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築橋的人 Will Allen Dromgoole

一個老人，走過一條道路孤單，
日落黃昏，陰冷而且灰暗，
到了一個河谷，又大，又深，又寬，
高漲的水，湧流在中間。
老人不擔心那漲溢的河流，
因他在黃昏已經過到對岸；
他回來要築一道跨河的橋，
雖然他已安全到了那邊。
有個同路的旅人來對他說：
“老人，你何必浪費氣力修建；
你不需要再經過這條路，
你的行程要終結在將完今天；
你已經渡過了這廣闊的深淵，
何必要築橋在天色已晚？”

築橋者抬起他白髮蒼蒼的頭說：
“朋友，我走過了這條道路，
今天有個跟隨我的少年人，
他的腳步也要經過這旅途。
這深淵對過來人已不算甚麼，
對那少年卻可能使他失足。
好朋友，我是為了來人修築，
因為他也要經過在昏暗的日暮。”

The Bridge Builder

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm, vast, and deep, and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And build a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim, near,
"You are wasting strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way;
You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide—
Why build you the bridge at the eventide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head:
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me to-day
A youth, whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm, that has been naught to me,
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building the bridge for *him*."

Will Allen Dromgoole

黑人的傾訴 Sojourner Truth

我為我的人民傾訴，
一個可憐被蹂躪的種族，
在號稱自由的地土，
卻沒有自己的住處。

我為我的人民傾訴，
要還給他們應得的權利；
因為他們長久勞苦，
卻沒有收取到利益。

他們被迫耕作莊稼，
卻不能夠得田裏的收成，
雖然從早工作到晚，
在土地上勞苦不停。

我的身上經常帶著
許多次受過鞭打的傷痕，
我為我的人民傾訴
他們仍在鞭下呻吟。

真理寄居者(Sojourner Truth, 1797?-1883) 是一名不識字的黑人

女講演家，生而為奴，被賣了五次，後得到自由。他憑記憶學習聖經，致力提倡廢除奴役，並爭取婦女權利。這是她自編自唱的詩歌，經他人代為錄寫。

A Negro's Plea

I am pleading for my people,
A poor downtrodden race,
Who dwell in freedom's boasted land,
With no abiding place.

I am plead that my people
May have their rights restored;
For they have long been toiling,
And yet have no reward.

They are forced the crops to culture,
But not for them they yield,
Although both late and early
They labor in the field.

Whilst I bear upon my body
The scars of many a gash,
I am pleading for my people
Who groan beneath the lash.

Sojourner Truth (1797?-1883)

瘟疫之歌

Ulrich Zwingli

主啊，幫助我，
我的力量和磐石；
聽，就在門外，有
死亡叩門的聲音。

伸出你的臂膀，
曾經為我受過傷，
也征服過死亡，
求使我自由。

不過，如果你的聲音，
在這生命的中天，
要呼召我的靈魂，
我也順從甘願。

以信心和盼望
我不再戀此塵世，
天堂確實屬我，
因為我已屬於你。

我的病痛加深；
快來安慰施恩；

因為危難和懼怕
攫取我身體靈魂。

死亡已在身邊，
我的感覺失靈；
我的舌頭麻痺無聲；
現在，基督，你得勝。

看哪，撒但在用力
來奪取它的擄物；
我覺得它的抓緊；
我豈能任它去？

它不能傷害我，
我不為損失懼怕，
因為我躺臥在
你的十字架下。

我的神！我的主！
你的手施行醫治，
在這地面上
我再次得以站起。

不能再讓罪惡
掌權在我身上；
我的口舌只要
完全為你歌唱。

我的時間將到
雖然現在遲延，
也許，還要經過
更深長的幽暗。

但是，讓它來吧；
我要歡樂上升，

並且負我的軛
一直到達天庭。

Ulrich Zwingli (1484-1531) 瑞士宗教改革家。1519年，任蘇黎克大教堂(Grossmunster)首牧時，八月，蘇黎克發生黑死病。多人離城逃疫。他正因工作過勞，健康虛弱，在礦泉區休養。聞訊趕回“赴疫”，並且躬親“服疫”，看顧勉勵病患，撫恤死者留下的孤兒寡婦。結果，自己也染上瘟疫，臥病三個月，瀕臨死亡，而終於漸漸康復。他寫了此詩：前四節是患病時；中間五至八節是病危時；末四節是作於康復後。

Plague Hymn

Help me, O Lord,
My strength and rock;
Lo, at the door
I hear death's knock.

Uplift thine arm,
Once pierced for me,
That conquered death,
And set me free.

Yet, if thy voice,
In life's midday,
Recalls my soul,
Then I obey.

In faith and hope
Earth I resign,
Secure of heaven,
For I am Thine.

My pains increase;
Haste to console;
For fear and woe
Seize body and soul.

Death is at hand,
My senses fail,
My tongue is dumb;
Now, Christ, prevail.

Lo! Satan strains
To snatch his prey;
I feel his grasp;
Must I give way?

He harms me not,
I fear no loss,
For here I lie
Beneath thy cross.

My God! My Lord!
Healed by thy hand,
Upon the earth
Once more I stand.

Let sin no more
Rule over me;
My mouth shall sing
Alone to thee.

Though now delayed
My hour will come,
Involved, perchance,
In deeper gloom.

But, let it come;
With joy I'll rise,
And bear my yoke
Straight to the skies.

Ulrich Zwingli (1484-1531)

十四行詩 之一 莎士比亞

我們願意美好的人物更加增益，
這樣，完全的美容將永存不死，
雖然更成熟的將隨著時間減少，
他幼年的後代好承繼他的記憶。
但你只定睛在鏡裡光亮的眸子，
像火焰燃燒僅是在消耗自己，
有豐盛存留卻去盡造作饑荒，
你可愛的自我竟成為你的仇敵。
你現在是世界上鮮明的裝飾
不過在將進入那青春的絢麗，
在你的蓓蕾裡可埋葬你的後繼
你的吝惜不捨將成為浪擲惋惜。
憐憫這世界吧，或任由貪食，
埋沒世界該有的，是墳墓和你。

Sonnet I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,

That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripener should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory.
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Make a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content
And, render churl, makest waste in niggarding.
Pity thy world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

十四行詩 之二

當四十年的歲月壓在你的眉頭
在你的美容的土地挖下深溝，
你少年可傲的華服現在看來，
將成為不值錢的衣衫殘舊。
如果問起你所有的美顏哪裡去了，
哪裡是你光輝的日子財富存留，
在你自己沈陷的眼睛裡說出
無益的稱讚成為吞噬一切的慚羞。
你的美顏再配得多少的稱讚
如果你可回答：“這是我可愛的孩子
到我老年時可以安然交帳無憂”，
就證明你的美顏能夠繼承傳流。
這樣你雖覺寒冷仍然有熱血，
能看見新生在你衰老的時候。

When forth winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery so gazed on now,
Will be tattered weed, of small worth held.
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
 This were to be new-made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st cold.

十四行詩 之三十七

像殘暮的父親心裡面滿足歡怡
看著他活潑的孩子作幼兒嬉戲，
我雖蹩腳受幸運最殘忍的敵忌，
卻滿得安慰因你的成就和真理。
凡是任何美麗出身財富才智，
不論那樣，所有這些，或更多，
只要是屬於你所擁有誇口的，
都是我願深愛分享和堅定連繫。
當這影子有這樣具體的成績，
如此我不是蹩腳貧窮或受藐視，
我活在你所有的光榮的一部分
在你的豐滿中我得稱心滿意。
 看，甚麼是最好的祝最的歸你，
 我有此願望就得以十倍的歡喜。

Sonnet XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Of any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store.
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised
While that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee,
This wish I have, then ten times happy me!

William Shakespeare(1564-1616)

聖誕之家

G.K. Chesterton

有一位母親被旅舍拒絕
在路途中流浪迤邐前行；
所有別的人都安居家中。
附近有一座不堪的牛棚，
梁柱將搖墜，沙土鬆動，
竟然可成為託身的處所
勝過了羅馬的彫梁畫棟。

在日光下有異鄉人流離，
有的人在本家病苦不安，
他們在一天的工作完畢，
都能有枕頭處倒身安眠。
我們有戰爭和眼中火焰，
有時機和意外爭得榮顯，
但我們家在奇妙穹蒼下，
聖誕的故事就如此開展。

一個嬰孩在污穢的馬槽，

牲畜在吃草，口涎橫斜；
當你和我都在家中安居，
只有祂竟然是飄零無家。
頭腦有知識手也有巧技，
但我們有多久心靈失喪！
沒有海圖或船隻能遠航
那穹蒼下不可知的地方。

這世界荒謬像老婦幻言，
淺白的事變成怪誕不經，
足夠的大地足夠的天空，
作我們希奇和我們戰爭；
我們的安息如火蛇搖擺，
我們的和平列為不可能，
環繞著一個奇妙的星球，
階級和衝突在飛翔不停。

世上的人應當都奔向那
在夜晚仍然是開放的家，
到那地方更古老過伊甸，
那城鎮更雄巍高越羅馬。
跟定那隱現迂迴的明星，
到那不可能竟成的事情：
在那裡神卻是成為無家，
所有的人都可回到家中。

The House of Christmas

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.

The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stone of Rome.

For men homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.
Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honour and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost—how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wive's tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where classed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place that God was homeless
And all men are at home.

G.K. Chesterton (1874-1936)

我站立在錫安山

Charles Swain

我站立在錫安山，
看我閃耀的冠冕；
地上沒有權勢能動搖我的盼望，
地獄的力量也不能摧殘。

許多山嶺和樓房，
舉起他們的頭高昂，
都要被拆毀低到塵埃， -
他們的名字也要滅亡。

耶和華手所造的，
那在上的穹蒼也將廢棄，
但我救恩的磐石更為穩固
必定永遠堅立。

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.

The lofty hills and towers,
That lift their heads on high,
Shall all be levelled low in dust,—
Their very name 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-)

主為我預備草場

Joseph Addison

詩篇第二十三篇

主為我預備草場，
是我的牧人看顧牧養；
祂同在供應我的需要，
關顧的眼睛常在我身上；
當午的游行祂照顧我，
夜間保護我不至受傷。

當我昏暈在灼熱的荒野，
當我在山嶺間乾渴喘息，
祂引領我疲倦無定的腳步，
到肥美的谷甘露的草地，
在那裡豐綠的原野上，

平靜的河水緩緩不止。

雖然我踏過死亡的路徑，
悲慘和恐怖四圍伸展，
我的心堅定全無懼怕，
主啊，因為你仍然在我身邊；
你慈愛的彎杖給我幫助，
引領我經過可怖的黑暗。

在荒涼崎嶇的路上，
我迷失在曠野孤單迢遙，
你的豐盛化解我的痛苦；
不毛的瘠土生發微笑，
忽然有綠洲和美好的牧草，
潺潺的溪流四面環繞。

THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE
Psalm xxiii

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchfull eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pants,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps he leads,

Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the path of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

讚美神 John Greenleaf Whittier

成功了！
鐘聲鳴起砲聲響
好消息傳遍各方。
銅鐘搖擺又震盪！
巨砲鳴放又鳴放，
把歡樂傳到各城各鄉！

鳴，鐘啊！
每一聲都在傳揚
那時刻把罪惡埋葬。
嘹亮而悠長，讓每人聽到
使能聽的耳朵分享
時間和永恆的歡狂！

我們要跪下：
那裡傳的是神自己的聲息，
此地就是聖地。
主啊，赦免我們！我們算甚麼，
我們的眼竟看見這樣的榮耀，
這聲音傳進我們的耳朵裏！

因為主
乘駕著旋風；
祂在地震中發聲；
祂用祂的雷電
打碎了銅門，
使鐵牆分崩！

嘹亮而悠長
如同那古老的歌聲激揚；
同米利暗在紅海邊歡唱：
祂打到大能的軍長；
把馬和騎士淹沒埋葬；
祂得到榮耀的勝利！

我們何敢
在我們悲痛中如此禱告
祂所作的超過我們所求所想？
祂大能的右手
在任何時間或地上
在日光下伸出像今天一樣？

今天的神蹟，
使古時的神話歌謠或傳說，
比來都黯淡無光；
當戰爭殘忍的杖
公義的律法白花綻放，
人的烈怒竟成為頌揚！

塗抹掉！
所有外面和所有內裡
讓新的生命再開始過；
宇宙呼吸得更自由
當沉重的咒詛軋過死亡
也埋葬了罪惡。

成功了！
當太陽環繞
帶著這聲音。
它要使憂傷歡欣，
它要使啞口者有聲音，
使歡樂圍繞全地傳聞！

揮搖鳴響，
歡樂的鐘聲！清晨的翅膀
把讚美歌聲帶到遠方！
那聲音是斷開鎖鍊，
宣告萬國上主掌權，
唯有祂是主是神！

LAUS DEO!

*[On hearing the bells ring on the passage of the Constitutional Amendment
abolishing slavery.]*

It is done!
Clang to bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron wall asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea:
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He has triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war

Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin.

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

John Greenleaf Whittier

神的兒女疲倦又緩慢

John Bowdler

神的兒女疲倦又緩慢，
在朝聖的旅途上向前，
不論強壯或軟弱，喜樂或痛苦，
對神上面的呼召忠誠不變！ -

你們為甚麼走的這樣勉強，
像疑慮悲哀的集團？
為甚麼疲乏的低垂著頭？

為甚麼手無力疲倦？

啊，軟弱不知道救主的能力，
不感覺天父的護理！
短暫的勞苦，快過的陣雨，
是你們共有的悲戚。

雖然天空的陰雲
一時掩蔽當午的太陽，
他更可愛的美容微笑
在日暮時更加輝煌， -

衝破幽暗的包圍，
企圖阻止他的能力，
光明榮耀的驅除每片陰雲，
勝利的歸回安息。

基督徒啊，擦乾你的眼淚，
除去不信的疑慮，
終將從罪疚和懼怕中得贖，
啊，你的心甦醒愛主！

CHILDREN OF GOD WHO FAINT AND SLOW

Children of God, who, faint and slow,
Your pilgrim-path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's calling true!—

Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubting, mournful band?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head?
Why fails the feeble hand?

O, weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care!
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share.

The orb of light, though clouds awhile
May hide his noontide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day,—

And, busting through the dusky shroud
That dared his power invest,
Ride throned in light, o'er every cloud,
Triumphant to his rest.

Then, Christian, dry the falling tear,
The faithless doubt remove;
Redeemed at last from guilt and fear,
O, wake thy heart to love.

John Bowdler

黑森林 Dante Alighieri

在我們行程的中途
我發現自己在黑森林中間，
迷失了向前的正路。
啊呀！那真是難以形容
這森林是那麼蠻荒，艱險，可怖，
一想到就使我恐懼。
那樣的難受，比死好不了多少；

不過，敘述我在那裡所看到的，
另外的事也會有些好處。
我不清楚記得怎地進到那裡。
因為當時我十分困倦，
以至於失去了正路。
但我到了一個山腳之後，
山谷就終止於此，
所受的驚恐刺破我的心，
向上望去，我看到了山肩，
已經在那星光之下，
照引著每條道路。
我的心湖稍微平靜了些
忍受著整夜的懼怕
我那麼悽慘的經過，
就像人喘息掙扎著，
從海裡爬上了岸，
迴望那危險的波浪，
我的靈魂，仍然向上飛翔，
迴顧所經過的
從沒有活人如此經歷。

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 英譯

In The Dark Wood

Midway upon the journey of our life

I found myself within a forest dark,
For the straightforward pathway had been lost.
Ah me! How hard a thing it is to say
What was this savage, rough, and stern,
Which in the very thought renewed my fear.
So bitter is it, death is little more:
But of the good to treat, which there I found,
Speak will I of the other things I saw there.
I cannot well repeat how there I entered,
So full was I of slumber at the moment
In which I had abandoned the true way.
But after I had reached a mountain's foot,
At that point where the valley terminated,
Which had with consternation pierced my heart,
Upward I looked, and I beheld its shoulders,
Vested already with the planet's rays
Which leadeth others right by every road.
Then was the fear a little quieted
That in my heart's lake had endured throughout
The night, which I passed so piteously,
And even as he, who, with distressful breath,
Forth issued from the sea upon the shore,
Turns to the water perilous and gazes,
So did my soul, that still was fleeing onward,
Turn itself back to re-behold the pass
Which never yet a living person left.

Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), *The Inferno* canto I
Trans. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

第二次來臨

William Butler Yeats

盤旋復盤旋圈子越來越大
鷹不再受蓄鷹者的馭使；
事務散盤了；中心失去控制；
成為只是亂民的世界，

貧血的潮流氾濫，到處
對清白的尊重被淹沒了；
最好的人全然缺乏信念，但最壞的
卻滿有強烈的熱情。

定然是某種啟示臨近了；
定然是第二次來臨近了。
第二次來臨！這句話剛完
就有一個巨大的形象靈感
出現使我不安：在某地荒漠散沙中間
一個獅身人首的模樣，
像太陽漠然無憐憫的注視，
它的腿緩慢的移動，在它的周圍
是沙漠群鳥畏縮的影子。
黑暗又降臨；但現在我知道
二十個世紀的沉睡
苦惱的被搖籃搖成噩夢，
那麼粗暴的獸，它的時刻終於來臨，
懶散的走向伯利恆出生。

葉慈 (1865 - 1939) 是愛爾蘭詩人，劇作家，並國會議員，
獲 1923 年諾貝爾文學獎。

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot bear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of *Spiritus Mundi*
Troubles my sight: somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

1921

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939) Irish poet, dramatist, and senator, winner of Nobel Prize for Literature in 1923.

我若能防止一顆心破碎 Emily Dickinson

我若能防止一顆心破碎，
我就沒有枉活；
我若能抒解一個生命的痛苦，

或祛除一件疼痛，
或幫助一隻昏去知更鳥，
再回到它的巢中，
我就沒有枉活。

If I Can Stop One Heart from Breaking

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or helping one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson(1830-1886)

新友與舊友 佚名

結交新友，但與舊友保持親近；
新交是白銀，舊友是黃金。
新交的朋友，如同新酒，
要經過時間才漸更溫醇。
經得起時間和環境改變——

考驗出友誼最真確完滿；
額頭生皺紋，頭髮變白；
友誼絕不會成為朽壞。
因為老朋友，考驗過而真純，
我們會再恢復到青春。
但老朋友們，哀哉！難免喪亡；
新朋友必須把他們的缺補上。
你心懷內總要珍視友誼—
新朋友是好，但舊交是最美無比；
結交新友，但與舊友保持親近；
新交是白銀，舊友是黃金。

New Friends and Old Friends

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray;
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! May die;
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish friendship in your breast—
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

平凡父親

Edgar Albert Guest

只是個父親帶著滿臉疲勞，
回到家中經過一天的奔跑，
帶來不多的黃金或名聲

表示他如何的競賽得勝；
但他有自己的喜樂在心
看到歡迎他聽他的聲音。

只是個父親有一窩四嬰，
是千萬多人中沒沒的一名
在每天的人流中掙扎著前行，
忍受著生活的鞭打和嘲弄，
他從不因痛苦啜泣或怨恨，
為了有人在等他回到家門。

只是個父親，不富有也不驕傲，
不過是一個泡沫在洶湧的人潮，
一天又一天，辛勤，勞碌，
面對著不能預知的前途，
默默的隨時接受困苦艱難，
為了愛他的家人都願承擔。

只是個父親但他完全都付出，
要給孩子們鋪平前面的道路，
以勇氣工作堅強的不屈不悔
正如他的父親為他的作為。
這是為他所寫的頌文：
只是個父親，卻是最好的人。

Only A Dad

Only a dad with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game;
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and to hear his voice.

Only a dad with a brood of four,
One of ten million men or more
Plodding along in the daily strife,
Bearing the whips and the scorns of life,
With never a whimper of pain or hate,
For the sake of those who at home await.

Only a dad, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd,
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way,
Silent whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a dad but he gives his all,
To smooth the way for his children small.
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds his father did for him.
This is the line for him I pen:
Only a dad, but the best of men.

Edgar Albert Guest(1881-1959)

黑小廝

William Blake

我皮是黑的，噢！我的靈魂白潔，

我的媽生我在南方的原野，
英國男孩像天使般的白：
但我卻黑如同無光的夜。

當太陽還不高，天還未熱時，
媽坐在樹蔭下教導我。
她把我抱在膝上給我親吻，
用手指著東方就開始說。

看那升起的太陽：神住在那裡
賜下祂的光，賜下祂的熱力。
使花木，走獸和人都能夠得享
早晨有舒適中午有欣喜。

我們在這地上佔一點地方，
使我們能夠學習承受熱的光芒。
這黑的身體和被日晒的臉龐
只不過是一朵雲，像樹叢陰涼。

當我們的靈魂學習了承受炎熱
雲就消逝我們聽到祂發聲呼召。
說：我關切親愛的從樹叢出來，
環繞我的金帳棚像歡樂的羊羔。

我的媽說完就再親吻我。
我照樣對那小英國男孩去說。
當我從黑中他從白中解脫，
我們都圍繞著神的帳棚歡樂。

我將替他遮熱到他能夠忍受，
就歡樂靠在我們父的膝旁。

然後我將站著弄他的銀髮，
他也就會愛我因我同他一樣。

The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
I am black, but O! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child:
But I am black as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the east, began to say:

“Look on the rising sun: there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in the morning, joy in the noon day.

“And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear his voice,
Saying: ‘Come out from the grove, my love & care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy:
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

1789

William Blake(1757-1827)

責任頌

William Wordsworth

責任！神聲音嚴肅的女兒，
你可喜歡這名字

你是引路的光，
糾正錯誤並責罰的杖；
你，是勝利和法律
使虛空的恫嚇畏服；
軟弱的人類從虛榮的試探解放；
脫離勞煩的掙扎中得到舒暢。

有的人不問是否你的眼睛
對他們注視；行在愛和真理，
沒有焦慮和懷疑，只以
青年內在的品性和精力：
快樂的心！沒有責疚和污漬；
他們行你的意旨，不不自知：
噢！如果他們誤信被誤導失敗了，
你拯救的膀臂，以可畏的能力環衛護持。

我們的日子會平靜明朗，
歡愉是我們的性向，
當愛作無誤的光，
喜樂是它自己的保障。
他們持定蒙福的路徑
在現今，如果不無知盲撞，
生活在這規範的精神；
尋求你及時的堅定扶幫。

我，喜愛自由，缺乏經驗，
不習慣於各樣狂亂的風暴，
但以自我我引導，
會趨向盲目的信靠；
我遲延你及時的使命，
我的心曾時常聽到，
但現在，我願更堅定的服事你，
不再迷失在便利的小道。
沒有經過靈魂的擾攘，
或發生良心的嚴厲責備，
我請求你來管治；
只出於平靜的思維：
我倦於這樣的自由無羈；
我感到沉重的慾念忽起；
我希望不是只改換些名字，
我渴望得到永恆的安息。

嚴肅的立法者！你卻具有
神性最仁慈的恩典；
我們不知道有甚麼這般
美麗比得上你的笑臉：
在你面前畦中的花朵歡笑，
你的腳蹤留下了芬芳；
你保守群星不至於失序，
最古老的穹蒼，因你而常新並堅強。

可畏的能力！也眷顧卑微
我向你祈求：從現在開始
我完全交託聽從你的引導；
噢，使我的軟弱就此終止！

And they a blissful course may hold,
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy form support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
The most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour:
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live!

1804

1807

憶水獺河 十四行詩 Samuel Taylor Coleridge

可愛的故鄉河流！西陲野地的小溪！
許多不同遭際的年歲過去了，
快樂和悲傷的時刻，從我最後
掠過你胸懷中光滑的薄石，
數算輕快的跳躍！但那麼深刻的印痕
沉留在童稚甜美的記憶，我的眼睛
在陽光下從不曾眨過，
直視著你水流升起的彩色，
你的小板橋，你岸邊灰色的柳樹
溪底不同顏色的沙礫
透過你晶瑩的清澈閃爍！在我的路上，
童年的景象，時常慰藉
成年人的孤單和憂煩，我卻最渴切的喟嘆：
噢，願我再一次作無憂無慮的孩子！

Sonnet to the River Otter

Dear native Brook! Wild streamlet of the West!
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy and what mournful hours, since last
I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps! Yet so deep impressed
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing plank, thy marge with willows grey,
And bedded sand that veined with various dyes

Gleamed through thy bright transporence! On my way,
Visions of Childhood! Oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs:
Ah! That once more I were a careless Child!
1793? 1796

Samuel Taylor Coleridge(1772-1834)

永不再

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

注視我的臉；我名叫惜未實現；
我也稱為不再，太晚，再見；
在你耳邊我執著死海的貝殼
激起你生命泡沫湧動的兩腳之間；
你的眼睛對著鏡子本來能夠明辨
生命和愛的形像，但我魔法一變
成為顫動的影子難堪，
最終是脆弱的眼簾口不能言。

注意我，多麼平靜！但如果忽然利箭
射入我靈魂的柔點
平安的翅膀化為一息長歎—
你就看見我的笑容，轉換
你的容顏因我伏擊中你的心間
你張著冷漠悔恨的眼長夜不眠。

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 the winged Peace which lulls the breath of sighs,--
Then shalt thou see my smile, and turn apart
Thy visage to mine ambush at thy heart
Sleepless with cold commemorative eyes.
Dante Gabriel Rossetti(1828-1882)

警告

當心！那以色列人，昔年
撕裂當路的獅子，— 現在瞎眼可憐，
天上可愛的光他不能再看見，
奪去他尊貴的能力被迫推磨
囚在監，最後帶到面前
為非利士人卑賤的戲玩，—

手抓在寺廟的柱子上
他孤注一擲，使廟傾倒
他自己毀滅了，還有那些嘲笑
他失去視力慘境的殘忍仇敵；
可憐，瞎眼的奴隸，眾人嘲弄的笑料，
死亡了，幾千人在倒塌下一同毀銷！

有一個可憐瞎眼的參孫，在這土地上，
失去了力量，被鐵鐐捆綁，
他會在可怕的狂歡中，舉起他的手，
搖動這聯邦的柱梁，
直到這偉大的自由殿堂

變為一堆毀壞的垃圾混亂荒涼。

The Warning

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path,—when, poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe;
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in the fall!

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-1882

世界的虛幻

世界的虛幻竊奪去
我的時間對神思想，
祂的恩典被埋藏在泥土下遺忘，
罪惡的果實在那裡滋長。
那使別人聰明的才智使我迷誤，
遲於醒悟所行敗壞的道路：
仍然愛慕向上雖然盼望失去
神釋放我脫離自愛肯定的朽腐。
求減半我從地向天上的路程，
親愛的主，就是半路也難上升
朝聖者惟靠你救助的大能。
教導我恨惡這世界絕少價值，
和所有可愛的事物我擁抱珍視，
在死之前，得著永生作我的工資。

The Fables of the World

The fables of the world have filched away
The time I had for thinking upon God;
His grace lies buried 'neath oblivion's sod,
Whence springs an evil crop of sins alway.
What make another wise leads me astray,
Slow to discern the bad path I have trod:
Hope fades but still desire ascends that God
May free me from self-love, my sure decay.
Shorten half-way my road to heaven from earth!
Dear Lord, I cannot even half-way rise
Unless Thou help me on this pilgrimage.

Teach me to hate the world so little worth,
And all the lovely things I clasp and prize,
That endless life, ere death, may be my wage.

Michelangelo Buonarroti(1475-1564)
trans by John Addington Symonds
quoted in *The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti*

生命的旅程

我生命的旅程最後到了終點，
在風暴的海上，乘易破的小船，
人人渡海回到那共同的港岸，
各自交帳所行的邪惡或敬虔。
這樣我曾以那熱情的幻想
把藝術當作君王和偶像，
現在我知道是滿有錯枉
如同人迷戀一切有害的事物一樣。
將要如何我的思慕傾向，
一度歡樂驕妄，當面臨兩個死亡？
我知一個死是定命，一個使我驚惶。
不是繪畫也不是雕塑能夠平靜
現在我的靈魂只能轉向神聖的愛
張開祂在十字架的雙臂對我們接納歡迎。

The Voyage of My Life

The voyage of my life at last has reached,
amidst a stormy sea, in a fragile boat,
the common port where one crosses to return,
rendering account for every deed wicked or pious.
So that the passionate imagination
that made art an idol and sovereign to me,
I now recognize well how it was laden with error
like all things men desire against their interests.
What will become of my amorous thoughts,
once happy and vain, as two deaths approach me?
the one I know certainly, the other threatens me.
Neither painting no sculpture now can calm
the soul turned toward that divine love
that opens his arms on the cross to take us in.
Michelangelo Buonarroti(1475-1564)
trans by John Addington Symonds
quoted in *The Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti*

交喙鳥的傳奇

交喙鳥(Loxia Curvirostra, Crossbill)以嘴尖交叉而
得名，屬鳴禽類的雀類小鳥，雄鳥體紅色。(譯者注)

在十字架上救主臨近死亡
平靜的向天舉起祂的眼睛，
在祂被釘流著血的手掌
感覺到，只輕微感覺，一些震動。

全世界都對祂忘記，
看祂如何的熱切著意
在那無情的鐵釘那裡

一隻小鳥在掙扎努力。

身上染了血但從不停息，
用它的嘴在連啄不止，
它要使救主從十字架脫離，
它創造者的兒子得以開釋。

救主用溫和的聲音如此說道：

“你全然良善是有福的！
從此時起你身上帶著這標號，
是寶血和十字架的印記！”

那鳥的名字是交喙鳥；
那麼清楚的被血遮蓋，
它常在松林中鳴叫
唱歌，像傳奇一般聽來美妙。

The Legend of the Crossbill

On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In His pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken,
Sees He how with zealous care

At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With his beak it does not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviuor,
Its Creator's Son release.

And the Savior speaks in mildness:
"Blest be thou of all the good!
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow(1807-1882)

拿破崙頌

Lord George Gordon Byron

秤量漢尼拔[的骨灰]：你發現最偉大領袖有多少磅？

朱諾維爾，諷刺詩 X

人，
尼普司[西羅馬]皇帝的品德和軍事天才，受高度讚揚，元老院，意大利
和高盧人，都認為他了不起；那些私人受過他好處的人，更以預言的語氣
談
到他的復位是人民的幸福... 他為了多活幾年，可恥的退位，成為在皇帝和
難民之間的邊際人物，直到 —

吉朋,羅馬帝國衰亡史

I

定局了— 昨日還稱帝稱王!

率兵將與諸王爭雄逞強 —

現在你成為無名之物:

那麼低鄙— 卻仍然健旺!

豈是那千個寶座的人

把敵他的屍骨散在我們的地上,

他能夠存活著那樣?

他曾被誤稱為清晨之星,

沒有人或魔鬼墜落得如此深長。

II

謬妄的人! 為何鞭答同類

他們曾卑躬屈膝?

注視自己的光耀使你盲目,

你教導別人能認識。

有權威無可質疑—拯救的能力—

給崇拜你的那些人

墳墓是你唯一的恩賜;

在他們滅亡前人怎得知

野心連卑微都不及！

III

多謝那功課——那將教導
後面的戰士們
比高深的哲學更好，
從前的教訓徒勞。
那要印進人的頭腦
破碎不能再完整，
他們被引領崇拜的
偶像會揮舞戰刀，
前胸是銅的，有泥土的雙腳。

IV

那凱旋，和那虛榮，
那奮戰的狂喜——
勝利的聲音震地，
成為你的生命氣息；
刀劍，權杖，和支配
順從似是人受造的目的，
因此聲譽充斥——
全都消逝！——幽暗的靈！那將是
你瘋狂的記憶！

V

使人荒涼的成為荒涼！
勝利者被打倒！
裁決別人命運者
自己向人求告！

是否還有帝國的指望
使你能平靜面對這樣的風暴？
或是孤獨的懼怕死亡來到？
死為王子—或活為奴隸—
你的選擇是最不光榮的自保！

VI

古時有人劈開橡樹，
作夢也想不到它復合；
被樹榦夾住難以掙脫—
何其孤單—四顧只自己一個？
你，以你的威嚴和能力，
也建立同樣的工作，
不幸的命運臨到：
成為林中豺狼的獵物；
你將要椎心悔恨難過！

VII

那羅馬人，當他的內心激忿
曾經使血濺羅馬，
丟下短劍—敢於離開，
以殘暴的英偉，退隱回家—
他不畏極大的譏諷
那些人服在他那樣的重軛下，
留給他如何的咒罵！
他唯一的榮耀完全在於
自制放下權威的一剎那。

IX

那西班牙人，當支配慾
失去使人興奮的魅力，
丟棄冠冕換取玫瑰經，
從帝國改為修道的靜室，
嚴謹的數著他的念珠，
精密的辯證信條析理，
他的晚年安然度過：
沒有誰比他更經歷過
獨裁的寶座，或虔信者的廟祠。

IX

可是你——吝惜的手
曾掌握過雷電——
遲延太久不肯放下政權
你軟弱的依戀；
你所有的邪惡的靈，
足夠使你的心悲慘
願見你自己鬆弦；
思想神美好的世界
腳凳竟有這樣的卑賤；

X

大地曾為他血流，
他因此得以免於流血！
君王們俯伏肢體顫抖
感謝他賞賜寶座！
美好的自由！我們珍視寶愛，
是最強大的仇敵叫你懼怯
以最謙卑的形像裝作。

噢！暴君不再有餘地
留下更動人的名字給人類述說！

XI

你的惡行留下血漬斑斑，
所有的紀錄不至徒然——
你的勝利不再述說你的名聲，
或是加深每一污染：
如果你如榮譽死亡，
這世界會再度蒙羞，
可能有些箇拿破崙新興——
但誰要像太陽一樣高升，
在如此無星的夜空？

XII

被稱在天秤裡，英雄灰塵
與低賤的泥土並無分別；
會死的人啊！你的衡量
對一切人都公平無邪：
不過我想活著的偉人
會發動更高的火花
使人目眩或竟幻滅：
不能有蔑視而因此歡笑
那些地面上的征服者。

XIII

她，仍然是你的皇后，
驕傲的奧地利之花可哀可憐；
她胸懷怎忍受那考驗的時刻？

她仍然緊貼在你的身邊？
她豈也要屈從，也要分擔
長久失望，你的悔改太晚，
你失去寶座的殺人犯？
若她依然愛你，保守那珍寶，——
那值得你消失的皇冠！

XIV

趕快去你陰沉的海島，
注視那海水悠悠；
大自然會向你微笑——
從來不曾被你羈留！
或用你全然空閒的手
逍遙的讓沙粒微流
現在這大地也自由！
如今那哥林多的教師
把他的醜名轉到你的眉頭。

XV

你帖木兒！在他俘虜的籠裡
你可有甚麼心思，
在籌畫著你監禁的忿激？
只一個——“這世界原是我的！”
除非，像巴比倫王，
所有理性和權杖一併消逝，
生命將不再受禁制
遂心所欲那麼寬廣無際——
長久順從——何等微小的價值！

XVI

或像天上盜火的賊，
 那震驚你可承受得起？
你可與他同擔永不得赦免，
 他的巨石和他的鷹鷲！
受神預定的懲罰—被人咒詛，
那最後的行動，雖不是你最壞的，
 卻是魔鬼最大的譏刺；
他墮落卻得把自尊保持，
如果是必死的人，也該傲然崩逝！

XVII

曾有那一天—曾有那一時，
 大地屬於高盧—高盧屬你—
當時那無限的權力
 若及早退位放棄
那行動是更清高的榮譽
勝於留戀在瑪崙郭的偉績
 使你如光輝的落日，
在漫長的蒼茫暮色裡
雖然有些浮雲飄過的罪跡。

XVIII

可是你命定必作王
 穿著那紫色的外套，
任那愚昧的長袍
 絞扭著記憶從你的胸抱。
哪裡是你褪色的服裝？哪裡是
你喜歡配戴的虛華珍寶
 那星，那繩，那冠上的羽毛？

帝國虛榮剛復的孩子！說，
你所有的玩具可都被奪掉？

XIX

疲勞的眼將在哪裡停息
當巡視著英雄群；
哪裡沒有罪咎的光榮，
也沒有污跡可尋？
是的——一位——最先的——最後的——最好的——
西方的辛森那徒，
只羨妒不敢恨他，
名垂宇宙的華盛頓，
使丈夫赧顏的唯此一人！

註：

拿破崙(Napoleon Buonaparte, 1769-1821)，生於科西嘉，由軍曹洊升將軍(1793)，稱霸法國，而雄踞歐洲。1804年稱帝。1912年，征俄失敗。1814年，戰敗後退守巴黎。四月六日，Fontainebleau和約退位，被放逐至厄爾巴(Elba)島。1815年，逃返巴黎，復位百日，重建軍爭雄；六月十八日，遭聯軍擊敗於滑鐵盧(Waterloo)，再度退位，被放逐聖海倫娜島(St. Helena)，由英國管制。1821年三月五日崩逝。

詩人拜倫(Lord George Gordon Byron, 1785-1824)為英國浪漫詩人中最著名者，像當時許多人一樣，對拿破崙有既崇拜又恨的複雜感情；比之對華盛頓，則只有羨慕而無恨意(見 XIX)。

I 定局了：指和約簽訂，拿破崙退位。此詩作於 1814 年四月十日，隱名發表於四月十六日。

VI 橡樹：據傳，希臘運動家彌婁 Milo(c.6th cen.BC)企圖用手分開劈裂的橡樹，不

意楔子墜落，樹榦復合，夾住了他的手臂，無法掙脫，為林中的群狼所噬。

- VII 那羅馬人：索拉(Felix Lucius Cornellius Sulla, 138-78 BC)羅馬名將，政治家獨裁者。
- VIII 那西班牙人：神聖羅馬帝國皇帝查理五世(Charles V,1500-58)，退位隱於修院。
- XIII 皇后：拿破崙的第二妻子瑪莉(Marie Louise,1791-1847)，於拿破崙退位後，
挾其子至維也納。
- XIV 海島：拿破崙被放逐的厄爾巴島。
哥林多的教師：迪昂逸修(Dionysius the Younger, 4th cen. BC)西里求斯和西里里的統治者，曾兩被放逐；公元前 343 年，退到到哥林多，設學授徒。
- XV 帖木兒：帖木兒(Timur,譯名 Timurlane,或 Tamburlaine,1336-1405)率蒙古軍西
征，於 1402 年征服鄂土曼，擒其蘇丹巴哈則(Bajazet I, c.1360-1403)囚於木籠
中。曾征服歐洲及於地中海，歐人畏懼，稱為“天之刑鞭”。拿破崙曾被視為歐
洲的帖木兒，今竟然被囚。
巴比倫：指巴比倫王尼布甲尼撒(但四:28-37)因狂傲而一度精神失常。
- XVI 天上盜火賊：希臘神話，普羅米修士(Prometheus)，因從天上盜火給人間，被宙
斯處罰，綁在高加索山的石上，巨鷹每天來啄食他的肉。
- XVII 高盧：歐洲西部古國，包括法國，比利時，荷蘭，德國，意大利北部，
及瑞
士。亦用指法國。
瑪崙郭：1800 年六月，拿破崙大敗奧地利軍於此。
- XIX 辛森那徒(Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, c.519-439)羅馬將領及政治家，有
品德，躬耕於小農莊，簡樸，英明，善戰，而堅主共和。

Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte

“Expende Annibalem: — quot libras in duce summo Invenies?” —
Juvenal, Sat. X

“The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents, were loudly celebrated; and those who derived any private benefit from his government announced in prophetic strains the restoration of public felicity.... By the shameful abdication, he protracted his life a few years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an Exile, till — ”
Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall*

I

‘Tis done— but yesterday a King!
And armed with Kings to strive—

And now thou art a nameless thing:
So abject—yet alive!
Is this the man of thousand thrones
Who strewed our earth with hostile bones,
And can he thus survive?
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

II

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind
Who bowed so low the knee?
By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taught'st the rest to see.
With might unquestioned,— power to save, —
Thine only gift hath been the grave
To those that worshipped thee;
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess
Ambition's less than littleness!

III

Thanks for that lesson— it will teach
To after-warriors more
Than high Philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those Pagod things of sabre-sway,
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

IV

The triumph, and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife—
The earthquake-voice of Victory,
To thee the breath of life;
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway
Which man seemed made but to obey,
Wherewith renown was rife—
All quelled! — Dark Spirit! what must be
The madness of thy memory!

V

The Desolator desolate!
The Victor overthrown!
The Arbiter of others' fate

A Suppliant for his own!
Is it some yet imperial hope
That with such change can calmly cope?
Or dread of death alone?
To die a Prince—or live a slave—
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

VI

He who are old would rend the oak,
Dreameed not of rebound;
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke—
Alone—how looked he round?
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,
An equal deed hast done at length,
And darker fate hast found:
He fell, the forest prowler's prey;
But thou must eat thy heart away!

VII

The Roman, when his burning heart
Was slaked with blood of Rome,
Threw down the dagger—dared depart,
In savage grandeur, home.—
He dared depart in utter scorn
Of men that such a yoke had borne,
Yet left him such a doom!
His only glory was that hour
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

VIII

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
Has lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
An empire for a cell,
A strict accountant of his beard,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
His dotage trifled well:
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

IX

But thou— from thy reluctant hand
The thunderbolt is wrung—
Too late thou leav'st the high command
To which thy weakness clung;
All Evil Spirit as thou art,

It is enough to grieve the heart
To see thine own unstrung;
To think that God's fair world hath been
The footstool of a thing so mean;

X

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,
Who thus can hoard his own!
And Monarchs bowed the trembling limb,
And thanked him for a throne!
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear
In humblest guise have shown.
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind
A brighter name to lure mankind!

XI

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,
Nor written thus in vain—
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,
Or deepen every stain:
If thou hadst died as Honour dies,
Some new Napoleon might rise,
To shame the world again—
But who would soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night?

XII

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
Is vile as vulgar clay;
Thy scales, Mortality! are just
To all that pass away:
But yet methought the living great
Some higher sparks should animate
To dazzle and dismay:
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make mirth
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

XIII

And she, proud Austria's mournful flower,
Thy still imperial bride;
How bears her breast the torturing hour?
Still clings she to thy side?
Must she too bend, must she too share
Thy late repentance, long despair,
Thou throneless Homicide?

If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—
'Tis worth thy vanished diadem!

XIV

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,
And gaze upon the sea;
That element may meet thy smile—
It ne'er was ruled by thee!
Or trace with thine all idle hand
In loitering mood upon the sand
That Earth is now as free!
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now
Transferred his by-word to thy brow.

XV

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage
What thought will there be thine,
While brooding in thy prisoned rage?
But one— "The world *was* mine!"
Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit poured so widely forth—
So long obeyed— so little worth!

XVI

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,
Wilt thou withstand the shock?
And share with him, the unforgiven,
His vulture and his rock!
Foredoomed by God—by man accurst,
And that last act, though not thy worst,
The very Fiend's arch mock;
He in his fall preserved his pride,
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

XVII

There was a day—there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—
When that immeasurable power
Unsated to resign
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name
And gilded thy decline,
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

XVIII

But thou forsooth must be a King
And don the purple vest,
As that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? where
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,
The star, the string, the crest?
Vain froward child of Empire! say,
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

XIX

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—One—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom Envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!
1814

Lord George Gordon Byron (1785-1824)

獵書者

Frank Dempster Sherman

一杯咖啡，蛋，和麵包入肚
已夠撐他逛整個上午：
全不在意經過的行人阿誰，
他蹣跚的走著眼簾低垂；
他穿著奇異的舊帽和外衣，

顯明那樣式早已經過時；
看來他像是心不在焉，—
踉蹌的步伐，從這邊到那邊。
他對於時髦，光亮櫥窗的店鋪
全然是虛華，—不曾停步瞻顧。
他的思想定在塵封的卷帙
隱埋在發霉的書架那裡。

The Book-Hunter

A cup of coffee, eggs, and rolls
Sustain him on his morning strolls:
Unconscious of the passers-by,
He trudges on with downcast eye;
He wears a queer old hat and coat,
Suggestive of a style remote;
His manner is preoccupied,—
A shambling gait, from side to side.
For him the sleek, bright-windowed shop
Is all in vain,—he does not stop.
His thoughts are fixed on dusty shelves
Where musty volumes hide themselves.
Frank Dempster Sherman, 1885

建造者

所有人都是命運的建造者群，
在為時間的牆工作；

有的用豐功偉蹟，
也有的用詩韻雕琢。

沒有甚麼是無用或低下；
各成最美好在其安排之處；
甚麼看來是閒筆無需
卻是加強並支持其餘。

我們建造的這座建築，
時間用材料充填；
我們用來建造的石頭，
是我們的今天和昨天。

依真正的形像和樣式興建；
不能留下缺口在中間；
莫想沒有人能夠看見，
這些事將保持不被發現。

在古老時代的藝術，
建築者以最大的謹慎
用心在細微看不見的地方；
因為神看到每一隱藏。

我們也要這樣的工作，
不論隱藏和明顯；
作成神所要居住的殿，
美麗，清潔，完全。

否則在這些時間的牆中，
我們的生活就有殘缺，
破壞的樓梯，當人要登上
就要絆跌失腳。

今天就如此建造，堅定不移，
立在堅固深廣的根基，
往上建造並且安全
明天會見它矗立在那裡。

惟有如此才能夠實現
那些樓閣一般，抬望眼
俯視這世界如廣大平原，
無邊無垠直達到青天。

The Builders Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the God sees everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

時計中的沙

一把紅色的沙，來自
阿拉伯荒漠高溫，
盛在玻璃裡成為時間的偵探，
思索的使臣。

經過多少個厭倦的世紀

在這些沙漠上吹積！

見過多少的變遷奇異，

有多少史蹟能認記！

也許以實瑪利商旅的駱駝

踏著這裡經過，

帶著老人家膝前的愛子

進入埃及的土地。

也許摩西赤著的雙腳，

踐踏著沙地炙傷，

也許法老飛速的車輪，

馳過時使沙飛揚；

也許馬利亞，把拿撒勒的基督

緊抱在她的懷裡，

其盼望，愛，和信心的旅途

啟明這曠漠野地；

也許在隱基底棕樹下的隱者

漫步在死海的沙灘，

以低微的語聲，

慢誦古老亞美利亞的詩篇；

也許西行的車隊

離開波斯拉的城門；

也許往麥加的朝聖者堅信命運，

懷著決意的內心！

這些經過了，或許曾經過！

現在沙在水晶塔裡面，
最後被奇異的手監禁，
計數旅過的時間，

當為注視，這些狹窄的牆擴展；——
在我夢幻的眼前
流沙和沙漠一同擴展，
它無止無限的天。

持續的爆炸使它向上
這細小的金線
膨脹成為高大的巨柱，
看來叫人敬畏恐懼。

向上，越過下落的太陽，
越過無垠的平原，
那巨柱和它更廣的陰影伸展，
直到思想無法追趕。

景象消失了！牆壁仍然
隔絕火紅的夕陽，
隔絕那炎熱，無邊的平原，
半小時的沙已完！

Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab desert brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!

How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread,
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wildness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half-articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;—
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,

Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half-hour's sand is run!

我的心跳躍

我的心跳躍當我看見

一道虹懸在高天：
曾如此當我幼年；
是如此現在我已成年；
但願如此到我年老，
或死亡也不改變！
兒童是成人的父親；
我能夠希望將來的日子
持續的敬畏自然。

My Heart Leaps Up

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)

相會

經過許久的睽違
我們終於再相晤：
相會給我們的是快樂，

抑或是給我們痛苦？

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

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

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

The Meeting

After so long an absence
At last we meet again:
Does the meeting give us pleasure,

Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,
But few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three berries
In the top of the uppermost bough.

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

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

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow(1807-1882)

戰爭

噢！哪裡的閃光，
火焰劃過天空！ - 深紅的煙
染污了銀色的月亮？群星被
黑暗淹沒，潔白發光的雪
依稀微弱的照著那結集！
聽那巨聲，快速震耳的怒吼
在群山中無數的迴應，
驚起眾星環拱寶座上蒼白的午夜！
現在聲音囂亂混雜；
炮彈連續可怕的爆炸；
帶著火光落下，尖叫，呻吟，呼號，
不停的喧鬧，人憤怒激動
匆忙的奔跑； - 高聲，聲音更高
更加混亂無序；直到蒼白的死亡

展開他冰冷染血的裹屍布，
把勝者和敗者一併遮沒。 - 所有那裡的人
當落日告別的餘暉看到他們還強壯
驕傲豐盛的健康；他們的心
急切的跳動對著夕陽，
現在，有幾個還跳動，幾個倖存未死亡！
都深深的沉默，像在暴風雨暫時停息
可怕的平靜下小睡；
只寡婦為所愛的人狂亂的哀號
迸發出來使人戰慄，或低微的呻吟
是幾許靈魂在衝破包圍的泥土軀殼前
用它的餘力掙扎。

灰色的早晨

臨到這悲慘的戰場；硝煙
在冰冷的晨風前遠颺，
寒霜明亮的晨光跳躍
在閃亮的雪上。血的路徑
伸展到林木的深處，散落的武器，
了無生氣的戰士，剛硬的輪廓
死亡不能改變，印記著
突擊勝利者恐怖的路；遙遠的後方，
黑灰標識著他們驕傲的城市的遺蹟。
在遠方的樹林中有一道幽谷， -
每棵樹遮掩著白日的光芒
在一座戰士的墓上搖盪。

戰爭是政治家的遊戲，祭司的歡喜，
律師的玩笑，雇佣殺手的職業，

至於買那些皇家凶手卑鄙的寶座
代價是奸詐的罪惡和血漬，
他們所吃的餅，所倚靠的杖。
衛士穿著血紅的制服，圍繞
他們的王宮，以武力保衛
罪惡的共犯，防止國人的憤怒
保護那頂王冠，各樣的咒詛臨到
饑荒，瘋狂，禍患，貧窮傾降。
這是那些雇勇保衛
暴君的寶座。

WAR

Ah! whence you glare,
That fires the arch of heaven? — that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quenched
In darkness, and pure and spangling snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers round!
Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne!
Now swells the intermingling din; the jar
Frequent and frightful of the bursting bomb;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangor, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage; — loud, and more loud
The discord grows; till pale death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror and the conquered draws
His cold and bloody shroud. — Of all the men

Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health; of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there,
How few survive, how few are beating now!
All in deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause;
Save when the frantic wail of widowed love
Comes shuddering on the blast, or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its struggling powers.

The gray morn

Dawn on the mournful scene; the sulphureous smoke
Before the icy wind slow rolls away,
And the bright beams of frosty morning dance
Along the spangling snow. There tracks of blood
Even to the frost's depth, and scattered arms,
And lifeless warriors, whose hard lineaments
Death's self could change not, mark the dreadful path
Of the outsallying victors; far behind,
Black ashes note where their proud city stood.
Within yon forest is a gloomy glen, —
Each tree which guards its darkness from the day
Waves o'er a warrior's tomb.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
And to those royal murderers whose mean thrones
Are bought by crimes and treachery and gore,
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean.
Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround
Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's rage
Secure the crown, which all the curses reach
That famine, frenzy, woe, and penury breathe.
These are the hired bare the hired bravos who defend
The tyrant's throne.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

內戰

佚名

“步槍手，給我開漂亮的一槍
對正遠處那游動騎哨兵的心房；
目標是那護身符般的東西
在他的胸前閃爍發亮！”

“啊，隊長！這射出美好的光，
從我槍膛中發出如音樂妙響！”
頃刻！槍彈的使者飛去，
那騎兵從馬背上栽下死亡。

“步槍手，現在，從樹叢中潛過去，
取個初次流血的彩頭從死者身上；
一個鈕扣，帶子，或那晶亮的東西
在月下像是鑽石的領章！”

“啊，隊長，我一路上驚愕緊張，
當我注視那死去騎兵的面龐，

他仰臥著，看來跟你那樣的相像，
到現在我的心還升到口腔。

但是，我扯下來這金項鍊盒，
隔我射的彈孔僅僅一吋距離；
只瞥見裏面的相片那樣美麗，
一個漂亮女子新娘的裝飾。”

“哈！步槍手，丟給我那項鍊盒！—
是她，我弟弟年輕的妻子，—
那死騎兵是她丈夫，—這是天意，
來！月光下我們把他埋在那裏！

但，聽！遠方響起他們警告的號角，
戰爭是道德，—軟弱是罪跡；
今夜在周圍有潛伏和躍進的行動，
步槍手，彈再上膛，手保持在扳機！”

Civil War

"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vidette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes, and snatch

From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"O captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vidette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold;
And inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'t is she,
My brother's young bride,—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier,'t was heaven's decree,
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

"But, hark! the far bugles their warning unite;
War is a virtue,—weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;
Load agian, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

Anonymous

戰場遺蹟

Sarah T. Bolton

甚麼，那是一場夢？只有我孤單
在冷夜裏，淒迷的雨天？

噓！— 啊，那只是流水的嗚咽；
我被遺留在後邊，被殺的人中間。

是的，我清楚的記起！
我們相遇從不同的陣地；
我們一同使用武器又倒下去，
我的刀刺進他顫動的心裏。

在幽暗的柏樹下，這件事作成，
太昏黑中看不清他的面貌；
但我聽見他垂死的呻吟聲聲，
他給我緊緊的冰冷擁抱。

他對我說過話，但我聽不清
他所說的，因為大炮雷鳴；
但我懼怕要死，我的心變冷，—
神啊，我曾聽過那語聲！

我曾聽過在我們母親的膝前，
當我們一同祝誦晚禱呢喃！
我的兄弟！但願我替你死，—
這重壓過於我靈魂所能負擔！

我把嘴唇貼近他殭冷的臉邊，
求他表明給我他的赦免，
用言語或手勢：他已口不能言，
但他把冰冷的面孔緊偎我的臉。

我的血從肋旁傷口急速的流，

我忘卻傷痛有一段時候，
好像又回到童年在小湖上，
兩個孩子同盪著一隻小舟。

然後，在夢中，只有我們站在
陰影降下的森林小徑邊；
我又聽見那震顫的聲音，
和他溫柔的話別再見。

但那次的分別，是在許多年前，
他離家飄流到異鄉的土地；
我們親愛的老娘永不會知道，
今夜死在他弟兄的手裏。

* * * * *

來掩埋屍體的兵士們
不曾打擾他們最後的擁抱，
放他們臉對臉，心對著心，
在那裏長眠到末日審判來到。

Left on The Battle-field

What, was it a dream? am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist! — ah, it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind with the mangled slain.

Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,

And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said, for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear, —
O God! I had heard that voice before!

Had heard it before at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening prayer!
My brother! would I had died for thee, —
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And beffed him to show me, by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me: he could not speak,
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for a while I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

And then, in my dream we stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fell;
And I heard again the tremulus tone,
And the tender words of his last farewell.

But that parting was years, long years ago,
He wandered away to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

* * * * *

The soldiers who buried the dead away
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the judgment-day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

Sarah T. Bolton

亞道爾福的戰歌 Michael Altenburg

這小群啊，不要懼怕！仇敵
瘋狂的想要覆滅我們，
不要畏懼他們的怒氣和權勢；
何如你們的勇氣有時消失？
他們似乎勝過神的聖徒
只是短暫的時期。

你們要歡樂；你們的行動屬於
祂會為你們伸冤，
交託祂，我們的主。
雖然現在隱藏我們不能看見，
祂會興起基甸出現
拯救我們，並有祂的聖言。

要真實因神自己的話是真實，
雖然全地和地獄所有的差役
反對我們總不能勝利。
他們要成為笑語和鄙夷；
神與我們同在，我們屬祂自己，
我們要得勝無可懷疑。

阿們，主耶穌；應允我們的祈求！
偉大的元帥，現在顯露你的臂膀；

再一次為我們打仗！
因此聖徒和殉道者要剛強
雄壯的歌聲向你頌揚，
萬世無疆！ 阿們。

亞道爾福(Gustavus Adolphus II, 1594-1632)瑞典國王，改革宗信仰。於
1631年九月，與德國路德宗諸侯聯合，在 Breitenfeld 戰敗日耳曼羅馬
天主教皇帝，堅定宗教改革在歐洲的形勢。

The Battle-song of Gustavus Adolphus

Fear not, O little flock! the foe
Who madly seek your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him our Lord.
Though hidden now from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail.

A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus; grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
Fight for us once again!

So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end! Amen.

Michael Altenburg

著者對她的書

布萊斯萃

拙腦產生的孩子果醜陋不全，
出生之後一直留在我的身邊，
朋友們雖真誠，只是略乏智慧，
把它偷去外面任讓公眾傳觀，
加上布衣蹣跚跋涉到印刷機，
錯誤仍未消滅(大家可以公斷)。
當它印成出現使我大為羞慚，
這初步的娃兒稱我母親叫喊，
我丟開你因不適宜見人露臉，
見到你的面貌我就感覺難堪；
但你是我的，我到底漸生愛憐
如果可能，我要彌補你的缺陷；
我給你洗面，更多的毛病發現，
擦掉一處污痕仍會造成缺點。
我拉你的關節使你韻腳整齊，
卻仍然是行韻勉強不足健全；
我心想給你修飾穿上件美衫，
寒舍只有儉素衣服搜窮索遍。
這種衣貌只可在平民中週旋，
小心切勿在批判家手下逞銜，
要只揀沒人認識你的路經過；
問起你的父家切記隱諱不言；
若問你可憐的母親，噢她很窮，
不得不讓你這樣出門到人前。

Thou ill-formed offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth didst by my side remain,
Till snatched from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad , exposed to public view,
Made thee in rags, halting to th' press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judge).
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call,
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
Thy visage was so irksome in my sight;
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could:
I washed thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot still made a flaw.
I Stretched thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet;
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save homespun cloth i' th' house I find.
In this array 'mongst vulgars may'st thou roam,
In critic's hands beware thou dost not come;
And take thy way where yet thou art not known;
If for thy father asked, say thou hadst none;
And for thy mother, she alas is poor,
Which caused her thus to send thee out of door.

作者：于中旻
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