

李清照：詩十一首

# Li Qingzhao: Selected Poems

Translated by Bing Xin



Portrait of Li Qingzhao  
By Cui Hui

*These translations were first published in an article on Li Qingzhao entitled "A Chinese Sappho" by Laura Hibbard Loomis in a Boston magazine, Poet Lore Vol. 41 (Jan.-Dec. 1930), pp. 132-139. Loomis was Bing Xin's dissertation supervisor at Wellesly College. Reprinted by permission of Bing Xin.*

風住塵香花已盡  
 日晚倦梳頭  
 物是人非事事休  
 欲語溪先流  
 聞說雙溪春尚好  
 也擬泛輕舟  
 只恐雙溪舴艋舟  
 載不動許多愁

武陵春

SPRING IN WULING

The wind grows still;  
 Sweet is the scented dust  
 With flowers that fall.  
 Though day is nearly done  
 I have no wish to dress my hair.  
 Mere things about me stay  
 But men they come and go  
 Till all old ways are past.  
 My tears drop down  
 Before I speak.

I heard them say the Spring  
 On Twin Stream is lovely still.  
 I, too, in my frail boat  
 Should like to drift.  
 But on Twin Stream  
 It could not bear  
 My heavy weight  
 Of grief.

紅藕有殘玉簟秋輕解羅裳  
 獨上蘭舟雲中誰寄錦書來  
 雁字回時月滿西樓花自飄  
 零水自流一種相思兩處閒愁  
 此情無計可消除才下眉頭  
 却上心頭

一翦梅

ONE BRANCH OF SPRING FLOWERS

The sweet red lotus flower is gone,  
 And Autumn cools my green reed-mats.  
 Slowly I doff my silken dress;  
 I enter alone my little boat.  
 Who from the cloud sends down to me  
 That letter scribed on silk?  
 The geese write across the sky  
 The symbol of the geese again;  
 Full moonlight fills my western room.

Apart the flowers fall,  
 Apart the waters flow away.  
 Love is but one and yet it mourns,  
 Being parted, in two separate places.  
 I have no power to shed my hurt;  
 Grief goes from my drawn brows  
 But pierces straightway my heart.

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Inspired by the Poetry of Li Qingzhao.  
By Zhuang Shouhong

TO DRINK BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THE FLOWERS\*

In the eastern garden I hold my wine cup in the evening light.  
Impalpable the fragrance that fills my sleeves.  
Do not say this cannot break your heart:  
I, who in the west wind roll the curtain up,  
I grow more frail than frailest yellow flowers!

\* Only the second half of the poem is translated.

薄霧濃雲愁永晝  
瑞腦消金獸  
佳節又重陽  
玉枕紗廚半  
夜涼初透  
東籬把酒黃昏  
後有暗香盈袖  
莫道不消魂  
簾捲西風人比黃花瘦

醉花陰

## THE IMPERIAL ROAD\*

Within my wicker bed behind the paper curtain I waken in the morn:  
 The lonely desolateness I cannot tell.  
 The incense smoke is gone; the censer's jade is cold,  
 My mood is tasteless, chill as water.  
 Three times I hear the flute playing the song.

藤牀紙帳朝眠起說不盡無佳思沈  
 香斷續玉鑪寒伴我情懷如水笛裏  
 三弄梅心驚破多少春情意小風疏  
 雨蕭蕭地又催下千行淚吹簫人去  
 玉樓空腸斷與誰同倚一枝折得人  
 間天上沒箇人堪寄

孤雁兒

\* The name of the tune is commonly given as "A Solitary Goose" 孤雁兒. According to the *Ci lü* 詞律, the two tunes are the same. Only the first half of the poem is translated.

WASHING SILK IN THE STREAM\*

Above my tower hangs the sky's clear blue tent;  
Below my tower the grass spreads far to meet the sky.  
Do not climb to the highest place,  
For that will make you sad.

The shoots of young bamboo have turned to reeds  
Beside my door; the blossoms fall,  
Petals and mud the building swallows take.  
Alas, how can I bear to hear  
Again the cuckoo calling in the wood?

樓上晴天碧四垂樓前芳草接  
 天涯勸君莫上最高梯新筍  
 已成堂下竹落花都上燕巢泥  
 忍聽林表杜鵑啼

沈漢芳

\* This poem is usually attributed to Zhou Bangyan 周邦彦 (1056-1121).

## WASHING SILK IN THE STREAM

Down in the little yard  
 Idly through my window,  
 I see the depth of Spring.  
 The double curtains are unrolled,  
 Their shadow is dark and long;  
 I lean against my tower,  
 I play my lute of jade  
 But I do not speak one word.

The far peak of the hill  
 Grows clear in evening light.  
 Nearby the fine wind blows the rain,  
 Pear blossoms start to fade;  
 I fear they cannot bear that rain.

小院閒窗春色深  
 重簾未捲影沈沈  
 倚樓無語理瑤琴  
 遠岫出山催薄暮  
 細風吹雨弄輕陰  
 裂花欲謝恐難禁

沈漢沙



TO ROUGE THE LIPS\*

She comes down from the swing;  
 Weary, she wipes her little hands.  
 Like heavy dew on lightsome flowers  
 The tiny beads of sweat  
 Have dampened her thin dress.

She spies someone who comes;—  
 Her slippers fall; her gold pin slips;  
 Shyly she runs away,  
 Yet leaning on the door she turns  
 And smiling smells  
 The blue spring flowers she holds.

蹴罷秋千起來慵整纖纖手  
 露濃花瘦薄汗輕衣透見  
 有人來鞦韆刻金釵溜和羞走  
 倚門回首卻把青梅嗅

點絳脣

\* This poem is usually attributed to an anonymous poet of the Song dynasty.

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LIKE A DREAM

Often times of old  
In the Brook Pavilion,  
When the sun was late  
I drank and lost my way.  
When my wild mood was o'er  
I homeward turned my boat.  
Confused I pushed it on  
Through a forest of lotus flowers.  
Struggling to go across  
I frightened every bird,  
Each gull and egret  
On the river bank.

常記溪亭日暮沈醉不知歸路  
興盡晚回舟誤入藕花深處爭  
渡爭渡驚起一灘鷗鷺

如夢令

風柔日薄春猶早，夾衫乍著心  
情好睡起覺微寒，梅花鬢上殘  
故鄉何處是，忘了除非醉沈水  
卧時燒香消酒未消

菩薩蠻

GODDESS OF MERCY

Soft wind and thin sunshine  
Mark still the early Spring.  
Its robe, refreshed, I wear,  
Yet when I wake a chill  
Has fallen and my spring Flower  
Is withered on my hair.

That olden home of mine,  
Where is it now?  
Forget it I cannot  
Save in the wine  
I lose myself.  
Precious *chanchu* incense burns  
The while I sleep;  
I wake, – the fragrance is gone,  
Only the wine is left.

## FISHERMAN'S LUCK\*

I say life's path is long and my day short;  
 I have done naught save learn a few rare lines to write.  
 The great wind roc flies by for ninety thousand miles.  
 Stop not, O wind!  
 Blow ye my little boat of reeds unto the Mountains Three.

天接雲濤連曉霧星河欲轉  
 千帆舞彷彿夢魂歸帝所  
 聞天語殷勤問我歸何處  
 我報路長嗟日暮學詩謾有  
 驚人句九萬里風鵬正舉風  
 休住蓬舟吹取三山去

漁家傲

\* Only the second half of the poem is translated.

JOY OF PEACE

Each year when snow was on the ground  
I used to drink and put Spring Flowers upon my hair.  
And now I pluck the blossoms one by one  
Without a single happy thought;  
Nothing I gain but tears upon my dress.  
This year I live edged by the sky  
And cornered by the sea;  
Upon my temples the hair is grey.  
From the strong blowing of the evening wind  
I know I shall not see Spring Flowers tonight.

年年雪裏常插梅花醉按  
盡梅花無好意贏得滿衣清  
淚今年海角天涯蕭蕭兩鬢  
生華香取晚來風勢故應難  
看梅花

清平樂