

Bản Dịch Song Ngữ Dành Cho Bạn Thân Yêu Andy:
A Bilingual Edition for Our Dear Friend Andy:
Được Định Dạng Lại và Dịch Thuật Cẩn Thận Bởi Thư Viện Không Thể Cháy, Mùa
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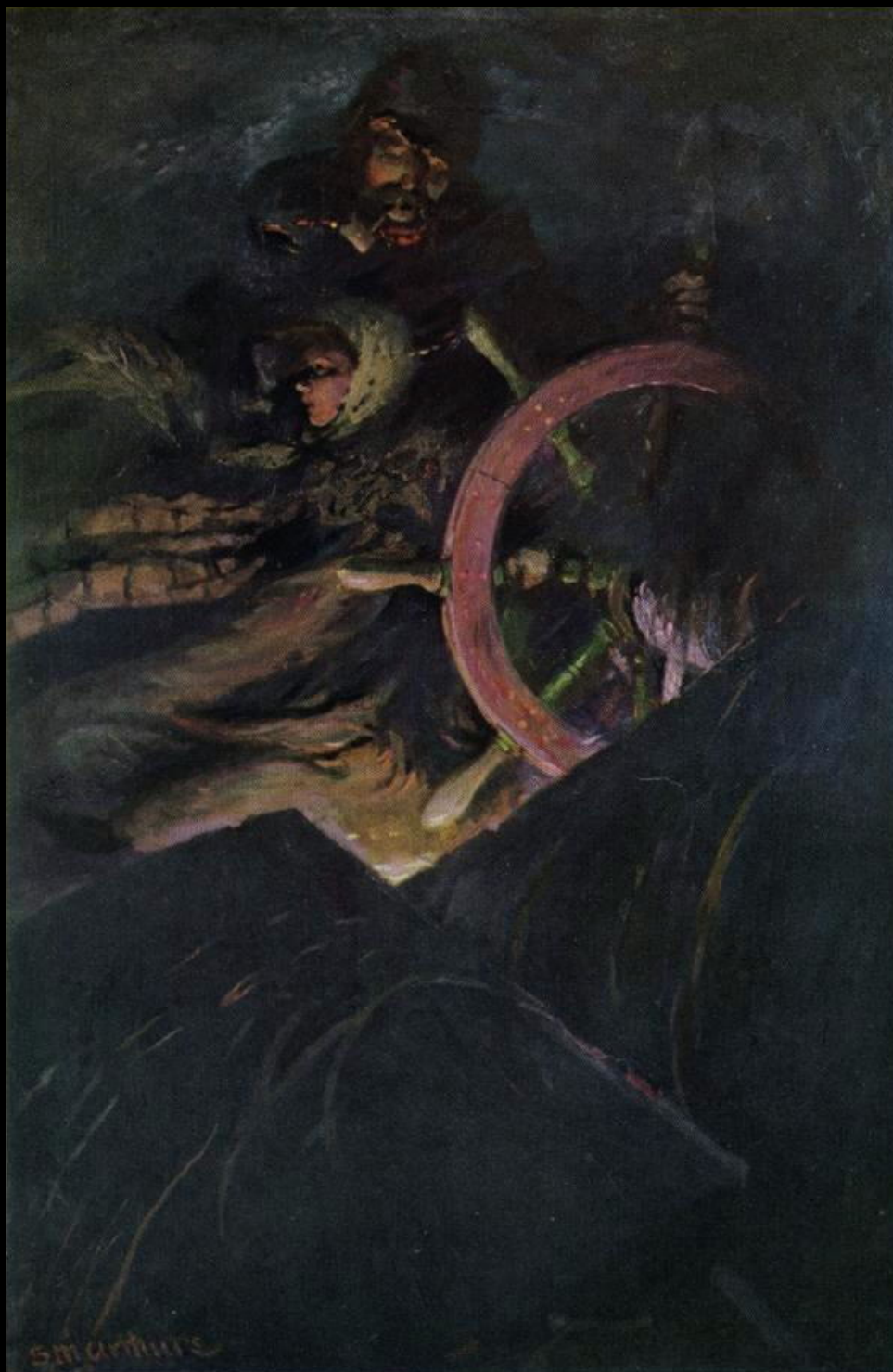
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List of Illustrations:
Vụ Đắm Tàu Hesperus, S.M. Arthurs
The Wreck of the Hesperus, S.M. Arthurs
Thợ Rèn Làng Quê, Howard Smith
The Village Blacksmith, Howard Smith
Evangeline, Howard Pyle
Hiawatha's Fishing, N.C. Wyeth
Việc Đóng Con Tàu, C.W. Ashley
The Building of the Ship, C.W. Ashley
Người Xây Lâu Đài, Olive Rush
The Castle-BUILDER, Olive Rush
Hành Trình Của Paul Revere, Howard Smith
Paul Revere's Ride, Howard Smith
Việc Đóng Con Tàu Rắn Dài, Frank T. Merrill
The Building of the Long Serpent, Frank T. Merrill

THE CHILDREN'S OWN LONGFELLOW SÁCH CỦA TRẺ EM VỀ LONGFELLOW

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Hình 1: Ông quấn cô ấm áp trong áo khoác thủy thủ để chống lại cơn gió buốt lạnh
He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat against the stinging blast
S.M. Arthurs, 1908, Northeastern U.S.

VỤ ĐẮM TÀU HESPERUS / THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

Đó là con tàu Hesperus,
Lướt trên biển mùa đông lạnh giá;
Thuyền trưởng mang theo cô con gái nhỏ,
Để cùng ông bầu bạn trên hành trình.
Đôi mắt cô xanh như hoa lan tiên,
Má hồng rục rỡ tựa bình minh,
Ngực cô trắng ngần như nụ táo gai,
Nở rộ trong tháng Năm dịu dàng.
Thuyền trưởng đứng bên bánh lái,
Tẩu thuốc ngậm chặt trong miệng,
Ông quan sát luồng gió đổi chiều,
Khởi bay lúc về Tây, lúc về Nam.
Một thủy thủ già cất lời,
Người từng dong buồm đến Tây Ban Nha xa xôi,
"Xin ông, hãy ghé vào cảng kia,
Tôi e rằng bão tố sắp đến rồi."
"Đêm qua, mặt trăng có vòng vàng rực,
Đêm nay chẳng thấy trăng đâu!"
Thuyền trưởng phà một hơi thuốc,
Cười khinh, giọng mỉa mai vang lên.
Gió thổi mạnh hơn, lạnh buốt hơn,
Một cơn cuồng phong từ Đông Bắc,
Tuyết rơi xèo xèo trên mặt nước mặn,
Sóng trào bọt trắng như men bia.
Cơn bão ập đến, giáng mạnh,
Con tàu rung chuyển trong sức mạnh của nó;
Tàu run rẩy, dừng lại như ngựa hoảng sợ,
Rồi nhảy vọt một khoảng dài dây neo.
"Lại đây! Lại đây! Con gái nhỏ của cha,
Đừng run rẩy như thế;
Cha có thể vượt qua cơn gió dữ dội nhất,
Mà gió từng thổi qua bao giờ."
Ông quần cô trong áo khoác thủy thủ,
Che chắn trước cơn gió buốt lạnh;
Ông cắt một sợi dây từ cột buồm gãy,
Và buộc chặt cô vào cột buồm.
"Cha ơi! Con nghe tiếng chuông nhà thờ,
Ôi, đó là gì, cha nói đi?"
"Đó là chuông báo sương mù trên bờ đá!"

Và ông lái tàu ra biển khơi.
"Cha ơi! Con nghe tiếng súng nổ,
Ôi, đó là gì, cha nói đi?"
"Một con tàu đang gặp nạn, không thể sống,
Trong biển cả giận dữ thế này!"
"Cha ơi! Con thấy ánh sáng lấp lánh,
Ôi, đó là gì, cha nói đi?"
Nhưng người cha chẳng trả lời,
Ông đã thành một thi thể lạnh giá.
Buộc chặt vào bánh lái, cứng đờ và lạnh,
Mặt ông hướng lên trời cao,
Đèn lồng lấp lánh qua làn tuyết sáng,
Trên đôi mắt đờ đẫn, vô hồn.
Cô gái chấp tay cầu nguyện,
Mong được cứu thoát khỏi lằn ranh;
Cô nghĩ đến Chúa, người từng đẹp sống,
Trên hồ Galilee yên bình.
Nhanh chóng qua đêm tối đen và ảm đạm,
Qua tiếng rít của mưa tuyết lạnh,
Như một bóng ma phủ vải trắng, con tàu lao tới,
Về phía đá ngầm Norman's Woe.
Và giữa những cơn gió giật thất thường,
Một âm thanh vang lên từ đất liền;
Đó là tiếng sóng vỗ rầm rì,
Trên đá và cát biển cứng khô.
Sóng dữ ngay dưới mũi tàu,
Tàu trôi dạt, một xác tàu thê lương,
Một con sóng gào thét cuốn thủy thủ,
Như băng giá rơi khỏi boong tàu.
Tàu đâm vào nơi sóng trắng nhẹ nhàng,
Trông mềm mại như bông gòn,
Nhưng đá tàn nhẫn đâm thủng mạn tàu,
Như sừng của một con bò điên.
Dây buồm kêu lách cách, phủ đầy băng,
Cột buồm gãy đổ xuống biển;
Như một con tàu thủy tinh, nó vỡ tan và chìm,
Hô! Hô! Sóng gào thét vang trời!
Bình minh, trên bãi biển lạnh lẽo,
Một ngư dân đứng sững sờ,
Nhìn thấy hình dáng một cô gái trẻ,
Buộc chặt vào cột buồm trôi dạt.
Biển mặn đóng băng trên ngực cô,
Nước mắt mặn đọng trong mắt;

Ông thấy tóc cô, như rong biển nâu,
Trôi nổi theo sóng, lên rồi xuống.
Đó là vụ đắm tàu Hesperus,
Trong đêm khuya và tuyết rơi!
Chúa cứu chúng ta khỏi cái chết như thế,
Trên đá ngầm Norman's Woe!

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.
The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.
Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.
"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.
Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.
Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.
"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."
He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
 Oh say, what may it be?"
 "'T is a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!-
 And he steered for the open sea.
 "O father! I hear the sound of guns,
 Oh say, what may it be?"
 "Some ship in distress, that cannot live
 In such an angry sea!"
 "O father! I see a gleaming light,
 Oh say, what may it be?"
 But the father answered never a word,
 A frozen corpse was he.
 Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
 With his face turned to the skies,
 The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
 On his fixed and glassy eyes.
 Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
 That saved she might be;
 And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
 On the Lake of Galilee.
 And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
 Through the whistling sleet and snow,
 Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
 Tow'ards the reef of Norman's Woe.
 And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.
 The breakers were right beneath her bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.
 She struck where the white and fleecy waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.
 Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board;
 Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
 Ho! ho! the breakers roared!
 At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,

Lashed close to a drifting mast.
The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.
Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!



Hình 2: Và trẻ em tan học về nhà nhìn qua cánh cửa mở
And children coming home from school look in at the open door
Howard Smith, 1908, Northeastern U.S.

THỢ RÈN LÀNG QUÊ / THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Dưới tán cây dễ rộng lớn,
Lò rèn làng quê hiện ra;
Thợ rèn, một người mạnh mẽ,
Với đôi tay to lớn, rắn chắc;
Và cơ bắp trên cánh tay vạm vỡ,
Mạnh mẽ như dây sắt.
Tóc ông xoăn, đen và dài,
Mặt ông rám nắng như da thuộc;
Trán ông ướt mồ hôi chân thật,
Ông kiếm được những gì ông có,
Và nhìn cả thế giới thẳng thắn,
Vì ông chẳng nợ ai một đồng.
Tuần này qua tuần khác, từ sáng đến tối,
Bạn nghe tiếng bễ lò ông thổi;
Bạn nghe ông vung búa nặng,
Với nhịp điệu chậm rãi, đều đặn,
Như người đánh chuông rung chuông làng,
Khi mặt trời buổi chiều lặn thấp.
Trẻ em tan học về nhà,
Nhìn qua cánh cửa mở;
Chúng thích xem lò rèn rực lửa,
Và nghe tiếng bễ lò gầm vang,
Và bắt những tia lửa bắn ra,
Như trấu rơi từ sàn đập lúa.
Chủ nhật, ông đến nhà thờ,
Ngồi giữa những đứa con trai;
Ông nghe mục sư cầu nguyện và giảng đạo,
Ông nghe giọng con gái mình,
Hát trong dàn hợp xướng làng,
Lòng ông tràn ngập niềm vui.
Tiếng hát ấy như giọng mẹ cô,
Hát ở Thiên Đàn xa xôi!
Ông phải nghĩ đến bà lần nữa,
Nằm dưới nấm mồ lạnh lẽo;
Và với bàn tay thô ráp, ông lau,
Một giọt lệ trong mắt mình.
Làm việc,—vui mừng,—đau khổ,
Ông bước tiếp qua cuộc đời;
Mỗi sáng bắt đầu một nhiệm vụ,
Mỗi tối hoàn thành nó;
Một điều gì đó được thử, được làm,

Đã kiếm được một giấc ngủ đêm.
Cảm ơn, cảm ơn, bạn hiền của tôi,
Vì bài học bạn đã dạy!
Tại lò rèn rực lửa của cuộc đời,
Số phận chúng ta phải được rèn;
Trên đe vang của nó mà định hình,
Mỗi hành động và ý nghĩ cháy bỏng.

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,
Has 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.



Hình 3: Cô bước về nhà thanh thản với lời chúc phúc của Chúa trên mình. Khi cô đi qua, dường như tiếng nhạc tuyệt diệu ngừng lại.

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music

Howard Pyle, 1908, Wilmington, Delaware

EVANGELINE

PHẦN THỨ NHẤT / PART THE FIRST

I

Đây là khu rừng nguyên thủy. Những cây thông rì rào và cây linh sam,
Râu ria phủ rêu, khoác áo xanh, mờ ảo trong ánh hoàng hôn,
Đứng như những thầy phù thủy thời xưa, giọng buồn bã và tiên tri,
Đứng như những nghệ sĩ đàn hạc già, râu dài chạm ngực.
Từ những hang đá vang vọng, đại dương lân cận cất tiếng trầm,
Nói, và bằng giọng u sầu đáp lại tiếng than của rừng.
Đây là khu rừng nguyên thủy; nhưng đâu rồi những trái tim bên dưới,
Từng nhảy nhót như nai, khi nghe tiếng thợ săn trong rừng sâu?
Đâu rồi ngôi làng mái tranh, nhà của những nông dân Acadian,—
Những người có cuộc đời trôi như dòng sông tưới mát rừng cây,
Tối đi bởi bóng đất, nhưng phản chiếu hình ảnh thiên đường?
Những nông trại tươi đẹp giờ hoang tàn, nông dân mãi mãi ra đi!
Tan tác như bụi và lá, khi cơn gió lớn tháng Mười thổi qua,
Cuốn chúng lên cao, rải khắp đại dương xa thẳm.
Chẳng còn gì ngoài truyền thống về ngôi làng xinh đẹp Grand-Pre.
Hỡi những ai tin vào tình yêu hy vọng, bền bỉ và kiên nhẫn,
Hỡi những ai tin vào vẻ đẹp và sức mạnh của lòng tận tụy của người phụ nữ,
Hãy lắng nghe truyền thống buồn bã, vẫn được những cây thông trong rừng hát;
Hãy lắng nghe Câu Chuyện Tình ở Acadie, quê hương của niềm hạnh phúc.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pre
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sounds with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pre,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fair was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pre
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it with love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Giờ mùa thu đã trở lại, khi đêm lạnh hơn và dài hơn,
Và mặt trời lùi xa tiến vào chòm Bọ Cạp.
Chim di cư lướt qua không khí xám xịt, từ những vịnh băng giá,
Vùng đất phương bắc hoang vắng đến bờ biển của các đảo nhiệt đới.
Mùa màng đã được thu hoạch; và dữ dội với gió tháng Chín
Những cây rừng vật lộn, như Jacob xưa với thiên thần.
Mọi dấu hiệu tiên báo một mùa đông dài và khắc nghiệt.
Ong, với bản năng tiên tri về sự thiếu thốn, đã tích trữ mật ong
Cho đến khi tổ ong tràn đầy; và thợ săn người Ấn khẳng định
Mùa đông sẽ lạnh, vì lông cáo dày hơn bao giờ.
Đó là sự đến của mùa thu. Rồi tiếp theo là mùa đẹp dễ ấy,
Được nông dân Acadian sùng đạo gọi là Mùa Hè của Các Thánh!
Không khí tràn ngập ánh sáng mơ màng và kỳ diệu; và cảnh sắc
Như vừa được tạo ra trong sự tươi mới của tuổi thơ.
Hòa bình dường như ngự trị trên trái đất, và trái tim không yên của đại dương

Được an ủi trong khoảnh khắc. Mọi âm thanh hòa quyện trong sự hài hòa.
Tiếng trẻ em chơi đùa, tiếng gà trống gáy trong sân trại,
Tiếng vỗ cánh trong không khí ngái ngủ, và tiếng gù của chim bồ câu,
Tất cả đều dịu dàng và trầm như tiếng thì thầm của tình yêu, và mặt trời lớn
Nhìn bằng ánh mắt yêu thương qua làn sương vàng quanh nó;
Trong khi khoác lên mình áo choàng đỏ thắm, vàng và cam,
Sáng lấp lánh với giọt sương, mỗi cây rừng lấp lánh
Lóe lên như cây tiêu huyền mà người Ba Tư trang trí bằng áo choàng và ngọc.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.
Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light; and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
 Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
 Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
 Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
 Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
 "Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
 Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
 And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—
 "Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
 Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
 What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
 Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
 Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
 By untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
 "Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
 Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
 "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Sejour, nor Port Royal,
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of tomorrow.
 Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
 Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
 Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
 "Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
 Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
 Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
 Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
 Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
 Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
 Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
 Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
 Rene Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
 Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III

Cong như mái chèo lao động trên sóng biển,
Cong, nhưng không gãy, bởi tuổi tác là hình dáng của công chứng viên;
Những chùm tóc vàng, như sợi lanh của ngô, treo
Trên vai ông; trán ông cao; và cặp kính với gọng sừng
Ngồi vắt vẻo trên mũi, với vẻ thông thái siêu phàm.
Cha của hai mươi đứa con, và hơn một trăm
Cháu chắt từng cười trên đầu gối ông, nghe đồng hồ ông kêu tích tắc.
Bốn năm dài trong thời chiến, ông từng bị giam cầm,
Chịu nhiều đau khổ trong một pháo đài Pháp cũ vì là bạn của người Anh.
Giờ đây, dù khôn ngoan hơn, không chút dối trá hay nghi ngờ,
Trưởng thành trong trí tuệ, nhưng kiên nhẫn, và giản dị, như trẻ thơ.
Ông được mọi người yêu mến, nhất là bọn trẻ;
Vì ông kể cho chúng nghe chuyện về Loup-garou trong rừng,
Và về yêu tinh đến vào ban đêm để cho ngựa uống nước,
Và về Letiche trắng, hồn ma của một đứa trẻ chưa rửa tội
Đã chết, và bị định phải ám vô hình trong phòng của trẻ em;
Và vào đêm Giáng Sinh, bò nói chuyện trong chuồng,
Và cách chữa sốt bằng nhện nhốt trong vỏ hạt,
Và về sức mạnh kỳ diệu của cỏ bốn lá và móng ngựa,
Cùng bất cứ điều gì khác được ghi trong truyền thuyết của làng.
Rồi Basil thợ rèn đứng dậy từ ghế bên lò sưởi,
Gõ tàn thuốc từ túi, và chậm rãi đưa tay phải ra,
"Cha Leblanc," ông kêu lên, "cha đã nghe tin đồn trong làng,
Và, có lẽ, có thể cho chúng con biết tin tức về những con tàu này và mục đích của chúng."
Rồi với thái độ khiêm tốn, công chứng viên đáp lời,—
"Dù lời bàn tán tôi đã nghe, thật đấy, nhưng chẳng khôn ngoan hơn;
Và mục đích của chúng là gì, tôi cũng chẳng biết rõ hơn người khác.
Nhưng tôi không thuộc số những người tưởng tượng có ý định xấu
Đưa chúng đến đây, vì chúng ta đang hòa bình; vậy sao lại quấy rầy chúng ta?"
"Nhân danh Chúa!" thợ rèn vội vàng và hơi cúi kính hét lên;
"Chúng ta phải luôn tìm kiếm lý do, mục đích, và tại sao trong mọi việc sao?
Bất công hàng ngày vẫn xảy ra, và quyền lực là quyền của kẻ mạnh nhất!"
Nhưng không để tâm đến sự nóng nảy của ông, công chứng viên tiếp tục,—
"Con người bất công, nhưng Chúa thì công bằng; và cuối cùng công lý
Sẽ chiến thắng; và tôi nhớ rõ một câu chuyện, thường an ủi tôi,
Khi tôi bị giam cầm trong pháo đài Pháp cũ ở Port Royal."
Đây là câu chuyện yêu thích của ông lão, và ông thích kể lại
Khi hàng xóm phàn nàn rằng có bất công xảy ra với họ.
"Xưa kia trong một thành phố cổ, tên tôi không còn nhớ,

Một tượng đồng của Công Lý được dựng trên cột cao,
Đứng giữa quảng trường công cộng, tay trái cầm cân,
Và tay phải cầm kiếm, như biểu tượng rằng công lý ngự trị
Trên luật pháp của đất nước, và trái tim, nhà cửa của dân chúng.
Ngay cả chim chóc cũng làm tổ trong cân của chiếc cân,
Không sợ thanh kiếm lóe sáng trong nắng trên cao.
Nhưng theo thời gian, luật pháp của đất nước bị tha hóa;
Quyền lực thay thế cho công lý, kẻ yếu bị áp bức, kẻ mạnh
Cai trị bằng gậy sắt. Rồi trong cung điện một quý tộc
Xảy ra việc mất một chuỗi ngọc trai, và chẳng bao lâu sau
Nghĩ ngờ rơi vào một cô gái mồ côi sống làm người hầu trong nhà.
Sau phiên tòa hình thức, cô bị kết án chết trên giá treo cổ,
Cô kiên nhẫn chịu đựng số phận dưới chân tượng Công Lý.
Khi linh hồn vô tội của cô bay lên Cha cô trên thiên đường,
Kìa! Trên thành phố một cơn bão nổi lên; và những tia sét
Đánh vào tượng đồng, giận dữ ném từ tay trái của nó
Xuống vĩa hè bên dưới, chiếc cân kêu lạch cạch,
Và trong lòng chiếc cân ấy, tổ của một con chim ác là được tìm thấy,
Trong tường đất sét của nó, chuỗi ngọc trai đã được đan vào."
Im lặng, nhưng không thuyết phục, khi câu chuyện kết thúc, thợ rèn
Đứng như người muốn nói, nhưng không tìm được lời nào;
Mọi suy nghĩ của ông đông cứng thành những đường nét trên khuôn mặt,
Như hơi nước đóng băng thành hình dạng kỳ ảo trên cửa sổ mùa đông.

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Letiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
 Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
 Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
 "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
 And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
 Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,—
 "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
 And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
 Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
 "God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
 "Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
 Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
 But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
 "Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
 Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
 This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
 When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
 "Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
 Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
 And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
 Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
 Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a maid in the household.
 She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
 Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
 As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
 Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
 Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
 Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
 And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
 Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
 Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pre;
 While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
 Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
 Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
 And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
 Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
 Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
 While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
 Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
 Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manoeuvre,
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
 Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
 Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
 Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows.
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
 Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
 Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
 Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
 And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
 Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
 Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
 Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
 Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
 Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
 Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
 Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
 This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
 Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
 Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
 Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
 Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV

Sáng hôm sau, mặt trời mọc vui vẻ trên làng Grand-Pre.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunquerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild-flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy,
And, at the head of the board, the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:—
"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—
"Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milk-maid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pre!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she awoke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pre.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.

'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;
And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.



Hình 4: Và anh ta nói với Cá Vua, "Hãy cắn câu của ta!" Và Cá Vua nhảy lên, nuốt chửng nó.
And he said to the King of Fishes, "Take the bait of this rude fellow!" And the King of Fishes leaped, and swallowed it whole.
N.C. Wyeth, 1908, Northeastern U.S.

BÀI CA CỦA HIAWATHA / THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

HIAWATHA ĐÓNG THUYỀN / HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"Cho ta thân cây tuyết tùng của người,"
Hiawatha kêu lên với rừng,
"Cho ta cành cây của người, hỡi cây tuyết tùng!"
Và khu rừng rên rỉ vì gió lạnh,
Rồi cây tuyết tùng vung vẩy cành lá,
Tất cả cành lá của nó rung lên vì gió,
Và đáp lại tiếng kêu của Hiawatha,
Nghiêng mình và ngã xuống đất trước mặt anh.
"Cho ta rễ cây của người, hỡi cây tamarack!"
Anh kêu lên với cây trong đầm lầy,
"Rễ cây của người, hỡi cây tamarack vàng!"
Và cây tamarack trong đầm lầy
Nghe tiếng gọi của Hiawatha,
Và nhổ rễ mình khỏi đất,
Đưa chúng đến tay Hiawatha.
"Cho ta vỏ cây của người, hỡi cây bạch dương!"
Hiawatha kêu lên với cây rừng,
"Vỏ cây trắng của người, hỡi cây bạch dương!"
Và cây bạch dương, cao và mảnh mai,
Nghe tiếng kêu của Hiawatha,
Lột vỏ trắng của nó ra,
Đưa nó vào tay Hiawatha.
"Cho ta nhựa cây của người, hỡi cây linh sam!"
Anh kêu lên với cây trong rừng,
"Nhựa cây của người, hỡi cây linh sam thơm ngát!"
Và cây linh sam, cao và rậm lá,
Nghe tiếng kêu của Hiawatha,
Nhỏ giọt nhựa thơm của nó xuống,
Đưa vào tay Hiawatha.
Vậy là Hiawatha xây dựng thuyền của mình,
Bên bờ hồ Gitche Gumee,
Dùng thân cây tuyết tùng làm khung,
Rễ cây tamarack để khâu lại,
Vỏ cây bạch dương để bọc bên ngoài,
Và nhựa cây linh sam để bịt kín,
Xây dựng một con thuyền chắc chắn,
Một chiếc thuyền nhẹ lướt trên mặt nước.
Và khi con thuyền đã hoàn thành,
Hiawatha đứng bên bờ hồ,

Kêu lên với giọng nói lớn,
"Hỡi mặt nước Gitche Gumee,
Mang con thuyền của ta đi xa,
Nhẹ nhàng lướt trên sóng của người!"
Và mặt nước nghe tiếng anh,
Nhẹ nhàng nâng con thuyền lên,
Mang nó lướt đi trên sóng.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!"
Thus cried Hiawatha to the forest,
"Give me of your branches, O Cedar!"
And the forest moaned with the cold wind,
Then the Cedar shook its branches,
All its branches shook with the wind,
And in answer to Hiawatha's crying,
Bowed itself and fell before him.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!"
He cried to the tree in the marshland,
"Of your fibrous roots, O yellow Tamarack!"
And the Tamarack in the marshland
Heard the call of Hiawatha,
And uprooted itself from the earth,
Yielding them into Hiawatha's hands.
"Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!"
Thus cried Hiawatha to the forest,
"Of your white bark, O Birch-tree!"
And the Birch-tree, tall and slender,
Heard the cry of Hiawatha,
Stripped its white bark from its body,
Yielding it into Hiawatha's hands.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree!"
He cried to the tree in the forest,
"Of your resinous balm, O Fir-tree!"
And the Fir-tree, tall and bushy,
Heard the cry of Hiawatha,
Dropped its fragrant balm in droplets,
Yielding it into Hiawatha's hands.
Thus did Hiawatha build his canoe,
By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
With the Cedar's trunk for its framework,
Tamarack roots to sew it together,
Birch-tree bark to cover its surface,
And Fir-tree balm to seal its seams,

Building a sturdy vessel,
A light canoe to glide on the water.
And when the canoe was finished,
Hiawatha stood by the lakeshore,
Crying with a mighty voice,
"O waters of Gitche Gumee,
Bear my canoe far outward,
Glide it gently on thy billows!"
And the waters heard his calling,
Gently lifted the canoe upward,
Bearing it gliding on the waves.

HIAWATHA ĐI CÂU / HIAWATHA'S FISHING

Hiawatha mang con thuyền của mình,
Ra mặt nước Gitche Gumee,
Vung mái chèo mạnh mẽ của mình,
Lướt qua sóng nước lung linh.
Anh mang theo cần câu dài,
Và mỗi câu làm từ xương hươu,
Sợi dây được dệt từ vỏ cây,
Móc câu sắc bén từ xương chim.
Anh ngồi trong con thuyền của mình,
Nhìn xuống mặt nước trong vắt,
Thấy những con cá bơi lội bên dưới,
Cá trắng, cá vàng, và cá đỏ.
Anh nói với Cá Vua dưới nước,
"Hỡi Cá Vua, kẻ mạnh mẽ,
Hãy cắn mồi của kẻ thô lỗ này,
Hãy đến và đổi mặt với Hiawatha!"
Và Cá Vua nghe lời anh,
Nhảy lên khỏi mặt nước sâu,
Nuốt chửng mồi câu của Hiawatha,
Kéo mạnh sợi dây trong miệng.
Hiawatha nắm chặt dây câu,
Kéo Cá Vua lên con thuyền,
Con cá lớn giãy giụa dữ dội,
Nhưng Hiawatha mạnh hơn nhiều.
Anh đặt Cá Vua vào thuyền,
Và chèo về bờ Gitche Gumee,
Mang chiến lợi phẩm về nhà mình,
Nơi Nokomis đang chờ đợi.
Nokomis nhìn con cá lớn,

Cười vui và khen ngợi Hiawatha,
"Anh đã làm tốt, con trai của ta,
Mang về Cá Vua cho dân làng!"

Hiawatha took his canoe,
Out on the waters of Gitche Gumee,
Plied his paddle with strength,
Gliding through the shimmering billows.
He brought his long fishing-line,
And bait made from deer's bone,
A line woven from tree bark,
A sharp hook carved from bird bone.
He sat within his canoe,
Looking down at the clear water,
Seeing the fish swimming below,
White fish, gold fish, and red fish.
He spoke to the King of Fishes,
"O King of Fishes, thou mighty one,
Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Come and face Hiawatha!"
And the King of Fishes heard him,
Leaped up from the deep water,
Swallowed Hiawatha's bait whole,
Pulling hard the line in its mouth.
Hiawatha gripped the fishing-line,
Pulled the King of Fishes to the canoe,
The great fish thrashed wildly,
But Hiawatha was far stronger.
He placed the King of Fishes in the canoe,
And paddled back to Gitche Gumee's shore,
Bringing his trophy to his home,
Where Nokomis awaited him.
Nokomis saw the great fish,
Smiled with joy and praised Hiawatha,
"Thou hast done well, my son,
Bringing the King of Fishes for the village!"



Hình 5: Con tàu vươn mình trên sóng nước, như một con chim lớn với đôi cánh trắng.
The ship soared on the waves, like a great bird with white wings.
C.W. Ashley, 1908, Northeastern U.S.

VIỆC ĐÓNG CON TÀU / THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

"Đóng cho ta một con tàu,"
Ông chủ nói với người thợ cả,
"Đóng một con tàu thật vững chắc,
Để vượt qua sóng gió đại dương!"
Người thợ cả cúi đầu,
Và bắt đầu công việc của mình,
Với đôi tay rắn chắc và khéo léo,
Ông chọn gỗ từ rừng sâu.
Gỗ sồi cho khung tàu,
Gỗ thông cho cột buồm cao,
Gỗ tuyết tùng cho sàn tàu,
Tất cả được ghép lại chắc chắn.
Những người thợ làm việc ngày đêm,
Tiếng búa vang vọng khắp nơi,
Họ đổ mồ hôi và hát ca,
Tạo nên con tàu tuyệt đẹp.
Khi con tàu đã hoàn thành,
Nó đứng oai vệ bên bờ biển,
Với cánh buồm trắng tinh,
Sẵn sàng lướt trên sóng nước.
Ông chủ nhìn con tàu,
Cười mãn nguyện và khen ngợi,
"Con tàu này sẽ chinh phục biển cả,
Mang chúng ta đến những chân trời mới!"

"Build me a ship," said the master,
Thus spoke he to the chief builder,
"Build a ship that is sturdy,
To withstand the ocean's tempests!"
The chief builder bowed his head,
And began his labor straightway,
With hands both strong and skillful,
He chose wood from the deep forest.
Oak for the ship's framework,
Pine for the tall masts,
Cedar for the ship's deck,
All joined together securely.
The workers toiled day and night,
The sound of hammers echoing,
They sweated and sang songs,
Crafting a ship most beautiful.

When the ship was completed,
It stood majestic by the seashore,
With sails of purest white,
Ready to glide on the waters.
The master beheld the ship,
Smiled with satisfaction and praised,
"This ship will conquer the seas,
Bearing us to new horizons!"



Hình 6: Cậu bé xây lâu đài cát trên bãi biển, mơ về những cuộc phiêu lưu xa xôi.
The boy built sandcastles on the beach, dreaming of far-off adventures.
Olive Rush, 1908, Northeastern U.S.

NGƯỜI XÂY LÂU ĐÀI / THE CASTLE-BUILDER

Một cậu bé ngồi trên bãi biển,
Xây lâu đài cát với đôi tay nhỏ,
Từng tháp cao và tường thành,
Mơ về vương quốc của riêng mình.
Cậu đặt những vỏ sò lên đỉnh,
Như ngọn cờ bay trong gió,
Và tưởng tượng mình là vua,
Cai trị một vùng đất huyền thoại.
Sóng biển tràn đến gần,
Nhẹ nhàng vỗ vào lâu đài cát,
Nhưng cậu bé không ngừng xây,
Tiếp tục mơ mộng của mình.
Mặt trời lặn phía chân trời,
Tô vàng lâu đài của cậu,
Và trong ánh hoàng hôn rực rỡ,
Cậu bé mỉm cười với giấc mơ.

A young boy sat on the beach,
Building sandcastles with small hands,
Towers tall and walls strong,
Dreaming of his own kingdom.
He placed seashells on the tops,
Like flags waving in the breeze,
And imagined himself a king,
Ruling a land of legend.
The sea waves crept closer,
Gently lapping at the sandcastle,
But the boy did not stop building,
Continuing his dreams onward.
The sun set on the horizon,
Gilding the boy's castle with gold,
And in the radiant sunset,
The boy smiled at his dream.



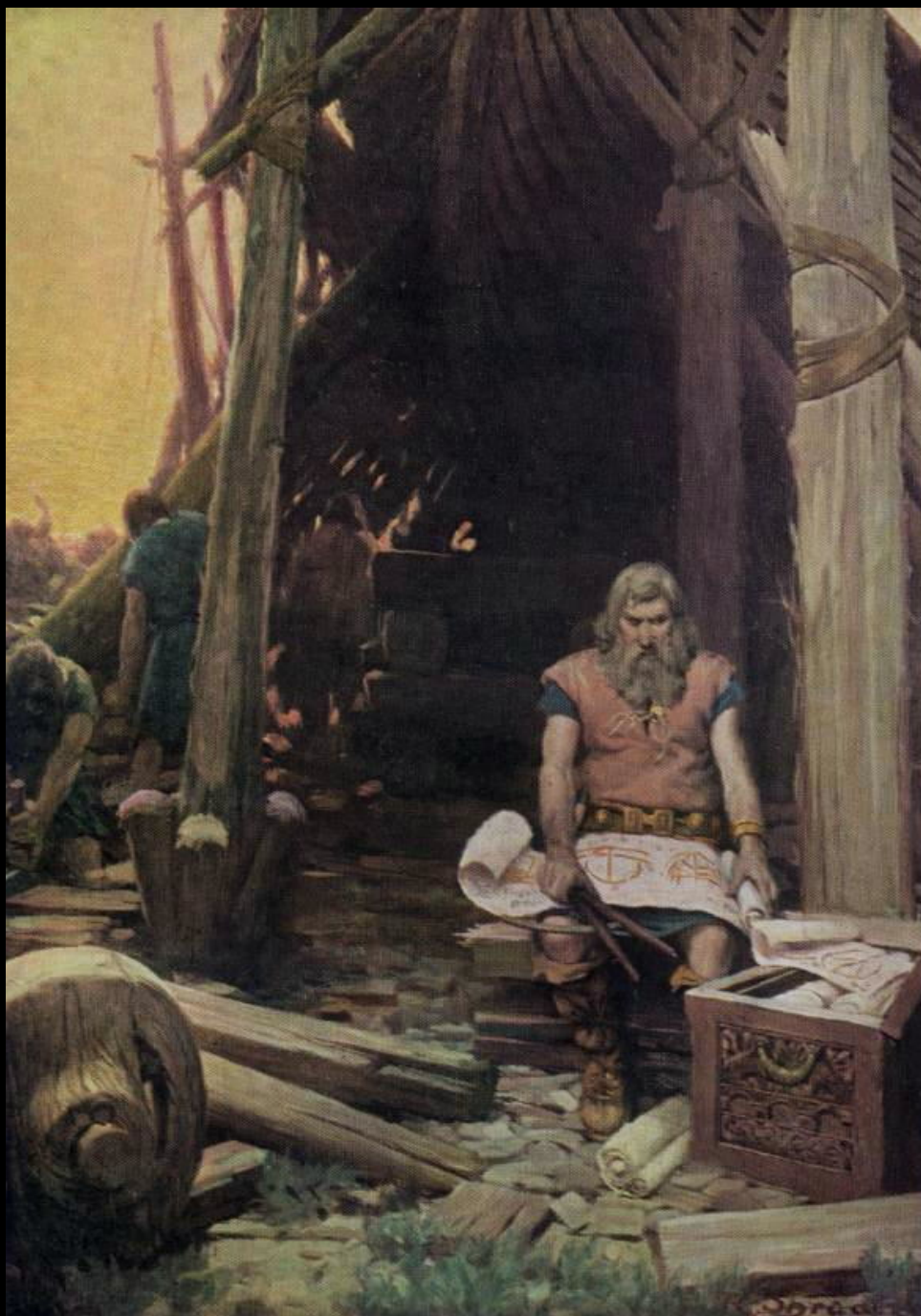
Hình 7: Ông cưỡi ngựa qua đêm, báo động dân chúng về quân thù.
He rode through the night, warning the folk of the foe.
Howard Smith, 1908, Northeastern U.S.

HÀNH TRÌNH CỦA PAUL REVERE / PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Hãy lắng nghe, hỡi con cái, và các con sẽ nghe
Về hành trình nửa đêm của Paul Revere,
Vào ngày mười tám tháng Tư, năm bảy lăm;
Chẳng ai sống đến ngày nay
Mà quên được người đàn ông ấy và hành trình của ông!
Ông nói với bạn mình, "Nếu quân Anh hành quân
Bằng đường bộ hay đường biển từ thị trấn đêm nay,
Hãy treo một ngọn đèn trên tháp chuông nhà thờ,
Một nếu bằng đường bộ, hai nếu bằng đường biển;
Và tôi sẽ ở bờ bên kia, sẵn sàng cưỡi ngựa,
Báo động khắp miền quê xa gần!"
Đêm đen, và mặt trăng ló dạng,
Paul Revere chờ đợi trên bờ,
Mắt dõi theo tháp chuông nhà thờ,
Cho đến khi ông thấy ánh sáng lóe lên,
Hai ngọn đèn sáng, dấu hiệu rõ ràng,
Quân Anh đến bằng đường biển đêm nay!
Ông nhảy lên ngựa, phi nước đại,
Qua Medford, qua Lexington, qua Concord,
Tiếng vó ngựa vang trong đêm tĩnh lặng,
"Quân thù đến! Hãy sẵn sàng chiến đấu!"
Ông hét lớn, đánh thức dân chúng,
Chuẩn bị cho cuộc chiến tự do.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm!"
The night was dark, and the moon arose,
Paul Revere waited on the shore,
His eyes fixed on the church tower,
Until he saw the light gleam forth,

Two lanterns bright, the signal clear,
The British come by sea to-night!
He sprang to his horse, galloped fast,
Through Medford, through Lexington, through Concord,
The sound of hooves in the silent night,
"The foe is coming! Prepare to fight!"
He shouted loud, rousing the folk,
Ready for the battle for freedom.



Hình 8: Con tàu rắn dài được đóng bên bờ biển, sẵn sàng cho cuộc chiến trên sóng nước.
The long serpent ship was built by the shore, ready for battle on the waves.
Frank T. Merrill, 1908, Northeastern U.S.

VIỆC ĐÓNG CON TÀU RẮN DÀI / THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

Bên bờ biển Na Uy lạnh giá,
Vua Olaf ra lệnh đóng tàu,
"Một con tàu dài, mạnh mẽ như rắn,
Để chinh phục kẻ thù trên biển cả!"
Những người thợ lành nghề tụ họp,
Chọn gỗ tốt nhất từ rừng sâu,
Gỗ sồi và thông, cứng cáp và bền.
Họ đóng con tàu ngày và đêm,
Khắc đầu rắn ở mũi tàu,
Với đôi mắt đỏ rực như lửa,
Cánh buồm lớn được giương cao,
Sẵn sàng cho chiến trận xa xôi.
Con tàu rắn dài lướt trên sóng,
Mang vua Olaf đến chiến thắng.

By the cold shores of Norway,
King Olaf ordered a ship to be built,
"A long ship, strong as a serpent,
To conquer foes on the high seas!"
The skilled workers gathered round,
Chose the best wood from the forest deep,
Oak and pine, sturdy and tough.
They built the ship day and night,
Carved a serpent's head at the prow,
With eyes red as glowing fire,
The great sail was raised high,
Ready for battles far away.
The long serpent ship glided on waves,
Bearing King Olaf to victory.