歐陽修詞

Twenty-one Tz’u by Ou-yang Hsiu
Translated by Teresa Yee-wha Yü

採桑子

《 그런芳過後西湖好
復穀殘紅
飛絮濛濛
垂柳闊干盡日風》

笙歌散盡邀人去
始覺春空
垂下簾櫳
雙燕歸來細雨中

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
寂寞起來繡帳
月明正在梨花上

To the Tune of Tien lien hua

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

暖日遲遲花袅袅
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
行人莫羡長安道
丹禁漏聲衆鼓報
催昏曉
長安城裏人先老

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’ang-an.
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’ang-an.
漁家傲

十月小春梅蕊綻
紅爐畫閣新妝遍
鴛鴦美人貪睡暖
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
江天雲意雲撩亂

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

To the Tune of *Yü-chia ao*

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.

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
雲耕早在星橋畔
街鼓黃昏霞尾暗
炎光斂
金鈎側倒天西面

一別經年今始見
新歡往恨知何限
天上佳期貪眷戀
長宵短
人間不合催銀箭

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.
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
纏綿仙舟
只似秋天上
和露採蓮愁一鈎
看花卻是啼妝樣

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

To the Tune of Tiel 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 unsevered—

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!
探桑子

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 tsu

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
歸來恰似遙東鶴
城郭人民
觸目皆新
誰識當年舊主人

To the Tune of Ts'ai-sâng tsu

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.

Coming back, I feel like the crane of Liaotung.
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
寒鷲相對飛

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

東江東。

花似伊。

離似伊。

花開春人別離。

離憂夢長。

兩岸鶯飛兩處尋。

相逢知幾時。

長相思

To the Tune of Ch'ing Huang-shu

The flowers are like you,

Flowers and willows are in their youth as we part.

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

勸君莫作獨醒人

To the Tune of Yü-lou ch'un

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

聚散苦匆匆
此恨無窮
今年花勝去年紅
可惜明年花更好
知與誰同

To the Tune of Lang t'ao sha

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

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 dissolves 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.

尊前擬把歸期說
未語春容先慟咽
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

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 dissolves 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.

尊前擬把歸期說
未語春容先慟咽
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

一種一夜狂風雨
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

To the Tune of Yü-lou ch'un

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.

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
穠馥清香相間發
游絲有意苦相繚
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

To the Tune of Yü-lou ch'un

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.

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 distance?
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
闕幹倚處
待得月華生

傍有墜釵橫

燕子飛來窥畫棟
玉釧垂下簾旌
涼波不動簟紋平
水精雙枕

To the Tune of Lin-chiang hsien

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 unruftled.
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

人生聚散如弦箇
老去風情尤惜別
大家金盞倒垂蓮
一任西樓低曉月

To the Tune of Yu-lou ch’un

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.

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 怎生書

弄筆偎人久
描花試手初
等閒妨了繡功夫
笑問雙鴛鴦字

To the Tune of Nan-ko tzu

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

賈意
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
欲笑還颦
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!
望江南

江南柳
葉小未成陰
人為絲輕那忍折
驚鶯枝嫩不勝吟
留著待春深

十四五
閉抱琵琶尋
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’-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?