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> 世界经典诗歌散文艺术论坛

著名诗人朗费罗(Longfellow)及其名作精选



2012-04-16 14:18:59 来自: 公益雯哈嘉瑜伽(雯哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

自觉的灵朗费罗，(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow，1807-1882),出生于缅因州波特兰城一个律师家庭19世纪美国最伟大的浪漫主义诗人之一,牛津大学和剑桥大学曾分别授予他荣誉博士学位。伦敦威斯敏斯特教堂诗人之角安放了他的胸像，他是获得这种尊荣的第一位美国诗人。他一生创作的大量抒情诗、叙事诗、歌谣和诗剧曾在美国和欧洲广泛流传，受到赞赏。

1807年2月27日出生于缅因州波特兰城一个律师家庭。1822年进入博多因学院，毕业后去过法国、西班牙、意大利和德国等地，研究这些国家的语言和文学。1836年开始在哈佛大学讲授语言，文学长达十八年，致力于介绍欧洲文化和浪漫主义作家的作品，成为新英格兰文化中心剑桥文学界和社交界的重要人物。

1839年出版第一部诗集《夜吟》（Voices of the Night），包括著名的《夜的赞歌》、《生命颂》（即《人生礼赞》A Psalm of Life）、《群星之光》等音韵优美的抒情诗。

1841年出版诗集《歌谣及其他》，其中有故事诗《铠甲骷髅》、《金星号遇难》，也有叙事中含有简朴哲理的《乡村铁匠》、《向更高处攀登》等。诗中充溢了淬质奋发的精神和乐观情绪。这两部诗集在大西洋两岸风靡一时，他从此以诗人闻名于世。

1845年发表诗集《布吕赫钟楼及其他》，因收有《斯普林菲尔德的军火库》、《桥》、《努伦堡》和《布吕赫钟楼及其他》等佳篇而为人称道。《海边与炉边》（1849）包含了诗人向读者宣告创作意图的《献辞》以及通过造船的形象讴歌联邦的缔造的长诗《航船的建造》

1850年发表了《李君裕的悲惨命运》。

朗费罗的主要诗作包括3首长篇叙事诗，或“通俗史诗”：《伊凡吉林》（1847）、《海华沙之歌》和《迈尔斯·斯坦狄什的求婚》（1858）。1854年辞去哈佛大学教职，专事创作。次年发表《海华沙之歌》。这是采用印第安人传说而精心构思的长诗，写印第安人领袖海华沙一生克敌制胜的英雄业绩，以及他结束部落混战，教人民种植玉米，清理河道，消除疾病等重要贡献。在美国文学史上这是描写印第安人的第一部史诗，但诗的素材主要来源于斯库尔克拉夫特的著作，作者缺乏直接的生活体验；诗的韵律完全模仿芬兰史诗《卡勒瓦拉》，当时虽然受到了读者的赞赏，却遭到后代一些评论家的责难。从1843年起，朗费罗夫妇在幽静的克雷吉别墅中度过了17年幸福的家庭生活。1861年他的夫人不幸被火烧伤致死，这一直使他无比悲痛，为了摆脱精神上的重负，他投身于但丁的《神曲》的翻译，还写了6首关于但丁的十四行诗，是他最佳的诗作。《路畔旅舍的故事》（1863）大体上仿效乔叟的《坎特伯雷故事集》。以《基督》命名的三部曲诗剧于1872年完成。

名言

不要老叹息过去，它是不再回来的；要明智地改善现在。要以不忧不惧的坚决意志投入扑朔迷离的未来。先相信你自己，然后别人才会相信你。

人生礼赞A Psalm of Life
——年青人的心 ---What the Heart of the Young Man

朗费罗(Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)名作

对歌者说的话 Said to the Psalmist
不要用忧伤的调子对我说： Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
“人生不过是一场幻梦！” "Life is but an empty dream!"
昏睡的靈魂无异于死去， For the soul is dead that slumbers,
事物的真相和外表不同。 And things are not what they seem.

人生是真切的！人生是实在的！ Life is real! Life is earnest!
它的归宿决不是荒坟： And the grave is not its goal;
“你本是尘土，必归于尘土”， "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
这是指躯壳，不是指灵魂。 Was not spoken of the soul.
我们命定的目标和道路 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
不是享乐，也不是受苦； Is our destined end or way;
而是行动，在每个明天 But to act, that each to-morrow
都超越今天，跨出新步。 Finds us further than to-day.
智艺无穷，时光飞逝： Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
这颗心，纵然勇敢坚强， And our hearts, though stout and brave,
也只如鼙鼓，闷声敲打着， Still, like muffled drums, are beating
一下又一下，向坟地送丧。 Funeral marches to the grave.
在这世界辽阔的战场上， In the world's broad field of battle,
在这人生巨大的营帐中； In the bivouac of Life,



莫学那听人驱策的哑畜， Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
要做一个战斗的英雄！ Be a hero in the strife!
别指望未来，不管它多迷人！ Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
把已逝的过去永久埋葬！ Let the dead Past bury its dead!
行动吧——趁着每一个今天！ Act,—act in the living Present!
赤心在胸中，上帝在头上！ Heart within, and God o'erhead!
伟人的生平昭示我们： Lives of great men all remind us
我们能够生活得高尚， We can make our lives sublime,
而当告别人世的时候， And, departing, leave behind us
留下脚印在时间的沙上； Footprints on the sands of time;
也许我们有一个兄弟 Footprints, that perhaps another,
航行在庄严的人生大海， Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
遇险沉了船，绝望的时刻， A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
会看到这脚印而振作起来。 Seeing, shall take heart again.
那么，让我们起来行动吧， Let us, then, be up and doing,
对任何命运都敢于担戴； With a heart for any fate;
不断地进取，不断地追求， Still achieving, still pursuing
要学会劳作，学会等待。 Learn to labor and to wait.

孩子们

（这首Children被誉为经典， 至今在世界范围内广为流传。）

来我这里，啊，孩子们！
你们的嬉闹声，
让困惑我的烦闷
冰释涣然。

是你们敞开东窗，
面朝太阳，
那里活跃的思绪，如飞燕吟唱，
晨溪潺潺。

你们心中有飞鸟、灿阳，
你们遐思里有溪水涓涓，
而我的内心却是秋风扫卷，
初雪飘荡。

啊，没有你们，
世界将会怎样？
我们将为眼前的黑暗，更为身后的荒原
忧心如焚。

如森林之树叶片片，
吸灵气而咀华光，
直到它们甘甜柔滑的浆汁凝变
硬木坚桩，——

世界有了孩子们，
才感受到树干之上
天光日照格外熠熠闪亮，
明朗晴暖。

来我这里，啊，孩子们！
在我耳旁呢喃，
你们明媚的气息，让鸟儿欢唱，
风儿荡漾。

我们所有的谋划伎俩，
我们书本的智慧思想，
在你们爱抚笑颜的映衬下，
暗淡无光。

你们胜过一切歌谣颂唱，
因为那些已枯竭消亡；
而你们谱写的诗篇，
生机盎然。

Children
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Come to me, O ye[1] children!
For I hear you at your play

For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

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

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

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

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere^[2] their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood, --

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

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

For what are all our contrivings^[3],
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

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

Nature
造化

——Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
像一位慈爱的母亲，在夜幕来临之际
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
牵着孩儿的手儿，领他上床歇息；
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
孩子半情愿半勉强，随她而去，
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
边走边不住地望向后门外。
Still gazing at them through the open door,
摔坏的玩具放在地上，
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
尽管允诺给他买新的，
By promises of others in their stead,
还是不完全放心，不尽然满意——
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
代替品虽好，他却未必更喜欢。
So nature deals with us, and takes away
造化亦是如此，
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
将我们的玩具一个个拿走，
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
牵着手，温柔地领我们入眠，
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
于是我们去了，不知愿意与否。
Being too full of sleep to understand
睡意朦胧，
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

竟不知未知的胜过我们所知的有几分。

箭和歌 THE ARROW AND THE SONG

我向空中射出一只箭 I shot an arrow into the air,
它落到地上 It fell to earth,
不知在何方 I knew not where;
因为它飞得那么迅疾 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
眼力跟不上它的飞翔 Could not follow it in its flight.
我向空中唱出一支歌 I breathed a song into the air,
它落到地上 It fell to earth,
不知在何方 I knew not where;
因为谁的眼力会那么尖那么强 For who has sight so keen and strong,
可以跟得上歌声的飞扬 That it can follow the flight of song?
很久很久以后 Long, long afterward, in an oak
我在一棵橡树上找到了那支箭 I found the arrow,
没有折断 still unbroke;
而那首歌 And the song,
从头到尾 from beginning to end,
我也发现藏在一个朋友的心间 I found again in the heart of a friend



2012-05-01 19:02:52 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

雪絮 ——[美]朗费罗

挣脱开大气的胸膛，
从它层叠的云裳里摇落，
在荒凉的、丰收后的田野上，
在一片林莽，棕黄而赤裸，
静静的，柔软的雪花
缓缓地朝地面落下。

有如我们迷离的梦幻
突然在庄严的字句里成形，
有如我们苍白的容颜
显示了纷乱内心的衷情，
纷乱的天空也表白
它所感到的悲哀。

这是天空所写的诗，
慢慢写在寂静的音节里；
这是绝望的秘密
久久隐藏在阴霾的心底；
现在，对着树林和田野；
它在低低诉说和倾泻。

Snow Flakes
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the Air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.



2012-05-02 10:41:17 公益雲哈嘉瑜伽 (雲哈嘉瑜伽微信服務號:sahajasz.)

夜的贊歌

我聽見夜的垂曳的輕裳
拂過她的大理石廳堂！
我看見她的貂黑衣裙
綴飾着天國宮牆的荧光！

從那強大的魅力，我察覺
她的丰姿從上空俯臨；
夜的端凝沉靜的丰姿，
婉如我的戀人的倩影。

我聽到歡愉的、哀怨的歌聲，
多種多样的柔和韻律，
洋溢在精靈出沒的夜宮，
好似古代詩人的詩句。

午夜的空氣如清涼水池，
心魂向這裡汲取安舒；
永恒和平的神聖泉水
就從這些深池裡流出。

夜啊！你教我學會忍受
人們曾經忍受的一切！
你手指輕觸“忧伤”的唇吻，
他便悄然停止了鳴咽。

象奧瑞斯忒斯，我祈求寧靜！
受歡迎、被祈求、最可愛的夜
展開她廣闊無垠的翅膀
飛行吧，降臨我們的世界！

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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



2012-05-02 10:41:39 公益雲哈嘉瑜伽 (雲哈嘉瑜伽微信服務號:sahajasz.)

雨天

今天天氣又冷，又暗，又淒慘；
雨下个不停，風也老刮个不倦；

藤萝依旧萦绕着颓败的墙垣，
每阵风来，枯叶又落下几片。
今天天气又暗又凄惨。

我的生活又冷，又暗，又凄惨；
雨下个不停，风也老刮个不倦；
心情依旧颓败的往昔，
青春的希望早已被狂风吹散！
日子过得又暗又凄惨。

平静些，忧伤的心灵！且休要嗟怨；
乌云后面依然是灿烂的晴天；
你的命运是大众共同的命运，
人人生活里都会有无情的雨点，
总有些日子又暗又凄惨。

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 moldering 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 moldering 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.



2012-05-02 10:42:02 公益雲哈嘉瑜伽 (雲哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

逝去的青春 MY LOST YOUTH

那美丽的古城常叫我怀想， Often I think of the beautiful town
它就座落在大海边上； That is seated by the sea ;
多少次，我恍惚神游于故乡， Often in thought go up and down
在那些可爱街衢上来往， The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
俨然又回到了年少的时光。 And my youth comes back to me.
一首拉普兰民歌里的诗句 And a verse of a Lapland song
一直在我记忆里回荡： Is haunting my memory still :
“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， " A boy's will is the wind's will,
青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。” And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

我望见葱茏的树木成行， I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
从忽隐忽现的闪闪波光 And catch, in sudden gleams,
瞥见了远处环抱的海洋； The sheen of the far-surrounding seas.
那些岛，就像是极西仙境， And islands that were the Hesperides
小时候惹动我多少梦想！ Of all my boyish dreams.
那首古老民歌的叠句 And the burden of that old song.
依旧在耳边喃喃低唱： It murmurs and whispers still :
“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， " A boy's will is the wind's will.
青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。” And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

"我记得乌黑的码头和船台， I remember the black wharves and the slips,
海上恣意奔腾的潮汐； And the sea-tides tossing free ;
满嘴胡须的西班牙水手， And Spanish sailors with bearded lips.
一艘艘船舶的壮丽神奇， And the beauty and mystery of the ships.
茫茫大海诱人的魔力。 And the magic of the sea.
那索回不去的执拗歌声 And the voice of that wayward song
仍然在那里又唱又讲： Is singing and saying still :
“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， " A boy's will is the wind's will,
'青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。” And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

我记得岸上的防御工事， I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
记得山头耸立的碉楼： And the fort upon the hill ;

日出时，大炮隆隆怒吼， The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
鞞鼓一阵阵播响不休， The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er.
号角激昂锐利地吹奏。 And the bugle wild and shrill.
那首民歌的悠扬曲调 And the music of that old song
依然波动在我的心头： Throbs in my memory still :
“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， ” A boy's will is the wind's will.
青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。” And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

我记得那次远处的海战， I remember the sea-fight far away,
炮声在滚滚浪潮上震荡： How it thundered o'er the tide !
两位船长，在墓中安躺， And the dead captains, as they lay
俯临着寂寥宁静的海湾—— In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
那就是他们战死的沙场。 Where they iu battle died.
那哀怨的歌声往复回翔， And the sound of that mournful song
颤栗的音波流过我心房： Goes through me with a thrill
“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， ” A boy's will is the wind's will,
青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。” And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

我看见微风里林木亭亭， I can see the breezy dome of groves,
获岭森林洒布着阴影； The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
旧日的友谊，早年的恋情 And the friendships old and the early loves
以安舒的音调回到我心里， Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
宛如幽静邻里的鸽鸣。 In quiet neighborhoods.
那古老民歌的甜美诗句 And the verse of that sweet old song.
依稀在低语，在颤动不停： It flutters and murmurs still :
“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， ” A boy's will is the wind's will.
青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。” And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

我记得缕缕的亮光和暗影 I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
不时掠过我童稚的心灵： Across the school-boy's brain ;
心底蕴藏的歌声和静默 The song and the silence in the heart,
有几分是预言，也还有几分 That in part are prophecies, and in part
是狂热而又虚幻的憧憬。 Are longings wild and vain.
听啊，那起伏不定的歌声 And the voice of that fitful song
还在唱着，总也不平静： Sings on, and is never still :
“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， ” A boy's will is the wind's will.
青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。” And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

有一些梦境永不会泯灭： There are things of which I may not speak ;
有一些情景我不能倾诉： There are dreams that cannot die ;
有一些愁思，使心弱神枯， There are thoughts that make the strong heart
weak.
使双颊失色，苍白凄楚， And bring a pallor into the cheek.
使两眼模糊，蒙上潮雾。 And a mist before the eye.
那句不详的歌词好像 And the words of that fatal song
一个寒颤落到我身上： Come over me like a chill :
“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， ” A boy's will is the wind's will,
青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。” And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

当我重临这亲爱的古城， Strange to me now are the forms I meet
眼中的景象已这般陌生： When I visit the dear old town ;
但故乡的空气甘美而纯净， But the native air is pure and sweet,
熟识的街衢洒满了树影， And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known
street,
树枝上下摆动个不停， As they balance up and down.
都在唱着那动人的歌声， Are singing the beautiful song,
在低声叹息，在曼声吟咏： Are sighing and whispering still :
“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， ” A boy's will is the wind's will,
青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。” And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

怀着近似痛苦的欢欣， And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
我的心魂向故国飞奔： And with joy that is almost pain
获岭森林秀丽而鲜润： My heart goes back to wander there,
从一一重温的缤纷旧梦里， And among the dreams of the days that were,
我又觅回了逝去的青春。 I find my lost youth again.
树从还在反复地吟唱 And tie strange and beautiful song.
那奇异而又美妙的诗行： The groves are repeating it still :

“孩子的愿望是风的愿望， " A boy's will is the wind's will,
青春的遐想是悠长的遐想。 And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."



2012-11-17 10:48:25 公益雲哈嘉瑜伽 (雲哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.



2013-02-08 12:21:40 公益雲哈嘉瑜伽 (雲哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

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



2013-02-08 12:21:57 公益雲哈嘉瑜伽 (雲哈嘉瑜伽微信服務號:sahajasz.)

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



2013-02-08 12:22:14 公益婁哈嘉瑜伽 (婁哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

诗人
The Poets

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
O ye dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,
Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,
With drops of anguish falling fast and red
From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head
Ye were not glad your errand to fulfill?
Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song
Have something in them so divinely sweet,
It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;
Not in the clamour of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

有的诗人死了，他还活着
在你不朽诗里，虽然生命不再
有的诗人活着，他已死了
尽管一息尚存，却已被人忽略
告诉我在你最不幸的时候
滴滴痛苦快速流过
锐利的荆棘伤你满头鲜血
难道说你不满足取得硕果？
是啊，你那咏颂的天赋
在歌声中注入甜蜜的庄严
他能减轻诽谤的痛苦
却不能拂去满街的喧闹
不能排除人群的欢呼与尖叫
但能拂去我们的失败和骄傲



2013-02-08 12:22:32 公益婁哈嘉瑜伽 (婁哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

Christmas Bells

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

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

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

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

And in despair I bowed my head;

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

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

圣诞钟声

亨利·沃兹沃思·朗费罗 吕志鲁译

圣诞节的钟声敲响，
这古老熟习的赞歌在耳际回旋，
多么粗犷，多么甜蜜，
反复把祝词叨念：
和平布满大地，福佑撒遍人间！

想到黎明的降临，
我的心微微震颤；
所有钟楼都在敲响，
钟声连绵，歌声不断：
和平布满大地，福佑撒遍人间！

钟声连绵，歌声不断，
直到世界从黑夜转向白天：
神圣的赞美，
和谐的召唤：
和平布满大地，福佑撒遍人间！

黑色的炮口多么凶残，
隆隆炮声把南方震撼；
钟声将炮声淹没，
颂歌把血腥趋散：
和平布满大地，福佑撒遍人间！

世界从此没有灾难，
每个家庭不再贫寒；
送走孤独，
迎来平安：
和平布满大地，福佑撒遍人间！

失望中我低头慨叹，
为何世上总有战乱？
这首歌受到嘲弄，
只因胸中仇恨装满；
和平布满大地，福佑撒遍人间！

钟声愈加响亮深沉：
“上帝永在，苍天有眼！”
谬误终将落败，
正义万古流传，
和平布满大地，福佑撒遍人间！



2013-02-08 12:23:12 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

Sound Of The Sea海之声

The sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.
午夜大海从睡梦中苏醒，
卵石海滩到处有其踪影；
我听见潮水第一声波涛，
汹涌澎湃不断冲刷清扫；

寂静的海底传来一声响，
神秘的声音越来越响亮；
一如山涧的瀑布从天降，
或狂风怒号峭壁林涛晃。
So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control.
从难以接近未知幽静地，
如是不时光临我们这里，
心灵之潮澎湃迅猛无比；
我们所相信的所谓灵感，
实际是神的预示与预见，
超出我们的掌控和思辨。



2013-02-08 12:31:28 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

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
散播下種子在他们的心，
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



2013-02-08 13:00:12 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

西西里王羅波 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
西西里王羅波，是教皇烏爾班的弟弟，
阿勒冥的皇帝華蒙是他的長兄，
身穿華貴的衣飾，
帶著大群的武士和侍從，

在聖約翰節日晚禱時，傲然坐著
聽教牧吟唱“尊主頌”。
當他聽著，一遍又一遍的
重複，仿佛是抑制和擔重，
當聽到了：“祂叫有權柄的
失位，叫卑賤的高升”；
他慢慢抬起王者尊貴的頭
垂詢身邊識字的秘書隨從：
“這句話是甚麼意思？”秘書立即回應：
“祂使有權能的從高位降卑，
高舉沒有地位的上騰。”
羅波王鄙夷的低聲說：
“好在這種煽動性的語句
只由教職人員用拉丁語唱誦；
讓教牧們和人民都知道，
沒有甚麼能力推翻我的寶座權柄！”
靠在椅背上，他打個呵欠，入睡了，
單調的唱誦使他睡意更濃。

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

最後，管教堂的從外面聽見
那喊叫的擾攘和敲門，
以為是盜賊進入了禱告的殿，
挑著燈籠來查問：“是甚麼人？”
半氣結的羅波王盛怒回答：
“是我，王！你害怕嗎？給我開門！”
管堂的受了驚，自言自語，咒詛著說：
“是酒醉的流浪漢，或更下等的惡棍！”
用那把大鑰匙猛然把教堂門敞開，
一條大漢跨大步衝到了他身旁，
凶悍的，沒有帽子或外衣，赤著臂膀，
並沒有轉身，不睬他，半句話不講，
但跳進了漆黑的夜暗裏，
失去了蹤影像幽靈一樣。

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

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

那失去寶座的王向天使注視，
一時驚訝無言，不能夠行動，

遇到他的忿怒和驚奇，
目光中帶著神聖的憐憫神情；
他說：“你是誰，竟敢到這裏來？”
換來的是羅波王回答譏諷：
“我是王，要來收復
被你這假冒者篡奪的朝廷！”
這大膽無禮的話，忽然
使座上客人都跳起來，紛紛拔劍反應；
那天使連眉頭也不皺平靜的說：
“不，不是王，是王的小丑一名，
今後要戴上海扇帽，佩著銅鈴，
帶一隻猿猴作你的參謀隨從；
你要順服王的僕役使喚，
服侍我的侍從們在堂前聽命！”

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

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

一天天過去又復再來，
西西里恢復了上古盛世；
在天使的統治善政之下
那快樂的海島五穀登新酒洋溢，
在火山灼熱的胸膛之下，
那古老的巨人也恬然安息。

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

大約三年過去了；來了
特使尊貴又有盛名，
是阿勒冥皇帝華蒙差來轉達
教皇烏爾班向羅波王發出的邀請，
那信是要他立即啟程
在聖禮拜四到達他的羅馬城。
那天使對來使盛大歡迎，
給他們禮物和錦繡外套，
天鵝絨披肩有華貴的勳銜
給他們戒指和稀世的珠寶。
然後同他們一道揚帆啟航，
從海上到了可愛的意大利半島；
顯赫的行列引得萬人矚目，
大群的隨扈還有馬隊前導，

鞍轡屢鐙都是鑲金嵌玉，
全都衣冠鮮明還插著彩色羽毛。
看，在僕從中間，有個可笑的角色
有一匹雜種跛馬蹣跚而行，
羅波王騎著，外衣綴著狐狸尾飄動隨風，
那猿猴端肅的在駕馭一本正經，
所經過全國的大小城鎮，
總是有大批來取樂的觀眾。

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

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

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

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

“我是個天使，你是王！”

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

King Robert of Sicily

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Apparelled in magificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;"
And slowly lifting up his kingly head
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree."
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
" 'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne!"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

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

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

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,

His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed,
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
Blazed with light, and breathing with perfume.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling
The haughty answer back, "I am, I am the King!"

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

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

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

And now the visit ending, and once more
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall,
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
And if the better world conversed with ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;
When they were alone, the Angel said,

"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
 King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
 And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
 My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,
 Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

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

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



2013-02-08 13:02:27 公益雲哈嘉瑜伽 (雲哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

鄉村鐵匠 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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

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

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

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

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

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

勞苦，——歡樂，——憂傷，

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

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

The Village Blacksmith

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



2013-02-08 13:08:04 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

《夕晖》The Golden Sunset 【美】朗费罗

金色的大海似明镜一面— The golden sea its mirror spreads
横在彤红的天边， Beneath the golden skies,
陆地在海空间狭长一线— And but a narrow strip between
隐隐将天地相连。 Of land and shadow lies.
如云的礁岛，如岛的云片— The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds
交相辉映着漂悬， Dissolved in glory float,
那晶亮闪烁的潮汐之间— And midway of the radiant flood,
小舟幽幽地浮颠。 Hangs silently the boat.

大海似另一个天空一般， The sea is but another sky,
苍穹与沧海浑然， The sky a sea as well,
哪儿是陆地呵，哪是苍天？ And which is earth and which is heaven,
目力几不能分辨。 The eye can scarcely tell.

故而我们到了人生暮年， So when for us life's evening hour,
精气神渐趋疲软， Soft fading shall descend,
苍天和大地乃荣耀之源， May glory, born of earth and heaven,
天与地交融合欢。 The earth and heaven blend.

漂荡的魂魄浸淫着恬淡， Flooded with peace the spirits float,
静静地，一好不迷恋， With silent rapture glow,
直到尘世告终，天堂启绽， Till where earth ends and heaven begins,
心灵欲知乎，一也难。 The soul shall scarcely know.



2013-02-08 13:17:14 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

我失去的青春-朗费罗

我常想起海边那美丽的小镇，
亲切古老的小镇，
令人愉快的街道，
常在我脑海中荡漾，
仿佛青春又回到我的身旁。
还有拉普兰的歌谣
又缭绕在我心上：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

我能看见树影的幽暗，
我能捕捉遥远大海波面
瞬息的闪光，
那些海岛是我儿时全部
梦中的金苹果园。
古老歌谣中的韵律
还在耳语，还在哼唱：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

我还记得那黑色的码头和船，
还有翻滚着波浪的海潮，
还有大胡子的西班牙水手，
还有天际边美丽神秘的三桅帆船，
还有充满魔力的大海。
还有倔强的歌声在传唱：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

我还记得海边的防波堤，
还有山上的展望台；
日出时的炮声还在空中回响，
还有密集的鼓声，
狂野而嘹亮的军号。
古老歌谣中的谐音
还在我心中跳跃：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

我还记得那遥远的海战，
雷声般的炮声如潮！

死去的船长，
他们还静静地躺在坟地上，
噢，你看那平静的海湾
就是他们战死的沙场。
那悲歌中的哀鸣
还在我心中颤抖：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

我还看到微风中
如华盖般的小树林，
还有鹿林日落后渐渐的暗影：
旧时的友谊和早先的爱意
是安息日的福音，
就象邻居家鸽子呜呜的低鸣。
古老歌谣中的诗句
还在飘荡，还在低语：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

我还记得心中的闪光和愁绪，
快速穿越孩子的脑际：
心中的歌和静默，
一半是预言，
一半是渴望狂热的空虚。
那阵阵的歌声会永不停息
地唱下去：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

有些事儿我不能讲：
有些梦儿不可以忘：
有些念头使心儿软，
带给脸上的苍白，
会模糊我的眼。
歌中的词儿如寒风般
扑打我的脸：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

古老的小镇已使我生眼，
故乡的空气还是纯又甜，
树儿摇晃渐变着熟悉街道的脸，
美丽的歌谣还在唱，
低鸣仿佛在呜咽：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

鹿林还是美又鲜，
漫游在那儿我的心儿
却不是那么甜，
找到失去的青春似梦烟，
生疏而美丽的歌谣
还在林中唱：
“男孩的意志是风的意志，
年青人的心既深又远。”

原文：
MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
“A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,

And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the ships,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."



2013-02-08 13:28:07 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

The Day is Done

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time,

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have a power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And comes like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

白昼已殒
长风译

白昼已殒，
如雄鹰飞翔
掉落的羽毛一样，
夜翼高张，黑暗沉降。

我看见村庄
在烟雨中闪烁的灯光，
心底，不由自主
有些莫名的酸楚：

这酸楚和惆怅的感触，
绝非痛苦，
更像悲伤，

如雨与雾相似一样。

来，为我朗读真挚
淳朴的诗词，
使不安得到舒缓，
让杂思烟消云散。

无需出自大师，
或者源于逸士，
虽然他们脚步的声响
回荡在时间悠远的长廊，

但他们伟大的思想，
有军乐的激昂，
却引起劳苦愁烦的联想；
而今夜，休息是我的渴望。

诵读无名诗人的心曲，
他倾心吐意，
如同夏日乌云过后的阵雨，
盈眶滚落的泪滴。

那是他夜以继日
废寝忘食
用心血谱写的
美妙旋律。

那样的诗歌能安静
惴惴不安的心灵，
它如祈祷之后
降临的福佑。

然后，从你珍藏的诗集
选读你心仪的诗句，
用你美丽的嗓音，
演绎诗人的韵律。

乐曲就这样在夜晚响起，
白昼烦心的挂虑，
如同阿拉伯人把帐篷收起，
悄然离去。



2013-02-08 13:28:28 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

Aftermath

WHEN the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mired with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.
当夏季的田野收割已尽，
当小鸟羽翼渐丰，高飞远翱，
还有那枯叶飘零，铺满小道。
纷纷的雪花絮落，
声声之寒鸦悲啼，
我们便再度于田间劳作，
收采那丰硕果实。

没有甜蜜，芳草夹着花枝，
这就是我们的收获？
---而不是丘上之幸运草？
这次收取的是淤泥中的黑纱，

沼泽与草地上杂草丛生，
在死寂和晦暗中，
血红的罂粟在那里撒下了种子。



2013-02-08 13:28:49 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

雪絮

挣脱开大气的胸膛，
从它层叠的云裳里摇落，
在荒凉的、丰收后的田野上，
在一片林莽，棕黄而赤裸，
静静的，柔软的雪花
缓缓地朝地面落下。

有如我们迷离的梦幻
突然在庄严的字句里成形，
有如我们苍白的容颜
显示了纷乱内心的衷情，
纷乱的天空也表白
它所感到的悲哀。

这是天空所写的诗，
慢慢写在寂静的音节里：
这是绝望的秘密
久久隐藏在阴霾的心底：
现在，对着树林和田野：
它在低低诉说和倾泻。 查良铮 译

Snow Flakes

Out of the bosom of the Air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the Air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.



2013-02-08 13:29:03 公益霎哈嘉瑜伽 (霎哈嘉瑜伽微信服务号:sahajasz.)

《 moon 》月亮

As a pale phantom with a lamp
Ascends some ruin's faded stair,
□□So glides the moon along the damp
□□Mysterious chambers of the air.
□□似暗淡模糊的幽灵提盏灯
□□攀登在某些昏暗无光的废墟楼梯上
□□月亮沿着潮湿而神秘的大气室
□□就这样在空中滑行
□□Now hidden in cloud, and now revealed,
□□As if this phantom, full of pain,
□□Were by the crumbling walls concealed,
□□And at the windows seen again.
它一会儿躲进云层 一会儿又露出面容
就像幽灵一样 充满着痛苦
它曾穿过破碎的围墙
再一次来到我的窗前

