

# *Selected Sung Poems*

Translated by Louise Ho

## *Evening at Sea: an Occasional Poem*

Fair it was not, foul neither.  
The boat is quietly gliding;  
No wave heaves, no wind blows.  
Sitting here, I'm both happy and unhappy.  
While I have the South hills in view  
I lose sight of the North.

*Yang Wan-li*

人在非晴非雨天  
船行不浪不風間  
坐來堪喜還堪恨  
看得南山失北山

楊萬里

小舟晚興

## *Returning Home at Night after Welcoming Guest*

Arising we meet a blue sky, unusually blue!  
The whole sky without a single star  
Suddenly the ground appears melted into water.  
Then I realize it is moon-light  
Bathing the entire yard!

*Yang Wan-li*

起視青天分外青  
滿天一點更無星  
忽驚平地化成水  
乃是月華光滿庭

迓使客夜歸  
楊萬里

*These poems have been compiled by Mr. Stephen C. Soong. I am indebted to Miss Rebecca W.Y. Mok who has helped me extensively with these poems.*

丁酉四月一日之  
官毘陵舟行阻風  
宿桐陂江口  
楊萬里  
千里江山一日程  
出山似被北風噴  
東窗水影西窗月  
併照船中不睡人

*At the Mouth of the River Tiao-po*

A journey a thousand miles across mountains and  
rivers;  
As we emerged from the narrows of the mountains  
The North winds fretted.  
And now, the water's reflection  
comes through the East window,  
While moon-light comes through the Western one,  
Shining alike on the sleepless man in the boat.

*Yang Wan-li*

*Late Spring*

春殘何事苦思鄉  
病裏梳頭恨最長  
梁燕語多終日在  
薔薇風細一簾香  
李清照

春殘

Late spring, and my heart aches for home.  
Heavy with illness, my longing  
Is lengthy as my hair  
As I comb it out.  
While swallows on the beams  
chitter-chatter all day long,  
And the soft breeze wafts in  
the scent of roses through the blinds.

*Li Ch'ing-chao*

*Lotus in the Rain*

Swathed in jade-green  
The lady stood in the water.  
Beads of fragrant perspiration  
Dab the smoothness of her powdered face.  
Then comes a breeze, the waves ripple,  
And the pearls are shaken off,  
Not ever to be gathered again.

翠蓋佳人臨水立  
檀粉不勻香汗溼  
一陣風來碧浪翻  
眞珠零落難收拾  
雨中荷花  
杜衍

*Tu Yen*

Travelling

Colder than pond waters  
 Paler than autumn  
 At the end of the far lane  
 The small landing—  
 Alas, but how to arrest  
 This which escapes all depiction,  
 Such that would cancel out  
 The sorrows of a life-time.

行色  
 司馬池  
 冷于陂水淡于秋  
 遠陌初窮見渡頭  
 賴是丹青無畫處  
 畫成應遣一生愁

Ssu-ma Ch'ih

Still Night

靜夜  
 司馬光  
 午夜空齋四悄然  
 清寒透骨不成眠  
 秋風故揭疎簾起  
 正漏月華來枕前

The silence of midnight  
 fills the vacant study,  
 The cold wind piercing the bone  
 prevents sleep.  
 Autumn's gusts force up the bamboo blinds  
 Letting in the moon-light  
 That falls on my pillow.

Ssu-ma Kuang

Longing for Home

People say  
 Where the sun sets  
 Is where the world ends.  
 My vision stretches to the world's end,  
 But I cannot see home.  
 I resent the green mountains  
 That one after another  
 Obstruct my view—  
 Mountains which themselves disappear  
 Behind the twilit clouds.

絕句  
 李邁  
 人言落日是天涯  
 望極天涯不見家  
 已恨碧山相掩映  
 碧山還被暮雲遮

Li Kou

*Evening Scene*

浮雲開合晚風輕  
白鳥飛遙落照明  
一曲彩虹橫界斷  
南山雷雨北山晴

暮景  
黃庚

Floating clouds that open and close  
As they shift in the evening breeze;  
A bird flying afar  
Is white in a luminous sky.  
The arch of the rainbow cuts the scene in two—  
The thunder and rain of the South hills,  
And the fair weather of the North.

*Huang Kêng*

*Autumn Evening*

As the West wind ruffles black sable,  
It has seen me travel-weary  
Over countless hills and dales.  
Now the red leaf is coated in frost,  
The sky will soon see the geese depart;  
And the cloaks of reeds are wet with rain,  
As this visitor begins his poem on autumn.

西風吹破黑貂裘  
多少江山惜倦遊  
紅葉已霜天欲雁  
綠蓑初雨客吟秋

秋晚  
宋伯仁

*Sung Po-jên*

*Spring Morning*

春朝湖上風兼雨  
世事如花落又開  
退省閉門無樂處  
閒雲終日去還來

絕句

正覺

Spring morning, and the lake is fraught  
with wind and rain;  
Events of this world wax and wane  
like the opening and withering of flowers.  
I retreat behind doors, quiet thoughts  
Tell me there is nowhere a place for joy.  
Like a carefree cloud  
I come and go the livelong day.

*Monk Chêng Chüeh*

*Occasional Poem*

相逢記得畫橋頭  
花似精神柳似柔  
莫謂無情即無語  
春風傳意水傳愁

張耒

偶題

Thus to recall  
meeting at the carved bridge—  
The flowers were alive—  
You were as they,  
And gentle, as the young willows.  
Say not  
that absence of words  
is an absence of heart;  
The Spring breezes are laden with thought,  
And these waters tell of sorrow.

*Chang Lei*

*Written on the Walls of T'ai-I Palace*

From the heart of darkest green  
Comes Cicadas' chirping in the willows.  
The lotus at sunset is fiery red,  
Aglow in the haze of thirty-six ponds.  
White-haired I now revisit the South of the River.

題西太一宮壁  
王安石  
柳葉鳴蜩綠暗  
荷花落日紅酣  
三十六陂烟水  
白頭相見江南

二十年前此地  
父兄持我東西  
今日重來白首  
欲尋陳迹都迷

Twenty years ago to this very place  
Did my father and brother bring me,  
As we travelled East and West.  
To-day, a white-haired man, I return  
Looking in vain for former traces.

*Wang An-shih*

*At Ning P'u*

I pore over my books from hour to hour  
 As I wipe the sweat from off my brow.  
 And people ask for what end such labour;  
 Surely it is neither for fame nor prosperity.  
 Only to while away the livelong day  
 And to wave off the cares of the world.

揮汗讀書不已  
 人皆怪我何求  
 我豈更求榮達  
 日長聊以消憂

寧浦書事  
 秦觀

*Ch'in Kuan**Bamboos in Ink*

伯夷有夙世契  
 子猷結千古交  
 烟外三葉五葉  
 雨中一梢兩梢

書墨竹  
 毛珣

Po-I had it in the family for generations,  
 Tzu-yu could not live without them even for one  
 day—  
 Through the smoke there appear three or five  
 leaves,  
 In the rain I see a stalk or two.

*Mao Yü**Spring Song at the Three Terraces*

Last night a gentle wind rose  
 with a spray of rain,  
 This morning a thin mist brought  
 a slight chill.  
 But hark! A bird's call under the eaves  
 Tells me the flowers and the willows are unharmed.

昨夜微風細雨  
 今朝薄霧輕寒  
 檐外一聲啼鳥  
 報知花柳平安

三臺春曲  
 許棐

*Hsü Fei*