

**THE TRUMPET OF
NATIONAL RESURGENCE**

中 興 鼓 吹

BY

LU CHIEN (盧前)

TRANSLATED BY

GLADYS M TAYLER

H. Y. YANG

KAI MING BOOK CO. LTD.

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THE TRUMPET OF
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民國三十三年三月初版

有 著 作 權

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PREFACE

During recent years the Western Democracies have shown an increasing interest in Chinese culture, and since the European War have been particularly eager to learn more about the contemporary literature of a great ally. In the field of poetry, however, it is difficult for foreigners to follow modern trends, for Chinese poetry has not been fixed in form since the Literary Renaissance of the early Republic, when certain poets began to use vernacular idiom in place of the classical style. Many poets now write in free verse and in the language of the people, but many also maintain the classical tradition, and of the latter Lu Chien is perhaps the most brilliant and most prominent. He is not only however the preserver of a splendid yet dying school, but also a renovator of Chinese poetry:

The classical Chinese poetry, throughout past

centuries, has undergone many changes both in form and spirit. The 'Shih' form of poetry of the Wei, Chin and T'ang dynasties was a development from the 'Fu' of the Han dynasty, while the 'Tsu' and 'Ch'u' form were a development from T'ang poetry. Many poets of the classical school today still write in the 'Shih' form; but Lu Chien has seen greater potentialities in the 'Tsu' and 'Ch'u' and has carried these forms one step further by the introduction of a new spirit and the terminology of the present day. Since the end of the Tang dynasty Chinese poetry has been almost exclusively effeminate, but now Lu Chien sings of war and the resurgence of the people. To write well in the classical forms one must be a good scholar, well-read in history and literature. Lu Chien's poetry is not only scholarly, but also infused with a strong masculine optimism and sincerity. In his own words,

'My verse herald a new dawn,
Of this resurgence I am part.'

Thus, combining the purity of the classical form with a new vigorous spirit, new ideas and a new

idiom, Lu Chien probably makes a land-mark in Chinese poetry.

Lu Chien was born in 1905, of an ancient family of scholars in Nanking. He was for fifteen years a professor, and has since the War been elected twice a member of the People's Political Council. His interests are wide and his energy inexhaustible. A man of action, he has often regretted that he was not a soldier in the field, although he has on several occasions visited the front. In Chungking he is a well-known figure, tall, broad, carelessly dressed, with the thin short beard of a Wei or Chin dynasty man. Exuberant and intensely patriotic, he has a zeal for living and a liking for wine. When he has drunk, he will sing ancient ballads, and when he is inspired he will write poems with great rapidity, — sometimes at the rate of from ten to twenty poems in one night. Lu Chien may perhaps be compared to the Medieval European poet Chaucer, for he also, in a swift-moving transient world of many contrasts, sees life as a rich and colourful pageant, and moves with gaiety and a light heart through hardship and terror. Like Chaucer he is

renovating poetry, and may even be preparing the way for some Spenser or Shakespeare.

Our translations fail entirely to do justice to the diversity of his subject, or to his genius. Many of his poems contain allusions impossible to translate into another language, while the music of his verse we have been unable to render. If readers find any merit in the translation, it is because Lu Chien's brilliance shines through even a sober English dress, while if there are faults and blemishes, these are due to the defects of the translators.

Gladys M. Tayler

H. Y. Yang

Oct. 1942.

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**THE TRUMPET OF
NATIONAL RESURGENCE**

PREFACE

My soul, once proud, has grown less bold,
But who will sing so wild a song?
The accents of the bards of old,
Cold and unroused have slept too long.

My verses herald a new dawn,
Of this resurgence I am part;
Although my skill is faint and worn,
Yet all I write comes from my heart.

代序(中興樂)

漸覺摩胸劍氣沈，

問誰肯作狂吟？

辛劉語，

冷落到而今。

新詞鼓吹中興樂，

雄風託；

莫嫌才弱，

將我手寫余心。

ON THE ART OF POETRY

Know then, if you aspire to write in rhymes,
Our present age is unlike olden times.
Vie not with those who dainty petals weave,
Nor those who strove with melting charms to move.
To sing of poverty or of old age
Will make your pen shake with regret and rage.
Hard-pressed by Mongols thousand years before,
We had two bards who sang of mighty war.

But now, alas, those greater bards are gone,
From them I learned; my masters were not one.
Their proud and mighty voice I imitate,
Striving for poetry both new and great.
China expects her sons to play their part,
And I shall dedicate myself to Art.
Then weaker spirits I'll not try to please,
Nor people's hearts with childish joys appease.

論詞示孟野弟（沁園春）

弟學詞乎，
今日而言，豈同曩時。
算花間綺語，徒然喪志；
後來柳絮，搔首弄姿。
歎老嗟貧，流連光景，
孤負如椽筆一枝。
自南渡始天生辛陸，
大放厥辭。

於戲，逝者如斯，
念轉益多師吾所師。
便白石揚州，遺山并水，
豪情逸興，併作雄奇。
天下興亡，匹夫責在，
我輩文章信有之。
如何可，爲他人抒寫，
兒女相思。

TO THOSE FIGHTING AT THE OLD NORTH
GATE OF THE GREAT WALL

In such a world let us sing loud and die;
The dust of hostile forces fills the eye.
Our mountains and our streams the foe defiles,
Toward the dark fort stretched out a thousand
miles.

Our young men now take up their sword in hand,
And heroes rise to fight throughout the land!

Leaning upon our swords revenge we vow;
No tears our dauntless warriors will shed now.
If heaven turn against us we will die,
But rouse the whole world with your battle cry.
Our country of dishonour you will clear,
Which forty years ago we suffered here.

送往古北口者（滿江紅）

如此乾坤，當慷慨悲歌以死；

君不見胡塵滿目，

殘山賸水。

萬里投荒關塞黑，

八千弟子揮戈起。

問江淮若箇是男兒，無餘子

時不利，騅何逝，

流不盡，虞兮淚。

縱天亡項羽，死而已矣。

叱咤風雲驚四海，

憑君一洗彌天恥，

細思量三十九年前，傷心事。

甲午去今日
四十年矣

IN NANKING, AFTER THE LOSS OF THE
NORTH—EASTERN PROVINCES

Where are the cities of the days of yore?
For five long years the people suffered sore:
Before the Great Wall winds and snow-storms
rage,

But here with songs we still our pains assuage.
Who will regain for us our vanquished land;
And kill the traitors with his iron hand?

The brave are weaponless, the sage are spurned,
The land lies waste, by civil struggles burned.
Fate makes us work for unity in vain;
Thus to the capital we come again.
The Northern wanderers come ever here,
Homeless and desolate they all appear.

書憤 敬次岳忠武黃鶴樓詞韻（滿江紅）

眼底全非，嗟河陽舊時城郭？

更難忘水深火熱，五年航閣。

山海關前風雪湧，

石頭城裏弦歌作。

待憑誰收復好江山；

鋤元惡？

有張禹，無霜鋤，有伊尹，煮鮮豎。

任分崩離析，疆圉荒落。

天使吾徒空碌碌，

緇塵歷盡還京洛，

看拋家遊子不能歸，

遼陽鶴。

THOUGHTS OF A MONGOLIAN YOUTH

I may no more return,
Though for that day I yearn.
Flocks lie low in grass
Gloom enwraps the pass;
On Spring breeze borne my dream comes not, alas!

North-west the clouds are sped,
My friends of old are dead;
And, pacing lonely still,
I feel the Spring is chill,
The far-off exile's heart deep longing fill.

贈蒙古少年格君（錫金門）

歸不得，

歸也不知何日。

草底牛羊，

關塞黑；

東風吹夢隔！

見說浮雲西北，

不見舊時相識；

拍遍闌干

寒惻惻。

天涯腸斷客。

FOR THOSE FALLEN IN THE NORTH WEST

Now green the South shores lie,
The flute's faint chozes die;
In spring my sad heart grieves,
Like whirling willow leaves,
Or host of catkins that the Spring air cleaves.

I long for your return,
That you come soon I yearn!
Ghosts from the shrine I call,
Where dry grass rises tall,
While Spring is fair beyond the Northern Wall.

招西北之魂（點絳脣）

一盞江南，

笛簫吹老

愁懷抱。

柳絲環繞，

飛絮知多少。

願汝歸來，

願汝歸來早。

百靈廟，

連天衰草，

塞上風光好。

CALLING THE DEAD OF THE NORTH EAST

Now the river side is chill,
Bitter tears the waters fill.
By the Great Wall girt around,
This the land where griefs abound.
Since the North-East I saw last,
Springs and autumns five have passed.
Hills and rivers slumber deep:
I would rouse them up from sleep.

百靈廟既收復更招東北之魂（點絳脣）

鴨綠潮寒奔，
流不盡酸辛淚，
雄關衣被，
尺寸傷心地。
一別遼陽，五度春秋矣。
沈沈睡，
白山黑水，
我欲呼之起。

TO MR. YU YIU-JFN, AFTER HEARING
HIS SPEECH DURING A DINNER

You deem yourself an ox yoked to the plough?
Caring for work, but not for harvest now;
For thirty years myriads of miles you passed,
For what did you thus toil and work so fast?
You worked, I know, for those who suffered sore,
And our lost territory to restore.

Hearing your words to rise up I am fain,
And smile to think that we may work as twain,
To smite the foe, and our new home to make,
We must prepare before the storm-clouds break.
And soon, when you have reached your seventieth
year.

Our victory will give your birthday cheer.

右任先生今年六十，中國公學諸生稱觴以祝，
卽席所致辭，語至可味，爰概括入詞，俾開國
佳話，流傳久遠，兼寄先生以爲壽。

(水調歌頭)

猶願供鞭策，自視尚如牛。

但知耕種，不計春稼與秋收。

三十年來飄蕩，

幾萬里程奔走，

辛苦果何求？

爲解蒼生困，還我舊神州。

聞此語，思奮發，有吾儔。

掀髯一笑或許，年少可同謀。

收拾邊氛事了，整頓炎黃家業，

未雨待綢繆。

異日公稱壽，

高會勝棋樓。樓在莫愁湖上。
爲中山王建也。

TALKING ABOUT ABYSSINIA WITH A
FRIEND NEWLY RETURNED
FROM EUROPE

The ancient West, whence you returned but now,
Lies all in dust beneath a Tyrant's brow.
Confusion reigns, yet Abyssinia's free,
And would not bow before the Tyranny.
Although the Duce like a Tigar stare,
For their own liberty is all their care,
Who could insult such ones who dare to fight,
Who dare to die, and fight with all their might?

Drinking, I hear your words so proud and stern,
Reflecting then, to our own state I turn;
And I feel sad, and I could weep for shame;
For our disgrace we have ourselves to blame.
Now who rules China? Are we free men still
With all the wild beasts roaming here at will?
Westwards I gaze, dashing away a tear,
But Abyssinia's triumph brings me cheer

馬客談自海西歸，言近事甚悉。時亞卑西
尼亞方受制於義大利。（賀新郎）

瀛客歸槎處，
莽蒼蒼揚塵滄海，魚龍掀舞。
問道亞卑丸彈地，
不受他人駕馭，
任墨相眈眈如虎，
血食祖宗寧敢忘，
果成仁就義誰能侮。
衛社稷，安吾土。

酒邊初聽堂皇語，
獨回頭蔦生感慨，傷心終古。
忍辱包羞多少事，
事事都成錯誤。
從此後中原何主？
不論豺狼狐兔鼠，
競一時馳騁神州路。
西望亞，淚如雨。

VISITING THE NORTHERN LAKE WITH
GENERAL HUANG

The mountains in the North are faintly green.
Green willows round the prince town are seen.
Mountains and lakes wear a heroic air.
Wood-pecker chirp upon the branches there.

Spring dreams are distant as the night tide flows;
Beside the bank a girl sings as she goes;
But sing no Southern songs with their soft charms,
Before one who has known dread war's alarms.

北湖偕黃達雲游（鷓鴣天）

北面鍾山一髮青，

綠楊迴抱古臺城。

湖山合有豪雄氣，

林木時聞剝啄聲。

春夢遠，暮潮生。

踏歌堤上女郎行。

休將玉樹南朝曲，

唱與潭州宿將聽。

VISITING THE LAKE WITH A FRIEND
AND MY SON

Long have I wished to set my books aside,
And with my friends to see the lake to ride.
When dawn is cool, nor risen yet the sun,
Our wheels like wind and thunder swiftly run.
You said, "Best in the morning is the sight;
Acres of lotus blossom over night."
Outside the town green lotus fill the eye.
Like heap on heap of silk embroidery.

Of old in Southern chamber I did stay,
And at that time I came here every day.
I gaze where ancient tow'rs and temples loom.
And I, thinking of the past, am wrapped in gloom.
To sail a while a little boat we take,
And we may drink a little on the lake.
When from the East the morning sun shall rise,
Remember, son, to linger is not wise.

玄武湖晨與東野攜侃兒游（沁園春）

幾日商量，且自拋書，
向湖上來。

趁拂涼初曉，朝陽未起，

飛輪奔走，如挾風雷。

弟謂晴湖，晨游最好，

百畝蓮花一夜開。

出城後，果碧荷滿眼，

錦繡千堆。

當年我寓南齋，

記日日來游不計回。

對雞鳴古寺，欽天廢閣，

沈思往事，但覺傷懷。

招手扁舟，一時容與，

小飲何妨借酒盃。

兒無忘，倘東頭日出，

汝莫徘徊。

TALE OF AN OLD MAN

When the Japanese pirates invaded China during the Ming dynasty, they attacked Kun Shan, and the city was on the verge of defeat: But an old man told the magistrate to pour boiling oil over the gaps of the city wall; they did so, and routed the invaders. Later someone passed the temple of a certain general Pu of the Tang dynasty, and struck by the likeness of his image to the old man, realized that the unknown old man was General Pu's spirit. The present magistrate of Kun Shan told me this story.

All in amazement spoke the passer by,
The image, he, that on the shrine did lie,
Thus born a hero, dead a patriot still,
His ancient prowess yet our hearts can thrill,
We live too late to see the wondrous deed;
Barbarian tribes now war on us with greed.

嘉靖三十三年四月，倭寇猝至崑山，由三江口薄東關，邑令堅守，寇不得逞。轉攻西關，垂破矣，忽有一老父進曰：以沸桐油從月城隙下之可擒。如其言，果大破賊，其後有過卜將軍祠者，睨其像，則西關老父也。案卜名珍字文超，唐時西河人。今年四月，余來游，縣長江右彭百川爲言其事，感而詠之。（木蘭花慢）

過關人怪問，
此老父是耶非？
想生是英豪，死爲雄鬼，
不媿神祇。
當時事今未見，
但窺江湖馬疾如飛。

All bent on compromise, with efforts poor,
None now would think of strategies and war:

And thus I, thinking, strain my clothes with
tears,

And vain my wish to serve our land appears
A patriot's home, white shoes within the hall,
Another sage and days of old recall.

If I should meet those patriots when I die,
Our present state would bring tears to my eye
To-morrow I shall come with pious heart,
To pay the old man homage ere I part.

只道和戎無奈，
偷營有計誰奇。

書生咄咄淚沾衣，
報國願終違。

對江上安亭，震川故里

堂中素履，亭林遺物

墓草離離。

知己若逢地下，說人間近事更堪悲。
約與使君明日，
虔誠先拜靈祠。

READING THE HISTORY OF
THE TANG DYNASTY

Of the resurgence of that age I read,
And think of those who did their people lead.
Only of cowards now I am aware;
Commanding genius in our times is rare.
Who will for us the former world restore.
That we return to our lost lands once more?

The brave will fight, the zealous forward go;
Awake, arise; strike fear into the foe.
Barbarian tribes can give no cause for fear;
Our kingly army is all gathered here.
Those who accept the enemy's foul pay
Turn renegade, and so themselves betray.

讀史有感（滿江紅）

唐室中興，
吾長念當年李郭，
眼前惟包羞降虜，懷慚投關。
將相雄才當世少，乾坤正氣憑誰作？
笑談間鼙鼓早收京，
除姦惡。

吾勇士，拚鋒鏑。吾志士，在溝壑。
願疾呼而起，敵心驚落。
安史紇藩何足懼，
王師早已阿河洛。
豈貪圖十萬繫腰錢，
揚州鶴。

TO A FAMOUS MINSTREL

Your hoary head is here;
We meet as dies the year.
Beyond the clouds and snow
Travellers in haste we go;
While beacon-fires upon the East Sea glow,

You sing the deeds of old.
When fought the heroes bold.
With castanets' uproar,
—A lost art heard no more—
In you I see again the bards of yore.

贈劉寶全（減字木蘭花）

白頭人在：

歲晚相逢，

風雪外。

行理匆匆；

烽火年年照海東。

長歌博望，

虎鬪龍爭。

成絕唱。

檀板零丁，

又見人間柳敬亭。

AFTER THE FALL OF PEIPING

I cannot bear the map upon the wall,
For green of the West Hill I straight recall;
And ever with this anguish deep I yearn,
That makes men grieve when toward the North
they turn.

All men awake, but I indulge in wine;
Through out the earth with tears the homeless
pine,
War winnows out the firm from feeble one;
Do you not blush, sunflow'r, to face the sun?

北平危矣（鵲踏枝）

忍與輿圖終日對，
指點豐台，猛憶西山翠；
除卻酸辛無別味，
教人北望添顛顛。

衆醒於今憐獨醉，
滿地江湖，總是流離淚。
豈好風來分向背，
葵花汝有羞心未？

TO THE CHRISTIAN GENERAL, TUNG LING
KO, KILLED IN ACTION AT THE
MARCO POLO BRIDGE

Much have you suffered, and the men you trust,
Whom you have trained to fight our battle just,
For since the monarchy was overthrown
The people's sufferings have been your own.
Our cruel foe came once more from the East,
Trampling our country like a wanton beast.
Hell was let loose; and oft your wrath to ease,
You read the gospels with their words of peace.
We pray for peace eterne, we pray for love,
That weeds be plucked out from our sacred grove,
Our hero did not fear to lose his head,
And now in glory rises from the dead.
With courage as our shield, and God as guide,
We'll triumph yet, so fate shall yet decide.
Know you will have a warrior's obsequy,
Though your grave pass, immortal you will be.

弔佟麟閣將軍將軍爲基
督教徒（百字令）

備嘗艱苦，
在練兵當日，憤然而作。
二十六年多少恨，將軍從戎自始，
只恨吾民溝壑。
西來頑寇，
鐵蹄所至，無不窮其虐。
人間地獄，
幾回默誦新約。

我祝永久和平，我懷博愛，
我願先鋤惡。
勇士喪元原不忘，
犧牲以求復活。
上帝鑒余，式憑忠勇，
與敵還相搏。
裹君馬革，
他時畫像麟閣。

TO GENERAL CHAO TUN-YU, KILLED
IN ACTION AT MARCO POLO BRIDGE

Beneath the bridge where Marco Polo roamed
The charge was given, and the dry plain foamed.
Then swords gashed wide and clouds of dust rose
high,

Till scattered there the head-less foe did lie.
Then toward the sky the hero laughed aloud;
If death must be, such hero's death was proud.

He charged and charged, charged thrice and even
more,

His spirit high although his wounds were sore.
Dying he marked the glorious days to come.
And still longed for his mother old at home.
Alas, now our great general is dead,
And who is there in his footsteps to tread!

弔趙登禹將軍（百字令）

蘆溝橋下，聽一聲口號，衝鋒前去。

捲地風沙刀過處，

殘敵頭顱飛雨。

疆場空闊，

仰天大笑，快意哉登禹，

男兒死耳，男兒死必如許。

一鼓再鼓而前，至於三四，

壯氣凌今古。

贏得創傷千百孔，

爲國開條血路。

所恨孤身，難兼忠孝，抱憾惟慈母。

將軍往矣，問誰踏接君步？

TO A CRAB, THINKING OF THE TRAITORS

Come, you crab, upon my plate,
My appetite to satiate,
Beside the river you did crawl,
But today your pride must fall.
You heartless one, where is your might?
We'll feast our guest with you tonight.

Your limbs are torn, your looks we taunt;
Your pincers gone, how can you vaunt.
In burning cauldron suffering pain,
You fool, your efforts all are vain.
Who can you blame, you thing of nought,
Into our hands by Fortune brought:

蟹(滿江紅)

蟹汝來前，
憐汝竟登蟹侑酒。
聽郭索幾聲河畔，北游南走，
顧料橫行空一世，
無腸終落他人手。
聚燈前坐客享烹鮮，笑開口。

肢已裂，顏何醜；蟹已斷，聲何有，
把火生釜底，汝纔消受，
齋齋無知甘自侮，
多行不義難之咎，
汝知否殷鑑在今朝，
酬重九。

TO THE SWORD, THINKING OF THE
SOLDIERS WHO TURNED RENEGADE

Forget not, ancient blade, your old renown,
Like serpents green you struck the enemy down
No matter if the foe was far or near,
You spilt their blood and struck their heart with
fear.

We vowed to win back all our trampled land
And drive the foe away with our own hands

Yet in a twinkling all your glory passed;
The rest is silence; splendour did not last.
Why did you turn and try your kin to slay,
From the same root you sprung, as well you know
Why do you fight your own and not the foe

告大刀（滿江紅）

刀汝擊忘，古北口舊時威力。

人盡說：青龍十八，能摧強敵。

奮勇不知身近遠，

一揮已見羶腥碧。

誓相期還我好山河，

驅鋒鏑。

裁轉眼，成陳迹。

從此後，無消息。

竟坐令英名，廢於一日。

誰使回頭還自殺，然其煮豆鍋中泣。

汝原知枝葉本根同，

煎何急？

TO MY SON

I. ON HIS BIRTHDAY

Today is the tenth birthday of my son;
I am amazed to find my life half done.
My mother old smiles to me in the hall;
"Bad was your temper, son, when you were
 small,
Because my mother loved you best of all."

I have a son, and he resembles me,
But better than his father let him be.
That writing is not worth a cent, I know;
Then do not read my books, son, when you
 grow.
My father spoke thus to me once long ago.

II. Son, do you know the state of things today?
Our life is like a boat that drifts away.
To play the man you must have courage rare

三月十日示侃兒（臨江仙）

（一）阿侃今朝都十歲，

驚心我入中年。

堂前老母笑而言，

當時兒性劣，

最是太婆憐。

兒亦有兒還肖父，

願他比父猶賢，

文章不值一文錢，

父書兒莫讀，

汝祖已云然。先君南樓雜詠有‘生子當如李亞子，胡爲亦讀乃翁書’之句

（二）阿侃何知天下事，

已如不繫之船。

做人今後勇爲先，

And fortitude to meet rebuffs and care,
And so Life's burden on your shoulder bear.

For us to write about the war is vain;
No victory shall we by speaking gain.
It matters not if but bare hands have we.
For when the end is reached a change must
 be,
Only we must hold fast integrity.

艱難容百忍，
擔當仗雙肩。

紙上談兵終可笑，
成功豈在多言。
休嫌赤手與空拳，
從來弱則變，
立志要能堅。

AN AIR BATTLE OVER SHANGHAI

Your air-craft carrier you call Pierce-the-sky.
But ours the squadron that soars up on high,
As godlike through the clouds our pilots fly.

Above, our heroes scale the azure height,
Beneath, the sun sinks down with dying light;
While still the dauntless wings gleam blue and
white.

黃浦江上空軍之戰（浣溪紗）

江上艦徒號「出雲」，

我軍纔是出雲軍，

飛來飛往盡天神。

仰視輪機周碧落，

平看日色近黃昏；

白青兩翼勇無倫。

**HEARING THAT GENERAL PAI TSUNG HSL
HAS COME TO THE CAPITAL**

**The storm now broke, and swift the marshall came,
And all his followers were men of fame.
A new Great Wall they built there for defence,
With unity their good work to commence.
And we shall win, our shame to sweep away;
For the resurgence of our race I pray.**

**The Southwest province you have governed long;
You feed the people, and your troops are strong.
For ten whole years you trained your men for war:
The time comes now our lost lands to restore.
Midst shame our realm's defence you ne'er forgot;
Now who can save our land if you will not?**

聞白健生將軍入京（百字令）

暴風雨裏，忽飛將軍降，
共參帷幄，
並檣聯鑣皆衛霍，試看長城新築。
一心一德，一同一致，
勝負吾能卜。
羶腥掃盡，朝來興我民族。

聞道手理西南，
十年生聚，食足先兵足，
雖有鐵基時未至，
今日始言恢復。
忍辱包胥，豫防亡楚，恥作秦庭哭，
河山還我，事非公等誰屬？

TO THE BATTLE-AXE, USED IN HAND TO
HAND FIGHTING IN SHANGHAI

In combat close the axes bright appear.
Like ancient blades which struck the foe with fear
The axes now as weapons new are used,
And at their sight the foe is still confused,
They wail and run, like grass by scythe mowe
down,
They fall in heaps; the axes bright move on:

Not taking rest, our men pursue the foe;
Though now avenged, yet onward still they go.
For thirty years we cowered low in shame;
To-day we win back honour to our name;
And with facility we learn this art,
And swift as wind we charge with all our heart.

斧 頌

王再莊少將言：前方巷戰已易刀爲斧，所至輒勝，
余嘗頌大刀之威，於斧亦不可無詞。

狹路相逢：

聞出手驟然何物？

依稀似大刀英武，神威無獨。

斧也闢開新戰線，

倭兒見着吞聲哭。

但落頭如草不開聲，堆成簇。

前隊上，後相續。

仇焉盡，心難足。

念丈夫本色，包羞忍辱。

到此纔研川載恨，

蓮片還羨風來速。

是誰家手法有真傳，真圓熟。

SENDING WINTER CLOTHES TO THE FRONT

We sew the padded winter clothes with care,
Of bitter frost and chilly nights beware,
The winter clothes themselves we wish to be,
To share their cold when winds blow bitterly.
A bulwark for our country they have made,
And to these warriors we should offer aid.

How much they have advanced I wish to know;
Warm in their winter dress they fight the foe.
Their valour grows a thousand times and more,
With sounding drums they will our land restore.
Not cotton only in the clothes is sewn,
But our own warm hearts, for your of our own.

讀棉背心

予前作山歌有云：“拿起線來抽起針，想起我前方作戰人，不結實與敵戰，替他作幾件棉背心。”又云：“一件一件的棉背心，代表愛國的一分情。願身化作棉和絮，與我戰士共寒溫。”余感其言，詞以咏之。（滿江紅）

着意製棉，
手中線針針縫起。
誰道是沙場霜重，夜涼如水。
儂願化身成棉絮，
寒溫與共秋風裏。
餽兒郎爲國作干城，真英士。

我欲問，前方事；
知推進，若干里？
料禦寒送到，這包衣襖。
切氣益增千百倍，
鼓聲還我河山美。
是衣中縫就熱心腸，非棉耳。

HEARING THAT A FRIEND HAS MOVED UP
TO THE EASTERN FRONT

I hear that he, with reinforcements strong,
Has reached the Eastern front for struggle long,
A dauntless warrior, his great fame is known,
And soon the foe must all be over-thrown.
I wait his further victories to hear,
And then with wine I shall his triumph cheer.

But when we win, and our lost lands restore,
A new song we shall add to our old score;
And we shall gather all our friends of yore;
You shall write verses, I shall speak of war.
No compromise; we either win or fall,
This forever pledge let us again recall.

聞達雲已率所部上東戰線矣

佛子書來，誦我友親提勁旅，
昨日已陳師東線，氣雄於虎。
古北威名天下重，
江南殘敵囊中取。
待前方捷報到干湖，
盃高舉。

如痛飲，黃龍府。
破陣樂，添新譜。
更招尋嘯傲，舊時遊侶。
能賦兄猶辛棄疾，
談兵弟媿陳同甫。
恥和戎豈似紹興年，應心許。

THE BATTLE OF PAO SHAN

In lonely fort these heroes' blood was shed,
Recalling ancient deeds write large in red.
Six hundred men kept myriad foes at bay;
Though death was sure, they did not turn away.
They raised their arms and shouted without fear;
Did it not chill the enemy's pride to hear?

Though ammunition spent, and guns all torn,
Their hearts were high, though they were left
forlorn.

While yet the heroes lived the town was safe;
No inch of land was yielded by the brave.
So, girt with steel and adamant chains.
Our line unbroken proudly still remains,

寶山之役（滿江紅）

斗大孤城，
竟一日化爲碧血。
今又見田橫忠義，張巡節烈。
六百士當千萬敵，
出生入死吳淞缺。
聽子青奮臂一聲呼，君休怯？

彈已盡，槍雖折，
頭未斷，心還熱，
況此城與我，存亡關切。
有我不能寸土失，
要知吾土堅如鐵。
載姚營他日史書存，歌先發。

TO THE EIGHT HUNDRED MEN OF THE
LONE GARRISON LED BY MAJOR HSIEH
CHING YUAN AT SHANGHAI

The lonely garrison will still fight on,
Until the last drop of their blood be gone,
For each one dead they would a thousand kill,
Their bugle sounds, their flag is flying still.
The white sun shines upon the azure sky:
Their ensign proud is seen by every eye.

Now all the people for these heroes pray,
And even children wipe their tears away.
While day by day men ask what happens now,
And foreigners to pay them tribute bow.
Beyond the bridge the fortress lone stands still,
Such deathless deeds lend glory to my quill.

謝晉元團附楊瑞符營長共死守

閘北據點者八百士（滿江紅）

尚有孤軍，
誓最後鮮血一滴。
準備着頭顱相抵，以吾易敵。
蘆藻浜前征鼓動，
蘇州河上旌旗色。
看青天白日自飛揚，吾應識。

衆口誦：征倭檄；
望閘北，兒童泣。
問橋頭大廈，近來消息。
萬國衣冠都下拜，
千秋付與如椽筆。
記張巡許遠守睢陽。今猶昔。

ON HEARING THAT WU-HU HAS BEEN
RETAKEN BY OUR ARMY

The dust whirls down, the willow strands are low
The city is the same, but wrapped in woe.
The waning moon now hides from mortals' sight.
In sadness dim, it will not show its light.
As we gaze back the dense trees intervene,
The misty city nowhere can be seen.
We bid farewell here to the flowing stream;
When shall we come again, except in dream?

Now Tears I shed to hear the tidings glad.
Is this a dream? the whole world has grown mad.
Before the window I will go to pack;
I laugh and talk, make ready to go back.
A wanderer's life no longer shall I lead:
Today I hear my former home is freed.
Our capital will be recovered yet,
Midst tears of joy all else I must forget.

喜聞蕪湖收復訊（滌庭芳）

蒹葭塵垢，陶然柳絮，

舊時風物依然。

卻憐殘月，

盪影照難圓。

回望浮雲老樹，

揮手處零雨沈煙。

憑誰問一江流水；

流轉是何年？

初聞樽淚滿，

猶疑夢寐乍覺狂顛；

但詩書漫卷，笑話窗前。

落拓江湖未久，

道今日從我山川。

青春伴，

收京可待，

悲喜不成言。

REFUGEES LOOK SOUTHWARD FROM
THE RIVER

Our small selves now no longer can we love,
Our resting-place is every where we roam;
But when the little boat begins to move,
We feel deep sorrow for our Southern home.

The city left behind is still in sight;
A thousand feet blaze up the tongues of fire.
We gnash our teeth in anger at our plight;
To fight the foe our only fierce desire.

渡江赴無爲南望不勝庾信之悲

(減字木蘭花)

都忘小我，
到處爲家無不可；
艇子搖來，
始覺江南大可哀。

蕪湖在望，
火燄熊熊光萬丈，
切齒深深，
益固同仇敵愾心。

GREETING A FRIEND FROM THE NORTH
WEST

The Great Wall sheltered dynasties of old,
Whose capital the North-west mountains fold.
But where are fled those spirits proud and stern?
Let's sing aloud and drink to your return.

Cold grow our goblets in dim candle light;
Together we shall watch the fleeing night.
But we shall see our country's glory yet.
Not gazing at a lost cause with regret.

喜佛千自西北歸（鷓鴣天）

弱宋強唐仗一關，
終南山下卽長安。
飛揚跋扈人何在？
痛飲狂歌汝已還。

燭影盪，酒盃寒；
相將今夕更憑闌。
望中應惜西湖好，
不作開天亂後看。

WAITING FOR A FRIEND AT HANKOW

I. Few days have passed since at the lake we
met,

But in far other scene we now are set.
Upon a small boat further brought was I:
What does it matter if I live or die?
For children and the aged is my regret.

Now East and West I journey far in vain,
And sometimes tears my warrior's garment
stain.

I dare not ask my friends for news of war;
When we regain the capital once more.
I shall send home my family again.

II. Outside the city all lies deep in snow;
A traveller across the stream doth go,
All ready are the chicken and the wine.
And as you tell me of the Eastern line,

漢口待佛千至（臨晉仙）

- （一） 邂逅於湖纔幾日，
眼中風景頓非。
扁舟載我到無爲，
死生何足計？
老幼此心危。

東去西來良自苦，
有時淚滿征衣。
逢人不敢問兵機；
收京如可待，
先送一家歸。

- （二） 遙指武昌城外雪，
過江有個人來。
殺雞煮酒早安排。
聽譚東戰線，

Then smiles my joy at your returning show.

For you have seen the heroes struggle sore:
Your brave soul may take pride for ever more.
The valiant army soon will cross the stream,
Then I my former promise shall redeem,
And shall rise up and follow you to war.

笑口爲君開。

虎擲龍拏親眼見，

豪情足傲吾儕。

雄兵早晚渡長淮，

定能行宿諾，

奮臂與相偕。

LEAVING HANKOW AND REACHING CHUNGKING

- I. Beneath my feet the river waters flow;
The hour is late, but I am loath to go;
For I can see the crests of green hills yet,
Which watch the wanderers as with regret.
- Why must we take the weary westward way?
Still Eastward flows the river day by day,
Whose ripples say "We meet again next year."
Before our feet the rising clouds appear.
- II. Where shall we have our new base for the war?
Once more the boat draws up beside the shore,
Old friends that see me know me still, they say.
Though it is eight years since I went away.
- Alarms of war still sound by stream and sea.
But steady fast is our plan for victory.
The war-time capital is bright and fair,
And I would live beside the river there.

別武漢遂至行都(南鄉子)

(一) 脚下大江橫，
已是行時未忍時；
只見龜蛇青兩點，亭亭，
仰望行人若有情。

何事苦西征？
江自東流不住聲，
爲道：明年相年再，騰騰。
漸逐根再生。

(二) 甚處是西川？
已上朝天渡口船。
父老相逢猶識我，盧前，
記出山城已八年。

江海尙烽煙，
共爲幫家策萬全。
燦爛莊嚴行在所，欣然，
願傍嘉陵受一廛。

ON THE ROAD IN EASTERN SZECHUAN

Now willow-tendrils catch at passers-by:

Spring all around is lovely to the eye.

I look where. Westwards, fields far-stretching
gleam.

And south of the great river walk in dream,

To the horizon ripening wheat is seen,

And yet the war looms large beyond the green;

For this abundance will the fighters cheer;

Thus there is more than beauty for me here.

東川道中(虞美人)

柳絲牽引低眉客，

眼底皆春色。

袁州西信陌阡橫，

疑是江南三月，踏青行。

油油薺麥連雲起，

綠盡添兵氣；

將憑戰士勸加餐；

休擬畫圖山水，等閑看。

WRITTEN AFTER AN AIR-RAID

Long have I felt that life and death are one;
What matters it if I be dead and gone?
But to die fighting am I ever fain,
And now my spirit smothered is in vain.
Pure is my heart, and I have no regret;
I shall depart now with this comfort yet—
Never to live in shame has been my creed,
And I am ready now if there be need.

The planes fly pass, the crowds emerge again;
My spirit and my heart unteathed remain.
I see a hell let loose before my eye;
Corpses and shrapnel in confusion lie.
Our will to victory shall never fade,
And tooth for tooth the foe will be repaid.
Surrender is the word we will not say;
We vow again to sweep this shame away.

五月二十五日記事(賀新郎)

久亦齊生死；
便埋身一坏黃土，等閑聞耳。
只惜未能將革裹，
孤負平生豪氣。
剩一盞丹心無昧；
自此從容歸上昇，
信詩書沾溉垂危際。
何苟免，我行矣。

鋼薦過盡羣呼起；
戴吾頭斂魂收魄，又來人世。
但覺眼前森鬼域，
彈片槍痕而已。
炸不了堅強意志。
以齒還牙終必報，
肯投降屈服非人子。
重誓約，洗茲恥。

WINTER HAS VANISHED WITH THE
MELTING SNOW

Winter has vanished with the melting snow;
No crows fly now where red plum-blossoms show.
The withered willow weaves a new green strand:
No longer idle by the window stand.
Cold winds have passed, then let us work amain,
For Spring has come back to our home again.

(采桑子)

纔從雪後消寒意，
不見昏鴉，只見梅花，
漸見衰楊發嫩芽。
何須袖手窗前立，
過盡風沙，料理生涯，
更覺春光到我家。

**ONE MAY TOO EASILY AT CROSS-ROADS
STRAY**

One may too easily at cross-roads stray,
And straight and narrow is my parting way.
I walk or rest beset by cares and doubt,
While mortal dangers through me all about.

How can I rest where thorns and brambles grow?
The perils of my journey well I ken.
A man must keep a bold heart in his breast,
Nor backward turn to follow with the rest.

(鷓 鴣 天)

十字街頭立足難，

出門未覺世塗寬。

去留不盡躊躇苦，

左右都成罪惡觀。

荆棘裏，豈能安？

明知艱險一盤桓。

男兒要有剛強氣，

肯便隨人掉首還。

I WATCH THE WAR-TORN WORLD
WITHOUT CONCERN

I watch the war-torn world without concern,
Nor beat my scabbard and for splendour yearn.
A wand'ring scholar's life is pleasant still,
Why need a genius then some office fill?

Wine pour I, on monk's hassock sitting down.
With spreading sleeves is made my loose cloth gown,
In wand'ring life some ten years have been spent,
Although I have no fish to eat, content.

(鷓 鴣 天)

世局如棋自在看，
懷中有缺不須彈。
能爲狂士終豪傑，
豈必才人盡達官。

傾濁酒，坐蒲團。
布袍大袖本來寬。
十年嘗徧江湖味，
縱使無魚也可餐。