

DECORATIONS

Our first and oldest friend

ERNEST DOWSON 1887-1945

BEYOND

LOVE'S aftermath! I think the time is now
That we must gather in, alone, apart
The saddest crop of all the crops that grow, Love's
 aftermath.

Ah, sweet, —sweet yesterday, the tears that start
Can not put back the dial; this is, I trow,
Our haresting! Thy kisses chill my heart,
Our lips are cold: averted eyes avow
The twilight of poor love: we can but part,
Dumbly and sadly, reaping as we sow,
 Love's aftermath.

渺 茫

愛情的孽草！我想這正是時候了，
你我須各自遙遙

收拾那一切收獲中最悲慘的收獲
愛情的孽草。

唉，甜蜜，——甜蜜呀往日，
滔滔的淚浪終不能打回那已過的日晷；
我信這便是我們的收獲了！

你的接吻令我心兒寒戰，我們的唇是冷了；
離去的眼睛宣示可憐的愛之暮光：我們是
默默地，淒切地，刈着如我們佈種，
愛情的孽草。

DE AMORE

SHALL one be sorrowful because of

Which hath no earthly crown,

Which lives and dies, unknown?

Because no words of his shall ever move

Her maiden heart to own

Him lord and destined master of her own;

Is Love so weak a thing as this,

Who can not lie awake,

Solely for his own sake,

For lack of the dear hands to hold, the lips to kiss,

A mere heart-ache?

Nay, though love's victories be great and sweet,

Nor vain and foolish toys,

His crowned, earthly joys,

Is there no comfort then in love's defeat?

Because he shall defer,

For some short span of years all part in her,

Submitting to forego

The certain peace which happier lovers know;

可是人爲了愛而悲哀，
愛沒有世界的花冠，
愛生滅於不知不覺之間？

爲了他的言辭沒有一句
常能打動她處女的芳心
認他做她的同命良人：

可是愛這般脆弱，
他不能覺醒，
只爲了他自己，
爲了缺乏一雙親切的白手握，一張甘蜜的紅，
便只是心痛？

即使愛的勝利是偉大而甘蜜，
不是空虛的癡愚的玩具，
他戴的是世界歡樂的花冠，
可是愛的失敗便沒有一點安慰？
爲了他將期待
和他同過一瞬快樂的年華，
呈請着先行
比較的幸福的情郎所都知的某種愉快；

DE MAORE

Because he shall be utterly disowne
Nor length of service bring
Her least awakening:

Foiled, frustrate and alone, misunders
ned,
Is Love less King?

Grows not the world to him a fairer pla
How far soever his days
Pass from his Lady's ways,
From mere encounter with her golden fa
Though all his sighing be vain,
Shall he be heavy-hearted and complain?
Is she not still a star,
Deeply to be desired, worshipped afar,
A beacon-light to aid
From bitter-sweet delights, Love's masquerade?
Though he lose many things,
Though much he miss:
The heart upon his heart, the hand that clings,
The memorable first kiss;

爲了他將完全被拒絕，
多年的用心
也不能得她一點兒領會。
卻只被踐踏，蹂躪，誤解，剝奪花冠，
可是愛不如王？

他的年華在他情婦身上
快得如同流水，
只和她的玉容打個照面，
世界可是便不能給他一更美的地位？
雖然他一切的咨嗟盡屬徒然，
可是他還要傷心而悲泣？

她豈非依然是天上的一座明星
使人深深地渴望，遠遠地崇敬，
一個烽火從苦中樂
去救助愛的假面劇文？

雖然他失落許多，
雖然他許多失落：
那顆他心上的芳心，那隻他手中的纖手，
那個可記念的第一次的蜜吻；

DE AMO

Love that is love at all,
Needs not an earthly coronal;
Love is himself his own exceeding great reward
A mighty lord!

Lord over life and all the ways of breath,
Mighty and strong to save
From the devouring grave;
Yea, whose dominion doth out-tyrant death,
Thou who art life and death in one,
The night, the sun;
Who art, when all things seem:
Foiled, frustrate and forlorn, rejected of to-day
Go with me all my way,
And let me not blaspheme.

愛

愛便傾心愛，
用不着什麼世界的花冠；
愛的自身便是愛自己的絕大的嘉獎，
一位萬能的主！

一切的生命之主，
萬能而強烈
營救垂死的人，
是啊，愛的權力是制服死，
你是生與死合而爲一，
你是黑夜也是太陽；

當一切都似：
被踐踏，蹂躪，誤解，剝奪花冠的今日，
你還長和我同在，
而令我不出褻瀆之言。

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用不着什麼世界的花冠；
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被踐踏。蹂躪，誤解，剝奪花冠的今日，
你還長和我同在，
而今我不出褒瀆之言。

THE DEAD CHILD

SLEEP on, dear, now

The last sleep and the best,

And on thy brow,

And on thy quiet breast

Violets I throw.

Thy scanty years

Were mine a little while;

Life had no fears

To trouble thy brief smile

With toil or tears.

Lie still, and be

For evermore a child!

Not grudgingly,

Whom life has not defiled,

I render thee.

Slumber so deep,

No man would rashly wake;

I hardly weep,

Fain only, for thy sake,

死 兒

睡着罷，愛呀，

今正是最後的好睡了，

我漫把紫羅蘭投擲

在你蒼白的額上，

沉寂的心之窪。

你至短的幾年生涯，

於我只一剎那；

人生還未有恐怖

把辛勞或眼淚

蹂躪於至促的一笑。

長睡着罷，

永做個孩子罷！

一片至誠心

我來禱祝你清白之靈，

沒有沾半點人生的污濁。

幽深的長睡呀，

無人能來驚醒，

爲了你呀，

我無淚哭泣了，

THE DEAD CHILD

To share thy sleep.

Yes, to be dead,

Dead, here with thee to-day, —

When all is said

'Twere good by thee to lay

My weary head.

The very best!

Ah, child so tired of play,

I stand confessed:

I want to come thy way,

And share thy rest.

死 兒

但願共享你的安寢。

是的，死罷，

此時此地和你同死，一

當一切說道，

善哉，把我落寞的頭兒

躺在你的身旁。

唉，至善至美的，

厭棄遊戲的孩子呀

我爲進一辭：

我欲來你道上，

共享你的安息。

CARTHUSIANS

THROUGH what long heaviness, assayed in what
strange fire,

Have these white monks been brought into the way
of peace,

Despising the world's wisdom and the world's desire,
Which from the body of this death bring no release?

Within their austere walls no voices penetrate;

A sacred silence only, as of death, obtains;

Nothing finds entry here of loud or passionate;

This quiet is the exceeding profit of their pains.

From many lands they came, in divers fiery ways;

Each knew at last the vanity of earthly joys;

And one was crowned with thorns, and one was
crowned with bays,

And each was tired at last of the world's foolish
noise.

It was not theirs with Dominic to preach Good's holy
wrath,

They were too stern to bear sweet Francis' gentle
sway;

伽 多 僧

經過多年陰沉的生活，多年的修鍊，

可是這些白衣的僧衆已經得道，

藐視着塵世的智慧和塵世的慾念，

從這不久便死的肉體得不到些兒救濟。

他們莊嚴的高牆之中沒些兒聲息傳入，

只是神聖的沉默如死一般；

凡是狂放熱情的一點都不能進入，

這般的甯靜便是他們苦行的無限的方便，

他們從各方來到，各經過熱情的世路；

各人終知道了塵世的歡娛只是一片空文；

他們有的戴着荊棘冕，有的戴着月桂冠；

各人終厭倦了塵世的痴愚的噪音；

他們不是沿門托鉢去傳佈上帝的福音。

法朗西司柔和的善化也非嚴束的他們所行；