

歐陽修詞

Twenty-one Tz'u by Ou-yang Hsiu

Translated by Teresa Yee-wha Yü

採桑子
歐陽修
羣芳過後西湖好
狼籍殘紅飛絮濛濛
垂柳闌干盡日風
笙歌散盡遊人去
始覺春空垂下簾櫳
雙燕歸來細雨中

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To the Tune of *Ts'ai-sang tzu*

The West Lake is lovely
After the passing away of the
Many splendors of spring.
Heaps of red scattered,
Flying catkins like delicate rain.
Over the railings,
Hanging willows sway all day in the breeze.

The musicians have left,
Pleasure-seekers are gone, before I realize
The emptiness of spring.
The window curtain let down,
In the gentle rain
A pair of swallows come flying home.

蝶戀花

面旋落花風蕩漾
柳重烟深
雪絮飛來往
雨後輕寒猶未放
春愁酒病成惆悵
枕畔屏山圍碧浪
翠被華燈
夜夜空相向
寂寞起來褰繡幌
月明正在梨花上

To the Tune of Tieh lien hua

蝶戀花

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Falling petals waft
And whirl in the wind
In the face.
The willows are heavy,
The mist deep and dense,
Snowy white catkins fly around.
As the touch of cold after rain lingers on,
I feel depressed,
Wrapped in spring sorrow and the ill-effects of
wine.

Beside the pillow,
The bedscreen encloses like blue waves.
A green quilt, an ornate lamp,
Night after night these things I face
In vain emptiness.
Lonely, I rise
To lift the embroidered curtain.
The moon is right above
The pear blossoms, so bright.

漁家傲

暖日遲遲花裊裊
 人將紅粉爭花好
 花不能言惟解笑
 金壺倒
 花開未老人年少
 車馬九門來擾擾
 行人莫羨長安道
 丹禁漏聲衢鼓報
 催昏曉
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To the Tune of *Yü-chia ao*

The warm sun moves slowly, flowers gracefully sway.

Girls with their rouge and powder compete with the flower for beauty.

Flowers cannot speak, they can only smile.

Let's empty the golden jug.

Flowers, not yet past their prime,

Are blossoming, and we are still young.

In front of the city gates,

Horses and carriages throng the thoroughfares.

Travellers, don't you long for the roads of Ch'angan.

From the palace, the sound of the water-clock—

The street drum announces the hour,

Hastening the dusk and the dawn.

Men are the first to grow old in the city of Ch'angan.

漁家傲

十月小春梅蕊綻
 紅爐畫閣新妝遍
 鴛帳美人貪睡暖
 梳洗懶
 玉壺一夜輕澌滿

樓上四垂簾不卷
 天寒山色偏宜遠
 風急雁行吹字斷
 紅日晚
 江天雪意雲撩亂

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 風急雁行吹字斷
 紅日晚
 江天雪意雲撩亂

To the Tune of *Yü-chia ao*

The tenth month—month of the Little Spring.
 Plum trees are starting to send out blossoms.
 A red stove, a painted chamber refurbished
 Behind the bed-curtain, she who is beautiful snuggles in the warm bed,
 Too lazy to wash and comb her hair.
 Over the night, the jade water-clock is covered lightly with ice.

Upstairs, on all four sides, curtains are left hanging.
 The cold mountain looks its best from afar.
 The wind blows urgently, breaking off
 The line of migrating birds.
 The red sun sets,
 Over the river, confused clouds signal the coming of snow.

漁家傲

四月園林春去後
 深深密幄陰初茂
 折得花枝猶在手
 香滿袖
 葉間梅子青如豆

風雨時時添氣候
 成行新筍霜筠厚
 題就送春詩幾首
 聊對酒
 櫻桃色照銀盤溜

漁家傲

To the Tune of Yü-chia ao

四月園林春去後
 深深密幄陰初茂
 折得花枝猶在手
 香滿袖
 葉間梅子青如豆

The fourth month—spring has gone from the woods.
 Deep and dense, like a heavy curtain the trees give leafy shade.
 With the flower twig I've plucked still in my hand,
 My sleeves were full of scent.
 Among the leaves, the plums are green like peas.

風雨時時添氣候
 成行新筍霜筠厚
 題就送春詩幾首
 聊對酒
 櫻桃色照銀盤溜

Often, rain and wind season the weather.
 Rows of new bamboo-shoots sprout—
 Their frosty skin thickening.
 I dash off a few poems on the departure of spring,
 Simply to go with the drinking.
 The color of the cherries reflect brightly on the silver plates.

漁家傲

七夕

喜鵲填河仙浪淺
雲輶早在星橋畔
街鼓黃昏霞尾暗
炎光斂
金鉤側倒天西面

一別經年今始見
新歡往恨知何限
天上佳期貪眷戀
良宵短
人間不合催銀箭

漁家傲

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To the Tune of Yü-chia ao

Evening of the Seventh Day of the Seventh
Month of the Year

The magpies fill the Milky Way, the fairy waves
are shallow.

The cloud-chariot is already by the Star Bridge.

With the fading end of the twilight glow

The street drum announces the hour.

The bright daylight shrinks.

To the west of the sky a golden crescent hangs
tiltedly.

Parted for a whole year, they now meet again.

Where do old woes and new joy end?

Treasure this joyful period in Heaven,

The good night is short.

On earth, the silver-marker of the water-clock
should not be urging time on men!

蝶戀花

水浸秋天風皺浪
 縹緲仙舟
 只似秋天上
 和露採蓮愁一餉
 看花却是啼妝樣
 折得蓮莖絲未放
 蓮斷絲牽
 特地成惆悵
 歸棹莫隨花蕩漾
 江頭有箇人相望

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 特地成惆悵
 歸棹莫隨花蕩漾
 江頭有箇人相望

To the Tune of *Tieh lien hua*

The water mirrors an autumn sky;
 The wind makes wrinkles of wavelets.
 Dim and distant, the fairy boat seems to float in an
 autumn sky.
 Gathering lotus blossoms covered with dew—
 For one moment she is plunged into sadness.
 The flowers, too, look like a tear covered face.

She plucks a lotus stem, but the threads would not
 let go.
 The stem is broken, but the threads remain un-
 severed—
 How sad!
 On your way home, do not let your boat float with
 the flowers.
 Somewhere, on the bank of the river,
 Someone is waiting for you!

採桑子

十年前是尊前客

月白風清

憂患凋零

老去光陰速可驚

鬢華雖改心無改

試把金觥

舊曲重聽

猶似當年醉裏聲

採桑子

十年前是尊前客
月白風清
憂患凋零
老去光陰速可驚

鬢華雖改心無改
試把金觥
舊曲重聽
猶似當年醉裏聲

To the Tune of *Ts'ai-sang tzu*

Ten years ago I was a winebibber,
Beneath a bright moon, a wind clear and cool
And so I withered and waned,
As sorrow and worries grew.
Relentless time flashes by.

My hair has changed, but not my heart.
Let me hold on to this golden goblet,
And listen to the old songs again—
Songs that remind me of those good old drunken
days.

採桑子

平生為愛西湖好
 來擁朱輪
 富貴浮雲
 俯仰流年二十春
 歸來恰似遼東鶴
 城郭人民
 觸目皆新
 誰識當年舊主人

採桑子

To the Tune of *Ts'ai-sang tzu*

平生為愛西湖好
 來擁朱輪
 富貴浮雲
 俯仰流年二十春

All my life I have loved the West Lake,
 Where I once arrived with a retinue of vermilion
 wheels.
 But riches and honor are like floating clouds.
 In a moment, twenty springs have slipped by.

歸來恰似遼東鶴
 城郭人民
 觸目皆新
 誰識當年舊主人

Coming back, I feel like the crane of Liao-tung.
 The city and its people,
 All have changed wherever I turned.
 Who is there to recognize the governor of long ago?

長相思

蘋滿溪

柳繞堤

相送行人溪水西

回時隴月低

煙霏霏

風淒淒

重倚朱門聽馬嘶

寒鷗相對飛

長相思

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相送行人溪水西

回時隴月低

煙霏霏

風淒淒

重倚朱門聽馬嘶

寒鷗相對飛

To the Tune of *Ch'ang hsiang-ssu*

Floating duckweed covers the stream,
Willows wind along the embankment.
I saw the wayfarer off, to the west of the stream.
As I return, the moon is low over the fields.

The mist is heavy, the wind chills.
Once more, leaning against the vermilion gate,
I listen for the sound of his horse neighing—
In the freezing cold, a pair of gulls fly together.

長相思

花似伊

柳似伊

花柳青春人別離

低頭雙淚垂

長江東

長江西

兩岸鴛鴦兩處飛

相逢知幾時

長相思 To the Tune of *Ch'ang hsiang-ssu*

花似伊 The flowers are like you,
 柳似伊 The willows are like you,
 花柳青春人別離 Flowers and willows are in their youth as we part.
 低頭雙淚垂 You hang your head while tears fall.
 長江東 East of the Yangtze River,
 長江西 West of the Yangtze River,
 兩岸鴛鴦兩處飛 On the two shores of the river two mandarin ducks
 相逢知幾時 fly their separate ways—
 When will they ever meet again?

玉樓春

燕鴻過後春歸去
細算浮生千萬緒
來如春夢幾多時
去似朝雲無覓處
聞琴解珮神仙侶
挽斷羅衣留不住
勸君莫作獨醒人
爛醉花間應有數

玉樓春 To the Tune of Yü-lou ch'un

燕鴻過後春歸去
細算浮生千萬緒
來如春夢幾多時
去似朝雲無覓處
聞琴解珮神仙侶
挽斷羅衣留不住
勸君莫作獨醒人
爛醉花間應有數

With the wildgoose and the swallow gone,
Spring too takes its leave.
I try to figure out the endless, straggling threads
Of this floating life on earth—
Like a spring dream each comes, who knows for
how long?
Like the morning cloud each disappears,
Nowhere to be found.

For the sound of my zither,
She gives me a girdle-gem,
Kindred spirit of immortals.
Though I hold on to her silken dress which tears,
I cannot induce her to stay.
Don't alone be the sober one, my friend.
There aren't many times
You can be dead drunk among the flowers.

浪淘沙

把酒祝東風
 且共從容
 垂楊紫陌洛城東
 總是當時携手處
 遊遍芳叢
 聚散苦怱怱
 此恨無窮
 今年花勝去年紅
 可惜明年花更好
 知與誰同

浪淘沙

To the Tune of *Lang t'ao sha*

把酒祝東風
 且共從容
 垂楊紫陌洛城東
 總是當時携手處
 遊遍芳叢

聚散苦怱怱
 此恨無窮
 今年花勝去年紅
 可惜明年花更好
 知與誰同

With a glass of wine in hand
 I drink to the east wind:
 Pray tarry a little!—
 East of Loyang,
 Along the streets of the capital
 Where the willows hang,
 There, we used to stroll hand in hand,
 Rambling past every flower shrub.

Meeting and parting,
 All is too hasty.
 This sorrow has no end.
 Flowers bloom redder this year than last.
 Next year, they will blossom even finer.
 But who will be
 There to share them
 With me?

玉樓春

尊前擬把歸期說
未語春容先慘咽
人生自是有情癡
此恨不關風與月

離歌且莫翻新闋
一曲能教腸寸結
直須看盡洛城花
始共春風容易別

玉樓春

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直須看盡洛城花
始共春風容易別

To the Tune of *Yü-lou ch'un*

With a jug of wine before me, I try to announce
the day of my departure.
Before I can utter a word, the face of spring dis-
solves into choking tears.
Some men are born with dedicated love.
This sorrow has nothing to do with the moon, nor
the wind.

Please do not set the parting-song to a new tune,
One is enough to tie the heart in knots.
Until I have seen the last of Loyang's flowers,
It'll not be easy for me to bid the spring wind
goodbye.

玉樓春

殘春一夜狂風雨
 斷送紅飛花落樹
 人心花意待留春
 春色無情容易去
 高樓把酒愁獨語
 借問春歸何處所
 暮雲空闊不知音
 惟有綠楊芳草路

玉樓春

To the Tune of *Yü-lou ch'un*

殘春一夜狂風雨
 斷送紅飛花落樹
 人心花意待留春
 春色無情容易去

A night of blustering storm and wind
 In the last days of spring
 Sends red petals
 Falling and flying from the trees.
 Men and flowers alike would love spring to stay on.
 Having no feeling, spring leaves with no qualms.

高樓把酒愁獨語
 借問春歸何處所
 暮雲空闊不知音
 惟有綠楊芳草路

Alone and sad, with wine in hand,
 Upon this high tower I murmur to myself—
 "May I ask where Spring has gone to?"
 Wide and empty,
 The evening clouds do not understand me.
 There are only the green willows and the grassy
 road.

玉樓春

洛陽正值芳菲節
 穠艷清香相間發
 游絲有意苦相縈
 垂柳無端爭贈別
 杏花紅處青山缺
 山畔行人山下歇
 今宵誰肯遠相隨
 惟有寂寥孤館月

玉樓春

To the Tune of *Yü-lou ch'un*

洛陽正值芳菲節
 穠艷清香相間發
 游絲有意苦相縈
 垂柳無端爭贈別

Loyang is perfect in the flowering season.
 Rich fragrance and gentle scent
 Fill the air in turn.
 The gossamer deliberately entwines me,
 The willows, for no reason, vie to bid farewell.

杏花紅處青山缺
 山畔行人山下歇
 今宵誰肯遠相隨
 惟有寂寥孤館月

Where the apricots blossom pink
 The green of the hills is dented.
 At the foot of the hill,
 A traveller takes his rest.
 Tonight, who would follow me over such a dis-
 tance?
 None but the lonely moon above the solitary inn.

臨江仙

柳外輕雷池上雨
 雨聲滴碎荷聲
 小樓西角斷虹明
 闌干倚處
 待得月華生

燕子飛來窺畫棟
 玉鉤垂下簾旌
 涼波不動簟紋平
 水精雙枕
 傍有墮釵橫

臨江仙

To the Tune of *Lin-chiang hsien*

柳外輕雷池上雨
 雨聲滴碎荷聲
 小樓西角斷虹明
 闌干倚處
 待得月華生

燕子飛來窺畫棟
 玉鉤垂下簾旌
 涼波不動簟紋平
 水精雙枕
 傍有墮釵橫

A light peal of thunder
 From beyond the willow trees.
 Rain on the pond,
 Falling,
 Scatters and patters,
 Upon the lotus leaves.
 Across the western corner of the
 Small house, a broken rainbow hangs
 Brightly, as I rest on the balcony,
 Awaiting moonrise.

A swallow comes flying,
 Taking a peek under the painted beam.
 Jade hooks let the curtain hang loose.
 The cool waves remain still,
 A bamboo mat spreads unruffled.
 Beside the twin crystal pillows
 Lies a fallen hairpin.

玉樓春

兩翁相遇逢佳節
正值柳綿飛似雪
便須豪飲敵青春
莫對新花羞白髮
人生聚散如弦筈
老去風情尤惜別
大家金盞倒垂蓮
一任西樓低曉月

玉樓春

To the Tune of Yü-lou ch'un

兩翁相遇逢佳節
正值柳綿飛似雪
便須豪飲敵青春
莫對新花羞白髮

Two old men happen to meet on this festive day
When the willow catkins are flying like snow.
Against youth let's drink, to the very last cup!
Faced with the young blossoms, don't let us
Feel ashamed of our white hair.

人生聚散如弦筈
老去風情尤惜別
大家金盞倒垂蓮
一任西樓低曉月

Like an arrow on the bowstring
Are life's meetings and partings.
A feeling for separation grows intense with old age.
Let's pour from our golden lotus cups,
And leave the morning moon
To sink behind the Western tower!

南歌子

鳳髻金泥帶

龍紋玉掌梳

走來窗下笑相扶

愛道畫眉深淺

入時無

弄筆俚人久

描花試手初

等閒妨了繡功夫

笑問雙鴛鴦字

怎生書

To the Tune of *Nan-ko tzu*

南歌子

鳳髻金泥帶

龍紋玉掌梳

走來窗下笑相扶

愛道畫眉深淺

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笑問雙鴛鴦字

怎生書

A phoenix-shaped bun in a gold-splashed ribbon.
 A palm-like comb of jade carved with dragons.
 She comes over under the window,
 Laughing and putting her arms under mine,
 Keeps asking,
 "Are my brows painted in the right shade
 To be in fashion?"

She leans on me
 And plays long with her brush.
 Drawing flowers, trying her first sketch.
 Lightly idling away all those sewing hours!
 With a smile she asks,
 "Those words for mandarin drake and duck,
 How do you write them?"

訴衷情

眉意

清晨簾幕卷輕霜
呵手試梅妝
都緣自有離恨
故畫作遠山長

思往事
惜流芳
易成傷
擬歌先斂
欲笑還顰
最斷人腸

訴衷情

眉意

清晨簾幕卷輕霜
呵手試梅妝
都緣自有離恨
故畫作遠山長

思往事
惜流芳
易成傷
擬歌先斂
欲笑還顰
最斷人腸

To the Tune of *Su chung-ch'ing*

The Eloquent Brows

Rolling up gently a curtain in the clear morning
frost,
She blows on her hands and applies a beauty mark.
All because of this parting-sorrow,
Deliberately, she draws her eyebrows long,
Like the distant hills.

Thinking of the past,
Lamenting the flight of youth—
So easy to be grieved!
She tries to sing,
But first composes her features;
Just about to smile,
She knits her brows again.
Most heart-rending!

詞王江南

江南柳

葉小未成陰

人為絲輕那忍折

鶯嫌枝嫩不勝吟

留著待春深

十四五

閒抱琵琶尋

階上簸錢階下走

恁時相見早留心

何況到如今

望江南

江南柳

葉小未成陰

人為絲輕那忍折

鶯嫌枝嫩不勝吟

留著待春深

十四五

閒抱琵琶尋

階上簸錢階下走

恁時相見早留心

何況到如今

To the Tune of *Wang chiang-nan*

A willow South of the River,

With leaves so small it gives yet no shade.

No one would have the heart to pluck its boughs,
Boughs so soft and frail.

The warbler fears that its branches are too delicate
to support a song,

Branches so tender and young.

They are best left till spring is farther along.

Fourteen years of age, or fifteen,

Leisurely, with a *p'i-p'a* in her arms

She looked around—

As we gambled on the steps and she ran past down
below,

Then had I already noticed her,

How could I fail to see her now?