with Jesus.
December 29, 1893

Decision

At last
The fog has lifted,
The clouds have sifted;
My soul, which drifted,
Has been uplifted
Into the light.

At last
The call's descended,
Power with it blended,
My soul's ascended,
God has transcended
Mortal night.

At last
Ambition's breaking
From all that's shaking,
The thirst it's slaking,
The good it's taking
Is divine.

At last
I am contented,
Though thought demented
To have consented
And not repented,
To take this course.
March 8, 1895

Effort

Speed on, immortal coursers of the soul,

Ages before thee as behind thee roll;
Fly, to the impulse of my spirit bred,
Fly, by God's spirit be thy fire-hoofs led.

On through the surging clouds of error go,
Deaf to all cries and shrieks of cowardly woe,
Vainly! determined strength, immortal sight,
On through the gloom and reach truth's holy light.

Heed not the terror of the mighty storm
That sweeps around thee wreathed in awful form;
Pant for the quiet of eternal peace,
Strive in the conflict till the conflict cease.

Turn from the singing of the siren stars,
Pass by their beauty, for their beauty mars,
True to the heart that pants and strains with thine,
Faithful in love, till love and light combine.

Speed, for the mighty power has seized thy rein,
Speed, for no effort now can be in vain;
Fly, through the noontide of our finite sun,
Fly, till the chastening of thy race is run.

Gain through the finite night infinite day,
Hear at the dawnlight God's great Spirit say,
"Welcome, brave coursers from man's finite fields!
Welcome, My mighty power thou now shalt wield!"
April 16, 1895

Duty

The moon shines cold through the leafless trees,
The mists dream pale and low;
The weird wails pass of the restless breeze,
The clouds move strange and slow.

We wait through the cold of gloomlight land,
Our souls weep tears of pain;
We wait for the grasp of God's right hand,
Oh say, do we wait in vain?

No! dawnlight breaks o'er the sullen hill,
The way lies clear and plain;
And God's right hand grasps the swaying will,
And duty smiles again.

January 27, 1896

Abide With Me

Come from the hush of the midnight,
Come from the slumbering sky,
Soothe me to rest by the wayside
While Thou wouldst fain pass by.

Come from the mystery shrouding
Where Thou hast drawn out of sight;
Sorrow and sin are clouding
What Thou didst make for the light.

Come, Thou wast slain to redeem me,
Wrest me from sin and the grave;
Lift up my faith, till from out Thee
Cometh the grace to enslave.

June 8, 1901

自我認知

William Cowper

親愛的主！接受一顆罪惡的心，
它自己也在怨嫌，
並且悲傷，痛苦既多又深，
邪惡存在它中間。

那裏潛伏著忿怒激烈的種子，
常會戕害我的康健；
但等到火性發作起
就煽成一片火焰。

律法拿出來賄賂
要向你買我的生命；
不滿深願意寫出
你當如何待我的規定。

不信在抵擋你的恩典，
也推卻你的慈憐，
傲慢卻厚顏只重銅錢，
說：“給我，或我死也甘願！”

我的思想多麼渴望流連
尋求那些他所愛羨！
但是，啊！當責任召他回到家園，
何等的沉重裹足不前！

噢，求用救主寶血潔淨我，
改化我用你的權能，
把我作成你可愛的居所。

使我不再飄零。

Self-Acquaintance

Dear Lord! accept a sinful heart,
Which of itself complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent smart,
The evil it contains.

There fiery seeds of anger lurk,
Which often hurt my frame;
And wait but for the temper's work
To fan them to a flame.

Legality holds out a bribe
To purchase life from Thee;
And discontent would fain prescribe
How Thou shalt deal with me.

While unbelief withstands Thy grace,
And puts the mercy by,
Presumption, with a brow of brass,
Says, "Give me, or I die!"

How eager are my thoughts to roam
In quest of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!

Oh, cleanse me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by Thy power,
And make me Thy belov'd abode,
And let me roam no more.

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

我豈不曾說

George Herbert

我豈不曾說，—— 我不要再犯罪？
見證，我的神，我仍舊歸回；
我再次負欠了前帳：
我的毛病不能隱藏。

怎麼辦？—— 立了誓願仍然破誓？
所作的徒勞無功；
我的良善不能勝我的惡，
努力似要受阻成空。

噢，不要這樣說；你不知道何等的能力
你的神將會賜給你。
重新立願，如果最後終如願以償，
你的神會赦免不咎既往。
在你還可立願的時候，你且立願
或許從你以為最小的實踐。

你的神絕不會把你棄掉，
當祂許可你向祂求告。
求告你的神施恩持守約誓，

如果破誓了向祂哀泣。
為破誓哀泣，再重申誓願，
用眼淚立的誓不至再徒然。
然後再次更新
立願修正我行的道；
主啊，說阿們
你得一切的頌讚榮耀。

Said I Not So

Said I not so,— that I would sin no more?
Witness, my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score;
My faults cannot be hid.

What shall I do?— Make vows and break them still?
'T will be but labour lost;
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The business will be crost.

O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length.
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that's past.
Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow, thou mayst
Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.

Thy God hath not denied thee all,
Whilst He permits thee but to call.
Call to thy God for grace to keep

Thy vows; and if thou break them, weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
Vows made with tears cannot be still in vain.

Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, say Amen,
And Thine be all the praise.

George Herbert (1593-1633)
English parson & poet

罪的圓圈

George Herbert

我憂傷，神啊，我抱歉，
我罪咎的路線是個圓圈。
我的思想像活躍的火焰，
到那飛龍孵出它的毒蛋：
當他們一完成他們的籌算，
我的話從我燒著的意念點燃。

我的話從我燒著的意念點燃，
就噴吐出像西西里的火山。
發出的東西帶著污染，
煽動那惡物延展。
言語還不夠更有不潔淫念，

雙手也參加完成新意願。

雙手也參加完成新意願：
因此我的罪升到三層間，
如同巴別塔加高在傾倒之先。
不過惡行從不休閒：
它繼續提供惡念：因此使我羞慚，
我憂傷，神啊，我抱歉。

Sin's Round

Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am,
That my offences course it in a ring.
My thoughts are working like a busy flame,
Until their cockatrice they hatch and bring:
And when they once have perfected their draughts,
My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,

Which spit it forth like the Sicilian Hill.
They vent the wares, and passed them with their faults,
And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions:
My hands do join to finish the inventions:

My hands do join to finish the inventions:
And so my sins ascend three stories high,
As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.
Yet ill deeds loiter not: for they supply
New thoughts of sinning: wherefore, to my shame,
Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

George Herbert (1593-1633)
English poet

華冠

George Herbert

一個花圈的冠冕配得的頌讚，
頌讚是配得的我向你呈獻，

我獻給你，你知我所有道路，
我生活的道路就是彎彎曲曲，
實是死的，不是活：因生命是正直，
像一條直線，永遠引向你，
向你，你遠超過詐欺，
超越詐欺似乎勝於樸實。
求賜我樸實，我就能活出，
活出並像你，我就知你道路，
知道並遵行：我就能呈獻，
用這貧乏花圈，獻你頌讚冠冕。

A Wreath

A wreathed garland of deserved praise,
Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
I give to thee, who knowest all my ways,
My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is straight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
To thee, who art more far above deceit,
Than deceit seems above simplicity.
Give me simplicity, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know thy ways,
Know them and practise them: then shall I give
For this poor wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

George Herbert

冠冕

Andrew Marvell

當那荊棘冠冕的刺，太長，
 加冕在我救主的頭上，
 造成許多的創傷，
我長願欲，設法作個華冠為錯誤補償：
 找遍每個花園，每片草場
採集花朵 (我的結果不過有花)
 拆毀所有芳香的花塔，
一度曾為我的牧羊女裝飾頭髮。
現在我傾所有的存積
 妄想 (是我在自欺)
 如此豐美的花圈編織
榮耀的王所戴的冠冕無一能及；
 啊呀！我發現那古蛇仇敵
 盤繞著它斑點的胸皮，
 彎曲偽裝作類似的花枝，
 捲纏著名聲和利益。
啊！愚人，必朽的榮耀難以久遠
將要貶抑屬天的皇冠！
但只有你能制伏那古蛇，
解脫它狡滑的結，
斷開它所有網羅曲折；
或同時破碎我的奇心淫妄
讓這些都凋殘，它也就死亡，
雖然用上技巧，選擇復營想；
這樣，當你踐踏兩重的戰利品，
作足下的冠冕，雖不配冠冕在你頭上。

馬衛勒 (Andrew Marvell, 1621-1678) 英國形上派詩人。於克倫威爾執政期間，任彌爾敦(John Milton) 拉丁秘書助理，相當於外交次長。英王於查理二世 (Charles II) 復辟後，選為國會議員。彌爾敦因曾參加清教徒革命，並著文

指查理一世為叛國暴君，主張處以死刑(1649)，為新政府不容，議以監禁；馬衛勒極力營救為之庇護。

The Coronet

When for the Thorns with which I long, too long,
With many a piercing wound
My Saviour's head have crown'd,
I seek with Garlands to redress that Wrong,
Through every Garden, every Mead
I gather flow'rs (my fruits are only flow'rs)
Dismantling all the fragrant Towers
That once adorn'd my Shepherdess's head.
And now when I have summ'd up all my store,
Thinking (so I my self deceive)
So rich a Chaplet thence to weave
As never yet the king of Glory wore,
Alas I find the Serpent old
That, twining in his speckled breast,
About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
With wreaths of Fame and Interest.
Ah, foolish Man, that would'st debase with them
And mortal Glory, Heaven's Diadem!
But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,
Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,
And disentangle all his winding Snare;
Or shatter too with him my curious frame
And let these wither, so that he may die,
Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care;
That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,
May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.

Andrew Marvell (1621-1678)
English MP & poet

當我見周圍密雲聚集

Robert Grant

當我見周圍密雲聚集，
日子黑暗，朋友們漸稀，
倚靠祂總不至虛空，

主歷盡人間的傷痛；
祂緩解我懼怕，祂看見我需要，
數算我的眼淚並以為寶。

如果任何事物引誘我背離
那屬天智慧的窄路，
從當追求的良善逃避，
或行我不當行的罪惡，
仍是經歷過試探權勢的主，
必保守我在危險時站得住。

如果我的愛心受到傷害，
所親近的人竟對我欺騙，
祂必然施幫助慈憐，
祂在世經歷的更慘，
曾經被撇棄，否認，背叛，
那些人每天同桌吃祂的飯。

如果苦惱心思在裏面興起，
使我的心靈絕望以至於死，
但祂曾經賜我力量
能夠忍受憂苦失望，
必溫和的撫慰，輕柔的拭乾，
那震蕩的心靈，流淚的眼。

當我在墓石前哀傷低頭，
下面是我過去的朋友，
他的聲音，笑貌，和手，
要跟我分別還不長久，
你，曾哭泣在拉撒路的墓門口，
救主，記認我的眼淚傾流。

噢，當我經過一切安全
到了最後的一場爭戰，

你依然，依然不曾改變，
在我痛苦的床邊，— 你早經驗
勝過死亡直往無雲的白天，
把最晚的眼淚擦乾。

格蘭特 (Sir Robert Grant, 1779-1838) 英國國會議員，聖詩作家。

When Gathering Clouds Around

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall His pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,
Still He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed,— for Thou hast died;

Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant (1779-1838)
British M.P. & hymn writer

破曉

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

一陣風從海面吹來，
說：“霧啊，給我讓開！”

它向船招呼，喊說：“前駛，
水手們，黑夜已經逃避。”

又匆忙的朝遙遠的陸地呼喚：
“醒來吧！已經是白天。”

它對樹林說：“呼喊！
挂出你所有多葉的旂幟！”

它撫著林鳥斂起的翅膀，
說：“鳥兒，醒來並歌唱！”

它越過農莊，“雄雞啊，
白晝將近，把你的號角吹起！”

它向麥田低語用輕微的聲音，
“低下頭，歡呼清晨的來臨！”

它高喊穿越那鐘樓，“醒起，
鐘啊！宣告現在的定時。”

它嘆息著越過教堂的墓園，
說：“時候未到，繼續靜眠。”

Daybreak

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

雨天

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

天氣寒冷，陰鬱，幽暗；
風和雨一直不息不倦；
蔓藤依然緊附著將傾頹的牆，
風一吹過枯葉就飄落地上，
 天陰鬱而且幽暗。

我的生命寒冷，陰鬱，幽暗；
雨下著，雨一直不息不倦；
我的思想依然緊附著將傾頹的過去，
狂風把早年的希望吹落塵土，
 日子陰鬱而且幽暗。

安靜，悲哀的心！不要怨嘆煩惱；
在陰雲之上太陽依然照耀；
你的命運和眾人的命運一樣，
在每個生命中雨總會下降，

必然有些日子陰鬱而且幽暗。

The Rainy Day

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

孩童時間

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

在黑暗將接續白天，
當夜開始降下，
一天事工完畢的休閒，
那叫作孩童時間。

我聽到上面的房中，
有輕促的小腳步聲，
有開房門的聲響，
語音甜而柔輕。

從我書房的燈光可以看見
寬闊的樓梯上降下，
莊重的愛莉，嘻笑雅麗歌拉，
還有伊滌慈金黃的頭髮。

先是耳語，接著是安靜：
但我知道從頑皮的眼睛
他們在商議一同定計
為要使我意外驚奇。

忽然間奔跑經過走道，
忽然間突擊衝過廳堂！
這三道門都未曾設防，
他們衝進我堡壘的牆！

他們爬上了我的角樓
上了旁手和我的椅脊；
他們包圍我無處可逃避，
好像他們遍處都是。

他們的親吻幾乎把我吞掉，
他們擁抱我交互纏繞，
叫我想起那濱鎮的主教，
在萊茵鼠樓被群鼠所咬。

噢，藍眼睛的強盜們，豈不想，
因為你們爬越了牆，
一個老鬍子像我這樣
那能夠同你們較量！

我緊困你們在我的城堡裏，
絕不讓你們逃奔，
要把你們放在牢獄中囚禁

在那圓樓裏——我的心。

我要永遠把你們放在那裏，
是的，永遠到一天，
到那牆壁變成頹垣，
與塵土一同歸於衰殘！

The Children's Hour

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
Tho' sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;

They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

我們感謝你

Ralph Waldo Emerson

為花朵繞著我們的腳步開放；
為柔軟的草，那樣清新芳香；
為蜜蜂的嗡叫和群鳥的歌唱；
為美好的萬有我們聽和觀賞
天上的父啊，我們感謝你！

為藍的水流，為蔚藍的天空；
為可愛的綠蔭樹枝高向蒼穹；
為芬芳的空氣和清涼的微風；
為樹叢發出幽美悠長的嘯鳴——
天上的父啊，我們感謝你！

為母親的慈愛，父親護衛關照；
為弟兄們強壯，姊妹秀麗美貌；
為家庭的愛和每天去上學校；
為你的引導免我們偏離正道——
天上的父啊，我們感謝你！

為了你慈愛，永遠的臂膀，
支持我們越過所有禍患損傷；
為神聖賜福的話語長久以往，
現在幫助我們對你旨意明朗——
天上的父啊，我們感謝你！

愛默生 (Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882) 美國哲學家，詩人，
論文作家。

We Thank Thee

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream, for blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blowing trees—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For mother-love, for father-care;
For brothers strong and sisters fair;
For love at home and school each day;
For guidance lest we go astray—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For Thy dear, everlasting arms,
That bear us o'er all ills and harms;
For blessed words of long ago,
That help us now Thy will to know—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)
American poet & philosopher

兄妹孤兒

佚名

我的馬車到達鄉村的旅舍，
最後餘暉的夕陽
斜映著街對面古老的教堂，
把屋頂的風旗染上燦爛金黃。

為了打發晚餐前的時間，
我默默的踱過到對面，
在苔封的古老墓叢
尋味死者的遺願。

那裏許多寒素的青綠墳墓，
是貧困缺乏勞苦的安息之處；
也有許多諂諛的墓石，
表明他們曾擁有財富。

一棵凋落的榴樹褐色的影子，
投射在一座墳是憂患的眠息，
在那裏稀疏的草還未長起，
有兩名襤褸的孩子坐著哭泣。

在當中放著一塊麵包，
他們二人都無意去取，

但他們看來是那麼貧苦，
使我的心酸楚。

“我的孩子，對我來講
為甚你們這樣的憂傷，
又為甚浪費丟掉那麵包，
會使許多人吃了歡暢？”

那小男孩，用可愛的語聲回答，
眼淚成串的下滴：
“夫人哪！我們在挨餓缺食，
即使有我們也不會任意拋棄。

“只是妹妹瑪莉變得淘氣，
我說好說歹她總不肯吃，
雖然我知道那麵包實在是她的，
因為她全天都不曾吃過東西。”

蒼白瘦弱的瑪莉說：“肯定的，
除非亨利吃，我決不再吃半點，
因為昨天我吃過一點麵包，
他甚麼都沒吃打從前天。”

我的心膨漲，胸口起伏，
我感覺好像是無法言語；
靜默的我坐在那墳墓，
把冰冷的小手用我雙手握住。

所表現的憂苦是如此真實，
所表現傳達了感恩的心意，
那抖顫的小男孩更挨近我，
說出了一個簡單的故事：

“在父親離開我們以前，
他被壞人引誘去作海員，
妹妹和我不作一事只是貪玩，——
我們家就在那大白楊樹旁邊。

“但可憐的母親時常哭泣，
眼看改變忒多，我形容不來；
她跟我們說不久就要死，
囑咐我們要好好彼此相愛。

“她說，也許我們會見到爸；
那天要等戰爭過去，
如果我們不能再見他，
上帝會作我們的父！

“她同我們親嘴然後死了，
我們就此不再有母親；
有好多天我們坐著哭號，
一同在可憐母親的墳。

“雖然我們的爸不回家，
我以為在海上會把他找著，
在那裏我們定能遇到他，
重聚在一起就會再快樂。

“我們手牽著手走過許多哩，
一個又一個逢人就問路；
有的人只微笑，有的人嘆息，
也有人給我們一些食物。

“但我們到海的時候才發現，
原來是一片無邊大水汪洋，
想來父親必然已經淹死，

哭著，恨不得我們也都死亡。

“因此，我們回到媽的墓上，
只希望能跟她在一塊；
好姨來給我們這些乾糧，
說是爸已經死在海外。

“既然在這裏我們沒有父母，
我們要去到處尋找上帝；
夫人，求你，能不能告訴我們
那位上帝，我們的爸，祂在哪裏？

“我們的媽說，上帝在天上，
好姨說，那也是媽的所在；
所以如果媽知道我們需要祂幫忙，
我想，她或許要祂到這裏來。”

我拉緊這兩個孩子在我胸前，
哭著說：“來吧，你倆，跟我同住；
我要作你們第二個母親，
給你穿，給你吃，給你安息照顧。

“上帝仍然是你們的父親，
是祂的恩典差我到這裏，
教導你們好順從祂的旨意，
引導你的腳步，使你的心歡喜。”

The Orphans

My chaise the village inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray

Tipped with refulgent gold the vane
Of the old church across the way.

Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile,
In moralizing o'er the dead
That mouldered round the ancient pile.

There many a humble green grave showed
Where want and pain and toil did rest;
And many a flattering stone I viewed
O'er those who once had wealth possest.

A faded beech its shadow brown
Threw o'er a grave where sorrow slept,
On which, though scarce with grass o'ergrown,
Two ragged children sat and wept.

A piece of bread between them lay,
Which neither seemed inclined to take,
And yet they looked so much a prey
To want, it made my heart to ache.

"My little children, let me know
Why you in such distress appear,
And why you wasteful from you throw
That bread which many a one might cheer?"

The little boy in accents sweet,
Replied, while tears each other chased,—
"Lady! we 've not enough to eat,
Ah! if we had, we could not waste.

"But Sister Mary 's naughty grown,
And will not eat whate'er I say,
Though sure I am the bread's her own,
For she has tasted none to-day."

"Indeed," the wan, starved Mary said,
"Till Henry eats, I'll eat no more,
For yesterday I got some bread,
He 's had none since the day before."

My heart did swell, my bosom heave,
I felt as though deprived of speech;
Silent I sat upon the grave,
And clasped the clay-cold hand of each.

With looks of woe too sadly true,
With looks that spoke a grateful heart,
The shivering boy then nearer drew,

And did his simple tale impart:

"Before my father went away,
Enticed by bad men o'er the sea,
Sister and I did naught but play,—
We lived beside yon great ash-tree.

"But then poor mother did so cry,
And looked so changed, I cannot tell;
She told us that she soon should die,
And bade us love each other well.

"She said that when the war was o'er,
Perhaps we might our father see;
But if we never saw him more,
That God our father then would be!

"She kissed us both, and then she died,
And we no more a mother have;
Here many a day we've sat and cried
Together at poor mother's grave.

"But when my father came not here,
I thought if we could find the sea,
We should be sure to meet him there,
And once again might happy be.

"We hand in hand went many a mile,
And asked our way of all we met;
And some did sigh, and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get.

"But when we reached the sea and found
'T was one great water round us spread,
We thought that father must be drowned,
And cried, and wished we both were dead.

"So we returned to mother's grave,
And only longed with her to be;
For Goody, when this bread she gave,
Said father died beyond the sea.

"Then since no parent we have here,
We'll go and search for God around;
Lady, pray, can you tell us where
That God, our Father, may be found?

"He lives in heaven, our mother said,
And Goody says that mother 's there;
So, if she knows we want his aid,
I think perhaps she 'll send him here."

I clasped the prattlers to my breast,
And cried, "Come, both, and live with me;
I'll clothe you, feed you, give you rest,
And will a second mother be.

"And God shall be your Father still,
'T was he in mercy sent me here,
To teach you to obey his will,
Your steps to guide, your hearts to cheer."

Anonymous

家，甜美的家

John Howard Payne

在享樂和王宮中間你可能流蕩，
不論其如何簡陋無處比得上家；

如天上的吸引使我們到那聖地，
即使尋遍世界無處能覓得到它。
 家，家，甜美，甜美的家！
 無處比得上家！無處比得上家！

離開了家，眩目的繁華是虛無，
啊，但願還給我那低陋的茅屋！
鳥兒歡樂的鳴叫，我喚來呼去——
還給我——心靈的寧靜，勝過萬物！
 家，家，甜美，甜美的家！
 無處比得上家！無處比得上家！

坐在慈父的笑容下有多麼甜美，
母親的愛撫是那樣迷醉和安慰！
任別人去追逐新鮮歡樂和享受，
但給我，啊，給我，得享受家的歡樂！
 家，家，甜美，甜美的家！
 無處比得上家！無處比得上家！

從憂勞的重擔下我要向你歸回，
家笑容迎我是心靈最親密安慰；
我不願再離開那茅屋出外流浪，
無論其如何簡陋，無處比得上家。
 家，家，甜美，甜美的家！
 無處比得上家！無處比得上家！

培恩 (John Howard Payne, 1791-1852) 美國演員，劇作家。

Home, Sweet Home

From the opera of *Clari, The Maid of Milan*

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there is no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There is no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain!
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call; —
Give me them! — and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There is no place like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the caress of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me the pleasures of home!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There is no place like home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There is no place like home!

John Howard Payne (1791-1852)
American actor & playwright

我受洗的生日

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

神的孩子在基督裏被接納——全然是基督——
那些屬世的誇耀並非輕易失去，
更合宜的是寧肯不喪失那可稱頌的名，
藉祂得稱那聖者，全能的神，為我的父？
父啊！我們活在在基督裏，基督在你裏面——
永恒的神，我們也是永遠。
天國的後嗣，今後我不再怕死：
在基督裏我活著！在基督裏我呼吸
那真生命！這樣，讓天，海，和地，
一起向我攻擊！在額前我展現
他們全能主的印記。他們儘管嘗試
結束我生命是徒然，那只結束我的悲哀。——
豈有死亡的床基督徒長臥不起？
是的！但不是他——是死亡的死。

柯立芝 (Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834) 英國詩人，文學評論家，劇作家。與華德務滋夫婦 (William & Dorothy Wordsworth) 友善。

My Baptismal Birthday

God's Child in Christ adopted, — Christ my all, —
What the earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father?—
Father! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee —
Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.
The heir of heaven, henceforth I fear not death:
In Christ I live! in Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life!— Let, then, earth, sea, and sky
Make war against me! On my front I show
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
To end my life, that can but end its woe.—

Is that a deathbed where a Christian lies?—
Yes! but not his— 'tis Death itself that dies.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)
English poet & literary critic

當哲士們來自遠方 Sidney Godolphin

主啊，當哲士們來自遠方，
被明星引到你臥的槽旁，
牧人們同樣的喜樂歡欣，
聽從天使所指示的聲音；
哲士蒙福因他們的妙技，
牧人有他們無邪的意志。

哲士們是遵循著自然律
達致到理想的最高之因；
牧人們是用謙卑的敬畏
一路平安，雖然亮光低沉；
哲士們更明白行的道路，
誠實的心靈不至於迷途。

智慧並無可誇的，惟有愛，
(那也是牧人所作的奉獻)。
哲士們有知識一路經行，
牧人希奇終於走完歷程。
知道，只是能夠產生好奇，
不求知道是奇妙的種子。

哲士來俯伏在祭壇之前，
主悅納奉獻學術的誓願；
是湧自他內心生的敬畏，

不同於牧人所流的眼淚，
所發出疲勞微弱的讚嘆，
雖然是平凡豈遜於雄辯？

真的，在於目的分別成聖
所有從內心升發的熱誠；
但那眾因之因，萬果之果，
受造者總不得會晤曉明，
蒙主自己恩賜能夠知道，
也最能使造他的主喜悅。

當想到自我的缺乏貧窮，
會使我們憂傷無地自容，
當悲痛中我們抬頭仰望
肯承認自己淒慘的景況，
讓感恩和祈禱升達天上，
如此我們愛，雖不能知詳。

葛道奮 (Sidney Godolphin, 1610-1643) 英國詩人，國會保王派議員。內戰時陣亡。

When the Wise Men Came from Far

Lord, when the wise men came from far,
Led to thy cradle by a star,
Then did the shepherds too rejoice,
Instructed by the angels' voice;
Blest were the wise men in their skill,
And shepherds in their harmless will.

Wise men in tracing nature's laws
Ascend unto the highest cause;
Shepherds with humble fearfulness
Walk safely, though their light be less;
Though wise men better know the way,
It seems no honest heart can stray.

There is no merit in the wise
But love (the shepherds' sacrifice).
Wise men, all ways of knowledge past,
To th' shepherds' wonder come at last;

To know, can only wonder breed,
And not to know, is wonder's seed.

A wise man at the altar bows
And offers up his studied vows
And is received; may not the tears
Which spring too from a shepherd's fears,
And sigh upon his frailty spent,
Though not distinct, be eloquent?

'Tis true, the object sanctifies
All passions which within us rise;
But since no creature comprehends
The cause of causes, end of ends,
He who himself vouchsafes to know
Best pleases his creator so.

When then our sorrows we apply
To our own wants and poverty,
When we look up in all distress
And our own misery confess,
Sending both thanks and prayers above,
Then though we do not know, we love.

Sidney Godolphin (1610-1643)
English poet

頌歌

Joseph Addison

在上有廣闊的蒼穹，
全然蔚藍的天空，
群星照安排閃耀光明，
宣揚偉大的起源發生：
太陽恒久不倦日復一日，
展示它創造者的大能，
向普世各地方宣告，
是出於一全能手的奇工。

當黑夜的幕帘掩蓋生效，
月亮繼續述說故事奇妙，
每夜向這傾聽的大地，
反覆演述她誕生的史蹟：
當星光在她的周圍燃起，
所有的行星旋轉不止，
見證他們帶來的信息，
從地極到地極傳播真理。

為何以這樣莊嚴的肅靜，
圍繞這黑暗的地球運行？
為何在他們閃耀的軌跡
沒有真正的音響和語聲？
他們那歡樂榮耀的聲音，
理智的耳朵都能夠聆聽，
他們永遠的發光又歌頌：
“那造我們的手是神聖。”

亞迪生(Joseph Addison, 1672-1719) 英國評論家，詩人，政治家。

Ode

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,

Does his creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison (1672-1719)
English poet

勞動歌

Denis Florence MacCarthy

啊，他們難得明白真正的滿足快樂，
那些人投向豪華豐滿的懷抱，吃肥美反而受損害。

啊，他們難得明白辛勞換來酣眠的喜樂福分，
那些人舒身在怠惰的苦刑台上，嘗受睡覺的摧壞。
沒有甚麼盼望，或勞作；無所嘆息，或得著；
沒有甚麼燃起心胸和頭腦，像閃電那樣的活潑；
沒有甚麼噓氣揚波，打破他那單調的生活；
在麻木，昏睡，厭倦，悲哀，死亡之外再沒有甚麼。

但人性之子有福了，在人中最快樂無比，
他們使錘或鑿或鉛筆，使舵或犁頭或筆，
從生命的早晨存著盼望勞作一天又一天，
贏得家庭和親愛的神聖 — 敬愛的兒女妻子。
揮動著辛勤的錘子，迅急敲擊利鑿響聲，
勞動者的心跳躍不曾振蕩過王者的心胸，—
他是真統治者和征服者，同類中的真王，
敢於直視強勁的世界，有剛勇搏鬥的臂膀。

麥加錫 (Denis Florence MacCarthy) 愛爾蘭詩人。

Labour Song

From The Bell-Founder

Ah! little they know of true happiness, they whom satiety fills,
Who, flung on the rich breast of luxury, eat of the rankness that
kills.

Ah! little they know of the blessedness toil-purchased slumber
enjoys
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence, taste of the sleep that
destroys;

Nothing to hope for, or labour for; nothing to sigh for, or gain;
Nothing to light in its vividness, lightning-like, bosom and brain;
Nothing to break life's monotony, rippling it o'er with its breath:
Nothing but dullness and lethargy, weariness, sorrow, and death!

But blessed that child of humanity, happiest man among men,
Who, with hammer or chisel or pencil, with rudder or ploughshare
or pen,

Laboureth ever and ever with hope through the morning of life,
Winning home and its darling divinities,— love-worshipped
children and wife.

Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel
rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of
kings,—

He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world
in the face.

Denis Florence MacCarthy
Irish poet

蘭凱郡讚美詩

Dinah Maria Craik, *nee* Mulock

“讚美真神萬福源流，”
讚美祂不論賜喜賜憂。
上主收取，上主也賞賜，
噢讚美祂，不論生或死。

祂張開也關閉祂的手，
我們難識透是何理由：
他使枯乾或澆灌施恩，
祂卻仍然是完全的神。

我們難測透祂的大計，
對神和人有祂的奧秘；
我們婦女當苦難臨頭，
只有靜默無言的忍受。

當那風暴終於會過完，
祂如同太陽從天觀看，
我們從裂開烏雲仰望，
認知是微笑發自上蒼。

我們並沒有智慧學說，
沒有深奧知識的哲學；
孩子般接受向杖親吻，
那愛祂的人是知道神。

1863年五月十四日觀察報載：英國長期沒有棉花運到，紡織廠停工關閉。當棉花再進口的時候，婦女們歡喜流淚歡迎，並且親吻棉綑。最後，合唱讚美詩歌。

丁娜·柯瑞克 (Dinah Maria, *nee* Mulock, Craik, 1826-1887) 英國
小說家·詩人；於 1864 年·嫁與蘇格蘭人 George Lillie Craik (1798-
1866)。

A Lancashire Doxology

*Some cotton has lately been imported into Farringdon, where the
mills have been closed for a considerable time. The people, who
were previously in the deepest distress, went out to meet the cotton:
the women wept over the bales and kissed them, and finally sang
the Doxology over them. – Spectator of May 14, 1863*

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"
Praise him who sendeth joy and woe.
The Lord who takes, the Lord who gives,
O praise him, all that dies, and lives.

He opens and he shuts his hand,
But why we cannot understand:
Pours and dries up his mercies' flood,
And yet is still All-perfect Good.

We fathom not the mighty plan,
The mystery of God and man;
We women, when afflictions come,
We only suffer and are dumb.

And when, the tempest passing by,
He gleams out, sunlike, through our sky,
We look up, and through black clouds riven
We recognize the smile of Heaven.

Ours is no wisdom of the wise,
We have no deep philosophies;
Childlike we take both kiss and rod,
For he who loveth knoweth God.

Dinah Maria Craik, *nee* Mulock (1826-1887)

勞作是禱告

Frances Sargent Osgood

不要躊躇夢想前途在望，
不要為擾人的思慮悲泣憂傷；
聽啊，宇宙萬有深沉的樂音合唱，
 持續不停的，上升直達天堂！
海洋的波浪從來不停止激揚，
微小的種子從來不停止生長，
更多更多的玫瑰歡心綻放，
 直到從它的幹莖不再供取營養。

“勞作是敬拜！”知更鳥在歌唱；
“勞作是敬拜！”野蜂在飛翔；
聽！雄辯的低語跳躍作響，
 向你的靈魂說話從自然偉大的心房。
從流動的烏雲滋育的甘霖沛降，
從粗糙的土塊芬芳的花朵開放，
從微小的昆蟲豐美的珊瑚寶藏，
 只有人，計畫中的責任不肯承當。

勞作是生命！停滯的死水會臭腐，

閒懶常是帶來失望和痛苦；
保持鐘表的彈簧緊張否則黑銹侵蝕，
 花兒垂萎死亡是在窒悶的正午。
勞作是光榮！— 飛行的雲彩光耀；
只有波動的翅膀能夠變化並閃爍；
懶惰的心惟有黑暗的前途來恐嚇，
 彈奏那甜美的琴鍵將使它合調。

勞作是安息 — 招呼我們從憂苦出離；
從瑣細的煩惱中迎接我們進入安息；
使我們勝過犯罪的引誘得以安逸；
 安然脫離世界的炫惑不陷於悲慘失迷。
勞作，— 清穩的睡眠將等在你的枕頭；
勞作，— 你將能乘駕憂慮翻騰的逆流；
不要在垂柳的蔭下倒臥憂愁，
 以剛勇的心和堅定意志勞作不休。

勞作是健康！看，那農夫在收割，
他的血管中流動著生命跳躍的脈搏！
他堅毅自豪的揮動著強壯的臂膊，
 在迅快的鐮刀引導下如陽光赫赫。
勞作是財富，— 珍珠在海中生長；
蠶繭紡出了王后華美的衣裳；
從微小的橡實中樹林呼嘯茁壯，
 在大理石塊中有宮殿和雕像蘊藏。

不要消沉！雖羞恥，罪，和痛苦圍繞你！
勇敢的摔脫那冰冷的鎖鏈捆綁你！
仰望那潔淨的天堂迎著你！
 不要滿足於在你黑暗中安息，— 肉體！
勞力作些善事，雖然是那樣緩慢！
珍愛一些花朵，雖然是那樣卑賤！
勞作！— 所有的勞作都是尊貴和神聖；

把偉大的事工當作禱告獻給你的神。

法蘭絲·歐思葛 (Frances Sargent Osgood, *nee* Locke, 1811-1850) 美國
詩人。夫 Samuel Stillman Osgood, 畫家。

To Labor Is To Pray

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory! — the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens,
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens,
 Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune!

Labor is rest — from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;
 Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work,— and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work,— thou shalt ride o'er Care's coming billow;
Lie not down 'neath Woe's weeping willow,
 Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
How his strong arm in its stalworth pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth,— in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
 Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not! though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee!
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee!
Look to the pure heaven smiling beyond thee!
 Rest not content in thy darkness,— a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly!
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!
Labor! — all labor is noble and holy;
 Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.

Frances Sargent Osgood, *nee* Locke (1811-1850)
American poet

同道之歌

Henry van Dyke

噢，誰要與我同行一哩
 人生喜樂的道路？
一個同志無憂而滿懷歡愉，
敢於縱聲暢笑沒有拘束
讓他嬉戲的想像表露，
像個快樂的孩子，把花朵散佈
 遍滿田野和道途

當他同我行一哩路。

誰要與我同行一哩

人生勞倦的道路？

一個朋友心的眼睛能看見
群星照耀在黑暗的原野，
在一天完畢有平靜的安歇 —
那朋友能知道，並且敢於說，
勇敢甜蜜的話，使道中歡悅
當他同我行一哩路。

同這樣的同志，這樣的朋友，
我樂於同行到路途的盡頭，
經過夏天的烈日，冬日冷雨，
然後？ — 再見，我們將重聚！

范迪克 (Henry Van Dyke, 1852-1933) 美國長老會教牧，大學教授，外交家。

A Wayfaring Song

O who will walk a mile with me
 Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
 Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
 Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day —
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
 Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journey's end ,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?— Farewell, we shall meet again!

Henry van Dyke (1852-1933)
American clergyman, writer & poet

真理

Ben Jonson

真理的本身就是試驗真實，
不需要有別的試金石；
純淨勝過最精的精金，
沒有誰能煉得如此精純。

真理是愛的生命和光，
是永遠照耀的太陽，
是那特殊恩典的精義，
愛和信心是它的解釋。

它是言語的保障，
流露出那麼甘美的芳香，
它給予信心以力量
腳下踐踏一切的虛妄。

Truth

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch;
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)
English poet & playwright

仁慈

William Shakespeare

仁慈的品性不受限阻 —
它像柔和的甘雨
從天降在地上：是兩方面的賜福。
給予者蒙福，受者也蒙福：
它是最權威中的最高威權
如坐寶座的君王勝於他的王冠；
他的權杖是暫時勢和力的展現，
象徵尊貴和威嚴，
王的可畏可懼在那裏彰顯：
但仁慈超越這權杖的威勢。
它統治在王者的心裏；
它是神自己的品質；
地上的權柄表明與神的相似，
當仁慈緩和公義。

Mercy

The quality of mercy is not strained, —
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives, and that him takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And eathly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
English poet and playwright
from *Merchant of Venice*

愛頌 十四行詩之 68

Edmund Spenser

最榮耀的生命之主！在這天，
你勝過了死亡和罪凱旋；
征服踐踏了地獄，戰勝
擄掠我們這些曾被擄掠的：
親愛的主，這喜樂日是喜樂的開始；
求賜我們：永遠在喜樂中生活！
因你為我們受死，
用你的寶血潔淨一切罪惡。
使我們能看重你愛的可貴，
也能更新對你同樣的愛；
愛那些同被你重價買贖的，
為了你，能彼此以愛相待。
寶貴的愛，我們愛如當盡的責任，
愛的功課是主所教導我們。

司賓塞 (Edmund Spenser, 1552-1599) 英國詩人。被稱為“詩人之詩人”。著有長詩仙后 (*Faerie Queene*) 呈獻給當時的伊莉莎白女王(Elizabeth II)。

Amoretti Sonnet 68

Most glorious Lord of lyfe! that on this day,

Didst make thy triumph over death and sin;
And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
Captivity thence captive us to win:
This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin,
And grant that we, for whom thou didest dye
Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
May live for ever in felicity.
And that thy love we weighing worthily,
May likewise love thee for the same againe:
And for thy sake that all lyke deare didst buy,
With love may one another entertayne.
So let us love, deare love, lyke as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

Edmund Spenser (1552?-1599)
English poet

北國傳奇：

啄木鳥的故事

Phoebe Cary

在北地，遙遠，遙遠，
那裏的日子白晝苦短，
冬夜有那麼長的時間
他們不能夠一直睡眠；

當冬天下雪的時候，
他們用迅捷的馴鹿拖雪橇；
孩子們像是小熊寶寶，
裹著多毛的皮裘看著可笑；

大人們說給孩子奇異的故事—
我不相信那是真實；
但你可以學到功課，
且等我把這傳奇告訴你。

從前，良善的聖徒彼得

還曾住在人間，
他走遍四方傳道，
他所作的你也聽見。

當他在地上周游旅行，
來到一個村舍的門口，
那裏有個小婦人在作餅，
又放在爐火上烘烤；

那天他在禁食肚子飢餓，
一天已快過將近日落，
彼得向著她堆在那裏的餅，
他並不多要只要一個。

她作了一個很小的餅，
放在爐中的炭火上，
她越看好像越大，
要給別人那是休想。

因此她又再搓弄擗麵，
作成了更小的一個；
當她端詳著，再翻轉，
跟從前作的同樣太多。

她就再捏下很小一點麵，
弄得菲薄壓了又捻；
烤成像一片微化餅乾——
想到要給人猶不甘願。

她想：“我這餅似太小
如果我自己吃並不能飽，
但要給別人就太大了。”
所以把那餅在架上放好。

良善的聖彼得怒從心起，
他已經很飢餓以至發昏；
實在這樣的一個婦人
足以惹得聖徒氣憤。

他說：“你太過於自私
不配穿人形住在人間，
給你有食物又有房屋，
並且有火給你保持溫暖。

現在，你必須作築巢的鳥，
你所得的食物定要微少，
要煩勞的啄，啄，啄，
每天啄那乾硬的樹殼。”

她立即穿過煙囪上升，
再也不能作人言人聲，
從屋頂飛出一隻啄木鳥，
她已經變化成為鳥形。

只有她頭上戴的那頂紅帽，
仍然像從前一般，
其餘的衣裳都被燻黑
像是炭和烏煙。

所有的學童來自鄉間
都能夠看見她在林中，
她住在樹上直到今天，
啄著，啄食蛀蟲。

這功課她教導我們學習：
人活著總不要單為自己，

免得你不可憐別人的缺欠，
有一天你自己要成為可憐。

所賜給你的要多多給予，
要聽憐恤的呼召；
不要在你給予時看小為大，
你所接受的卻以為是小。

我的孩子們，現在要記牢，
切莫忘行慈愛和良善，
當你看見啄木鳥的紅帽，
和她穿的燻黑衣衫。

你可能不會給變成一隻鳥，
即使你生活得自私不仁；
但你能夠變得更微小——
一個低鄙自私的小人。

非比.凱瑞 (Phoebe Cary, 1824-1871) 美國詩人。

A Legend of the Northland

Away, away in the Northland,
Where the hours of the day are few,
And the night are so long in winter
That they cannot sleep them through;

Where they harness the swift reindeer
To the sledges, when it snows;
And the children look like bears' cubs
In their funny, furry clothes;

They tell them a curious story —
I don't believe 'tis true;
And yet you may learn a lesson

If I tell the tale to you.

Once, when the good Saint Peter
Lived in the world below,
And walked about it, preaching,
Just as he did, you know,

He came to the door of a cottage,
In traveling round the earth,
Where a little woman was making cakes,
And baking them on the hearth;

And being faint with fasting,
For the day was almost done,
He asked her, from her store of cakes,
To give him a single one.

So she made a very little cake,
But as it baking lay,
She looked at it, and thought it seemed
Too large to give away.

Therefore she kneaded another,
And still a smaller one;
But it looked, when she turned it over,
As large as the first had done.

Then she took a tiny scrap of dough,
And rolled and rolled it flat;
And baked it thin as a wafer —
But she couldn't part with that.

For she said, "My cakes that seem too small
When I eat them of myself,
And yet too large to give away."
So she put them on the shelf.

Then good Saint Peter grew angry,
For he was hungry and faint;
And surely such a woman
Was enough to provoke a saint.

And he said, "You are far too selfish
To dwell in a human form,
To have both food and shelter,
And fire to keep you warm.

"Now, you shall build as the birds do,
And shall get your scanty food
By boring, and boring, and boring,
All day in the hard, dry wood."

Then up she went through the chimney,
Never speaking a word,
And out of the top flew a woodpecker,
For she was changed to a bird.

She had a scarlet cap on her head,
And that was left the same,
But all the rest of her clothes were burned
Black as a coal in the flame.

And every country schoolboy
Has seen her in the wood,
Where she lives in the trees till this very day,
Boring and boring for food.

And this is the lesson she teaches:
Live not for yourself alone,
Lest the needs you will not pity
Shall one day be your own.

Give plenty of what is given to you,
Listen to pity's call;
Don't think the little you give is great,
And the much you get is small.

Now, my little boy, remember that,
And try to be kind and good,
When you see the woodpecker's sooty dress,
And see her scarlet hood.

You mayn't be changed to a bird though you live
As selfish as you can;
But you will be changd to a smaller thing—
A mean and selfish man.

Phoebe Cary (1824-1871)
American poet

盲童

Colley Cibber

噢，說甚麼東西叫作光，
我一向不能夠分享？
眼光又是怎樣的幸福美好，
噢，說給你可憐的瞎孩子知道。

你說起美妙的東西你能看得清，
你說太陽的照耀光明；
雖然我感覺得到他的溫暖，
但他怎能造成黑夜和白天？

安排晝和夜的是我自己，
在於我睡覺或是遊戲；
如果我保持常醒不眠，
對於我那就永遠是白天。

我常聽到你們的長嘆聲，
惋惜我的憂患不幸；
不過我確能夠忍耐堅持，
我從不曾知道的損失。

無法得到的請不要告訴我
免得破壞我心靈的歡樂：
因此，每當我能夠歌唱，
我是個瞎孩子，我是君王。

奚波 (Colley Cibber, 1671-1757) 英國演員兼劇作家。1730 年，被舉為“桂冠詩人”，但為當世文人 Alexander Pope, Samuel Johnson 等所鄙。為 Pope 之長詩 *Dunciad* 主角。

The Blind Boy

O, say what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight,
O, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 't were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber (1671-1757)
English actor, playwright & poet laureat

暮鐘

Thomas Moore

夜暮的鐘聲！夜暮的鐘聲！
他們的音樂訴說多少的事情，
青春，家庭，和甜美的時光，
從前我曾聽到那撫慰的鳴響。

那些喜樂的日子已經遠去；
那時有多少的心曾經歡愉
現在居住在幽暗的墳墓中，
再不能聽見夜暮的鐘聲。

同樣的我也要過往—
那有韻律的鐘聲依然將敲響；
當別的詩人在這陂谷經行，
也對你讚頌，甜美的夜暮鐘聲。

Those Evening Bells

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone, —
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)
Irish poet, satirist, composer, & musician

互相謙讓

Christopher Smart

有人以為在基督徒理想裏，
禮貌並沒有一席之地；
只要看內心就足矣，
不必計較外表的禮儀。

人的內心只有主能鑒讀，
祂留給我們這樣的吩咐，
叫我們讓別人領先起步，
那就可以安然心滿意足。

主的門徒因誰為大相爭，
基督耶穌給調停和平，
祂給他們示範一名孩童，
使激烈的爭論寧息無聲。

若我得的恩賜較大分度，
我應當在基督面前俯伏，
留意對人作更大的照顧，
就當服事人也要肯給予。

靠你的謙和會使這團契，
能發生更大的影響力；
後來者若有人不能及時，
也可能同我的偉大相比。

司馬特 (Christopher Smart, 1722-1771) 英國詩人。

Mutual Subjection Hymn 26

Some think that in the Christian scheme
Politeness has no part;
The manners we should disesteem,
And look upon the heart.

The heart the Lord alone can read,
Which left us this decree,
That men alternate take the lead
In sweet complacency.

When his Disciples great dispute
Christ Jesus reconcil'd,
He made their sharp contention mute,

By shewing them a child.

If I have got the greater share
Of talents — I shou'd bow
To Christ, and take the greater care
To serve and to allow.

This union with thy grace empow'r
More influence to supply;
Hereafter, he that lacks this hour,
May be as great as I.

Christopher Smart (1722-1771)
English Poet

彩 虹

William Wordsworth

當我看見天上的彩虹
我的心跳動震蕩；
我生命開始時是這樣，
現在我成人是這樣，
將來我年老也是這樣，
或讓我死亡！

孩子是成人的父親；
我深願自己的一生
日復一日持續有自然的虔誠。

The Rainbow

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

William Wordsworth (1770-1850)
English poet

永不再

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

看我的臉；我的名字是惜未實現，
我又叫不再，太晚，再見；

我執著死海的貝殼在你耳邊
沖浮到你生命浪花磨蝕的雙腳間；
你眼鏡所能夠看見
曾經有生命和愛的形像，但被我改變
現在是難耐的影子震顫，
終結的事在說不出的薄弱幕簾。

注意我，多麼寂然！但轉眼間
藉我靈魂輕柔的箭
驚擾有翅膀的平安引發長嘆，——
你將看見我微笑，並轉換你的容顏
我伏擊你的心田
以長夜不眠的冷眼作為紀念。

洛塞提(Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1828-1882) 英國畫家，詩人。

The Nevermore

Look in my face; my name is Might-have-been;
I am also called No-more, Too-late, Farewell;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell
Cast up thy Life's foam-fretted feet between;
Unto thine eyes the glass where that is seen
Which had Life's form and Love's, but by my spell
Is now a shaken shadow intolerable,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.

Mark me, how still I am! But should there dart
One moment through my soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs, —
Then shalt thou see me smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882)
English painter & poet

夏天的日暮

Isaac Watts

多麼光明的太陽！多麼晴朗的一天！
太陽的旅程多麼可愛又歡然，
雖然在起步的時候有迷霧，
 跟著還落了幾滴雨點！
現在那美好的旅行者到了西邊，
它的光線都是黃金，榮美最燦爛；
當沉下安息還把天空塗畫了快樂的容顏，
 預告要重新光明的升現。

基督徒也正是這樣；當他開始路程，
正如太陽在霧中，他為自己的罪傷痛，
化為眼淚；然後現出照耀光明，
 步向天堂的旅行。
但當他更接近行程的終點，
如同絢爛的夕陽，表現更豐滿的恩典，
有肯定的希望，在他的日子將完，
 升起時會更光明美奐。

A Summer Evening

How fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
 And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best:
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748)

當我見那榮耀的光

George Wither

信徒的頌歌和禱告

主啊！當我見那榮耀的光
你用來裝點天空，
觀察他們如何的運行，
他們的壯麗充滿我的眼睛，
我以為那是過分的恩寵，
只因你的愛是如此命定，——
受造者有這樣高的位分
竟然給卑下的人作僕從。

連那最平常在那裏照耀的燈
論體積和光亮也能夠
超越地上你最高貴的受造者
他們不需要跟誰作朋友。
然而他們卻為人類服務
作公眾的光照或私下幫助；
使我們從世界最極端的追逐
在每夜能夠得到恢復。

噢，如果從未曾受到損壞
起初你手所造的印記，
我們所蒙的恩典將至高無比，
現在仍然受尊重如此！
良善的神啊，不是因我們好
賜下你獨生的愛子，
祂取了我們的品質，
這樣的恩惠有多超奇！

正如我們從祂得了尊榮，
我們向主獻上榮耀稱頌；
讓祂的義遮蓋我們的罪，
願我們不辜負祂的恩寵。
是的，我們當在恩典中長進，
因為你的性情已經賜予，
使我們能從下殷勤向上
升到你在上的住處。

維則(George Wither, 1588-1667)英國詩人，諷刺作家。後為清教徒聖詩作家。

Lord! When those Glorious Lights I see

Hymn and prayer for the use of believers

Lord! when those glorious lights I see
With which thou hast adorned the skies,
Observing how they moved be,
And how their splendor fills mine eyes,
Methinks it is too large a grace,
But that thy love ordained it so,—
That creatures in so high a place
Should servants be to man below.

The meanest lamp now shining there
In size and lustre doth exceed
The noblest of thy creatures here,
And of our friendship hath no need.
Yet these upon mankind attend
For secret aid or public light;
And from the world's extremest end
Repair unto us every night.

O, had that stamp been undefaced
Which first on us thy hand had set,
How highly should we have been graced,
Since we are so much honoured yet!
Good God, for what but for the sake
Of thy beloved and only Son,
Who did on him our nature take,

Were these exceeding favours done!

As we by him have honoured been,
Let us to him due honours give;
Let his uprightness hide our sin,
And let us worth from him receive.
Yea, so let us by grace improve
What thou by nature doth bestow,
That to thy dwelling-place above
We may be raised from below.

George Wither (1588-1667)
English poet

伐木者，留下那樹

George Pope Morris

伐木者，留下那樹！
不要傷它一跟樹枝！
在幼年時它曾蔭庇我，
現在我要對它護庇。
是我先祖的手，
栽植在他的村舍旁，
伐木者，讓它立在原處，
不要動斧將它損傷！

那棵熟識的樹，
它的名聲和榮耀，
傳揚到陸地和海島，
你怎好把它砍倒！
伐木者，手下留情！
莫把它連地的根斬斷，
噢，留下那棵老橡樹，
現在已經巍然頂天！

當還只是箇嬉戲的頑童
我常來到它可愛的蔭下；
任所有的歡樂迸發

我妹妹也來這裏玩耍。
媽媽在這裏親吻我，
爸爸捏著我的手——
請原諒這些痴情的眼淚，
只讓這棵老橡樹存留。

我的心絲縈繞著你，
貼近如你的樹皮，老朋友！
你的樹枝仍然要伸展，
野鳥要歌唱在枝頭，
老樹啊，你還要忍受風暴！
伐木者，請你走開；
當我還有手能拯救，
斧頭就不可加害。

莫銳斯(George Pope Morris, 1802-1864) 美國報紙編輯，詩人。

Woodman, Spare that Tree

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'T was my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
The axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down!
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy

I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall hurt it not.

George Pope Morris (1802-1864)
American journalist & poet

母親的聖經

George Pope Morris

現在，這書是唯一留下給我的，——
眼淚不禁開始傾流，——
用抖顫的嘴脣和震動的眉梢
我把它緊壓在我的心頭。
這裏是我們家譜系的樹
許多代都已度過；
我母親的手握過的聖經，
她，臨死把它給我。

啊！我清楚的記得
這些人的名字寫在上面；

在晚上的禱告過後，
全家時常一同圍在爐邊，
談論著那書葉所說的
那語聲使我的心激動！
現在他們都已靜默死亡，
卻仍然活在我這心中！

我父親誦讀這本聖書
給親愛的眾姊妹和弟兄，
可憐的母親看來那麼寧靜，
神的話她最愛聽！
她天使般的面容 — 我依然看見！
聚來的記憶何等生動！
在家的廳堂裏面，
那個小組再次相逢！

你是最可靠相知的朋友，
我體驗過你不變的堅貞；
是我的顧問和嚮導，
所有的人虛假，惟你真誠。
任用地上所有的礦藏財寶來買
都不能同這書卷相比；
它教導我生活的道路，
先教導我如何死！

My Mother's Bible

This book is all that's left me now, —
Tears will unbidden start, —
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;

My mother's hands this Bible clasped,
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face, — I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die!

George Pope Morris (1802-1864)
American journalist & poet

老之將至

George Crabbe

六年又已過去，前面已過四十年紀，
時間開始玩它弄人的老把戲：
曾經在童女眼中俊美的鬢髮，
從全褐的雙鬢，出現入侵的銀絲；

一度激情的熱血，現在開始冷了，
時間強大的壓力把人壓低。
我像往常一樣騎馬或步行，
但現在不再有躍動的心靈；
現在中庸的速度就使我身體發暖，
中庸的距離就感覺雙腳疲軟。
我指給外地的客人壯麗的群山，
卻說：“不必去攀登，景色平凡。”
在朋友的大廈我開始畏怯
那冷然有序的客廳和床華麗的陳設。
在家感覺比較安定的境況，
所有的東西要照我的規矩存放。
我停止去打獵；對我的馬不再滿意，—
我更多愛筵席；我學習著棋。
我帶著狗和槍出去，卻不免叫狗失望，
因為我始終未發一槍。
我早晨的散步現在有時可缺，
稱頌那恩雨叫我不必抉擇。
實際上，我感覺懶散沉悶暗暗襲來，
善動的膀臂和矯捷的腳一去不再；
每天的瑣細活動變成習慣，
新有的厭惡形式和時髦新鮮。
我愛的樹木只是為了丟掉；
我數算著桃子，眼看收藏如何增高；
常說著同有故事，— 簡單說，成為老套。

克萊比 (George Crabbe, 1754-1832) 英國詩人。

The Approach of Age

From *Tales of the Hall*

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When Time began to play his usual tricks:
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat,
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I showed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said, "The view is poor, we need not climb."
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlor and the gay glazed bed;
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less,—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose.
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.
I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft, — in short, began to prose.

George Crabbe (1754-1832)

English poet

何時我們再都相會？

佚名

何時我們再都相會？
何時我們再都相會？
燦爛的希望常會成灰，
厭倦的愛情常會衰退，
死亡和憂傷常會逞威，
直到我們再都相會。

雖然我們在異鄉長嘆，
枯焦在無雲的肆虐長天；
雖然深淵波瀾在我們中間，
友誼使我們的靈魂相連。
依然在夢幻的疆域內
我們必時常相會。

當人生的夢飛逝，
當它的殘燈已經滅息；
當在那遺忘的寒冷蔭底，
美容，權力，名聲都放置；
在不朽靈魂的國度之內，
在那裏我們再都相會。

When Shall We All Meet Again?

When shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.
Still in Fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we all meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, power, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we all meet again.

Anonymous

他們都去矣

Henry Vaughan

他們都去矣進入那光的境域中，
留下我獨自坐在這裏！
他們依然美好光明的記憶，
使我悲哀的思想清晰；

那記憶燦爛閃耀在我陰翳的胸臆，
仿佛群星在幽暗的天際，—
或像在太陽隱沒以後，
點綴著這山的微光依稀。

我看見他們行走在榮耀的空中，
他們的光使我的日子蒙羞，—
我的日子最好也不過沉悶故舊，
僅是將熄滅歸於腐朽。

啊，神聖的盼望！高尚的謙懷，—
如同諸天高越塵埃！
藉著你的行動向我顯示
點燃起我已冷的愛。

寶貴的，美好的死，— 義人的珍寶，—
只是在黑暗中顯耀！
何等的奧秘在塵土之外，
人豈能展望那個目標！

人尋得巢中羽毛未豐的雛鳥，
乍見難相信那鳥會飛高；
但現在它在幽美的山谷叢林鳴叫，
對於他何曾知曉。

然而，天使們有時在更快樂的夢中，
會喚醒靈魂當人在睡覺，
奇異的思想超越我們慣常的主調，
短暫的瞥見榮耀。

如果把一顆星拘禁在墳墓裏，
她被囚的火焰必然在那裏燒起，
但當那閉鎖她的手稍留空隙，
她必然會照遍天際。

噢，永遠生命的父，
所有受造者都因你得榮耀！
再藉你的靈從這奴役的世界
進入真正的自由。

求你消除這些過眼的雲霧，
會遮掩我的視線；
或從此遷我到那山
我就不需鏡子清楚可見。

They Are All Gone

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove, —
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days, —
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility, —
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death, — the jewel of the just, —
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there,

But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

Henry Vaughan (1621-1695)
British Wales mystic poet

生命

Henry King

如同一顆隕落的星，
或像飛翔的雄鷹，
或像新春的顏色俗麗，
或像清晨水銀般的露滴，
或像陣風掠過波面，
或像泡沫在水上一現，——
人也是這樣，他借來的光，
立即催還，今夜就得付償。
風吹過，泡沫就死亡，

春天在秋的墳墓中埋葬，
晨露乾了，流星墜落，
飛翔過去，——人被遺忘！

京格 (Henry King, 1592-1669) 英國教牧，詩人。曾任 Chichester 主教。

Life

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood,—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring entombed in autumn lies,
The dew dries up, the star is shot,
The flight is past,— and man forgot!

Henry King (1592-1669)
English prelate & poet

死亡的最後勝利

James Shirley

我們所有門閥和身分的光榮
只是影兒，並沒有實質；
沒有能夠抵禦定命的武器，——
死亡冰冷的手攬住君王；
皇冠和權杖

必然跌落地上，
同卑賤的彎鏟和鋤頭
在塵土裏平等一樣。

有人用刀劍收獲了土地，
種植新的勝利在殺傷的地方；
但他們強壯的勇力至終也得投降，——
雖然他們仍然互相爭狠鬥強，
或早或是遲
向定命屈膝，
必須交出微弱的氣息，
作了蒼白的俘虜，匍匐去就死。

華冠枯萎在你的眉峰，
不能再誇耀你的偉績豐功；
現在，死亡紫色的祭壇上，
得勝者作了流血的犧牲！
所有的元首都要去
下到幽冷的墳墓，——
惟有義人的行為顯彰
在塵土中開花吐露芬芳。

塞利 (James Shirley, 1596-1666) 英國劇作家，詩人，教師。
據說，此詩曾使英國權傾一時的執政克倫威爾“心頭生涼”。

Death's Final Conquest

These verses are said to have "chilled the heart" of Oliver Cromwell

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate,—
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,—
They tame but one another still;
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow, —
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds!
All heads must come
To the cold tomb, —
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

James Shirley (1596-1666)
English dramatist

貧民臨終

Caroline Bowles

輕步緩行，——低下頭，——
恭敬肅靜把頭低下，——
沒有敲響喪鐘，
但一個不朽的靈魂，
現在臨終。

陌生人！不問你如何偉大，
謙卑恭敬把頭低下；
有一位在那殘破的棚——
在那簡陋的床上——
比你更大。

在乞丐的屋頂下，
看哪！死亡的儀式在進行。
進來，沒有群眾參加；
進來，沒有侍衛護駕
這個王宮的大門。

地下陰冷潮濕，
沒有微笑宮廷人士的足跡；
一個靜默的女人站立，
枯瘦的雙手舉起
首領已經瀕死。

沒有混雜的聲音，——
獨有一個嬰孩在哭喊；
低掩的飲泣哽咽，——重現
深而短促的喘，最後——
臨去的呻吟。

啊，改變！啊，奇異的改變！

衝破監獄的柵欄，—
此時在 *那裏* 那麼低賤，
那麼悲慘，忽然 —
超越星辰之間。

啊，改變！偉大的改變！

那裏躺臥著失去靈魂的軀殼；
太陽永遠照耀，
新的不朽醒覺，—
醒起與他的神同在。

The Pauper's Death-Bed

Tread softly,— bow the head,—
In reverent silence bow,—
No passing bell doth toll,
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger! however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed —
One by that paltry bed —
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter, no crowds attend;
Enter, no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed,— again
That short deep gasp, and then —
The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars,—
This moment *there* so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his God.

Caroline Bowles

必死之人何必高傲？ William Knox

噢，必死之人何必心高氣傲？
像一個飛馳的流星，一片快過的雲霧，
一閃的電，一個碎浪的沫泡，
人從生命進入他安息的墳墓。

橡樹和楊柳的葉子必要凋敝，
四散飄落又堆積在一起；
年輕的和年老的，卑賤和高貴，
都必腐朽化為塵土一坯。

母親對她的嬰孩愛護關懷，
嬰孩向母親報以情愛；
丈夫有母子是他的恩賜，
一個一個，全都要歸宿安息。

那少女的面頰，眉梢，和眼睛，
閃耀著美貌和快樂——藉以得勝；
那些對她愛慕和稱讚的記憶，
俱都從活著的心頭抹除消逝。

君王那曾握過權杖的手；
祭司那戴過聖冠的眉頭；
智者的眼睛和勇者的心，
都沉埋在墓中無處可尋。

農夫的分是撒種和收割；
牧人領他的羊爬上陡坡；
乞丐為了討飯到處流浪，
凋落像被踐踏的草一樣。

那曾享受與天堂團契的聖徒；
或頑強的罪人執迷不肯悔悟；
義人和罪咎者，智慧和劣愚，
都默然的埋骨混雜著塵土。

這樣，群眾都像花或雜草消失
凋謝枯乾讓另一代繼起代替；
這樣，群眾來過，當我們注視，
重複再絮說那些已常聽的故事。

我們仍然像先人的故我舊樣；
我們看的是先人看過的景象，——
我們飲於同一泉源看同一太陽，
也同先人跑在那同一路徑上。

我們的心意想先人同樣的思想；
我們逃避死亡像先人逃避死亡，
我們想延長生命先人也想延長，

但生命如飛而去像鳥展開翅膀。

他們愛過，那些艷事已難以再講；
他們輕蔑，那驕傲的心已經冰涼；
他們悲傷，長眠者沒有哀哭聲響；
他們歡樂，舌頭無聲喜信難傳揚。

他們死去，唉！死了：我們現在存留，
我們走在他們躺臥的墓地上頭，
這裏只是他們暫時的寄身之處，
要遇到那些在朝聖旅途所曾相遇。

是啊！希望和失望，痛苦和喜樂，
在晴天和陰雨中我們交互會合；
有歡笑和眼淚，有哀曲和樂歌，
仍然要互相伴隨，一波又一波。

只是轉瞬之間，只是呼吸的一息，
從盛壯的健康就到蒼白的死，
從鍍金的廳堂到棺架和屍衣，
噢，必死的人何必心高氣傲？

這是林肯總統 (Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1865) 從早年就
特別喜愛的一首詩。

威廉·諾克司(William Knox) 十九世紀美國詩人。

Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure,— her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flowers or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen,—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;

They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died: and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smiles and the tears, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'T is the wink of an eye, 't is the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

William Knox

神的僕人，作得成功 James Montgomery

“神的僕人，作得成功；
息了你所愛的工；
勝利已得到，戰爭已打過，

進來同享你主人的歡樂。"
呼聲臨到時在夜半，
他上升去就聽見，
死亡的箭穿過他的軀殼，
他倒下去——卻全無懼怯。

在驚惶中能夠安詳，
當他身在疆場，
久年的戰士和甲睡眠，
在他紅十字架的盾牌下面：
仍有餘溫留在他手中的劍，
是因他新近的奮戰；
命令一下，即時可以前征，
冒著矢石衝鋒。

時在夜半呼聲來臨，
“預備迎見你的神！”
他醒起——元帥已經注意看到；
信心堅定正在禱告，
他的靈魂，歡躍前赴，
衝破現住的泥土；
日出時，遺留在地上，
是他殘破黝黑的營帳。

痛苦和死亡都成為往事，
勞苦和憂傷終止；
生命長久的戰爭終於完成，
他的靈魂進入和平。
基督的戰士！圓滿功成，
頌讚是你新的事奉；
在那無盡的永世，
同救主享受歡樂安息。

孟歌馬利(James Montgomery, 1771-1854)蘇格蘭詩人，報紙編輯。

Servant of God, Well Done

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

James Montgomery (1771-1854)
Scottish newspaper publisher & hymn writer

* Verses occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas

Taylor, who had preached the previous evening.

有平靜安息的時候

W.B. Tappan

有平靜安息的時候
給悲哀流蕩的人；
喜樂給憂傷的靈魂，
止痛油給每顆受傷的心；
那是在上面，——在天上。

那裏有柔軟的鵝絨床，
舒適像微風在黃昏；
臥榻為疲倦的人展放，
使他們的頭痛安息舒暢，
在那裏憩息，——在天上。

那裏有家給困乏的靈魂
被罪和憂苦催動；
當顛簸在風暴危險的人生，
波濤洶湧海洋翻騰，
一切都是陰沉，——惟有天上。

信心舉起她歡樂的眼睛，
眺望光明的遠景，
看到風暴過去，
飛逝了，晚間的陰影，
一切都恬靜，——在天上。

在那裏芬芳的花朵永遠開放，
賜給至高的歡暢；

神聖的光明驅除幽暗；
在墳墓疆界的遠方
現出天上的晨光。

泰班 (W.B. Tappan, b.1794-)

There Is An Hour of Peaceful Rest

There is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'T is found above,— in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'T is fair as breath of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose,— in heaven.

There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear,— but heaven.

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene,— in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

神的田畝

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

我喜歡那撒克遜古老的語句
稱埋葬的土地為神的田畝！
是合宜的；聖化了牆內的每座墳墓，
在沉睡的塵土上注入了祝福。

神的田畝！是的，那可稱頌的名
賜安慰給那些在墓中的人
散播下種子在他們的心，
啊！那生命的糧，不再僅為他們個人。

我們都將被放在那田畦，
有確定的信心我們將要復起；
當天使長的號筒吹響，大收成時，
要揚淨禾場，分別麥子和糠秕。

在復生者美好的花園，
義人要站立有不朽的盛壯；

每一個都鮮明吐露芬芳，
在地上從沒有這樣的花開放。

死亡粗暴的犁翻開泥土，
在犁溝裏我們為散播的種子；
這裏是土地，是神的田畝，
人類的莊稼在這裏長起。

God's-Acre

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,

In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

靈 域

Jones Very

父啊！你的奇蹟不是孤立世外，
也不是遙遠腳蹤罕到的地方；
在我們周圍儘有迷人的世界，
豐富的神奇向你的兒女顯彰；
尋得了你也就尋得了萬有，
失去了你所有的也都失去；
我們徒然有耳聽見奇怪的聲響；

我們有眼卻不能看見景象；
我們飄流在僻遠的異鄉，
於墳墓和廢墟中間住在死亡；
或只是對以往的偉大留戀追想，
出賣了生活為把靈魂埋葬；
當我們的路上昏亂的夜下降，
永遠不能夠再回到光。

The Spirit-Land

Father! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed;
In finding thee are all things round us found;
In losing thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;
And to our eyes the vision is denied;
We wander in the country far remote,
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living sell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

Jones Very (1813-1880)
American poet & essayist

新耶路撒冷

David Dickson

啊，我們親愛的母，耶路撒冷，
何時我能到你那裏？

何時我能得見你的喜樂，—
何時我的憂愁止息？

啊，神眾聖徒快樂的海港！
啊，美好的樂土！
在那裏絕沒有憂傷，
也沒有悲哀，沒有挂慮，勞苦。

在那裏，沒有雲霧遮掩你，
也沒有幽暗，沒有黑夜茫茫；
只有每個靈魂如日照耀，
因為神自己賜下光。

你的城牆是寶貴的石頭，
你的城樓是四方的鑽石，
你的城門都是東方珍珠，—
神啊！深願我在那裏！

啊，我美好的家，耶路撒冷！
何時我能得見你的喜樂，—
王坐在你的寶座，
你何等幸福快活？

你的花園和美好的路徑
全都遍是常青，
長著那麼芬芳可愛的花朵
無處覓這樣美景。

在街道各處有悅耳的聲音
生命的活水長流浩蕩；
在每一邊，沿河岸旁，
有生命樹生長。

那些樹每月有成熟的果實；
一直不衰生產，
地上所有的各國
向你榮耀奉獻。

耶路撒冷，神居住的所在，
我深切渴望看見；
啊，我的悲哀就終止，
我將住在你裏面！

我渴望見耶路撒冷，
我們所有人的安慰；
因為你美麗可愛，—
沒有缺陷瑕穢。

並不用燈燭，不用月照亮，
也不要閃耀的星光；
因基督公義的王
永遠照耀輝煌。

啊，我無比的喜樂，
惟願我算作能配，
得以事奉我的神我的王，
在那裏向祂歌唱讚美！

耶路撒冷！耶路撒冷！
我深愛見你的喜樂；
主啊，快來，使我的憂傷止息，
接我回家見你！

迪克生 (David Dickson, 1583-1662) 英國詩人。

The New Jerusalem

O Mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,—
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No dimly cloud o'er shadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.

Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square,
Thy gates are all of orient pearl,—
O God! if I were there!

O my sweet home, Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?—
The King sitting upon thy throne,
And thy felicity?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
And nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets with pleasing sound
The flood of life doth flow;
And on the banks, on every side,
The trees of life do grow.

These trees each month yield ripened fruit;
Forevermore they spring,

And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honours bring.

Jerusalem, God's dwelling-place
Full sore I long to see;
O that my sorrows had an end,
That I might dwell in thee!

I long to see Jerusalem,
The comfort of us all;
For thou are fair and beautiful,—
None ill can thee befall.

No candle needs, no moon to shine,
No glittering star to light;
For Christ the King of Righteousness
Forever shineth bright.

O, passing happy were my state,
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King,
His praises there to sound!

Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Thy joys fain would I see;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my grief,
And take me home to thee.

David Dickson (1583-1662)
English poet

我站立在錫安山

Charles Swain

我站立在錫安山，
觀看我輝耀如星的王冠；
地上沒有權力能動搖我的希望，
地獄也不能將我推翻。

你的高樓和雄巍的山岡，
他們的頭舉起高昂，
都要被拆低在塵土裏，—
他們的名字也必消亡。

高的諸天也要倒傾，
是耶和華的手所造成；
但那磐石比諸天更堅固
我的救恩立定。

司懷恩 (Charles Swain, b. 1803-) 英國詩人。

I Stand On Zion's Mount

I stand on Zion's mount,
And view my starry crown;
No power on earth my hope can shake,
Nor hell can thrust me down.

Thy lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levelled low in dust,—
Their very names shall die.

The vaulted heavens shall fall,
Built by Jehovah's hands;
But firmer than the heavens the Rock
Of my salvation stands.

Charles Swain (1803-)
English poet

光明節頌詩

猶太詩歌

萬古磐石啊，我們要歌頌
讚美你拯救的權能；
狂暴的仇敵環攻，
你是我們避難的堡壘。
他們猛烈的攻擊我們，
你的膀臂幫助我們，
你的一言
粉碎他們的刀劍
當我們自己的力量衰殘。

重新燃起聖燈，
祭司經苦難證明，
國家的聖殿潔淨，
把祭物向神獻呈。
在祂的話院宇當中，
聽，歡樂滿盈，
欣喜的群眾

歡唱歌頌
發出高亢的大聲。

殉道者種族的兒女，
不論是自由或被囚鎖，
醒起迴應歌唱
不論你分散在何方。
是你歡喜的信息
時間已經臨近
就要看到
全人類自由，
暴君即將消逝。

* 光明節又稱修殿節，猶太人非舊約律法的節期(約一〇：22)，記念馬克伯時代(164 B.C.)從敘利亞的希臘化統治恢復獨立，重修聖殿奉獻。此詩表示讚美，歡樂，和希望。

Hanukkah Hymn

Rock of Ages, let our song
Praise Thy saving power;
Thou, amidst the raging foes,
Wast our sheltering tower.
Furious, they assailed us,
But Thine arm availed us,
And Thy word
Broke their sword
When our own strength failed us.

Kindling new the holy lamps,
Priest approved in suffering,
Purified the nation's shrine,
Brought to God their offering.
And His courts surrounding,
Hear, in joy abounding,
Happy throngs

Singing songs
With a mighty sounding.

Children of the martyr race,
Whether free or fettered,
Wake the echoes of the songs
Where ye may be scattered.
Yours the message cheering
That the time is nearing
Which will see
All men free,
Tyrants disappearing.

* The Hanukkah festival of lights commemorates the rededication of the Temple in Jerusalem (164 B.C.). This hymn expresses the praise, joy, and hope appropriate in commemorating that historic event.

閉幕辭 William Makepeace Thackeray

劇已終場；幕落下，
贊助者的鐘聲音沉緩：
演員暫且停步。
四周觀看，道聲再見。
那是一番可厭的道白和工作；
當他笑過也完成了他的話說，
他把面具摘脫，
那張臉所缺的正是歡樂。

一句話，在今晚將盡之前，

讓我們有一首臨別的歌，
給所有的年輕朋友祝福，
應這快樂聖誕的季節。
在人生的大舞台你們也有角色，
不久命運定要你扮演；
晚安！以誠懇溫和的心願
親切的致意久遠！

晚安！— 我要說，憂愁，歡喜，
剛才在這篇頁的戲擬，
孩童們的失敗或勝利，
也重演在我們的年紀。
我要說，你的憂傷並不減其深，
你的虛幻奢望會過於別人；
你在十五歲時的歡樂和痛苦，
在四十五再演重新。

我要說，我們受苦我們掙扎，
成人和孩童並命運兩樣；
在四十五歲鬍鬚蒼蒼，
正如年方十二穿條絨褲的以往。
如果，在奉獻的幼年時光，
我們在家學習愛心和禱告，
求上天使那早年的愛和真理
永遠不至於完全忘掉。

不論是在學校中，或在世間，
我要說，命運會轉換和改變；
獎賞有時會歸於笨蛋，
飛毛腿不是常在賽跑中佔先。
強壯的人會屈服，好人會跌倒，
偉大人物不過是小丑粗俗，
騙徒會高舉在萬人之上，

良善的黯然失色毫無憐恤。

誰能知道那難測的計畫？

可稱頌的祂賞賜並收取！

查理，為甚麼是你母親不是我媽，

哭泣在她親兒心肝的墳墓？

我們順從這都是旨意出自上天，

隱藏的定律統治著全世間。

祂使人安逸或是打擊，

都是自由給予或是召還。

有人尊榮享受美酒優伶的盛筵，

是誰給他那樣的歡樂和威嚴？

看，那些好過他的坐在下面，

或飢餓無望的在大門外邊。

誰叫財主迪福斯車輪上的污泥，

濺在拉撒路身上的破衣？

來吧，弟兄，在塵土中跪下，

承認是上天如此的定意。

在生命的進程中各人都有悲愁，

不幸早亡的可愛盼望，可愛朋友，

為許多失去的機會傷痛，

熱切的期望不能成就。

阿們！——不論命運如何驅遣，

求神叫我的心能良善熱情，

雖然頭因為憂慮低彎，

雖然暮年的白雪滿頂。

或處富足或缺乏，順境或逆境來臨，

年老或年幼都接受他們的分，

順從那可敬畏的旨意，

各自承受它用誠實的心。

不問誰失去，或誰得著勝利，
去，不計成敗盡你的能力；
但如果你輸了，或是得意，
總要求神，能夠作一個君子。

一個君子，或老或幼，
(接受我卑微的短詩；)
要記得所唱頌的聖歌，
在第一個聖誕節日；
牧人們聽到在空中，—
眾天使揚起歡樂聲音：
在高處榮耀歸於神，
在地上平安歸於溫和的人！

此外，我的詩歌沒有多大價值，
我把殘筆放下一邊，
祝你健康，愛和喜樂，
當這莊嚴的聖誕。
當這神聖的基督誕生佳日，
好朋友們，這仍是我們合時的頌歌，—
地上有平安，地上有平安，
歸於那些人心意溫和。

蔡可瑞 (William Makepeace Thackeray, 1811-1863) 英國小說家，詩人。

The End of the Play

The play is done; the curtain drops,
 Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
 And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
 And, when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
 A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
 Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
 As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
 That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good-night! with honest gentle hearts
 A kindly greeting go away!

Good-night!— I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
 Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
 Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
 Your hopes more vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
 At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
 No less or more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
 As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth

May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all.
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give, or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfulfilled.
Amen!— whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize, —
Go, loss or conquer as you can;
But, if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young!
(Bear kindly with my humble lays;)
The sacred chorus first was sung

Upon the first of Christmas days;
The shepherds heard it overhead, —
The joyful angels raised it then:
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men!

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health and love and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still, —
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863)
English novelist, & poet

詩人

Angela Morgan

神啊，為甚麼你吹氣在我思想上
把我的脈搏調成你的高音律，
用愛點燃我的靈魂，用火焰燒起我的心，
使我的耳被妙音挑動難以含忍 —
卻只是把我放在市場
在交易爭講的人群，
他們的耳聾了聽不見我焦急的呼喚，
他們的心全不在意我帶來的言語？

但是，主啊，赦免我！我仍要繼續歌唱。
我仍要繼續歌唱到那光明的日子
也許只有一人 — 即使只有一人 —
留意傾聽而明白領會，
能轉離污穢的道路。

後語：

聖經文學與失落的瑞獸

好多年前，我們住在奧立根州的撒冷。小城靜居，是一段難忘的日子。

住在我們隔壁，是一個白人醫生，夫婦有四個孩子。他們是我所遇到最沒有種族成見的人。有一次，他們鄭重說：“如果不是因你們年紀還輕，我們想叫孩子們稱你們爺爺奶奶。”

這位醫生，每周一晚上有聚會，同幾個醫生和學者，討論盧益思 (C.S. Lewis) 的作品，和達爾文的進化論。那是以不信者為對象的聚會。曾邀我同去。可惜，我對達爾文缺乏興趣，而對盧益思的作品，也未全讀過，所以不曾參加。他妻子則是很活躍的反墮胎運

動主席；他們家還收容著小未婚媽媽，待產後安置母子的生活問題。

只是他們夫婦都是熱心的天主教徒。

有一天，談話中間，我笑著說：“我也是 catholic [指宇宙性的教會]，小寫的 ‘c’ 。” 然後，轉而問那丈夫：“恐怕你也會 protestant 吧？小寫的 ‘p’ ，對某些事持反對意見吧？” 他回答說，反對神甫獨身制度。

我問那太太說：“你怎會成為天主教徒呢？” 因為我知道她生在密其根州 Grand Rapids，那地方福音派教會很強。

她說：“我們家本來是浸信會的，住在教會附近。我小的時候，去教堂練鋼琴。那裏的牧師很勢利眼，看不起我們，對我們態度很壞。母親就決定離開那裏。” 當然，現在他們的孩子們，也跟著進了天主教。我雖然沒說：“卿本佳人，奈何作賊！” 但顯然福音派教會，失去這樣的花，怎能不感慨？

又是一個可悲的故事。可能他們的感受，不一定會跟實際相同。

盧益思這位英國文學家，曾任教於牛津和劍橋大學，有約二十五本著作，包括學術性的作品，靈修作品，還有科學小說和童話，詩歌和散文，都是有深度，有影響力的好書。也許，一般人能夠寫出任何一本這樣的書都該滿足。但影響最深的，好像還是他的童話。

盧益思的特點，是他對聖經有精深的認識，而後能用淺明的筆法，把其精義表現於所寫的作品。這是聖經文學的極高境界，能達到廣大的群眾。1998年，盧益思誕生一百週年，英國還為他發行紀念郵票，可見其如何受國人重視。

就以他的童話詩“遲來的搭客”來說吧。

西洋神話裏的“獨角瑞獸”，仿佛中國傳說的麒麟，只是頭頂當中，有一隻紅顏色螺旋角，是直的，其身體跟馬相似，尾巴像獅子，全身白毛，紫頭，藍眼；象徵貞潔。當然，現在絕種了。但在許多家庭裏，常見陳列著這種微塑型。孩子們會問起，為甚麼現在的動物園中沒有？且聽盧益思叔叔道來。

遲來的搭客

C.S. Lewis (1898-1963)

雨聲急密，天空低沈而陰暗，
挪亞的兒子們站在方舟的窗前。

群獸都進來了，但雅弗說：“我見還有一種獸，
遲來了，孤獨無偶，在那門前直叩。”

含說：“讓它去叩門吧，任它淹死或練游泳，
看看我們的情形吧，這裡已經是無處可容。”

閃說：“它仍在叩門呢，拼命叩著焦急驚惶，
它四蹄像獨角那樣的堅硬，卻遍體帶著異香。”

含說：“莫作聲，你如果驚醒老爹來看
是甚麼在門外，準會增加我們的工作負擔。”

從下面的暗處，傳來挪亞的高聲大吼，
“有活物在叩門！放它進來再關閉方舟。”

含高喊回應，猛力戳那兩兄弟不要作聲：
“那不過是雅弗，他在用錘敲下一支鞋釘。”

挪亞說：“孩子們，我聽到像是馬的蹄聲。”
含說：“噢，那是可怕的豪雨敲擊著屋頂。”

挪亞倉皇的爬上頂層，探頭一看出去：
他的臉轉灰青，雙膝發軟，撕自己的鬍鬚，

“看，看！它不再等了。它離去，逃脫。
兒子們，今夜，你們合夥，真幹了絕活！

“就算我能趕過它，它也不會再轉回—

我們對它不客氣，自然贏得人家鄙視不理會。

“啊，高貴的孤獸，我的兒子們真不友好，
如此的黑夜你何處能尋得棚舍和草料？

“啊，那金的蹄，啊，飄洒的長鬃，翕張的鼻孔
充滿氣憤！啊，那彎弓的倔強頸項，可愛的傲性！

“啊，要多麼長久，在人的心上留下犁溝
要多久，它才會再度來到棚舍和槽頭？

“我們的種類要經歷漫長的黑暗彎曲路徑，
像莖枝折斷的花，頹喪的垂頭度過人生，

“含啊，全世界要以生你的那日子可詛可咒，
為了你，竟在方舟啟航時失落那獨角瑞獸。”

孩子們從詩中聽到的悲慘故事，是獨角瑞獸被關在挪亞方舟的門外，也許可以教導他們愛護動物，不要使現在的動物絕種。但是，對成人也頗有可以深思的教訓：方舟代表基督的救恩，除祂以外，別無拯救。可惜，有些人像主耶穌所責備的文士和法利賽人，“當人前把天國的門關了，自己不進去”，也不容別人進去(太二三：13)。但另一種，也同樣的不負責任：在教會的圍牆裏面，自己進了天國，卻全然不關心別人，又自私懶惰，像詩中挪亞的兒子們，任別人關在天國的門外。

世界上許多文學作品中，都有洪水的記載。在聖經中，方舟是預表基督。世人都犯了罪，結局是審判和滅亡。唯一的救法，是相信進入基督裏面：“除祂以外，別無拯救，因為在天下人間，沒有賜下別的名，我們可以靠著得救。”(徒四：12)

這首詩的主旨，是鼓勵人及時傳福音，趁著今天是拯救的日子，引人進入方舟。最好是在孩子的時候。

蒙田 (Michel de Montaigne, 1533-1592)極力主張及早教育兒童：“趁泥土柔軟的時候，現在，現在趕快在急速旋轉的輪子上，作成器皿。”這個敘事詩，正是藉說故事，教導兒童注意傳福音。

我們可以從挪亞的話看出，獨角瑞獸是罕見的，有其品格和個性，不是戀棧豆的駑馬可比。駑馬只要有得吃就行；瑞獸卻是一經拒絕，掉頭就走，不會輕易再來。所以從小養成尊重別人，是非常重要的。我想起舊日鄰居的故事。

也是盧益思說過：我們在世上所遇到的，沒有普通的人；不是要在永世裏得榮耀，榮美無比，就是要在地獄裏，永遠受羞辱，可厭之極。這正是但以理書的話 (但一二：2)。如果我們看到這麼重要，就該努力得人，不要因外貌而失人。

知道傳福音的重要，我們該對為何傳福音沒有疑問。從這裏，進一步想到如何傳的問題。從盧益思的實在例子，可以知道，文學作品是一個不可忽略的工具。所以，不要把基督教文學，當作是少數人的興趣，是冷門藝術；而該認識是每個信徒可以作的事，當作的事。

可惜，相當多的人，拒絕踏進禮拜堂，對聽講章不表示興趣；但他們不拒絕讀好的文學作品。而且報章刊物，會幫助我們刊載，傳播；教育機構會在教科書中採用，幫助我們推廣；社區會傳誦；不用說，教會和家庭中，都該時常提倡談論。這樣，基督教文學就有前途，可以使人得救恩，也可進一步而改變文化。

讓我們多讀聖經，多注意讀基督教文學，而寫作基督教文學，寫出基督教文學的傑作。

附 “遲來的搭客”：

The Late Passenger

The sky was low, the sounding rain was falling dense and dark,
And Noah's sons were standing at the window of the ark.

The beasts were in, but Japhet said, "I see one creature more
Belated and unmated there come knocking at the door."

"Well let him knock," said Ham, "Or let him drown or learn to swim.
We're overcrowded as it is; we've got no room for him."

"And yet it knocks, how terribly it knocks," said Shem, "Its feet
Are hard as horn—but oh the air that comes from it is sweet."

"Now hush," said Ham, "You'll waken Dad, and once he comes to see
What's at the door, it's sure to mean more work for you and me."

Noah's voice came roaring from the darkness down below,
"Some animal is knocking. Take it in before we go."

Ham shouted back, and savagely he nudged the other two,
"That's only Japhet knocking down a brad-nail in his shoe."

Said Noah, "Boys, I hear a noise that's like a horse's hoof."
Said Ham, "Why, that's the dreadful rain that drums upon the roof."

Noah tumbled up on deck and out he put his head;
His face went gray, his knees were loosed, he tore his beard and said,

"Look, look! It would not wait. It turns away. It takes its flight.
Fine work you've made of it, my sons, between you all tonight!

"Even if I could outrun it now, it would not turn again—Not now.
Our great discourtesy has earned its high disdain.

"Oh noble and unmated beast, my sons were all unkind;
In such a night what stable and what manger will you find?

"Oh golden hoofs, oh cataracts of mane, oh nostrils wide
With indignation! Oh the neck wave-arched, the lovely pride!

"Oh long shall be the furrows ploughed across the hearts of men
Before it comes to stable and to manger once again,

"And dark and crooked all the ways in which our race shall walk,
And shriveled all their manhood like a flower with broken stalk,

"And all the world, oh Ham, may curse the hour when you were born;
Because of you the Ark must sail without the Unicorn."

--C.S. Lewis (1898-1963)

English novelist, essayist, and educator

Author, *The Screwtape Letters* and *The Chronicles of Narnia*

作者：于中旻
©2025 James C. M. Yu

聖經網
aboutbible.net