

英華集

中詩英譯比錄

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正中書局印行

序

海通以遠，西人漸窺中國文學之盛，多有轉譯，詩歌尤甚；以英文言，其著者亦十有餘家。居蜀數載，教授翻譯，頗取爲檢討論說之資，輒於一詩而重譯者擇尤比而錄之：上起風雅，下及唐季，得詩五十九首，英譯二百有七首。¹客中得書不易，取資既隘，掛漏實多，然卽此區區，中土名篇，彼邦佳譯，大抵已在。研究譯事者足資比較；欣賞藝文者亦得玩索而吟詠焉。將以付之剞劂，輒取昔日講說之言弁之卷首；所引諸例，雜出各家，不盡在所錄之內也。²

一

以原則言，從事翻譯者於原文不容有一詞一語之誤解。然而談何容易？以中國文字之艱深，詩詞鑄語之凝鍊，譯人之誤會在所難免。前期諸家多尙『達旨』，有所不解，易爲閃避；後期譯人漸崇信實，詮解訛誤，昭然易曉。如韓愈山石詩，『僧言古壁佛畫好，以火來照所見稀，』Brynner (p. 29)²譯爲

And he brought a light and showed me, and I called them
wonderful.

以『稀少』爲『希奇』，此爲最簡單的誤解字義之例。

又如古詩爲焦仲卿妻作，『妾不堪驅使，徒留無所施』，Waley (Temple, p. 114) 譯爲

I said to myself, "I will not be driven away."

Yet if I stay, what use will it be?

以『驅使』爲『驅逐』，因而語意不接，遂誤以上句爲自思自語，則又因字義之誤而滋生句讀之誤。

其次，詞性之誤解，亦爲致誤之因。如杜詩聞官軍收河南河北：『卻看妻子愁何在？漫卷詩書喜欲狂』句，Brynner (P. 154) 誤以『愁』爲動詞譯爲

Where is my wife? Where are my sons?

Yet crazily sure of finding them, I pack my books and poems.

讀之解頤，杜公雖『欲狂』，何至愁及妻子之下落？且『卻看』之謂何？

¹其中有友人楊憲益先生伉儷所譯數首，蒙假原稿過錄，於此致謝。

²各家書名見後附書目。

中文動詞之特殊意蘊，往往非西人所能識別，如杜詩『感時花濺淚，惜別鳥驚心』，淚為詩人之淚，心亦詩人之心，『濺』與『驚』皆致動詞也，而 Bynner (P. 148) 譯為

.....Where petals have been shed like tears
And lonely birds have sung their grief.

頓成膚淺。

然一種文字之最足以困惑外人者，往往不在其單個之實字，而在其虛字與熟語，蓋虛字多歧義，而熟語不易於表面索解也。此亦可於諸家譯詩見之。Waley 在諸譯人中最為翔實，然如所譯『焦仲卿妻』中，以『四角龍子旛』為

At its four corners a dragon-child flag (*Temple*, p. 121),

『子』字實解；又譯『著我織袂裙，事事四五通』為

.....Takes what she needs, four or five things (*ibid.*, p. 116),

以『通』為『件』，皆因虛字而誤。

餘人譯詩中亦多此例。如 Fletcher (*More Gems*, P. 12) 譯太白月下獨酌『月既不解飲』作

The moon then drinks *without a pause*,

由於不明『解』字作『能』講；譯『行樂須及春』作

Rejoice *until* the Spring come in,

由於不明『及』字作『乘』講。又如 Giles (*Verse*, p. 99) 譯杜詩『今春看又過，何日是歸年？』作

Alas! I see another spring *has died*.....

因不明『看』字之等於後世之『看看』或『眼見得』，遂誤『將過』為『已過』，雖小小出入，殊失原詩低回往復之意也。

以言熟語，有極淺顯，不應誤而誤者。如年月序次祇以基數為之，不加『第』字，凡稍習中文者不應不解，而 Fletcher (*Gems*, p. 8) 譯太白長干行『五月不可觸』句為

For *five months* with you I cannot meet.

亦有較為生僻，其誤可原者。如同篇『早晚下之巴』句不獨 Fletcher (*ibid.* p. 9) 誤為

Early and late I to gorges go,

Lowell (P. 29) 亦誤爲

*From early morning until late in the evening, you descend the three
Serpent River,*

惟小畑 (p. 152) 作

Some day when you return down the river,

爲得其真象。

熟語之極致爲『典故』，此則不僅不得其解者無從下手，即得其真解亦不易達其義蘊。如小杜金谷園結句『落花猶似墜樓人，』Giles (Verse p.175) 譯作

Petals, like nymphs from balconies, come tumbling to the ground,
誠爲不當，即 Bynner (p. 178) 譯爲

Petals are falling like a girl's robe long ago,

若非加註 (p. 292) 亦不明也。又如權德輿玉臺體一絕之『昨夜裙帶解，今朝蟾子飛』，(Giles Verse, p. 135) 譯爲

Last eve thou wert a bribe,

This morn thy dream is o'er.....

固是荒謬；而 Bynner (p. 25) 譯爲

Last night my girdle came undone,

And this morning a luck-beetle flew over my bed,

仍不得不乞靈於附註 (p. 244)，且亦僅註出一『蟾子』，於『裙帶』仍不得其解也。(王建宮詞『忽地下墜裙帶解，非時應得見君王。』)

Bynner 所譯詩中亦時有類此之錯誤，如譯孟浩然秦中寄遠上人詩『黃金燃桂盡，壯志逐年衰』作

Like ashes of gold in a cinnamon-flame,

My youthful desires have been burnt with the years (p. 111),

亦復不知所云也。

若干歷史的或地理的詞語亦具有熟語之性質，常爲譯家之陷阱。如香山贈夢得詩（長慶集卷六六）『尋花借馬煩川守，弄水偷船惱令公』，Waley (More Translations, p. 90) 譯爲

When, seeking flowers, we borrowed his horse, the river-keeper

was vexed;

When, to play on the water, we stole his boat the Duke Ling
was sore.

以『川守』爲“river-keeper”固已以意爲之，以『令公』爲“Duke Ling”尤可見其疏於考索。時裴度以中書令晉國公爲東都留守，史稱其與劉白過從甚密，長慶集同卷頗多題詠贈和之作，祇應曰 Duke P'ei 或 Duke of Chin，不得以『令』爲專名也，

又如『山東』一名，古今異指，而 Fletcher (*Gems*, p. 70) 譯杜詩兵車行『君不聞漢家山東二百州，千村萬落生荆杞』，作 Shantung；『河漢』指天河，而 Waley (*Poems*, p. 44) 譯古詩十九首之十『迢迢牽牛星，皎皎河漢女』，作 Han River；皆易滋誤會，顯爲違失。

至如 Giles (*History*, p. 170) 譯長恨歌『漁陽鼙鼓動地來』作

But suddenly comes the roll of the fish-skin war-drums,

誤以地名爲非地名；Lowell (p. 98) 譯太白聞王昌齡左遷龍標遙寄『楊花落盡子規啼』作

In Yang-chou, the blossoms are dropping,

又誤以非地名爲地名；與『山東』『河漢』相較，雖事類相同，而難易有別。『漁陽』安得謂爲『魚皮』，『楊』『揚』更字形懸異，其爲謬誤，尤難有恕也。

二

中文常不舉主語，韻語尤甚，西文則標舉分明，詩作亦然，譯中詩者遇此等處，不得不一一爲之補出。如司空曙賊平後送人北歸，云：『世亂同南去，時清獨北還。他鄉生白髮，舊國見青山』，Bynner (p. 133) 譯爲

In dangerous times we two came south;

Now you go north in safety, without me.

But remember my head growing white among strangers.

When you look on the blue of the mountains of home.

四句皆補出主語，除第三句容有可商外（亦可指友或兼指二人），餘均無誤。

然亦往往緣此致誤，如上引詩更下一聯云『曉月過殘壘，繁星宿故關』，『過』與『宿』之主語仍爲 you，而 Bynner 譯爲

The moon goes down behind a ruined fort,
Leaving star-clusters above an old gate.

誤以『曉月』與『繁星』當之，不知此二語之作用如副詞也。

又如古詩十九首之十二，『燕趙多佳人……當戶理清曲』繼之以『馳情整冠帶，沈吟聊躑躅』，乃詩人自謂聞曲而有感也，Waley (*Poems*, p. 45) 誤以蒙上佳人，譯為

To ease their minds they arrange their shawls and belts;
Lowering their song, a little while they pause,

索然寡味矣。

又如 Fletcher (*More Gems*, p. 9) 譯李白長干行『早晚下三巴，預將書報家』作

Early and late I to gorges go,
Waiting for news that of thy coming told.

不明『早晚』之為詢問，遂以『下』為『我下』不知自長干至三巴不得云『下』，兩地之相去亦非朝暮可往來者。

又如劉長卿逢雪宿芙蓉山，『柴門聞犬吠，風雪夜歸人』，聞者詩人自聞也，Fletcher (*Gems*, p. 184) 譯為

The house dog's sudden barking, which hears the wicket go,
Greets us at night returning through driving gale and snow.

誤為犬聞門響而吠，不知中文不容有『賓——動——主』之詞序，杜詩『香稻啄餘鸚鵡粒』之得失至今猶聚訟紛紛也。

此等錯誤往往因涉上下文主語而來，如上舉『馳情整冠帶』誤承『當戶理清曲』，『早晚下三巴』則其上既有『坐愁紅顏老』，其下復有『相迎不道遠』，不諳中文之常常更易主語而又從略者自易致誤。如杜詩兵車行，『況復秦兵耐苦戰，被驅不異犬與雞』，即此士不學之人亦難免誤解，Bynner (p. 169) 譯為

Men of China are able to face the stiffest battle,
But their officers drive them like chickens and dogs.

其情可原。然『役夫』來自『山東』，與『秦兵』正為敵對，上下文足以確定被驅者非秦兵，B. 氏有江亢虎氏為助，不容並此而不達。

又因主語之省略而誤解動詞之意義者。如 Waley 譯焦仲卿妻『謂言無罪過，供養卒大恩』(Temple, p. 116) 作

Never in spoken word did I transgress or fail.....又『十七遺汝姝，謂言無誓遠』(p. 118) 作

.....and hears you promise forever to be true,

此兩『謂言』同於後世之『只道』『只說是』，宜作 I thought 解，Waley 不了此義，殆由未舉主語。

又如古詩十九首之十九『客行雖云樂，不如早旋歸』，Waley (Poems, p. 48) 譯作

My absent love says that he is happy,

But I would rather he said he was coming back,

又古詩上山採蘼蕪『新人雖言好，不及故人姝』(p. 35) 譯作

Although her talk is clever.....

其實此處『云』『言』皆無主動詞，it is said 之義，仍實字之近於虛字者，縱於『雖』字之後，作用類似襯字，今語亦有『雖說是』，可爲比較；waley 視爲尋常動詞，遂有『言談』之解。

與主語省略相似者又有賓詞之省略，亦爲譯家致誤之由。如元稹遺悲懷，『尙想舊情憐婢僕，也曾因夢送錢財』，Bynner (p. 216) 譯爲

.....Sometimes, in a dream, I bring you gifts.

謂夢中送錢財於亡妻，無乃費解？此則遠不及 Fletcher (More Gems, p. 191) 所譯

The slaves' and servants' love moves me to love,

And presents I gave them, when I dreamed of you.

之信達而兼雅也。

又有因連詞之省略而致誤者。如淵明責子詩『雍端年十三，不識六與七。』Budd (p. 150) 誤於前，

Yong-tuan is thirteen now.

Waley (Poems, p. 76) 誤於後，

Yung-tuan is thirteen.

皆昧於中文平聯詞語常不用連詞之慣例，遂以『雍』與『端』爲一人也。

三

譯詩者往往改變原詩之觀點，或易敘寫爲告語，因中文詩句多省略代詞，動詞復無語形變化，譯者所受限制不嚴也。其中有因而轉更親切或生動者。試引三五例，則如賈島尋隱者不遇詩：『松下問童子，言師採藥去，』Brynner (p. 17) 譯爲

When I questioned *your* pupil, under a pine-tree,
 ‘‘My teacher’’, he answered, ‘‘went for herbs……’’

此由單純之第一身敘寫改爲對第二身之告語者。如李商隱嫦娥詩：『嫦娥應悔偷靈藥，碧海青天夜夜心，』Brynner (p. 75) 譯爲

Are *you* sorry for having stolen the potion that has set *you*
 Over purple seas and blue skies, to brood through the long
 nights?

此由第三身之敘寫改爲對第二身之告語者。皆視原來爲親切。如盧綸塞下曲之『野幕敞瓊筵，羌戎賀勞旋；醉和金甲舞，雷鼓動山川，』Brynner (p. 104) 譯爲

Let feasting begin in the wild camp!
 Let bugles cry our victory!
 Let us drink, let us dance in our golden armour!
 Let us thunder on rivers and hills with our drums!

此由第三身之敘寫改爲一二身之告語者，視原來爲生動。

如王維班婕妤詩：『怪來粧閣裏，朝下不相迎；總向春園裏，花間笑語聲，』Fletcher (*Gems*, p. 120) 譯爲

Dost wonder if my toilet room be shut?
 If in the regal halls we meet no more?
 I ever haunt the garden of the spring;
 From smiling flowers to learn their whispered lore.

原來爲漢帝告婕妤，譯詩改爲婕妤告漢帝，觀點適相反，而譯詩似較勝。

但如王建新嫁娘詩：『三日入廚下，洗手作羹湯，』Fletcher (*More Gems*, p. 208) 譯爲

Now married three days, to the kitchen I go,
And washing *my* hands a fine broth I prepare.

杜牧秋夕詩『銀燭秋光冷畫屏，輕羅小扇撲流螢』，Bynner (p. 177) 譯爲
Her candle-light is silvery on her chill bright screen.

Her little silk fan is for fireflies.....

原詩之爲一身抑三身，未可遽定：前一詩似是三身，今作一身，後一詩似是一身，今作三身，其間得失，正自難言，然中詩可無主語，無人稱，譯爲英文，即非有主語有人稱不可，此亦譯中詩者所常遇之困難也。

四

不同之語言有不同之音律，歐洲語言同出一系，尙且各有獨特之詩體，以英語與漢語相去之遠，其詩體自不能苟且相同。初期譯人好以詩體翻譯，即令達意，風格已殊，稍一不慎，流弊叢生。故後期譯人 Waley, 小畑, Bynner 諸氏率用散體爲之，原詩情趣，轉易保存。此中得失，可發深省。

以詩體譯詩之弊，約有三端。一曰趁韻：如 Fletcher (*Gems*, p. 211) 譯王績過酒家，『眼看人盡醉，何忍獨爲醒』作

With wine o'ercome when all our fellows be,
Can I alone sit in sobriety?

二曰顛倒詞語以求協律：如 Fletcher (*More Gems*, p. 62) 譯杜詩秋興，『幾回青瑣點朝班』作

Just in dream by the gate when to number I sate
The courtiers' attendants who throng at its side.

三曰增刪及更易原詩意義：如陳子昂登幽州臺詩，『前不見古人，後不見來者，念天地之悠悠，獨愴然而涕下』，Giles (p. 58) 譯爲

My eyes saw not the men of old;
And now their age away has rolled
I weep—to think that I shall not see
The heroes of posterity!

其第二行爲與原詩第三句相當乎，則甚不切合，爲不與相當乎，則原句甚重要，不容刪省。又如杜詩『露從今夜白，月是故鄉明』，Giles (p. 101) 譯爲

The crystal dew is glittering at my feet,
The moon sheds, as of old, her silvery light.

『今夜』與『故鄉』爲此聯詩眼，而橫遭刊落。

與此相反者，如張泌寄人詩，『別夢依依到謝家，小廊回合曲闌斜』，Giles (p. 209) 譯爲

After parting, dreams possessed me and I wandered you know
where,

And we sat in the verandah and you sang the sweet old air.

第二行之下半完全爲足成音段而增加。

其全部意義加以更易者，如 Giles (p. 65) 譯張九齡詩『思君如明月，夜夜減清輝』作

My heart is like the full moon, full of pains,
Save that 'tis always full and never wanes.

漢譯便是『思君異明月，終歲無盈虧』。

前兩種病，中外惡詩所同有，初無間於創作與翻譯。第三種病，則以詩體譯詩尤易犯之，雖高手如 Giles 亦所不免，Fletcher 尤甚於 Giles; Budd, Martin 諸人更甚於 Fletcher，有依稀彷彿，面目全非者，其例難於列舉。

五

自一方面言，以詩體譯詩，常不免於削足適履，自另一方面言，逐字轉譯，亦有類乎膠柱鼓瑟。硬性的直譯，在散文容有可能，在詩殆絕不可能。Waley 在 *More Gems* 序言中云，所譯白居易詩不止此數，有若干未能賦以『詩形』，不得不終於棄去。Waley 所謂『詩形』(poetic form)，非尋常所謂『詩體』，因所刊布者皆散體也。Waley 舉其初稿兩首爲例，試錄其一：早春獨登天宮閣(長慶集卷六十八)，『天宮日暖閣門開，獨上迎春飲一盃。無限遊人遙怪我，緣何最老最先來？』

Tien-kung Sun warm, pagoda door open;
Alone climbing, greet Spring, drink one cup.
Without limit excursion-people afar-off wonder at me;
What cause most old most first arrived!

此 Waley 認爲詩的原料，未經琢磨不得爲詩者。而 Ayscough 譯杜詩，顧以此爲已足。如垂老別首四句：『四郊未寧靜，垂老不得安。子孫陣亡盡，焉用身獨完？』 (Tu Fu, I., p. 336), 譯爲

On all four sides, in open spaces beyond the city, no unity, no rest;
Men fallen into old age have not attained peace.
Their sons, grandsons, every one has died in battle:
Why should a lone body finish its course?

Lowell 與 Ayscough 合譯『松花箋』集，以不識中文故，不得不唯 Ayscough 之初稿是賴，因之多有不必要之拘泥處，如譯太白山中答俗人問 (p. 69), 『問余何事棲碧山』作

He asks why I perch in the green jade hills.

然其佳者如劉禹錫石頭城 (p. 120), 『山圍故國周遺在，潮打空城寂寞回』，譯爲

Hills surround the ancient kingdom; they never change.
The tide beats against the empty city, and silently, silently
returns.

亦自具有 Waley 所謂『詩形』，非 Ayscough 自譯杜詩可比也。

故嚴格言之，譯詩無直譯意譯之分，唯有平實與工巧之別。散體諸譯家中，Lowell, Waley, 小畑，皆以平實勝，而除 Lowell 外，亦未嘗無工巧；至於 Bynner，則頗逞工巧，而亦未嘗無平實處。

所謂平實，非一語不增，一字不減之謂也。小畑之譯太白詩，常不爲貌似，而語氣轉折，多能曲肖。如『兩岸猿聲啼不住，輕舟已過萬重山』 (p. 76) 譯爲

The screams of monkeys on either bank
Had scarcely ceased echoing in my ear
When my skiff had left behind it
Ten thousand ranges of hills,

『已』字，『過』字，『啼不住』三字，皆扣合甚緊，可謂譯中上選。又如獨坐敬亭山絕句 (p. 57) 『衆鳥高飛盡；孤雲獨去閑。相看兩不厭，只有敬亭山』之譯爲

Flocks of birds have flown high and away;
 A solitary drift of cloud, too, has gone, wandering on.
 And I sit alone with the Ching-ting Peak, towering beyond.
 We never grow tired of each other, the mountain and I.

蘇臺覽古 (p. 74) 『舊苑荒臺楊柳新，菱歌清唱不勝春。只今惟有西江月，曾照吳王宮裏人』之譯為

In the deserted garden among the crumbling walls,
 The willows show green again,
 While the sweet notes of the water-nut song
 Seem to lament the spring.
 Nothing remains but the moon above the river—
 The moon that once shone on the fair faces
 That smiled in the king's palace of Wu.

皆未嘗炫奇求勝，而自然切合，情致具足者。

譯人雖以平穩為要義，亦不得自安於苟簡或晦塞，遇原來異常凝鍊之詩句，固不得不婉轉以求曲達。Waley 譯古詩有頗擅此勝者：如十九首之九 (Poems, p. 43), 『此物何足貴，但感別經時，』後句譯為

But it may remind him of the time that has past since he left.

十九首之十一 (p. 44), 『立身苦不早』譯為

Success is bitter when it is slow in coming.

十九首之十三 (p. 46), 『萬歲更相送』譯為

For ever it has been that mourners in their turn were mourned.

又如焦仲卿妻 (Temple, p. 122), 『自君別我後，人事不可量；果不如先願，又非君所詳』，末句言約而意深，譯作

You would understand if only you knew.

此皆善為婉達，具見匠心者也。

至 Bynner 譯唐詩三百首乃好出奇以制勝，雖儘可依循原來詞語，亦往往不甘墨守。如孟浩然留別王維 (p. 112), 『欲尋芳草去，惜與故人遠，』譯為

How sweet the road-side flowers might be
 If they did not mean good-bye, old friend.

韋應物滁州西澗 (p. 206), 『春潮帶雨晚來急, 夜渡無人舟自橫』譯爲

On the spring flood of last night's rain

The ferry-boat moves as though someone were poling.

同人夕次盱眙縣 (p. 211), 『獨應憶秦關, 聽鐘未眠客』譯爲

At midnight I think of northeren city-gate,

And I hear a bell tolling between me and sleep.

皆撇開原文, 另作說法, 頗見工巧。然措詞雖已迥異, 意義卻無增減, 雖非譯事之正宗, 亦不得謂爲已犯譯人之戒律也。

六

上舉 Bynner 諸例引起譯事上一大問題, 卽譯人究有何種限度之自由? 變通爲應限於詞語, 爲可兼及意義? 何者爲必需變通? 何者爲無害變通? 變通逾限之流弊又如何?

譯事之不能不有變通, 最顯明之例爲典故。如元稹遣悲懷詩, 『鄧攸無子知命, 潘岳悼亡猶費詞』, Bynner (p. 216) 譯爲

There have been better men than I to whom heaven denied a son,
There was a poet better than I whose dead wife could not hear
him.

孟郊古別離詩: 『不恨歸來遲, 莫向臨邛去』, Fletcher (*Gems*, p. 175) 譯爲

Your late returning does not anger me,
But that another steal your heart away.

皆可謂善於變通, 允臻上乘。若將『潘』『鄧』, 『臨邛』照樣譯出, 卽非加註不可, 讀詩而非註不明, 則焚琴煮鶴, 大殺風景矣。(第一例尤佳, 因『知命』與『費詞』亦暗中扣緊也。)

亦有不必變通而無妨變通者。試舉二三簡單之例: 如太白江上吟之結句云, 『功名富貴若長在, 漢水亦應西北流』, Lowell (p. 43) 與小畑 (p. 25) 均直譯『西北流』, 小畑加註云漢水東南流入江, 實則循上句語氣, 無註亦明。然若如 Fletcher (*Gems*, p. 44) 之譯爲

But sooner could flow backward to its fountains
This stream, than wealth and honour can remain.

直捷了當，亦未嘗不可。又如 Fletcher (*Gems*, p. 214) 譯賈至春思詩，『桃花歷亂李花香』，作

The peach and pear blossoms in masséd fragrance grow.

李花未必不歷亂，桃花亦未必不香，正不必拘拘於原文字面。又如 Giles (*Verse*, p. 164) 譯白居易後宮詞『紅顏未老恩先斷，斜倚熏籠坐到明』，作

Alas, although his love has gone, her beauty lingers yet;

Sadly she sits till early dawn but never can forget.

原云『紅顏未老恩先斷』，今云『君恩已去紅顏在』，先者後之，後者先之，在譯者自是為湊下兩行之韻脚，而意思似轉深入，此亦變通之可取者。又如 Bynner (p. 127) 譯白居易琵琶行，『暮去朝來顏色故』作

And evenings went and evenings came, and her beauty faded.

中文『暮去朝來』本兼『朝去暮來』言，英文 evenings went and mornings came 則無此涵義，若譯為 evenings and mornings went and came, 又未免過於絮煩，自惟有如上譯法，言簡而意賅。

又如杜審言和晉陵陸丞早春遊望詩『忽聞歌古調，歸思欲沾襟，』歸思』下本隱有『使我』意，為五言所限，不得不爾。照字面譯出，雖不至於費解，終覺勉強。Bynner (p. 179) 譯為

Suddenly an old song fills

My heart with home, my eyes with tears.

便較顯豁。此種變通實已近於必要矣。

如斯之例，諸家多有，上節所引 Waley 與 Bynner 諸譯咸屬此類，皆未嘗以辭害意，為譯人應有之自由。然而詞語之變通與意義之更易，其間界限，亦自難言。變通而及於意義，則如履薄冰，如行懸絙，時時有隕越之虞，不得不審慎以將事。試以二例明之。Waley (*Poems*, p. 35) 譯古詩上山採蘼蕪，『新人工織纈，故人工織素。織纈日一匹，織素五丈餘，』作

My new wife is clever at embroidering silk;

My old wife was good at plain sewing.

Of silk embroidery one can do an inch a day;

Of plain sewing, more than five feet.

纈素之別，以及一匹與五丈之分，譯出均欠顯豁，故改為繡與織，一寸與五尺，

於原文意義頗有更張，而主旨則無出入。此變通之可取者。反之，如 Bynner (P. 4) 譯張繼楓橋夜泊詩，『江楓漁火對愁眠，』作

Under the shadows of maple-trees a fisherman moves with the torch.

一靜一動，與原詩意境迥異，雖或見仁見智，難為軒輊，而謂鹿為馬，終非轉譯所宜。二例之間，界限漸而非頓，然不得謂為無界限。得失寸心，疏漏與穿鑿固惟有付之譯人之感覺與判斷矣。

意義之變通有三，或相異，或省減，或增加。相異之例已如上舉。意義之省減，時亦不免，若不關宏旨，亦即不足為病。如 Bynner (p. 148) 譯杜詩『白頭搔更短，渾欲不勝簪，』作

I stroke my white hair. It has grown too thin
To hold the hairpins any more.

『更』字『欲』字皆未能傳出，而大體不謬。

不可省而省，則失之疏漏。如 Waley (*Temple*, p. 117) 譯焦仲卿妻詩，『今日還家去，念母勞家裏，』作

To-day I am going back to my father's home;
And this house I leave in Madam's hands.

『念』字『勞』字皆不可省而省者。又如 Bynner (p. 174) 譯杜荀鶴春宮怨，『承恩不在貌，教妾若為容？』作

To please a fastidious emperor,
How shall I array myself?

『不在貌』三字以一 fastidious 當之，全然未達。(若改為 capricious, 則庶幾近之。)又如所譯闕名雜詩『等是有家歸未得，杜鵑休向耳邊啼』(p. 3),

We are thinking of our kinsfolk, far away from us.

O cuckoo, why do you follow us, why do you call us home?

『等是』二字何等重要，豈容漏去？類比之例，不盡由於有意之變通，亦有識解不周，或為才力所限，遂至陷於淺薄疲弱，雖其情可原，其病不可不知。以詩體譯詩者，為湊韻脚與節拍，尤易觸犯此戒，前節已申論之矣。

增飾原詩之意義，亦有無傷大雅者。如 Giles (*Verse*, p. 96) 譯太白詩『白髮三千丈，絲愁似箇長』，作

My whitening hair would make a long long rope,

Yet could not fathom all my depth of woe.

比原來意義略進一步，而不足爲病。

過此則往往流於穿鑿。如 Giles (*Verse*, p. 53) 譯薛道衡詩『立春纔七日，離家已二年』作

A week in the spring to the exile appears

Like an absence from home of a couple of years.

卽犯“read in”之病，殆以爲二句不相連屬，未免平淡，遂爲『一日三秋』之解，不知此二句本平淡，故陳人有『底言』之誚，及『人歸落雁後，思發在花前』二句出，始知名下無虛耳（見隋唐嘉話）。

又如 Waley (*Poems*, p. 35) 譯古詩上山採蘼蕪：『新人從門入，故人從閣去』，作

My new wife comes in from the road to meet me;

My old wife always come down from her tower.

原詩祇狀其得新棄故耳，譯文乃言新人好遊樂，故人勳女紅。（或緣誤『去』爲『出』？）

更有甚於此者，如 Fletcher (*Gems*, p. 209) 譯賀知章題袁氏別業詩：『主人不相識，偶坐爲林泉。莫謾愁沽酒，囊中自有錢』，作

The Lord of All to us is all unknown.

And yet these Woods and Springs must Some One own.

Let us not murmur if our Wine we Buy:

In our own Purse have we Sufficiency.

卽事之詩，解爲論道，刻意求深，翻失真象。又 Giles 譯司空圖詩品 (*History*, P. 179-188)，全作道家玄語，與詩文了無關涉。如斯穿鑿，宜爲厲禁。

至如 Martin (P. 55) 之譯太白長干行，『郎騎竹馬來，繞床弄青梅』，作

You rode a bamboo horse,

And deemed yourself a knight,

With paper helm and shield

And wooden sword bedight.

則緣根本誤會詩中主體，以商人婦爲軍士妻，因而任意枝蔓，全無依據，無以

名之，荒謬而已。

七

中詩大率每句自爲段落，兩句連貫如『舊時王謝堂前燕，飛入尋常百姓家』者，其例已鮮。西詩則常一句連跨數行，有多至十數行者。譯中詩者嫌其呆板，亦往往用此手法，Bynner 書中最饒此例。如譯太白詩『但見淚痕溼，不知心恨誰』(p. 53)，作

You may see the tears now, bright on her cheek,
But not the man she so bitterly loves.

利用關係子句，便見連貫。又如譯王維九月九日憶山東兄弟 (p. 190)，『獨在異鄉爲異客，每逢佳節倍思親，遙知兄弟登高處，遍插茱萸少一人』作

All alone in a foreign land,
I am twice as homesick on this day
When brothers carry dogwood up the mountain,
Each of them a branch—and my branch missing.

雖四行與原詩四句分別相當，而原詩祇三四連貫，此則一氣呵成矣。

然此二例猶可在逐行之末小作停頓，若如所譯王維秋夜曲 (p. 191)，『桂魄初生秋露微，輕羅已薄未更衣』，作

Under the crescent moon a light autumn dew
Has chilled the robe she will not change.

卽不復有停頓之理。又如 Cranmer-Byng (*Feast of Lanterns*, p. 43) 譯王維送春辭，『相歡在樽酒，不用惜花飛』，作

Then fill the wine-cup of to-day and let
Night and the roses fall, while we forget.

停頓不在上行之末，而在下行之中，純用西詩節律，與中詩相去更遠矣。

此類譯作，雖音調不侔，其佳者亦至有情致。然若一味求連貫，有時卽不免流於牽強傅會。如 Bynner (p. 192) 譯王維歸嵩山作，『清川帶長薄；車馬去閒閒。流水如有意；暮禽相與還』作

The limpid river, past its rushes
Running slowly as my chariot,

Becomes a fellow voyager

Returning home with the evening birds.

即與原詩頗有出入。

至如譯李頎聽安萬善吹竽箏歌 (p. 51), 『……變調如聞楊柳春, 上林繁花照眼新。歲夜高堂列明燭, 美酒一杯聳一曲,』作

.....They are changing still again to Spring in the Willow-Trees.
Like Imperial Garden Flowers, brightening the eye with beauty
Are the high-hall candles we have lighted this cold night.....

『上林繁花』句顯然屬上, 今以屬下, 其為不妥, 無任何理由可為藉口也。

中詩尚駢偶, 不獨近體為然, 古體詩中亦時見偶句; 英詩則以散行為常, 對偶為罕見之例外。譯中詩者對於偶句之處理, 有時逐句轉譯, 形式上較為整齊, 有時融為一片, 改作散行。試以 Bynner 所譯為例: 如王維漢江臨眺 (p. 195) 『江流天地外, 山色有無中。郡邑浮前浦, 波瀾動遠空,』譯為

This river runs beyond heaven and earth,
Where the colour of mountains both is and is not.
The dwellings of men seem floating along
On ripples of the distant sky.

前一聯較為整齊, 後一聯便一氣呵成, 不分兩截 (意義之切合與否為另一問題)。

詩中偶句亦有上下相承, 本非並立者, 譯來自以連貫為宜。如韋應物淮上喜會梁川故人詩, 『浮雲一別後, 流水十年間,』 Bynner (p. 207) 譯為

Since we left one another, floating apart like clouds,
Ten years have run like water—till at last we join again.

自是順其自然, 非故事更張。

然亦有本甚整齊, 而有意破壞之, 以求得參差錯落之效者, 如 Bynner (p. 87) 譯李益夜上受降城聞笛詩: 『回樂峯前沙似雪, 受降城外月如霜,』作

The sand below the border-mountain lies like snow,
And the moon like frost beyond the city-wall.

甚可觀中西風尚之殊異。

與此相反, 有原詩散行, 譯者假一二相同之字以為綫索, 化散以為整者。

如王昌齡詩『秦時明月漢時關，萬里長征人未還』，Bynner (p. 181) 譯爲

The moon goes back to the time of Chin, the wall to the time of Han,

And the road our troops are travelling goes back three hundred (thousand?) miles.

王維詩『深林人不知，明月來相照』，Giles (*Verse*, p. 70) 譯爲

No ear to hear me, save my own;

No eye to see me, save the moon.

然類此之例，不數數觀。一般言之，中詩尚整，西詩尚散，譯詩者固未由自外也。

呂叔湘。 三十六年六月。

〔附記〕頃見 A. Waley 氏自選譯詩集 *Chinese Poems* (London, 1946)，輯其舊作，頗有是正。與此處所論有關者記之如次：

“妾不堪驅使”兩句已改爲 *It is not in my power to do the task I am set; There is no use in staying for the sake of staying*，甚佳。

“川守”與“令公”已分別改爲 *Governor* 與 *Duke of Chin*。

“謂言無罪過”已改爲 *Never in word or deed was I at fault*，仍誤。

“前言無咎過”已改爲 *And fully thought that nothing had gone amiss*。

“維端年十三”已改爲 *“Yung and Tuan are thirteen.”*

“新人工織綵”四句已改爲 *My new wife weaves fancy silks; my old wife was good at plain weaving. Of fancy silk one can weave a strip a day; Of plain weaving, more than fifty feet.*

“念母勞家裏”已改爲 *I am sorry to leave you burd:ned by household cares*，是。

三十七年一月補記。

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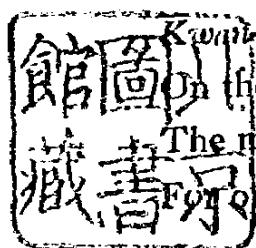
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悠 哉 悠 哉	輾 轉 反 側
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參 差 荇 菜	左 右 芼 之
窈 窕 淑 女	鐘 鼓 樂 之

ODE (kwan ts'eu)



Kwan-kwan go the ospreys,

On the islet in the river.

The modest, retiring, virtuous, young lady:—

For our prince a good mate she.

Here long, there short, is the duckweed,
 To the left, to the right, borne about by the current.
 The modest, retiring, virtuous, young lady:—
 Waking and sleeping, he sought her.

He sought her and found her not,
 And waking and sleeping he thought about her.
 Long he thought; oh! long and anxiously;
 On his side, on his back, he turned, and back again.

Here long, there short, is the duckweed;
 On the left, on the right, we gather it.
 The modest, retiring, virtuous, young lady:—
 With lutes, small and large, let us give her friendly welcome.

Here long, there short, is the duckweed;
 On the left, on the right, we cook and present it.
 The modest, retiring, virtuous young lady:—
 With bells and drums let us show our delight in her.

James Legge.

O D E

Hark! from the islet in the stream the voice
 Of the fish hawks that o'er their nest rejoice!
 From them our thoughts to that young lady go,
 Modest and virtuous, loth herself to show.
 Where could be found, to share our prince's state
 So fair, so virtuous, and so fit a mate?

See how the duckweed's stalks, or short or long,
 Sway left and right, as moves the current strong!
 So hard it was for him the maid to find!
 By day, by night, our prince with constant mind
 Sought for her long, but all his search was vain.
 Awake, asleep, he ever felt the pain
 Of longing thought, as when on restless bed,
 Tossing about, one turns his fevered head.

Here long, there short, afloat the duckweed lies;
But caught at last, we seize the longed-for prize.
The maiden modest, virtuous, coy, is found;
Strike every lute, and joyous welcome sound,
Ours now, the duckweed from the stream we bear,
And cook to use with other viands rare.
He has the maiden, modest, virtuous, bright;
Let bells and drums proclaim our great delight.

James Legge.

KING WEN'S EPITHALAMIUM

They sent me to gather the cresses, which lie
And sway on the stream, as it glances by,
That a fitting welcome we might provide
For our prince's modest and virtuous bride.

I heard, as I gathered the cress, from the ait
The mallard's endearing call to its mate;
And I said, as I heard it, "Oh may this prove
An omen of joy to our master's love!"

Long, long for his bride has the prince been yearning,
With such desire has his heart been burning,
That his thoughts by day and his dreams by night
Have had but her as his sole delight.

But a doubt tormented his anxious brain,
And sleep was banished by aching pain,
As tossing in fear and distress he lay
Till the long night watches had passed away.

And how he has won her, this lady fair,
With her modest mind and her gracious air.
Let our lutes and our music and feasting show
The love we to her and our master owe.

C.F.R.Allen.

SONG

'Fair, fair,' cry the ospreys
On the island in the river.
Lovely is this noble lady,
Fit bride for our lord.

In patches grows the water mallow;
To left and right one must seek it.
Shy was this noble lady;
Day and night he sought her.

Sought her and could not get her;
Day and night he grieved.
Long thoughts, oh, long unhappy thoughts,
Now on his back, now tossing on to his side.

In patches grows the water mallow;
To left and right one must gather it.
Shy is this noble lady;
With great zithern and little we hearten her.

In patches grows the water mallow;
To left and right one must choose it.
Shy is this noble lady;
With gongs and drums we will gladden her.

Arthur Waley.

THE PURE-HEARTED GIRL

On the river-island—
The ospreys are echoing us
Where is the pure-hearted girl
To be our princess?

Long lotus, short lotus,
Leaning with the current,
Turns like our prince in his quest
For the pure-hearted girl.

He has sought and not found her.
Awake, he has thought of her,
Asleep, he has dreamed of her,
Dreamed and tossed in his sleep.

Long lotus, short lotus,
Pluck it to left and to right,
And make ready with lutes and with harps
For the pure-hearted girl.

Long lotus, short lotus,
Cook it for a welcome,
And be ready with bells and with drums
For the pure-hearted girl.

Witter Bynner.

標 有 梅

標 有 梅 其實七分

求我庶士 迨其吉兮

標 有 梅 其實三分

求我庶士 迨其今兮

標 有 梅 頃筐墜之

求我庶士 迨其謂之

O D E (*P'eaou yew mei*)

Dropping are the fruits from the plum-tree;
 There are [but] seven [tenths] of them left!
 For the gentlemen who seek me,
 This is the fortunate time!

Dropping are the fruits from the plum-tree;
 There are [but] three [tenths] of them left!
 For the gentlemen who seek me,
 Now is the time.

Dropt are the fruits from the plum-tree;
 In my shallow basket I have collected them.
 Would the gentlemen who seek me
 [Only] speak about it!

James Legge.

O D E

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;
Only seven tenths left there now!
Ye whose hearts on me are set,
Now the time is fortunate!

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;
Only three tenths left there now!
Ye who wish my love to gain,
Will not now apply in vain!

No more plums upon the bough!
All are in my basket now!
Ye who me with ardor seek,
Need the word but freely speak!

James Legge.

"WHY DON'T THE MEN PROPOSE?"

The plums are ripening quickly;
Nay, some are falling too;
'Tis surely time for suitors
To come to me and woo.

See more and more are falling
From off the parent tree.
Why don't the men come forward
To win a maid like me?

At length upon the plum-tree
No fruit can be espied,
Yet no one comes to court me,
Or bid me be his bride..

C.F.R. Allen.

DESPERATE

The ripe plums are falling,—
 One-third of them gone;
 To my lovers I am calling,
 "'Tis time to come on!"

The ripe plums are dropping,—
 Two-thirds are away;
 "'Tis time to be popping!"
 To my lovers I say.

Down has dropt every plum;
 In baskets they lie.
 What, will no lover come?
 "Now or never!" say I.

Herbert A. Giles.

SONG

Plop fall the plums; but there are still seven.
 Let those gentlemen that would court me
 Come while it is lucky!

Plop fall the plums; there are still three.
 Let any gentleman that would court me
 Come before it is too late!

Plop fall the plums; in shallow baskets we lay them.
 Any gentleman who would court me
 Had better speak while there is time.

Arthur Waley.

氓

絲謀丘媒期
 關漣言言溼
 若甚耽也也
 隕貧裳行德
 矣矣矣矣矣
 怨泮晏反哉
 質我頓良為
 復漣載咎賄
 沃桑士說說
 而食雉其其
 勞朝暴笑悼
 我有晏其焉
 抱來至子秋
 以泣載禮以
 其無無猶不
 其三漸士二
 靡靡至唾躬
 老隰言不亦
 布即於無以
 望涕笑無我
 葉食與可
 黃歲車貳三
 室有于其自
 使則笑思已

蚩絲淇期怒
 垣關關策來
 落兮兮兮兮
 矣爾湯爽極
 婦寐矣知之
 老岸宴且思
 蚩賀涉愆無
 境復復爾車
 未鳩女耽耽
 落徂湯不罔
 為夜遂不思
 偕有之且不
 之來子我子
 彼見見卜爾
 之嗟嗟之之
 之我水也也
 歲與既弟言
 爾則角誓是
 氓匪送匪將
 乘不既爾以
 桑于于士女
 桑自淇女士
 三夙言兄靜
 及淇總信反

O D E (Mang)

A simple-looking lad you were,
 Carrying cloth to exchange it for silk.
 [But] you came not so to purchase silk;—
 You came to make proposals to me.
 I convoyed you through the K'e,
 As far as Tun-k'ew.
 'It is not I,' [I said], 'who would protract the time;
 But you have had no good go-between.
 I pray you be not angry,
 And let autumn be the time.'

I ascended that ruinous wall,
 To look towards Fuh-kwan;
 And when I saw [you] not [coming from] it;
 My tears flowed in streams.
 When I did see [you coming from] Fuh-kwan,
 I laughed and I spoke.
 You had consulted, [you said], the tortoise-shell and the reeds,
 And there was nothing unfavourable in their response.
 'Then come,' [I said], 'with your carriage,
 And I will remove with my goods.'

Before the mulberry tree has shed its leaves,
 How rich and glossy are they!
 Ah! thou dove,
 Eat not its fruit [to excess].
 Ah! thou young lady,
 Seek no licentious pleasure with a gentleman.
 When a gentlemen indulges in such pleasure,
 Something may still be said for him;
 When a lady does so,
 Nothing can be said for her.

When the mulberry tree sheds its leaves,
They fall yellow on the ground.
Since I went with you,
Three years have I eaten of my poverty;
And (now) the full waters of the K'e
Wet the curtains of my carriage.
There has been no difference in me,
But you have been double in your ways.
It is you, Sir, who transgress the right,
Thus changeable in your conduct.

For three years I was your wife,
And thought nothing of my toil in your house.
I rose early and went to sleep late,
Not intermitting my labours for a morning.
Thus (on my part) our contract was fulfilled,
But you have behaved thus cruelly.
My brothers will not know (all this),
And will only laugh at me.
Silently I think of it,
And bemoan myself.

I was to grow old with you;—
O'd, you give me cause for sad repining.
The K'e has its banks,
And the marsh has its shores.
In the pleasant time of my girlhood, with my hair simply
gathered in a knot,
Harmoniously we talked and laughed.
Clearly were we sworn to good faith,
And I did not think the engagement would be broken.
That it would be broken I did not think,
And now it must be all over!

James Legge.

O D E

A simple-looking lad you seemed,
 When first you met my eye,
 By most a traveling merchant deemed,
 Raw silk for cloth to buy.
 But your true aim was to propose
 That I should go with you;
 And through the Ch'i I went quite free,
 Until we reached Tun-ch'iu.
 'Twas then I said, "It is not I,
 Who would the time delay;
 Your go-between I have not seen,
 I must not run away.
 I pray, sir, do not angry be;
 In autumn be the day."

When autumn came, then climbed I oft
 That ruined wall, and gazed
 Towards Fu-kuan, my heart all soft,
 With expectation raised.
 When you came not, my hapless lot
 With streams of tears I mourned.
 At last your longed-for form I saw,
 And tears to smiles were turned.
 With words I strove to tell my love,
 While you averment made
 That shell and reeds good answer gave.
 "No more delay," I said,
 "Your carriage bring; I'll go at once,
 My goods all in it laid."

When on the mulberry tree the leaves
 All hang in glossy state,
 The sight is fair. O dove, beware;
 Its fruits intoxicate.
 Ah! thou, young maiden, too wilt find
 Cause for repentance deep,

If, by a lover's arts seduced,
Thyself thou fail to keep.
A gentleman who hastes to prove
The joys of lawless love,
For what is done may still atone;
To thee they'll fatal prove.
Thou'it try in vain excuse to feign,
Lost like the foolish dove.

When sheds its leaves the mulberry tree,
All yellow on the ground,
And sear they lie, such fate have I
Through my rash conduct found.
Three years with you in poverty
And struggles hard I've passed;
And now with carriage curtains wet,
Through flooded Ch'i I haste.
I always was the same, but you
A double mind have shown.
'Tis you, sir, base, the right transgress;
Your conduct I have known,
Aye changing with your moods of mind,
And reckless of my moan.

Three years of life I was your wife,
And labored in your house;
I early rose, late sought repose,
And so fulfilled my vows.
I never did, one morning's space,
My willing work suspend,
But me thus cruelly you treat,
And from your dwelling send.
All this my brothers will not own,
At me they'll only jeer,
And say I reap as I have sown;
Reply they will not hear.

In heart I groan, and sad bemoan
 My fate with many a tear

Together were we to grow old;—
 Old now, you make me pine.
 The Ch'i aye flows within its banks,
 Its shores the lake confine.
 But you know neither bank nor shore,
 Your passions ne'er denied.
 Back to my happy girlhood's time,
 With hair in knot still tied,
 I wildly go; I'll never know
 Its smiles and chat again.
 To me you clearly swore the faith,
 Which now to break you're fain.
 Could I foresee so false you'd be?
 And now regret is vain.

James Legge.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN STOOPS TO FOLLY

A simple and innocent youth you seemed
 To my unsuspecting eye;
 Your only wish was to sell your cloth,
 Or our new spun silk to buy.

But thoughts of the barter of cloth or silk
 Had but little place in your mind.
 To win me and bear me away with you
 Was the purpose which you designed.

As I walked with you part of your homeward road,
 "I will not be coy," I cried.
 "In the autumn, when rites have been duly done,
 I promise to be your bride,"

When the autumn came, how I watched for you;
And my tears would fall like the rain,
As I watched from the old city walls, but found
That my watching was all in vain.

At last you came, and I laughed with joy,
The omens you said were fair.
So I weakly yielded and fled with you
Your house and your lot to share.

In summer the leaves of the mulberry tree
Are glossy and bright to view.
They hide sweet fruit, but the dove that eats
Has bitterly cause to rue.

And the maiden's love for the youth is sweet,
Though the sweetness will pass away;
And a bitter end is reserved in store
For the maiden who goes astray.

A man by his gallant or useful deeds
His folly may expiate.
But how can a woman, who sins, atone?
As I find to my cost, too late.

For now the leaves lie yellow and sere
Beneath the mulberry tree.
Three wretched years have passed since we crossed
The flooded ferts of the Ch'i.

For many a day I was faithful and fond,
I shared all his toil and pain.
But his thoughts are fickle, his heart is false,
And he drives me back home again.

I weep when I think how I slaved for him
To midnight from early morn.
My reward is to suffer my brothers' wrath,
Their reproaches and angry scorn.

The years bring trouble, old age and change,
 And what can we hope for more?
 Though the marsh pools gleamed where they gleamed of old,
 And the river flows as of yore.

I was but a girl, with my hair unbound,
 When you plighted to me your troth.
 We chatted together, we talked and laughed,
 But now you forget your oath.

We would live together till both grew old,
 And nothing our lives should sever.
 Oh, I little dreamed you would prove untrue,
 And cast me aside for ever.

C.F.R. Allen.

TO A MAN

You seemed a guileless youth enough,
 Offering for silk your woven stuff;
 But silk was not required by you:
 I was the silk you had in view.
 With you I crossed the ford, and while
 We wandered on for many a mile
 I said, "I do not wish delay,
 But friends must fix our wedding-day.....
 Oh, do not let my words give pain,
 But with the autumn come again."

And then I used to watch and wait
 To see you passing through the gate;
 And sometimes when I watched in vain,
 My tears would flow like falling rain;
 But when I saw my darling boy,
 I laughed and cried for joy.

The fortune-tellers, you declared,
Had all pronounced us duly paired;
"Then bring a carriage," I replied,
"And I'll away to be your bride."

The mulberry-leaf, not yet undone
By autumn chill, shines in the sun.
O tender dove, I would advice,
Beware the fruit that tempts thy eyes!
O maiden fair, not yet a spouse,
List lightly hot to lovers' vows!
A man may do this wrong, and time
Will fling its shadow o'er his crime;
A woman who has lost name
Is doomed to everlasting shame.

The mulberry-tree upon the ground
Now sheds its yellow leaves around,
Three years have slipped away from me,
Since first I shared your poverty;
And now again, alas the day!
Back through the ford I take my way.
My heart is still unchanged, but you
Have uttered words now proved untrue;
And you have left me to deplore
A love that can be mine no more.

For three long years I was your wife,
And led in truth a toilsome life;
Early to rise and late to bed,
Each day alike passed o'er my head.
I honestly fulfilled my part;
And you,—well, you have broke my heart.
The truth my brothers will not know,
So all the more their gibes will flow.
I grieve in silence and repine
That such a wretched fate is mine.

Ah, hand in hand to face old age!—
 Instead, I turn a bitter page.
 Oh for the river-banks of yore;
 Oh for the much-loved marshy shore;
 The hours of girlhood, with my hair
 Ungathered, as we lingered there.
 The words we spoke, that seemed so true,
 I little thought that I should rue;
 You little thought the vows we swore,
 What should I say any more?

Herbert A. Giles.

THE DESERTED WIFE

You came—a simple lad
 In dark blue cotton clad;
 To barter serge for silken wear;
 But not for silk you dallied there.
 Ah! was it not for me
 Who led you through the K'e.
 Who guided you
 To far Tun-k'ew?
 "It is not I who would put off the day;
 But you have none your cause to plead,"
 I said,—“O love, take heed,
 When the leaves fall do with me what you may.”

I saw the red leaves fall,
 And climbed the ruined wall,
 Towards the city of Fuh-kwan
 I did the dim horizon scan.
 “He cometh not,” I said,
 And burning tears were shed:
 You came—I smiled,
 Love-reconciled,

You said, "By taper reed and tortoise-shell,
I have divined, and all, O love, is well."
"Then haste the car," I cried,
"Gather my goods and take me to thy side."

Before the mulberry tree
With leaves hath strewn the lea,
How glossy-green are they! how rare!
Ah! thou young thoughtless dove beware!
Avoid the dark fruit rife
With sorrow to thy life.
And thou, whose fence
Is innocence,
Seek no sweet pleasuring with any youth!
For when a man hath sinned, but little shame
Is fastened to his name,
Yet erring woman wears the garb of ruth,

When the lone mulberry tree
With leaves bestrews the lea,
They yellow slowly, slowly down
From green to gold, from gold to brown.
Three sombre years ago
I fled with you, and lo,
The floods of K'e
Now silently
Creep to the crutains of my little car.
Through cloud and gloom I was your constant star;
Now you have gone from sight,
And love's white star roams aimless through the night.

For three long years your wife,
Toil was my part in life,
Early from sleep I rose and went
About my labour, calm, content;
Nor any morn serene
Lightened the dull routine.

Farly and late,
 I was your mate,
 Bearing the burdens that were yours to share.
 Fain of the little love that was my lot,
 Ah, kinsmen, scorn me not!
 How should ye know when silence chills despair?

Old we should grow in accord,
 Old—and grief is my lord,
 Between her banks the K'e doth steer,
 And pine-woods ring the lonely mere.
 In pleasant times I bound
 My dark hair to the sound
 Of whispered vows
 'Neath lilac boughs,
 And little recked o'er broken faith to weep.
 Now the grey shadows o'er the marshland creep:
 The willows stir and fret:
 Low in the west the dull dun sun hath set.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

SONG

The K'e still ripples to its banks,
 The moorfowl cry.
 My hair was gathered in a knot,
 And you came by.

Selling of silk you were, a lad
 Not of our kin;
 You passed at sunset on the road
 From far-off Ts'in.

The frogs were croaking in the dusk;
 The grass was wet.
 We talked together, and I laughed:
 I hear it yet.

I thought that I would be your wife;
I had your word.
And so I took the road with you,
And crossed the ford.

I do not know when first it was
Your eyes looked cold.
But all this was three years ago,
And I am old.

Helen Waddell.

SONG

We thought you were a simple peasant
Bringing cloth to exchange for thread.
But you had not come to buy thread;
You had come to arrange about me.
You were escorted across the Ch'i
As far as Beacon Hill.
'It is not I who want to put it off;
But you have no proper match-maker.
Please do not be angry;
Let us fix on autumn as the time.'

I climbed that high wall
To catch a glimpse of Fu-kuan,
And when I could not see Fu-kuan,
My tears fell flood on flood.
At last I caught sight of Fu-kuan,
And how gaily I laughed and talked!
You consulted your yarrow-stalks
And their patterns showed nothing unlucky.
You came with your cart
And moved me and my dowry.

Before the mulberry-tree sheds its leaves,
 How soft and glossy they are!
 O dove, turtle-dove,
 Do not eat the mulberries!¹
 O ladies, ladies,
 Do not take your pleasure with men.
 For a man to take his pleasure
 Is a thing that may be condoned.
 That a girl should take her pleasure
 Cannot be condoned.

The mulberry leaves have fallen
 All yellow and seared.
 Since I came to you,
 Three years I have eaten poverty.
 The waters of the Ch'i were in flood;
 They wetted the curtains of the carriage.²
 It was not I who was at fault;
 It is you who have altered your ways,
 It is you who are unfaithful,
 Whose favours are cast this way and that.

Three years I was your wife.
 I never neglected my work.
 I rose early and went to bed late;
 Never did I idle.
 First you took to finding fault with me,
 Then you became rough with me.
 My brothers disowned me;
 'Ho, ho,' they laughed.
 And when I think calmly over it,
 I see that it was I who brought all this upon myself.

I swore to grow old along with you;
 I am old, and have got nothing from you but trouble.

¹ Which are supposed to make doves drunk.

² Which was a good omen.

The Ch'i has its banks,
The swamp has its siâes;
With hair looped and ribboned³
How gaily you talked and laughed,
And how solemnly you swore to be true,
So that I never thought there could be a change;
No, of a change I never thought;
And that *this* should be the end!

Arthur Waley.

³ While still an uncapped youth.

君 子 于 役

君子于役 不知其期 曷至哉
 雞棲于埘 日之夕矣 羊牛下來
 君子于役 如之何勿思

君子于役 不日不月 曷其有佸
 雞棲于桀 日之夕矣 羊牛下括
 君子于役 苟無飢渴

O D E (*Keun-tsze yu yih*)

My husband is away on service,
 And I know not when he will return.
 Where is he now?
 The fowls roost in their holes in the walls;
 And in the evening of the day,
 The goats and cows come down [from the hill];
 But my husband is away on service.
 How can I but keep thinking of him?

My husband is away on service,
 Not for days [merely] or for months.
 When will he come back to me?
 The fowls roost on their perches;
 And in the evening of the day,
 The goats and cows come down and home;
 But my husband is away on service.
 Oh if he be but kept from hunger and thirst!

James Legge.

ODE (scoticá)

The gudeman's awa, for to fecht wi' the stranger,
 An' when he'll be back, oh! my hert canna tell.
 The hens gae to reist, an' the beests to their manger,
 As hameward they wend frae their park on the hill.
 But hoo can I, thus left alane,
 Help thinkg o' my man that's gane?

The gudeman's awa, for to fecht wi' the stranger,
 An' lang will it be ere he see his fireside.
 The hens gae to reist, an' the beests to their manger,
 As the slantin' sunbeams throu the forest trees glide,
 Heaven kens the lanesome things I think.
 Heaven sen' my man his meat an' drink!

James Legge.

"OUR GOOD MAN'S AWA'."

To serve the state my husband goes away.
 With anxious thoughts my faithful heart must burn,
 Because long months or years he may delay.
 Where is he now? ah, when will he return?

'Tis night-time; at the setting of the sun
 I see the fowls to perch and roost retire.
 The goats and cows, their grazing being done,
 Descend the hill to couch within the byre.

Even the beasts a couching place have found,
 Even the birds have roosts whereon to rest.
 Ah, may my lord be sleeping safe and sound,
 With cruel thirst and hunger undistrest.

C.E.R. Allen.

SONG

My lord is gone away to serve the King.
 The pigeons homing at the set of sun
 Are side by side upon the courtyard wall,
 And far away I hear the herdsman call
 The goats upon the hill when day is done.
 But I, I know not when he will come home.
 I live the days alone.

My lord is gone away to serve the King.
 I hear a pigeon stirring in the nest,
 And in the field a pheasant crying late.
 —She has not far to go to find her mate.
 There is a hunger will not let me rest.
 The days have grown to months and months to years.
 And I have no more tears.

Helen Waddell.

SONG

My lord is on service;
 He did not know for how long.
 Oh, when will he come?
 The fowls are roosting in their holes,
 Another day is ending,
 The sheep and cows are coming down.
 My lord is on service;
 How can I not be sad?
 My lord is on service;
 Not a matter of days, nor months.
 Oh, when will he be here again?
 The fowls are roosting on their perches,

Another day is ending,
The sheep and cows have all come down.
My lord is on service;
Were I but sure that he gets drink and food!

Arthur Waley.

THE WIFE

My husband is far, far away
At the wars.
I know not when he'll come back to me,
Nor where he may be this day.

'Tis sunset,
The fowls roost in the holes in the wall,
The sheep and cattle come in from the field;
But my husband is far, far away
At the wars.
Can my thoughts be of anything
Save of him?

My husband is far, far away
At the wars.
The days and months seem
Without end.

The fowls nestle sleepily on their high roosts.
The cattle and sheep are safe in their barns;
But my husband is far, far away
At the wars.
Heaven keep from him
Hunger and thirst!

Henry H. Hart.

女 曰 鷄 鳴

女 曰 雞 鳴	士 曰 昧 旦
子 興 視 夜	明 星 有 爛
將 鎡 將 翔	弋 鳧 與 雁
弋 言 加 之	與 子 宜 之
宜 言 飲 酒	與 子 偕 老
琴 瑟 在 御	莫 不 靜 好
知 子 之 來 之	雜 佩 以 贈 之
知 子 之 順 之	雜 佩 以 問 之
知 子 之 好 之	雜 佩 以 報 之

O D E (Neu yueh ke ming)

Says the wife, 'It is cock-crow;'
 Says the husband, 'It is grey dawn.'
 'Rise, Sir, and look at the night,—
 If the morning star be not shining.
 Bestir yourself, and move about,
 To shoot the wild ducks and geese.

'When your arrows and line have found them,
 I will dress them fitly for you.
 When they are dressed, we will drink [together over them],
 And I will hope to grow old with you.
 Your lute in my hands
 Will emit its quiet pleasant tones.

'When I know those whose acquaintance you wish,
 I will give them of the ornaments of my girdle.
 When I know those with whom you are cordial,
 I will send to them of the ornaments of my girdle.

When I knew those whom you love,
I will repay their friendship from the ornaments of my girdle.'

James Legge.

ODE (Scoticé)

Says oor gudewife, "The cock is crawin'."
Quoth oor gudeman, "The day is dawin'."
"Get up, gudeman, an' tak a spy;
See gin the mornin' star be high,
Syne tak a saunter roon' aboot;
There's rowth o' dyukes and geese to shoot.

"Lat flee, and bring them hame to me,
An' sic a dish as ye sall pree.
In comin'times as ower the strings
Your noddin' heed in rapture hings,
Supreme ower care, nor fasht wi' fears,
We'll baith grow auld in worth and years.

"An' when we meet the friends ye like,
I'll gie to each some little fyke;—
The lasses beads, trocks to their brithers,
An' auld-world fairlies to their mithers.
Some knickknack lovin' hands will fin'
To show the love that dwalls within."

James Legge.

THE FOWLER AND HIS WIFE

"Hark!" saith the good wife; "hark! the cock doth crow."—

"Nay," saith the goodman; "nay, as yet 'tis night."—

"No, sir; arise, 'tis time for you to go;

The morning star is shining clear and bright.

Bearing your bow and arrows, take your way,

Where you the wild geese and the ducks may slay."

“Your quarry shot and pouched, then homeward fare,
 And I will dress the game with care and skill.
 All your old friends shall come the feast to share,
 For them and you the goblets I will fill.
 And ready to your hand your lute I'll lay,
 And surely thus will pass a pleasant day.”

“My husband's friends are not his friends alone,
 But by his wife is their affection felt.
 Thy comrades dear I'll cherish as my own;
 To them I'll give the jewels of my belt.
 That these may form a gift, wherewith I may
 Their cordial kindness and their love repay.”

C.F.R.Allen.

SONG

The lady says: 'The cock has crowed';
 The knight says; 'Day has not dawned,'
 'Rise, then, and look at the night;
 The morning star is shining.
 You must be out and abroad,
 Must shoot the wild-duck and wild-geese.

When you have shot them, you must bring them home
 And I will dress them for you,
 And when I have dressed them we will drink wine
 And I will be yours till we are old.
 I will set your zitherns before you;
 All shall be peaceful and good.

Did I but know those who come to you,
 I have girdle-stones of many sorts to give them;
 Did I but know those that have followed you,
 I have girdle-stones of many sorts as presents for them.
 Did I know those that love you,
 I have girdle-stones of many sorts to requite them.

Arthur Waley.

鷄 鳴

雞 既 鳴 矣	朝 既 盈 矣
匪 雞 則 鳴	蒼 蠅 之 聲
東 方 明 矣	朝 既 昌 矣
匪 東 方 則 明	月 出 之 光
蟲 飛 薨 薨	甘 與 子 同 夢
會 且 歸 矣	無 庶 予 子 憎

O D E (*ke ming*)

'The cock has crowed;
The court is full.'
But it was not the cock that was crowing;—
It was the sound of the blue flies.

'The east is bright;
The court is crowded.'
But it was not the east that was bright;—
It was the light of the moon coming forth.

'The insects are flying in buzzing crowds;
It would be sweet to lie by you and dream,
But the assembled officers will be going home.—
Let them not hate both me and you.'

James Legge.

O D E

His lady to the marquis says,
 "The cock has crowed; 'tis late.
Get up, my lord, and haste to court.
 'Tis full; for you they wait,"
She did not hear the cock's shrill sound,
Only the blue flies buzzing round.

Again she wakes him with the words,
 "The east, my lord, is bright.
 A crowded court your presence seeks;
 Get up, and hail the light,"
 'Twas not the dawning light which shone,
 But that which by the moon was thrown.

He sleeping still, once more she says,
 "The flies are buzzing loud,
 To lie and dream here by your side
 Were pleasant, but the crowd
 Of officers will soon retire;
 Draw not on you and me their ire!"

James Legge.

A WIFE'S DUTIES

Wife.—

"Do you hear that sound? 'Tis the cock a crowing.
 Do you see the light? 'Tis the dawn a glowing.
 In the Audience Hall Ministers of State
 Flock in crowds to greet you. Do not make them wait."

Husband.—

"Nay 'tis not the cock; 'tis the night flies humming.
 Nay 'tis not the dawn, nor the morning coming.
 Day is not at hand. This is but the light
 Of the morning star shining clear and bright."

Wife.—

"Though it would be sweet at your side to lie,
 Dreaming pleasant dreams till the sun was high;
 If they only find a bare and vacant hall,
 They will go. On us will their anger fall."

C.F.R. Allen.

SONG

The lady:

The cock has crowed;
It is full daylight.

The lover:

It was not the cock that crowed,
It was he buzzing of those green flies.

The lady:

The eastern sky glows;
It is broad daylight.

The lover:

That is not the glow of dawn,
But the rising moon's light.
The gnats fly drowsily;
It would be sweet to share a dream with you.

The Lady:

Quick! Go home!
Lest I have cause to hate you!

Arthur Waley.

車 攻

我	車	既	攻	我	馬	既	同
四	牡	龐	龐	駕	言	徂	東
田	車	既	好	四	牡	孔	阜
東	有	甫	草	駕	言	行	狩
之	子	于	苗	選	徒	囂	囂
建	旂	設	旄	搏	獸	于	敖
駕	彼	四	牡	四	牡	奔	奔
赤	芾	金	鳥	會	同	有	繹
決	拾	既	攸	弓	矢	既	調
射	夫	既	同	助	我	舉	柴
四	黃	既	駕	兩	驂	不	猗
不	失	其	馳	舍	矢	如	破
蕭	蕭	馬	鳴	悠	悠	旒	旒
徒	御	不	驚	大	庖	不	盈
之	子	于	征	有	聞	無	聲
允	矣	君	子	展	也	大	成

O D E (Cheu kung)

Our chariots were strong,
 Our horses were well-matched;
 And with four steeds [for each], sleek and large,
 We yoked and proceeded to the east.

Our hunting carriages were good,
 And their four steeds in fine condition.
 Eastwards were the grassy plains of Foo;—
 We yoked and went there to hunt.

Of the officers in charge of the hunt,
The voices resounded as they told off the men.
They set up the banners, with ox-tails displayed,
And we proceeded to pursue the chase in Gaou.

With their four-horsed chariots [they came],
Forming a long train,
In their red knee-covers and gold-adorned slippers,
Like the crowd of an occasional or a general audience.

The bowstring thimbles and armlets were fitted on;
The bows and arrows were adjusted to one another;
The archers acted in unison,
Helping us to rear a pile of game.

Of the four yellow horses of each chariot,
The two outsiders inclined not to either side.
No error in driving was committed,
And the arrows went forth like downright blows.

As if at their ease, the horses neighed,
Long and slow moved the line of pennons and banners;
The footmen and charioteers created no alarms;
The great kitchen did not claim its full complement.

So did the officers conduct this expedition,
Without any clamour in the noise of it.
Truly a princely man is [the king];
Great indeed are his achievements!

James Legge.

O D E

Our chariots were well built and firm,
Well matched our steeds, and fleet and strong.
Four, sleek and large, each chariot drew,
And eastward thus we drove along.

Our hunting cars were light and good,
Each with its team of noble steeds.
Still further east we took the way
To Fu mere's grassy plains that leads.

Loud-voiced, the masters of the chase
Arranged the huntsmen, high and low.
While banners streamed, and oxtails flew,
We sought the prey on distant Gaou.

Each with full team, the princes came.
A lengthened train in bright array.
In gold-wrought slippers, kneecaps red,
They looked as on an audience day.

Each right thumb wore the metal guard;
On the left arm its shield was bound.
In unison the arrows flew;
The game lay piled upon the ground.

The leaders of the tawny teams
Sped on their course, direct and true.
The drivers perfect skill displayed;
Like blow well aimed each arrow flew.

Neighing and pleased, the steeds returned;
The bannered lines back slowly came.
No jostling rude disgraced the crowd;
The king declined large share of game.

So did this famous hunt proceed!
So free it was from clamorous sound!
Well does our king become his place,
And high the deeds his reign have crowned!

James Legge.

THE GRAND HUNTING

Strong were our cars; each horse was sleek,
 Though stout and hardy was his frame.
The eastern grassy plains we seek,
 Where we may find and kill the game.

Dressed as for audience at the Court,
 With knee-caps and gold slippers fine,
The princes come to join the sport.
 Their chariots form a lenthly line.

The leaders who conduct the hunt
 Tell off their men with noise and shout.
The flags and yak-tails stream in front,
 As to the chase we sally out.

The archers fit their armlets on,
 And make their bows and arrows sure;
For they must shoot in unison,
 If piles of game they would secure.

Straight and direct each chariot goes,—
 Let not your horses swerve or shy—
As fall the axe or hammer blows,
 Straight and direct your shafts must fly.

The horses neigh, the line moves slow.
 We leave unroused no single lair,
Else would the royal kitchen show
 Itself devoid of game, and bare.

Thus did our expedition fare.
 Successful, famous, and complete.
Such were the lords who came to share
 The praise and glory of the feat,

C.F.R. Allen.

SONG

Our chariots are strong,
 Our horses well matched.
 Team of stallions husty
 We yoke and go to the east.

Our hunting chariots are splendid,
 Our teams very sturdy.
 In the east are wide grasslands;
 We yoke, and a-hunting we go.

My lord follows the chase
 With picked footmen so noisy,
 Sets up his banners, his standards,
 Far afield he hunts in Ao.

We yoke those four steeds,
 The four steeds so big.
 Red greaves, gilded slippers—
 The meet has great glamour.

Thimbles and armlets are fitted,
 Bows and arrows all adjusted,
 The bowmen assembled
 Help us to fire the brushwood.

A team of bays we drive;
 The two helpers do not get crossways,
 Faultlessly are they driven.
 While our arrows shower like chaff.

Subdued, the horses whinny;
 Gently the banners wave.
 'If footmen and riders are not orderly
 The great kitchen will not be filled.

My lord on his journeys
 Without clamour wins fame.
 Truly, a gentleman he;
 In very truth, a great achievement.

Arthur Waley.

楚辭 The Elegies of Ch'u

國 殤

操吳戈兮被犀甲	車錯殺兮短兵接
旌蔽日兮敵若雲	矢交墜兮士爭先
凌余陣兮躐余行	左騶驄兮右刃傷
鐘兩輪兮繫四馬	援玉枹兮擊鳴鼓
天時憊兮威靈怒	嚴殺盡兮棄原壘
出不入兮往不返	平原忽兮路超遠
帶長劍兮挾秦弓	首身離兮心不懲
誠既勇兮又以武	終剛強兮不可凌
身既死兮神以靈	子魂魄兮爲鬼雄

THE BATTLE

We take our trusty spears in hand,
 We don our coats of mail;
 When chariot-wheels are interlocked,
 With daggers we assail.
 Standards obscure the light of day,
 Like rushing clouds their brunt;
 Arrows on both sides fall around;
 All struggle to the front.
 Our line at last is broken through,
 Beneath the foeman's heels;
 My own near horse is killed outright,
 The off horse wounded reels,
 The team becomes a useless mass,
 Entangled in the wheels.

With stick of jade I strike the drum,
 And beat to hurry on,
 For though by God's decree I fell,
 My ardor was not gone.
 Our best men were all done to death,
 Their corpses strewed the plain;
 They went out but did not come in,
 Not to return again,
 And now upon the battle-field,
 Far from their homes they lie,
 Their long swords still within their grasp,
 And their stout bows near by.
 A head is here, a body there,
 And yet they never quailed,
 Being so brave and soldiers too,
 Nor in their duty failed.
 But now, though lifeless clay, their souls,
 Are with the heavenly hosts,
 To lead once more an army corps
 Of disembodied ghosts.

Herbert A. Giles.

BATTLE

"We grasp our battle-spears: we don our breast-plates of hide.
 The axles of our chariots touch: our short swords meet.
 Standards obscure the sun: the foe roll up like clouds.
 Arrows fall thick: the warriors press forward.
 They menace our ranks: they break our line.
 The left-hand trace-horse is dead: the one on the right is smitten.
 The fallen horses block our wheels: they impede the yoke-horses!"
 They grasp their jade drum-sticks: they beat the sounding drums.
 Heaven decrees their fall: the dread Powers are angry.

The warriors are all dead: they lie on the moor-field.
They issued but shall not enter: they went but shall not return.
The plains are flat and wide: the way home is long.
Their swords lie beside them: their black bows, in their hand.
Though their limbs were torn, their hearts could not be repressed.
They were more than brave: they were inspired with the spirit of "Wu."
Steadfast to the end, they could not be daunted.
Their bodies were stricken, but their souls have taken Immortality—
Captains among the ghosts, heroes among the dead.

Arthur Waley.

FOR THOSE FALLEN FOR THEIR COUNTRY

We grasp long spears, clad in rhinoceros' hide,
Our chariots clash, the daggers gashing wide;
Flags shade the sun, like lowering clouds the foe,
While arrows fall our warriors forward go;
They pierce our line, our ranks are overborne,
My left-hand horse is slain, its fellow torn;
My wheels are locked and fast my steels become,
I raise jade rods and beat the sounding drum.
The Heaven grows wrath, the Gods our fall ordain,
And cruelly we perish on the plain;
Our men came forth but never shall return,
Through weary plain stretches the way eterne;
We clasp long swords with black bows grimly set,
Though cleft the skull the heart knows no regret;
Warlike indeed, so resolute and proud,
Undaunted still and by no peril cowed,
Our spirits deathless, though our bodies slain,
Proudly as kings among the ghosts shall reign.

Gladys M. Taylor & H.Y. Yang.

闕 名 Anonymous

古 詩 十 九 首

其 二

青 青 河 畔 草	鬱 鬱 園 中 柳
盈 盈 樓 上 女	皎 皎 當 窗 牖
嬋 嬋 紅 粉 裝	織 織 出 素 手
昔 爲 倡 家 女	今 爲 蕩 子 婦
蕩 子 行 不 歸	空 床 難 獨 守

NEGLECTED

Green grows the grass upon the bank,
 The willow-shoots are long and lank;
 A lady in a glistening gown
 Opens the casement and looks down.
 The roses on her cheek blush bright
 Her rounded arm is dazzling white;
 A singing-girl in early life,
 And now a careless roué's wife.....
 Ah, if he does not mind his own,
 He'll find some day the bird has flown!

Herbert A. Giles.

THE BEAUTIFUL TOILET

Blue, blue is the grass about the river
And the willows have overfilled the close garden.
And within, the mistress, in the midmost of her youth,
White, white of face, hesitates, passing the door,
Slender, she puts forth a slender hand.

And she was a courtesan in the old days,
And she has married a sot,
Who now goes drunkenly out
And leaves her too much alone.

Ezra Pound.

SEVENTEEN OLD POEMS (2)

Green, green,
The grass by the river-bank.
Thick, thick,
The willow trees in the garden.
Sad, sad,
The lady in the tower.
White, white,
At the casement window.
Fair, fair,
Her red-powdered face.
Small, small,
She puts out her pale hand.
Once she was a dancing-house girl,
Now she is a wandering man's wife.
The wandering man went, but did not return.
It is hard alone to keep an empty bed.

Arthur Waley.

其 六

涉江采芙蓉	蘭澤多芳草
采之欲遺誰	所思在遠道
還願望舊鄉	長路漫浩浩
同心而離居	憂傷以終老

PARTED

The red hibiscus and the reed,
 The fragrant flowers of marsh and mead,—
 All these I gather as I stray,
 As though for one now far away.
 I strive to pierce with straining eyes
 The distance that between us lies.
 Alas that heart which beat as one
 Should thus be parted and undone!

Herbert A. Giles.

SEVENTEEN OLD POEMS (6)

Crossing the river I pluck hibiscus-flowers:
 In the orchid-swamps are many fragrant herbs.
 I gather them, but whom shall I send them to?
 My love is living in lands far away.
 I turn and look towards my own country:
 The long road stretches on for ever.
 The same heart, yet a different dwelling:
 Always fretting, till we are grown old!

Arthur Waley.

其 十 三

驅車上東門	遙望郭北墓
白楊何蕭蕭	松柏夾廣路
下有陳死人	杳杳卽長暮
潛寐黃泉下	千載永不寤
浩浩陰陽移	年命如朝露
人生忽如寄	壽無金石固
萬歲更相送	賢聖莫能度
服食求神仙	多爲藥所誤
不如飲美酒	被服紈與素

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Forth from the eastern gate my steeds I drive,
 And lo! a cemetery meets my view;
 Aspens around in wild luxuriance thrive,
 The road is fringed with fir and pine and yew.
 Beneath my feet lie the forgotten dead,
 Wrapped in a twilight of eternal gloom;
 Down by the Yellow Springs their earthy bed,
 And everlasting silence is their doom.
 How fast the lights and shadows come and go!
 Like morning dew our fleeting life has passed;
 Man, a poor traveller on earth below,
 Is gone, while brass and stone can still outlast.
 Time is inexorable, and in vain
 Against his might the holiest mortal strives;
 Can we then hope this precious boon to gain,
 By strange elixirs to prolong our lives?
 Oh, rather quaff good liquor while we may,
 And dress in silk and satin every day.

Herbert A. Giles.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BREVITY OF LIFE

We sought the city by the Eastern gate,
 Our chariot moving at a leisured rate,
 Along the road on which the sunlight weaves
 The trembling of the willow's rustling leaves.

And far away are pine-trees towering high,
 Beneath whose shade the graves of heroes lie;
 In Hades now their last long sleep they take,
 From which a mortal never more shall wake.

How vast the gulf between the quick and dead!
 Yet as the morning dew our life is sped;
 The rocks and hills enduring strength retain,
 But mortals pass in fast and endless train.

Alas! the sages are inert to trace
 Beyond the grave the future of our race;
 Alchemic nostrums, too, are used in vain,
 They cannot turn life's ills to endless gain.

Then let us drain the goblet while we live,
 And take the best the fleeting hour can give.
 In life a little pleasure may be won,
 To-morrow we must die and there'll be none.

Charles Budd.

SEVENTEEN OLD POEMS (12)

I drive my chariot up to the Eastern Gate;
 From afar I see the graveyard north of the Wall.
 The white aspens how they murmur, murmur;
 Pines and cypresses flank the broad paths.
 Beneath lie men who died long ago;
 Black, black is the long night that holds them.
 Deep down beneath the Yellow Springs,
 Thousands of years they lie without waking.

In infinite succession light and darkness shift,
 And years vanish like the morning dew.
 Man's life is like a sojourning,
 His longevity lacks the firmness of stone and metal.
 For ever it has been that mourners in their turn were mourned,
 Saint and Sage,—all alike are trapped.
 Seeking by food to obtain Immortality
 Many have been the dupe of strange drugs.
 Better far to drink good wine
 And clothe our bodies in robes of satin and silk.

Arthur Waley.

其 十 五

生年不滿百	常懷千歲憂
晝短苦夜長	何不秉燭遊
爲樂當及時	何能待來茲
愚者愛惜費	但爲後世嗤
仙人王子喬	難可與等期

CARPE DIEM

Man reaches scarce a hundred, yet his fears
 Would fill a lifetime of a thousand years.
 When days are short and night's long hours move slow,
 Why not with lamp in search of pleasure go?
 This day alone gives sure enjoyment—this!
 Why then await to-morrow's doubtful bliss?
 Fools grudge to spend their wealth while life abides,
 And then posterity their thrift derides.
 We cannot hope, like Wang 'Tzū-ch'iao, to rise
 And find a paradise beyond the skies.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE

Our years on earth are brief,
 But few a hundred win;
 A thousand years of grief
 Are packed therein.

The day quick takes its flight,
 The dark is sad and long;
 Then let us cheer the night
 With feast and song.

The niggard thinks it wise
 To save and live by rule;
 But sages may arise
 To call him fool!

Charles Budd.

SEVENTEEN OLD POEMS (14)

The years of a lifetime do not reach a hundred,
 Yet they contain a thousand years' sorrow.
 When days are short and the dull nights long,
 Why not take a lamp and wander forth?
 If you want to be happy you must do it now,
 There is no waiting till an after-time.
 The fool who's loath to spend the wealth he's got
 Becomes the laughing-stock of after ages.
 It is true that Master Wang became immortal,
 But how can we hope to share his lot?

Arthur Waley.

十五，從軍征

十五從軍征	八十始得歸
道逢鄉里人	家中有阿誰
遙望是君家	松柏冢纍纍
兔從狗竇入	雉從梁上飛
中庭生旅穀	井上生旅葵
烹穀持作飯	采葵持作羹
羹飯一時熟	不知貽阿誰
出門東向望	淚落沾我衣

THE OLD SOLDIER'S RETURN

I was but fifteen when I left my friends
 For distant climes to fight our Country's foe,
 And now I'm eighty—back for the first time
 To see the home I left so long ago.

Where is the house? I should be near it now,
 Yet possibly I may have gone astray;
 Long years abroad have blurred the youthful brain,
 I'll ask this countryman to point the way.

'The house is yonder—midst those grassy mounds,
 Beneath the shade of fir and cypress trees,
 And there lie buried all the kith and kin
 Of former tillers of these fallow leas.'

The veteran sighed and wandered to the house,
 And found it overgrown and desolate;
 A startled hare fled through the kennel's hole,
 And pheasants flew from ceiling beams ornate.

Exhausted by the journey and his grief,
 The old man plucked some grain from patches wild,
 And mallows from around the courtyard well,
 As in the days when but a little child.

But when the homely fare was cooked and spread,
 And not a friend to cheer the lonely place,
 He rose, and going out to eastward gazed,
 While tears flowed down his worn and furrowed face.

Charles Budd.

“OLD POEM”

At fifteen I went with the army,
 At fourscore I came home.
 On the way I met a man from the village,
 I asked him who there was at home.
 “That over there is your house,
 All covered over with trees and bushes.”
 Rabbits had run in at the dog-hole,
 Pheasants flew down from the beams of the roof.
 In the courtyard was growing some wild grain;
 And by the well, some wild mallows.
 I’ll boil the grain and make porridge,
 I’ll pluck the mallows and make soup.
 Soup and porridge are both cooked,
 But there is no one to eat them with.
 I went out and looked towards the east,
 While tears fell and wetted my clothes.

Arthur Waley.

上山採蘼蕪

上山採蘼蕪	下山逢故夫
長跪問故夫	新人復何如
新人雖言好	未若故人姝
顏色類相似	手爪不相如
新人從門入	故人從閣去
新人工織縑	故人工織素
織縑日一匹	織素五丈餘
持縑將比素	新人不如故

ESTIMATING THE VALUE OF A WIFE

Once upon a time a husband, weary,
 Of the selfsame face before him day by day,
 Determined to dismiss his goodwife promptly,
 And take a new one—to her great dismay!

Without delay the little deal was settled,—
 The husband on his purpose being bent,—
 The new wife through the front door entered grandly,
 The old one from a side-door sadly went.

One day the old wife to her home returning,
 From gathering wild flowers on the mountain side,
 Met with her quondam master in the valley,
 And, kneeling, asked him how the new one vied!

'The new wife', said the husband very slowly,
 'Has beauty that is equal to your own,
 But still her hands are not so deft and useful,
 Nor can she compass so much work alone.'

'The new wife's hands are very skilled in weaving,
 Embroidered satins with her dainty touch;
 The old wife's fingers, faster and unwearied,
 Of useful fabrics weave five times as much.

'So when I reckon up the charms and uses
 Of goodwives, number One and number Two,
 There's little room within my mind for doubting,
 I had the better bargain when I'd you.'

Charles Budd.

OLD AND NEW

She went up the mountain to pluck wild herbs;
 She came down the mountain and met her former husband.
 She knelt down and asked her former husband
 "What do you find your new wife like?"
 "My new wife, although her talk is clever,
 Cannot charm me as my old wife could.
 In beauty of face there is not much to choose,
 But in usefulness they are not at all alike.
 My new wife comes in from the road to meet me;
 My old wife always came down from her tower.
 My new wife is clever at embroidering silk;
 My old wife was good at plain sewing.
 Of silk embroidery one can do an inch a day;
 Of plain sewing, more than five feet.
 Putting her silks by the side of your sewing,
 I see that the new will not compare with the old."

Arthur Waley.

桑

上

陌

樓敷隅鈎珠襦鬚頭鋤敷厨姝敷足餘不愚夫頭胸頭餘夫居鬚趨殊
 氏羅南籠月上鞋妨其羅脚家羅不有載何有上驪馬萬大城有中婿
 秦為城為明為擗著忘觀立誰為尚頗共一自居從絡千朝專頗府夫
 我名桑枝中綺擔帽者坐馬是名十五可君敷婿馬金值二十兼冉言
 照自採桂耳紫下脫鋤但五問自二十寧渡羅夫白黃可二四兼冉皆

隅女桑係髻裙敷敷牽怨來往女何敷辭婦騎婿尾劍史郎哲步人
 南好蠶籠墮下羅羅其怒南更好幾羅致有餘夫馬盧小中白府千
 東有善為倭為見忘相從遣有年謝前自千識繁鹿府侍潔公敷
 出氏敷絲上綺者少年者歸君君氏敷君敷君方用絲中五十人盈中
 日秦羅青頭細行少耕來使使秦羅使羅使東何青腰十三為盈坐

THE LADY LO-FU

On a bright and sunny morning,
 From her mother's house there came,
 One who needed no adorning,—
 Lo-Fu was the lady's name.

On her arm a basket swinging,
 Made of silk her own hand weaves,
 Forth she wanders blithely singing,
 Bent on gathering mulberry leaves.

From her head in graceful tresses
 Falls the fine and lustrous hair,
 While each shapely ear caresses
 Just one pearl of beauty rare.

Purple bodice, broidered quaintly,
 Silken skirt with amber lace,
 Gave the touch demure and saintly
 To her sweetly winsome face.

Travellers dropped the loads they carried,
 And in wonder stroked their chin;
 Young men, whether free or married,
 Doffed their hats a glance to win.

Farmers stay their hand in ploughing,
 Peasants stand as in a dream,
 Now and then the trees allowing
 Of the girl a passing gleam.

On this morn an Envoy passing,
 From a mission to the sea,
 Where much wealth he'd been amassing,
 Saw Lo-Fu beneath a tree.

For her silkworms food providing,
Work she did with greatest zest;
All her friends around residing
Owned her silk was of the best.

Near the tree the Envoy stopping
With his escort in array,
Soldiers boughs of mulberries lopping
Helped to make a fine display.

From his retinue emerging
Came the Envoy's trusty man,
Who his master's message urging,
Gently asked her name and clan.

'Lo-Fu,' came the answer proudly,
'Of the ancient house of T'sin!'
Adding, too, a little loudly,
'And my age is seventeen.'

'Will you join me?' asked the Envoy,
'Sharing all my wealth and power,
All the treasures of this convoy
Would not far exceed your dower!'

'You have a wife,' she answered coldly,
'And most foolish are, I fear;
I,' she added firm and boldly,
'Also have a husband dear.

'And my husband is the leader
Of a thousand horsemen brave,
Midst whom not one base seceder
Would another captain crave!

'On his charger, white and fiery,
 'Mongst the troop he's first espied,
Soldier-like, erect and wiry,
 With his keen sword by his side.

'When but fifteen he enlisted
 Without patronage or fame,
And at twenty, unassisted,
 Officer at Court became.

'Then at thirty, unexpected,
 Captain in the Royal Clan;
Now at forty he's selected
 Chief commandant of Ch'ang-an.

'Gallant, but of gentle bearing,
 When the battle's fought and won,
For the praise of men less caring
 Than the meed for duty done.

'Yes, a clear-eyed, clean-souled hero
 Is the man I'm praising now,
And your value sinks to zero
 When compared with his, I vow.

'True, a lowly work I'm doing,
 And the silk we use I spin,
But remember you are wooing
 Lo-Fu of the House of T'sin.'

Charles Budd.

BALLAD

The sun rises from the southeast nook.
It shines on the house of Master Chin.
Master Chin, he has a comely daughter.
Lo-foh is her name.

Lo-foh feeds her silk-worms well.
She picks mulberry leaves south of the city.
Her basket has a cord of blue silk;
And a hook made of a laurel branch.

Her hair is dressed in pretty knots of Wa-do;
Bright moonstones hang from her ears.
Of yellow silk is her petticoat,
And of purple silk her jacket.

The Lord Governor, he comes from the south,
His five horses stop and stay.
The Lord Goveanor bids his men ask;
And they say: "Who art thou, little maid?"

"I am the fair daughter of Master Chin,
"Lo-foh is my name."

"How old art thou, Lo-foh?"

"I am still less than twenty,

"But more than fifteen—yea, much more."

The Lord Governor, he entreats Lo-foh.
Says he, "Wilt thou ride with me, yea or nay?"
Lo-foh comes forward and replies:
"My Lord Governor," says she, "how foolish, indeed!
"My Lord Governor, you have your own lady,
"And Lo-foh, she has a man of her own."

Oba'a.

THE SONG OF LO-FU

The sun has risen on the eastern brim of the world,
 Shines into the high chambers of the house of Ch'in.
 In the house of Ch'in is a lovely lady dwelling,
 That calls herself the Lady Lo-fu.
 This lady loves her silk-worms and mulberry-trees;
 She's plucking leaves at the southern edge of the town.
 With blue thread are the joints of her basket bound;
 Of cassia-boughs are the loops of her basket made.
 Her soft hair hangs in loose plaits;
 The pearl at her ear shines like a dazzling moon.
 Of yellow damask is made her shirt beneath;
 Of purple damask is made her cloak above.
 The passer-by who looks on Lo-fu
 Drops his luggage and strokes the hair on his cheek.
 The young men when they see Lo-fu
 Doff their caps and show their red scarfs.
 The labouring ploughman thinks no more of his plough,
 The hind in the field thinks no more of his hoe,
 Wistful and angry each leaves his task
 And can only sit gazing at Lo-fu.
 The Lord Governor drives his coach from the south;
 His five horses suddenly slow their pace.
 He's sent his sheriff: "Quickly bring me word
 Of what house may this lovely lady be?"
 "In the house of Ch'in the fair lady dwells;
 She calls herself the Lady Lo-fu."
 "Oh tell me, sheriff, tell me how old she may be!"

“A score of years she has not yet filled;
To fifteen she has added somewhat more.”
The Lord Governor calls to Lo-fu:
“Tell me, lady, will you ride by me or no?”
She stands before him, she gives him answer straight:
“My Lord Governor has not ready wits.
Has he not guessed that just as he has a wife
So I too have my husband dear?
Yonder to eastward a band of horse is riding,
More than a thousand, and my love is at their head.”
“By what sign shall I your husband know?”
“His white horse is followed by a black colt,
With blue thread is tied the horse’s tail;
With yellow gold is bridled that horse’s head.
At his waist he wears a windlass-hilted sword
You could not buy for many pounds of gold.
At fifteen they made him a Governor’s clerk;
At twenty they made him a Chamberlain at court.
At thirty he sat at the Emperor’s Council Board,
At forty they gave him a city for his very own—
A wholesome man, fair, white and fine;
Soft and silky is the down that grows on his cheek,
Proudly and proudly he walks to the palace gate;
Stately, stately he strides through the palace hall.
In that great hall thousands of courtiers sit,
Yet none but names him the finest man of them all.”

Arthur Waley.

TO THE AIR: "THE FALLEN LEAVES AND
THE PLAINTIVE CICADA"

There is no rustle of silken sleeves,
Dust gathers in the Jade Courtyard.
The empty houses are cold, still, without sound.
The leaves fall and lie upon the bars of doorway after doorway
I long for the Most Beautiful One; How can I attain my desire?
Pain bursts my heart. There is no peace.

Amy Lowell.

TO ONE WHO HAS PASSED

Alas!
In vain I listen
For the rustle of your silks.
O my lady!

The dust lies thick
In the palace courts.
The fallen leaves are heaped
Against your locked and bolted door,
And your empty room
Is silent, cold, and still.

My poor heart can find no rest,
My lovely lady;
For you have gone forever,
And my longing is in vain.

Henry H. Hart.

秋 風 辭

秋風起兮白雲飛	草木黃落兮雁南歸
蘭有秀兮菊有芳	懷佳人兮不能忘
汎樓船兮濟汾河	橫中流兮揚素波
	簫鼓鳴兮發櫂歌
懽樂極兮哀情多	少壯幾時兮奈老何

AMARI ALIQUID

The autumn blast drives the white scud in the sky,
 Leaves fade, and wild geese sweeping south meet the eye;
 The scent of late flowers fills the soft air above,
 My heart full of thoughts of the lady I love.
 In the river the barges for revel-carouse
 Are lined by white waves which break over their bows;
 Their oarsmen keep time to the piping and drumming....
 Yet joy is as naught
 Alloyed by the thought
 That youth slips away and that old age is coming.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE AUTUMN WIND

Autumn wind rises: white clouds fly.
 Grass and trees wither: geese go south.
 Orchids all in bloom: chrysanthemums smell sweet.
 I think of my lovely lady: I never can forget.
 Floating-pagoda boat crosses Fen River.
 Across the mid-stream white waves rise.
 Flute and drum keep time to sound of the rowers' song;
 Amidst revel and feasting, sad thoughts come;
 Youth's years how few! Age how sure!

Arthur Waley.

班 婕 妤 Pan Chieh-yü

秋 扇 怨

新 製 齊 紈 素	鮮 潔 如 霜 雪
裁 爲 合 歡 扇	團 團 似 明 月
出 入 君 懷 袖	動 搖 微 風 發
常 恐 秋 節 至	涼 颯 奪 炎 熱
棄 捐 篋 笥 中	恩 情 中 道 絕

THE AUTUMN FAN

O fair white silk, fresh from the weaver's loom,
 Clear as the frost, bright as the winter snow—
 See! friendship fashions out of thee a fan,
 Round as the round moon shines in heaven above;
 At home, abroad, a close companion thou,
 Stirring at every move the grateful gale;
 And yet I fear, ah me! that autumn chills,
 Cooling the dying summer's torrid rage,
 Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,
 All thought of bygone days, like them bygone.

Herbert A. Giles.

LINES INSCRIBED ON A FAN

Of fresh new silk all snowy white,
 And round as harvest moon;
 A pledge of purity and love,
 A small, but welcome boon.

While summer lasts, borne in the hand,
 Or folded on the breast;
 'Twill gently soothe thy burning brow.
 And charm thee to thy rest.

But ah! when autumn frosts descend,
 And winter winds blow cold,
 No longer sought, no longer loved,
 'Twill lie in dust and mould.

'This silken fan then deign accept,
 Sad emblem of my lot;
 Caressed and fondled for an hour,
 Then speedily forgot.

W. A. P. Martin.

A SONG OF GRIEF

Glazed silk, newly cut, smooth, glittering, white,
 As white, as clear, even as frost and snow.
 Perfectly fashioned into a fan,
 Round, round, like the brilliant moon,
 Treasured in my Lord's sleeve, taken out, put in—
 Wave it, shake it, and a little wind flies from it.
 How often I fear the Autumn Season's coming
 And the fierce, cold wind which scatters the blazing heat.
 Discarded, passed by, laid in a box alone;
 Such a little time, and the thing of love cast off.

Amy Lowell.

蘇 武 Su Wu

別 妻

結	髮	爲	夫	妻	恩	愛	兩	不	疑
歡	娛	在	今	夕	燕	婉	及	良	時
征	夫	懷	往	路	起	視	夜	何	其
參	辰	皆	已	沒	去	去	從	此	辭
行	役	在	戰	場	相	見	未	有	期
握	手	一	長	歎	淚	爲	生	別	滋
努	力	愛	春	華	莫	忘	歡	樂	時
生	當	復	來	歸	死	當	長	相	思

SU WU TO HIS WIFE

Twin trees whose boughs together twine,
Two birds that guard one nest,
We'll soon be far asunder torn,
As sunrise from the West.

Hearts knit in childhood's innocence,
Long bound in Hymen's ties;
One goes to distant battle-fields,
One sits at home and sighs.

Like carrier bird, though seas divide,
I'll seek my lonely mate;
But if afar I find a grave,
You'll mourn my hapless fate.

To us the future's all unknown,
In memory seek relief;
Come, touch the chords you know so well,
And let them soothe our grief.

W.A.P. Martin.

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE

My dear wife, you and I have been as one,
No doubt has marred the faith, which love has won,
Our chief desire throughout the married state
Has been of love and joy to give and take.

But now, alas! the joy of Spring departs,
And sorrow's shafts must enter both our hearts;
I cannot sleep; I must arise and see
The time; ah me, how quick the hours do flee!

Awake, my dearest, for the stars have set,
The grief of parting must be bravely met;
And yet the dreary marches weight my mind,—
As through defiles and desert plains they wind.

And then, at last, the awful battle-field,
Where I must fight and naught to foemen yield;
But, oh! the bitter, paralysing pain—
To think that we may never meet again!

I must let fall the long restrained tears
As, clasping hands, you calm my anxious fears;
If not, my heart will break with sighs repressed
To hear your love so tenderly confessed.

But courage, we will think of Young Love's day,
And all the pleasures which therein did stay;
And this shall cheer me on the toilsome road,
And help you here to bear your weary load.

Then with what joy we shall renew our life,
When I return safe from the dreadful strife;
But if, alas! the Fates should death decree,
My spirit shall for ever live with thee.

Charles Budd.

TO HIS WIFE

Since you and I
Exchanged the vows that made us one,
No shadow of distrust has marred our love,
Yet that hateful night
Crept on us unaware,
Put an end to happiness,
And tore you from my arms.

You, ever fearing, ever watching
For the hour of the march,
Stood long
Looking out into the night.
The bright stars had long since hidden
In the deep heavens.
And the heavy darkness hung blacker still.

You took me in your arms and said:
"Farewell!
The battle calls,
And only Heaven knows
If we shall ever meet again!"

How tight you held my hand!
I can see yet
The tear that fell upon it,
And those words you whispered last
I treasure still:

"Do not forget the hours of life and love
That we have shared.
If I live,
I shall surely come back to you.
If I die,
Remember
That all my thoughts have always been of you."

Henry H. Hart.

TO HIS WIFE

Since our hair was plaited and we became man and wife.
The love between us was never broken by doubt.
So let us be merry this night together,
Feasting and playing while the good time lasts.

I suddenly remember the distance that I must travel;
I spring from bed and look out to see the time.
The stars and planets are all grown dim in the sky;
Long, long is the road; I cannot stay.
I am going on service, away to the battle-ground,
And I do not know when I shall come back.
I hold your hand with only a deep sigh;
Afterwards, tears—in the days when we are parted.
With all your might enjoy the spring flowers,
But do not forget the time of our love and pride.
Know that if I live, I will come back again,
And if I die, we will go on thinking of each other.

Arthur Waley.

曹 丕 Ts'ao P'i

短 歌 行

仰	瞻	帷	幕	俯	察	几	筵
其	物	如	故	其	人	不	存
神	靈	倏	忽	棄	我	遐	遷
靡	瞻	靡	恃	泣	涕	漣	漣
呦	呦	遊	鹿	銜	草	鳴	麕
翩	翩	飛	鳥	挾	子	巢	棲
我	獨	孤	歿	懷	此	百	離
憂	心	孔	疚	莫	我	能	知
人	亦	有	言	憂	令	人	老
嗟	我	白	髮	生	一	何	早
長	吟	永	歎	懷	我	聖	考
曰	仁	者	壽	胡	不	是	保

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER

I look up, the curtains are there as of yore;
I look down, and there is the mat on the floor;
These things I behold, but the man is no more.

To the infinite azure his spirit has flown,
And I am left friendless, uncared-for, alone,
Of solace bereft, save to weep and to moan.

The deer on the hillside caressingly bleat,
And offer the grass for their young ones to eat,
While birds of the air to their nestlings bring meat.

But I a poor orphan must ever remain,
My heart, still so young, overburdened with pain
For him I shall never set eyes on again.

'Tis a well-worn old saying, which all men allow,
That grief stamps the deepest of lines on the brow:
Alas for my hair, it is silvery now!

Alas for my father, cut off in his pride!
Alas that no more I may stand by his side!
Oh where were the gods when that great hero died?

Herbert A. Giles.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER

I look up and see / his curtains and bed:
I look down and examine / his table and mat.
The things are there / just as before.
But the man they belonged to / is not there.
His spirit suddenly / has taken flight
And left me behind / far away.
To whom shall I look / on whom rely?
My tears flow in an endless stream.
"Yu, yu" / cry the wandering deer
As they carry fodder / to their young in the wood.
Flap, flap / fly the birds
As they carry their little ones / back to the nest.
I alone / am desolate
Dreading the days / of our long parting:
My grieving heart's / settled pain
No one else / can understand.
There is a saying / among people
"Sorrow makes us / grow old."
Alas, alas / for my white hairs!
All too early / they have come!
Long wailing, / long sighing
My thoughts are fixed on my sage parent.
They say the good / live long:
Then why was he / not spared?

Arthur Waley.

陶 潛 T'ao Ch'ien

歸 園 田 居

少無適俗韻	性本愛邱山
誤落塵網中	一去三十年
羈鳥戀舊林	池魚思故淵
開荒南野際	守拙歸園田
方宅十餘畝	草屋八九間
榆柳蔭後簷	桃李羅堂前
曖曖遠人村	依依墟里煙
狗吠深巷中	雞鳴桑樹顛
戶庭無塵雜	虛空有餘閒
久在樊籠裏	復得返自然

ON RETURNING TO A COUNTRY LIFE

My youth was spent amidst the simple charms
 Of country scenes—secure from worldly din,
 And then, alas! I fell into the net
 Of public life, and struggled long therein.

The captive bird laments its forest home;
 The fish in tanks think of the sea's broad strands;
 And I oft longed, amidst official cares,
 To till a settler's plot in sunny lands.

And now I have my plot of fifteen 'mow',
 With house thereon of rustic build and thatch;
 The elm and willow cast a grateful shade,
 While plum and peach trees fill the entrance patch.

Away from busy towns and dusty marts,
 The dog barks in the silent country lane;
 While chickens cluck among the mulberry-trees,
 And life is healthy and the mind is sane.

Here in my house—with room for friend or two,
 On my own farm—won from the barren plain,
 Escaped from cares of office and routine,
 I live a free and natural life again.

Charles Budd.

RETURNING TO THE FIELDS

Then I was young, I was out of tune with the herd:
 My only love was for the hills and mountains.
 Unwitting I fell into the web of the World's dust
 And was not free for thirty years.
 The migrant bird longs for the old wood:
 The fish in the tank thinks of its native pool.
 I had rescued from wildness a patch of the Southern moor
 And, still rustic, I returned to field and garden.
 My ground covers no more than ten acres:
 My thatched cottage has eight or nine rooms.
 Elms and willows cluster by the eaves:
 Peach trees and plum trees grow before the Hall.
 Hazy nestle the distant hamlets of men.
 Steady comes the smoke of the half-deserted village,
 A dog barks somewhere in the deep lanes,
 A cock crows at the top of the mulberry tree.
 At gate and courtyard—no murmur of the dusty World:
 In the empty rooms—leisure and deep stillness.
 Long I lived checked by the bars of a cage:
 Now I have turned again to Nature and Freedom.

Arthur Waley.

ONCE MORE FIELDS AND GARDENS

Even as a young man
I was out of tune with ordinary pleasures.
It was my nature to love the rooted hills,
The high hills which look upon the four edges of Heaven.
What folly to spend one's life like a dropped leaf
Snared under the dust of streets,
But for thirteen years it was so I lived.

The caged bird longs for the fluttering of high leaves.
The fish in the garden pool languishes for the whirled water of
meeting streams.
So I desired to clear and seed a patch of the wild Southern moor.
And always a countryman at heart,
I have come back to the square enclosures of my fields
And to my walled garden with its quiet paths.

Mine is a little property of ten mou or so,
A thatched house of eight or nine rooms.
On the North side, the eaves are overhung
With the thick leaves of elm-trees,
And willow-trees break the strong force of the wind.
On the South, in front of the great hall,
Peach-trees and plum-trees spread a net of branches
Before the distant view.

The village is hazy, hazy,
And mist-sucks over the open moor.
A dog barks in the sunken lane which runs through the village.
A cock crows, perched on a clipped mulberry.

There is no dust or clatter
In the courtyard before my house.
My private rooms are quiet,

And calm with the leisure of moonlight through an open door.
 For a long time I lived in a cage;
 Now I have returned.
 Far one must return
 To fulfil one's nature.

Amy Lowell.

RETURNING TO MY FARM

Young I was witless in the world's affairs,
 My nature wilderness and hills prefers;
 My mishap fallen into mundane snares,
 Once I had left I wasted thirty years.
 Birds in the cage long for their wonted woods,
 Fish in the pool for former rivers yearn.
 I clear the wilderness that stretches south,
 Hiding my defects homeward I return.
 Ten acres built with scattered houses square,
 Beside the thatched huts eight or nine in all;
 The elms and willows shade the hindmost eaves,
 With peach and pear-trees spread before the hall.
 A distant village gleams beneath the sun,
 While smoke from nearby huts hangs in the breeze;
 A dog is barking in the alley deep;
 A cock crows from the clump of mulberry trees.
 Within my courtyard all is clear of dust,
 Where tranquil in my leisure I remain.
 Long have I been imprisoned in the cage;
 Now back to Nature I return again.

Gladys M. Taylor & H. Y. Yang.

責子

白髮被雨鬢	肌膚不復實	雖有五男兒	總不好紙筆
阿舒已二八	懶惰故無匹	阿宣行志學	而不愛文術
雍端年十三	不識六與七	通子垂九齡	但覓梨與栗
天運苟如此	且進杯中物		

THE FIVE SONS

I am wrinkled and gray,
And old before my day;
For on five sons I look,
And not one loves a book.

Ah-shu is sixteen years,
The sight of work he fears;
He is the laziest lout
You'd find the world throughout.

Ah-suen has tried in vain
A little wit to gain;
He shirks the student's stool,
At grammar he's a fool!

Yong-twan is thirteen now,
And yet I do avow
He can't discriminate
The figures six and eight!

Ton-tze is only nine,
But clearly does opine
That life, with all its cares
Consists of nuts and pears.

Alas, that Fate so dour
On me her vials should pour!
What can I do but dine,
And drown my woes in wine!

Charles Budd.

BLAMING SONS

White hair covers my temples,
 I am wrinkled.
 And though I have got five sons,
 They all hate paper and brush.
 A-shu 'is eighteen:
 For laziness there is none like him.
 A-hsuan does his best,
 But really loathes the Fine Arts.
 Yung-tuan is thirteen,
 But does not know "six" from "seven."
 T'ung-tzu in his ninth year
 Is only concerned with things to eat.
 If Heaven treats me like this,
 What can I do but fill my cup?

Arthur Waley.

MY SONS

My temples now are covered with white hair.
 My flesh and muscles firm and taut no more:
 Although among my children are five sons,
 Paper and pen they every one abhor.
 The eldest son, Ah Su, is now sixteen,
 Whose laziness without a rival rests;
 The second son, Ah Hsuan, almost fifteen,
 Still books and learning heartily detests;
 Both Yung and Tuan, although just turned thirteen,
 To count to six or seven do not know;
 Tung Tzu, my youngest son, now nearly nine,
 Only to look for nuts and pears will go.
 If such a destiny indeed be mine
 Had I not better fill my cup with wine?

Gladys M. Taylor & H. Y. Yang.

關 名 Anonymous

西 洲 曲

憶梅下西洲	折梅寄江北	單衫杏子黃	雙鬢鴉雛色
西洲在何處	兩槳橋頭渡	日暮伯勞飛	風吹烏白樹
樹下卽門前	門中露翠鈿	開門郎不至	出門採紅蓮
採蓮南塘秋	蓮花過人頭	低頭弄蓮子	蓮子青如水
置蓮懷袖中	蓮心徹底紅	憶郎郎不至	仰首望飛鴻
鴻飛滿西洲	望郎上青樓	樓高望不見	盡日欄杆頭
欄杆十二曲	垂手明如玉	卷簾天自高	海水搖空綠
海水夢悠悠	君愁我亦愁	南風知我意	吹夢到西洲

A MAIDEN'S REVERIE

The plum-tree's flower awakens
Thoughts of my lover now,
And I would pluck some blossoms
And send to far Si-chow

But such a distant region
The flowers might never reach,
While if I go in person,
How great the joy to each!

I'll brush my glossy tresses,
More dark than raven's plume;
I'll wear my plum silk mantle,
And banish tears and gloom.

But where, alack, is Si-chow?
Far in the North, I know;
Oh, when I've crossed the river
I'll ask which way to go!

Ah me, the sun is setting,
 Si-chow is far away;
 The birds are homeward turning,
 I cannot start to-day .
 I'll keep an enening vigil
 Beneath the cedar-tree
 That stands outside the porch-way:
 My love may come to me!
 The jewels my hair adorning
 Are glistening with the dew;
 But still my lover tarries;—
 What keeps him from my view?
 A gentle breeze is blowing.
 The night is bright as day;
 I'll go and gather lilies,
 And meet him on the way.
 In the early Autumn season
 The lotus lilies red
 Are in the south pool growing,
 And reach above my head.
 My thoughts on old times musing,
 I stoop to pluck some seeds,
 In their shimmering greenness
 As water 'mongst the reeds.
 I put some in my bosom,
 For the core is red as blood,
 As the heart of a true lover,
 When love is at the flood.
 Pressed to my bosom closely—
 No safer place, I wot,
 For tokens of betrothal:
 And yet my love comes not!

Above my head in batches
The wild geese northward hie,
And they will pass o'er Si-chow!
Oh, would that I could fly!

I'll mount the northern turret;
Perhaps from that lofty height
I'll see my lover coming,
The herald of the light.

Although the tower is lofty,
I cannot see afar
To where my love is dwelling,
Beneath the Northern Star.

From morn until the evening—
How long the hours do seem!—
I've paced around the turret,
As in a weary dream.

Once more I'll raise the curtain,
And show my lamp's pale light;
My love may miss the pathway,
And wander in the night.

How lofty are the heavens!
How vast the heaving sea!
Ah, life is sad and dreary
When love comes not to me!

But though my heart is weary,
I trust my lover's vow;
The south wind knows my longings
And will bear them to Si-chow.

And though the seas divide us
Our hearts are one for ay,
And in sweet dreams will mingle
Until the meeting day.

Charles Budd.

BALLAD OF THE WESTERN ISLAND IN
THE NORTH COUNTRY

“Seeing the plum-tree I thought of the Western Island
And I plucked a branch to send to the North Country.
I put on my dress of apricot-yellow silk
And bound up my hair black as the crow’s wing.
But which is the road that leads to the Western Island?
I’ll ask the man at the ferry by the Bridge of Boats.
But the sun is sinking and the orioles flying home:
And the wind is blowing and sighing in the walnut-tree.
I’ll stand under the tree just beside the gate:
I’ll stand by the door and show off my enamelled hairpins.”
She’s opened the gate, but her lover has not come;
She’s gone out at the gate to pluck red lotus.
As she plucks the lotus on the southern dyke in autumn,
The lotus flowers stand higher than a man’s head.
She bends down—and plays with the lotus seeds,
The lotus seeds are green like the lake-water.
She gathers the flowers and puts them into her gown—
The lotus-bud that is red all through.
She thinks of her lover, her lover that does not come:
She looks up and sees the wild geese flying—
The Western Island is full of wild geese.
To look for her lover she climbs the Blue Tower.
The tower is high: she looks, but cannot see:
All day she leans on all balcony rails.
The rail is twisted into a twelve-fold pattern.
She lets fall her hand white like the color of jade.
She rolls up the awning, she sees the wide sky.
And the sea-water waving its vacant blue.
“The sea separates our dreams far, far away—
You are sorry and I am as well.
If the south wind only knew my thoughts,
It would blow my dreams till they got to the Western Island.”

Arthur Waley.

開	我	東	閣	門	坐	我	西	間	牀		
脫	我	戰	時	袍	著	我	舊	時	裳		
當	窗	理	雲	鬢	對	鏡	帖	花	黃		
出	門	看	火	伴	火	伴	皆	驚	忙		
同	行	十	二	年	不	知	木	蘭	是	女	郎
雄	兔	脚	撲	朔	雌	兔	眼	迷	離		
雙	兔	傍	地	走	安	能	辨	我	是	雄	雌

MUH-LAN

Muh-Lan's swift fingers flying to and fro
 Crossed warp with woof in deft and even row,
 As by the side of spinning-wheel and loom
 She sat at work without the women's room.
 But tho' her hand the shuttle swiftly plies
 The whir cannot be heard for Muh-Lan's sighs;
 When neighbours asked what ills such mood had wrought,
 And why she worked in all-absorbing thought;
 She answered not, for in her ears did ring
 'The summons of last evening from the King,
 Calling to arms more warriors for the west,
 The name of Muh-Lan's father heading all the rest,
 But he was ill—no son to take his place,
 Excuses meant suspicion and disgrace;
 Her father's honour must not be in doubt;
 Nor friend, nor foe, his stainless name shall flout;
 She would herself his duty undertake
 And fight the Northern foe for honour's sake.
 Her purpose fixed, the plan was soon evolved,
 But none should know it, this she was resolved;
 Alone, unknown, she would the danger face,
 Relying on the prowess of her race.
 A charger here, a saddle there, she bought,
 And next a bridle and a whip she sought;

With these equipped she donned the soldier's gear,
Arming herself with bow and glittering spear.
And then before the sun began his journey steep
She kissed her parents in their troubled sleep,
Caressing them with fingers soft and light,
She quietly passed from their unconscious sight;
And mounting horse she with her comrades rode
Into the night to meet what fate forbode;
And as her secret not a comrade knew,
Her fears soon vanished as the morning dew.
That day they galloped westward fast and far,
Nor paused until they saw the evening star:
Then by the Yellow River's rushing flood
They stopped to rest and cool their fevered blood.
The turbid stream swept on with swirl and foam
Dispelling Muh-Lan's dreams of friends and home;
Muh-Lan, Muh-Lan! she heard her mother cry—
The waters roared and thundered in reply!
Muh-Lan! Muh-Lan! she heard her father sigh—
The river surged in angry billows by!
The second night they reach the River Black,
And on the range which feeds it, bivouac;
Muh-Lan! Muh-Lan! she hears her father pray—
While on the ridge the Tartars' horses neigh;
Muh-Lan! Muh-Lan! her mother's lips let fall!
The Tartars' camp sends forth a bugle call!
The morning dawns on men in armed array
Aware that death may meet them on that day;
The winter sun sends forth a pallid light
Through frosty air on knights in armour bright;
While bows strung tight, and spears in glittering rows,
Forebode the struggle of contending foes.
And soon the trumpets blare—the fight's begun;
A deadly Melee—and the Pass is won!

The war went on, and many a battle-field
 Revealed Muh-Lan both bow and spear could wield;
 Her skill and courage won her widespread fame,
 And comrades praised, and leaders of great name.
 Then after several years of march and strife,
 Muh-Lan and others, who had 'scaped with life
 From fields of victory drenched with patriots' blood,
 Returned again to see the land they loved.
 And when at last the Capital was reached,
 The warriors, who so many forts had breached,
 Were summoned to the presence of the King,
 And courtiers many did their praises sing;
 Money and presents on them, too, were showered,
 And some with rank and office were empowered;
 While Muh-Lan, singled out from all the rest,
 Was offered fief and guerdon of the best.
 But gifts and honours she would gladly lose
 If she might only be allowed to choose
 Some courier camels, strong and fleet of pace,
 To bear her swiftly to her native place.

.....

And now, at last, the journey nears the end,
 And father's, mother's voices quickly blend,
 In—'Muh-Lan, Muh-Lan! welcome, welcome, dear!'
 And this time there was naught but joy to fear.
 Her younger sisters decked the house with flowers,
 And loving words fell sweet as summer showers;
 Her little brother shouted Muh-Lan's praise,
 For many proud and happy boastful days!
 The greetings o'er, she slipped into her room—
 Radiant with country flowers in fragrant bloom—
 And changed her soldier's garb for woman's dress:
 Her head adorned with simple maiden's tress—
 A single flower enriched her lustrous hair—
 And forth she came, fresh, maidenly, and fair!

Some comrades in the war had now come in,
Who durst not mingle in the happy din;
But there in awe and admiration stood,
As brave men do before true womandood;
For not the boldest there had ever dreamed,
On toilsome march, or when swords flashed and gleamed
In marshalled battle, or on sudden raid,
That their brave comrade was a beauteous maid.

Charles Budd.

MULAN, THE MAIDEN CHIEF

Say maiden at your spinning wheel,
Why heave that deep-drawn sigh?
Is't fear perchance or love you feel,
Pray tell—oh tell me why?

Nor fear nor love has moved my soul—
Away such idle thought!
A warrior's glory is the goal
By my ambition sought.

My Father's cherished life to save,
My country to redeem,
The dangers of the field I'll brave,—
I am not what I seem.

No son has he his troop to lead,
No brother dear have I,
So I must mount my Father's steed,
And to the battle hie.

At dawn of day she quits her door,
At evening rests her head
Where loud the mountain torrents roar,
And mail-clad soldiers tread.

The northern plains are gained at last,
The mountains sink from view.
The sun shines cold, and the wintry blast,
It pierces through and through.

A thousand foes around her fall,
And red blood stains the ground,
But Mulan who survives it all,
Returns with glory crowned.

Before the throne they bend the knee,
In the palace of Chang-an,
Full many a knight of high degree,
But the bravest is Mulan.

"Nay Prince," She cries, "my duty's done,
No guerdon I desire.
But let me to my home begone,
To cheer my aged sire,"

She nears the door of her father's home,
A chief with trumpet's blare,
But when she doffs her waving plume,
She stands a maiden fair.

W. A. P. Martin.

THE BALLAD OF MULAN

Click, click, forever click, click;
Mulan sits at the door and weaves,
Listen, and you will not hear the shuttle's sound,
But only hear a girl's sobs and sighs.
"Oh tell me, lady, are you thinking of your love,
Oh tell me, lady, are you longing for your dear?"
"Oh no, oh no, I am not thinking of my love,
Oh no, oh no' I am not longing for my dear."

But last night I read the battle-roll;
The Khan has ordered a great levy of men.
The battle-roll was written in twelve books,
And in each book stood my father's name.
My father's sons are not grown men,
And of all my brothers, none is older than me.
Oh let me to the market to buy saddle and horse,
And ride with the soldiers to take my father's place."
In the eastern market she's bought a gallant horse,
In the western market she's bought saddle and cloth.
In the southern market she's bought snaffle and reins,
In the northern market she's bought a tall whip.
In the morning she stole from her father's and mother's house;
At night she was camping by the Yellow River's side.
She could not hear her father and mother calling to her by her name,
But only the song of the Yellow River as its hurrying waters hissed
and swirled through the night.
At dawn they left the River and went on their way;
At dusk they came to the Black Water's side.
She could not hear her father and mother calling to her by her name,
She could only hear the muffled voices of Scythian horsemen riding
on the hills of Yen.
A thousand leagues she tramped on the errands of war,
Frontiers and hills she crossed like a bird in flight
Through the northern air echoed the watchman's tap;
The wintry light gleamed on coats of mail.
The captain had fought a hundred fights, and died;
The warriors in ten years had won their rest.
They went home; they saw the Emperor's face;
The Son of Heaven was seated in the Hall of Light.

To the strong in battle lordships and lands he gave;
And of prize money a hundred thousand strings.
Then spoke the Khan and asked her what she would take.
"Oh Mulan asks not to be made
 A Counsellor at the Khan's court;
She only begs for a camel that can march
 A thousand leagues a day,
To take her back to her home."

When her father and mother heard that she had come,
They went out to the wall and led her back to the house.
When her little sister heard that she had come,
She went to the door and rouged her face afresh.
When her little brother heard that his sister had come,
He sharpened his knife and darted like a flash
Towards the pigs and sheep.

She opened the gate that leads to the eastern tower.
She sat on her bed that stood in the western tower.
She cast aside her heavy soldier's cloak,
And wore again her old-time dress.
She stood at the window and bound her cloudy hair;
She went to the mirror and fastened her yellow combs.
She left the house and met her messmates in the road;
Her messmates were startled out of their wits.
They had marched with her for twelve years of war
And never known that Mulan was a girl.
For the male hare has a lilt, lolling gait,
And the female hare has a wild and roving eye;
But set them both scampering side by side,
And who so wise could tell you "This is he"?

Arthur Waley.

李 白 Li Po

春日醉起言志

處世若大夢	胡爲勞其生
所以終日醉	頽然臥前楹
覺來陽庭前	一鳥花間鳴
借問此何時	春風語流鶯
感之欲嘆息	對酒還自傾
浩歌待明月	曲盡已忘情

“THE BEST OF LIFE IS BUT....”

What is life after all but a dream,
 And why should such pother be made?
 Better far to be tipsy, I deem,
 And doze all day long in the shade.
 When I wake and look out on the lawn,
 I hear midst the flowers a bird sing;
 I ask, “Is it evening or dawn?”
 The mango-bird whistles, “ ’Tis spring,”
 Overpowered with the beautiful sight,
 Another full goblet I pour,
 And would sing till the moon rises bright—
 But soon I'm as drunk as before.

Herbert A. Giles,

WAKING FROM DRUNKENNESS ON A SPRING DAY

"Life in the World is but a big dream;
I will not spoil it by any labour or care."
So saying, I was drunk all the day,
Lying helpless at the porch in front of my door.
When I woke up, I blinked at the garden-lawn;
A lonely bird was singing amid the flowers.
I asked myself, had the day been wet or fine?
The Spring wind was telling the mango-bird.
Moved by its song I soon began to sigh,
And as wine was there I filled my own cup.
Wildly singing I waited for the moon to rise;
When my song was over, all my senses had gone.

Arthur Waley.

AWAKENING FROM SLEEP ON A SPRING DAY

Life is an immense dream, Why toil?
All day long I drowse with wine,
And lie by the post at the front door.
Awakening, I gaze upon the garden trees,
And, hark, a bird is singing among the flowers.
Pray, what season may this be?
Ah, the songster's a mango-bird.

Singing to the passing wind of spring.
I muse and muse myself to sadness,
Once more I pour my wine, and singing aloud,
Await the bright moonrise.
My song is ended—
What troubled my soul?— I remember not.

S. Obata.

A STATEMENT OF RESOLUTIONS AFTER BEING
DRUNK ON A SPRING DAY

This time of ours
Is like a great, confused dream.
Why should one spend one's life in toil?
Thinking this, I have been drunk all day.
I fell down and lay prone by the pillars in front of the house;
When I woke up, I gazed for a long time
At the courtyard before me.
A bird sings among the flowers.
May I ask what season this is?
Spring wind,
The bright oriole of the water-flowing' flight calls.
My feelings make me want to sigh.
The wine is still here, I will throw back my head and drink.
I sing splendidly,
I wait for the bright moon.
Already, by the end of the song, I have forgotten my feelings.

Amy Lowell.

月下獨酌

花間一壺酒	獨酌無相親
舉杯邀明月	對影成三人
月既不解飲	影徒隨我身
暫伴月將影	行樂須及春
我歌月徘徊	我舞影零亂
醒時同交歡	醉後各分散
永結無情遊	相期邈雲漢

WE THREE

One pot of wine amid the Flowers
 Alone I pour, and none with me.
 The cup I lift; the Moon invite;
 Who with my shadow makes us three.
 The moon then drinks without a pause.
 The shadow does what I begin.
 The shadow, Moon and I *in fere*
 Rejoice until the spring come in.
 I sing: and wavers time the moon.
 I dance: the shadow antics too.
 Our joys we share while sobers still.
 When drunk, we part and bid adieu.
 Of loveless outing this the pact,
 Which we all swear to keep for aye.
 The next time that we meet shall be
 Beside yon distant milky way.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

LAST WORDS

An arbor of flowers
 and a kettle of wine:
Alas! in the bowers
 no companion is mine.
Then the moon sheds her rays
 on my goblet and me,
And my shadow betrays
 we're a party of three!
Thou' the moon cannot swallow
 her share of the grog,
And my shadow must follow
 wherever I joy,
Yet their friendship I'll borrow
 and gaily carouse,
And laugh away sorrow
 while spring-time allows.
See the moon—how she glances
 response to my song;
See my shadow—it dances
 so lightly along!
While sober I feel,
 you are both my good friends;
While drunken I reel,
 our companionship ends,
But we'll soon have a greeting
 without a goodbye,
At our next merry meeting
 away in the sky.

Herbert A. Giles.

ON DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT

Here are flowers and here is wine,
But where's a friend with me to join,
Hand to hand and heart to heart,
In one full cup before we part?

Rather than to drink alone,
I'll make bold to ask the moon
To condescend to lend her face,
The hour and the scene to grace.

Lo! she answers, and she brings
My shadow on her silver wings;
That makes three, and we shall be,
I ween, a merry company.

The modest Moon declines the cup,
But shadow promptly takes it up;
And when I dance, my shadow fleet,
Keeps measure with my flying feet.

Yet though the moon declines to tipple,
She dances in yon shining ripple;
And when I sing my festive song
The echoes of the Moon prolong.

Say, when shall we next meet together?
Surely not in cloudy weather;
For you, my boon companions dear,
Come only when the sky is clear.

W. A. P. Martin.

DRINKING ALONE BY MOONLIGHT

A cup of wine, under the flowering trees;
I drink alone, for no friend is near.
Raising my cup I beckon the bright moon,
For he, with my shadow, will make three men.
The moon, alas, is no drinker of wine;
Listless, my shadow creeps about at my side.
Yet with the moon as friend and the shadow as slave
I must make merry before the Spring is spent.
To the songs I sing the moon flickers her beams;
In the dance I weave my shadow tangles and breaks.
While we were sober, three shared the fun;
Now we are drunk, each goes his way.
May we long share our odd, inanimate feast,
And meet at last on the Cloudy River of the sky

Arthur Waley

DRINKING ALONE WITH THE MOON

From a pot of wine among the flowers
I drank alone. There was no one with me—
Till, raising my cup, I asked the bright moon
To bring me my shadow and make us three.
Alas, the moon was unable to drink
And my shadow tagged me vacantly;

But still for a while I had these friends
 To cheer me through the end of spring...
 I sang. The moon encouraged me.
 I danced. My shadow tumb'ed after.
 As long as I knew, we were boon companions.
 And then I was drunk, and we lost one another.
Shall goodwill ever be secure?
 I watch the long road of the River of Stars.

Witter Bynner.

DRINKING ALONE IN THE MOONLIGHT

A pot of wine among flowers.
 I alone, drinking, without a companion.
 I lift the cup and invite the bright moon.
 My shadow opposite certainly makes us three.
 But the moon cannot drink,
 And my shadow follows the motions of my body in vain.
 For the briefest time are the moon and my shadow my companions.
 Oh, be joyful! One must make the most of Spring.
 I sing—the moon walks forward rhythmically;
 I dance, and my shadow shatters and becomes confused.
 In my waking moments, we are happily blended.
 When I am drunk, we are divided from one another and scattered.
 For a long time I shall be obliged to wander without intention;
 But we will keep our appointment by the far-off Cloudy River.

Amy Lowell.

THREE WITH THE MOON AND HIS SHADOW

With a jar of wine I sit by the flowering trees,
I drink alone, and where are my friends?
Ah, the moon above look down on me;
I call and lift my cup to his brightness.
And see, there goes my shadow before me.
Hoo! We're a party of three, I say,—
Though the poor moon can't drink,
And my shadow but dances around me,
We're all friends to-night,
The drinker, the moon and the shadow.
Let our revelry be meet for the spring time!

I sing, the wild moon wanders the sky.
I dance, my shadow goes tumbling about.
While we're awake, let us join in carousal;
Only sweet drunkenness shall ever part us.
Let us pledge a friendship no mortals know,
And often hail each other at evening
Far across the vast and vaporous space!

S. Obata.

訪戴天山道士不遇

犬吠水聲中	桃花帶雨濃
樹深時見鹿	溪午不聞鐘
野竹分青靄	飛泉挂碧峯
無人知所去	愁倚兩三松

THE PRIEST OF T' IEN MOUNTAIN

I hear the distant baying of the hound
 Amid the waters murmuring around;
 I see the peach-flowers bearing crystal rain,
 The sportive deer around the forest fane.

The waving tops of bamboo groves aspire
 In fleeting change the summer clouds to tire,
 While from the emerald peaks of many hills
 The sparkling cascades fall in fairy rills.

Beneath the pines within this shady dell,
 I list in vain to hear the noontide bell;
 The temple's empty, and the priest has gone,
 And I am left to mourn my grief alone.

Charles Budd.

A FRUITLESS VISIT TO THE PRIEST OF THE
TAI TIEN HILLS

I hear the barking of the dogs amidst the water's sound.
 The recent rain has washed each stain from all the peach bloom round.
 At times amid the thickest copse a timid deer is seen.
 And to the breeze in sparkling seas the bamboos roll in green.

From yonder verdant peak depends the sheeted waterfall.
 At noon's full prime I hear no chime of bells from arbour'd hall.
 Whither the wandering priest has gone is no one here can tell.
 Against a pine I sad recline, and let my heart o'er swell.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

**VISITING THE TAOIST PRIEST ON THE MOUNTAIN
 WHICH UPHOLDS HEAVEN. HE IS ABSENT**

A Dog,
 A dog barking.
 And the sound of rushing water.
 How dark and rich the peach-flowers after the rain.
 Every now and then, between the trees, I see deer.
 Twelve o'clock, but I hear no bell in the ravine.
 Wild bamboos lit the blue-green of a cloudy sky.
 The waterfall hangs against the jade-green peak.
 There is no one to tell me where he has gone.
 I lean against the pine-trees grieving,

Amy Lowell.

**ON GOING TO VISIT A TAOIST RECLUSE ON MOUNT
 TAI-TIEN, BUT FALLING TO MEET HIM**

A dog barks afar where the waters croon.
 The peach flowers are deeper-tinted, wet with rain,
 The wood is so thick that one espies a deer at times,
 But cannot hear the noon bell in this lonely glen.
 The wild bamboos sway in the blue mist,
 And on the green mountainside flying cascades glisten.
 What way has he gone? There is none to tell;
 Sadly I lean against a pine tree here and there.

S. Obata.

送 友 人

青 山 橫 北 郭	白 水 遶 東 城
此 地 一 爲 別	孤 蓬 萬 里 征
浮 雲 遊 子 意	落 日 故 人 情
揮 手 自 茲 去	蕭 蕭 班 馬 鳴

FAREWELL

Where blue hills cross the northern sky,
 Beyond the moat which girds the town,
 'Twas there we stopped to say Goodbye!
 And one white sail alone dropped down.
 Your heart was full of wandering thought;
 For me,—my sun had set indeed;
 To wave a last adieu we sought,
 Voiced for us by each whinnying steed!

Herbert A. Giles.

TAKING LEAVE OF A FRIEND

Blue mountains to the north of the walls,
 White river winding about them;
 Here we must make separation
 And go out through a thousand miles of dead grass.
 Mind like a floating wide cloud.
 Sunset like the parting of old acquaintances
 Who bow over their clasped hands at a distance.
 Our horses neigh to each other as we are departing.

Ezra Pound.

A D I E U

Athwart the northern gate the green hills swell,
White water round the eastern city flows.
When once we here have bade a long farewell,
Your lone sail struggling up the current goes.

Those floating clouds are like the wanderer's heart,
Yon sinking sun recalls departed days.
Your hand waves us adieu; and lo! you start,
And dismally your horse retiring neighs.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

SAYING GOOD-BYE TO A FRIEND

Clear green hills at a right angle to the North wall,
White water winding to the East of the city.
Here is the place where we must part.
The lonely water-plants go ten thousand li;
The floating clouds wander everywhither as does man.
Day is departing—it and my friend.
Our hands separate. Now he is going.
“Hsiao, hsiao,” the horse neighs.
He neighs again, “Hsiao, hsiao.”

Amy Lowell.

TAKING LEAVE OF A FRIEND

Blue mountains lie beyond the north wall;
Round the city's eastern side flows the white water.
Here we part, friend, once forever.
You go ten thousand miles, drifting away
Like an unrooted water-grass.
Oh, the floating clouds and the thoughts of a wanderer!
Oh, the sunset and the longing of an old friend!
We ride away from each other, waving our hands,
While our horses neigh softly, softly

S. Obata.

A FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

With a blue line of mountains north of the wall,
 And east of the city a white curve of water,
 Here you must leave me and drift away
 Like a loosened water-plant hundreds of miles
 I shall think of you in a floating cloud;
 So in the sunset think of me.
 . . . We wave our hands to say good-bye,
 And my horse is neighing again and again.

Witter Bynner.

怨 情

美 人 捲 珠 簾
 深 坐 翠 蛾 眉
 但 見 淚 痕 溼
 不 知 心 恨 誰

T E A R S

A fair girl draws the blind aside,
 And sadly sits with drooping head;
 I see her burning tear-drops glide
 But know not why those tears are shed.

Herbert A. Giles.

G R I E F

My lady has rolled up the curtains of pearl,
 And sits with a frown on her eyebrows apart.
 Wet traces of tears can be seen as they curl.
 But who knows for whom is the grief in her heart?

W. J. B. Fletcher.

PASSIONATE GRIEF

Beautiful is this woman who rolls up the pearl-reed blind.
She sits in an inner chamber,
And her eyebrows, delicate as a moth's antennae,
Are drawn with grief.
One sees only the wet lines of tears.
For whom does she suffer this misery?
We do not know.

Amy Lowell.

THE NIGHT OF SORROW

A lovely woman rolls up
The delicate bamboo blind.
She sits deep within,
Twitching her moth eyebrows,
Who may it be
That grieves her heart?
On her face one sees
Only the wet traces of tears.

S. Obata.

A BITTER LOVE

How beautiful she looks, opening the pearly casement,
And how quiet she leans, and how troubled her brow is!
You may see the tears now, bright on her cheek,
But not the man she so bitterly loves.

Witter Bynner.

靜 夜 思

牀 前 明 月 光
 疑 是 地 上 霜
 舉 頭 望 明 月
 低 頭 思 故 鄉

NIGHT THOUGHTS

I wake, and moonbeams play around my bed,
 Glittering like hoar-frost to my wandering eyes;
 Up towards the glorious moon I raise my head,
 Then lay me down—and thoughts of home arise.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE MOON SHINES EVERYWHERE

Seeing the Moon before my couch so bright
 I thought hoar frost had fallen from the night.
 On her clear face I gaze with lifted eyes:
 Then hide them full of Youth's sweet memories.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THOUGHTS IN A TRANQUIL NIGET

Athwart the ded
 I watch the moonbeams cast a trail
 So bright, so cold, so frail,
 That for a space it gleams
 Like hoar-frost on the margin of my dreams.
 I raise my head,—
 The splendid moon I see:
 Then droop my head,
 And sink to dreams of thee—
 My fatherland, of thee!

L. Cranmer-Byng.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

In front of my bed the moonlight is very bright.
I wonder if that can be frost on the floor?
I lift up my head and look full at the full moon, the dazzling moon.
I drop my head, and think of the home of old days.

Amy Lowell.

ON A QUIET NIGHT

I saw the moonlight before my couch,
And wondered if it were not the frost on the ground.
I raised my head and looked out on the mountain moon,
I bowed my head and thought of my far-off home.

S. Obata.

IN THE QUIET NIGHT

So bright a gleam on the foot of my bed—
Could there have been a frost already?
Lifting myself to look, I found that it was moonlight.
Sinking back again, I thought suddenly of home.

Witter Bynner.

金陵酒肆留別

風吹柳花滿店香
 吳姬壓酒勸客嘗
 金陵子弟來相送
 欲行不行各盡觴
 請君試問東流水
 別意與之誰短長

FAREWELL BY THE RIVER

The breeze blows the willow-scent in from the dell,
 While Phyllis with bumpers would fain cheer us up;
 Dear friends press around me to bid me farewell:
 Goodbye! and goodbye!—and yet just one more cup
 I whisper, Thou'lt see this great stream flow away
 Ere I cease to love as I love thee to-day!

Herbert A. Giles.

OUR PARTING AT KINLING INN

With incense from the willow flowers the zephyr fills the inn.
 A rustic beauty baits the wine and tempts the guests to taste.
 All Kinling friends come hither to speed each other haste;
 Those leaving and those staying all make the goblets spin.
 Now prithee ask the River that ever eastward flows,
 If any parting constant as his he ever knows?

W. J. B. Fletcher.

DETAINED IN A NANKING WINE-SHOP ON THE EVE
 OF STARTING ON A JOURNEY

The wind blows. The inn is filled with the scent of willow-flowers.
 In the wine-shops of Wu, women are pressing the wine. The sight in-
 vites customers to taste.

The young men and boys of Nanking have gathered to see me off;
I wish to start, but I do not, and we drink many, many horn cups to
the bottom.

I beg them to look at the water flowing toward the East,
And when we separate to let their thoughts follow its example and
run constantly in my direction.

Amy Lowell.

PARTING AT A TAVERN OF GHIN-LING

The wind blows the willow bloom and fills the whole tavern with
fragrance

While the pretty girls of Wu bid us taste the new wine.
My good comrades of Chin-ling, hither you have come to see me off.
I, going, still tarry; and we drain our cups evermore.
Pray ask the river, which is the longer of the two—
Its east-flowing stream, or the thoughts of ours at parting?

S. Obata.

PARTING AT A WINE-SHOP IN NAN-KING

A wind, bringing willow-cotton, sweetens the shop,
And a girl from Wu, pouring wine, urges me to share it .
With my comrades of the city who are here to see me off:
And as each of them drains his cup, I say to him in parting,
Oh, go and ask this river running to the east
If it can travel farther than a friend's love!

Witter Bynner.

長 相 思

一

長 相 思
 在 長 安
 絡 緯 秋 啼 金 井 闌
 微 霜 淒 淒 簾 色 寒
 孤 燈 不 明 思 欲 絕
 卷 帷 望 月 空 長 歎
 美 人 如 花 冥 隔 雲 端
 上 有 青 冥 之 長 天
 下 有 綠 水 之 波 瀾
 天 長 地 遠 魂 飛 苦
 夢 魂 不 到 關 山 難
 長 摧 心 肝

二

日 色 欲 盡 花 含 煙
 月 明 欲 盡 素 愁 不 眠
 趙 瑟 初 停 鳳 鴛 柱
 蜀 琴 有 意 無 人 絃
 此 願 隨 春 風 隔 燕 然
 憶 君 迢 迢 橫 波 青 天
 昔 時 作 流 淚 目 泉
 今 不 信 妾 腸 斷
 歸 來 看 取 明 鏡 前

MUTUAL LONGING**I *The Man***

Long dream we of each other.
At Chang-an far away
Wails sadly autumn's cricket
For Venus' waning ray.
The first frost falls, and chilliness
Invades the bed's delight.
But dully burns my lonely lamp.
Thought dies away in night.
The blind I roll; and gaze upon
Yon lonely Moon; and sigh
For those fair flower-like beauties
That veiling clouds deny.
Above the azure ocean deeps
Stretch endless o'er the sky:
Below roll limpid billows.
Hard for the soul to fly
O'er skies so long and earth so wide!
So high the passes, deep the tide,
Thy vision comes not to my side.
Yet mutual longings us enwrap,
Until my very heart-strings snap.

II *The Woman*

The colours of the day depart.
O'er flowers the mist-veils creep.
The moonshine turns to ashy grey;
And sad I cannot sleep.
The psaltery's notes have sunk to rest
Upon their bridge of fire.
The harpsichord begins to chime
With chords of sweet desire.
The song, though full of meaning,
Yet dies away unknown.

Would vernal breezes blow it
 O'er Hua-jan's carven stone!
 I pine for you, so far away,
 Beyond the sky so blue.
 The eyes once liquid waves exchanged
 To-day stream tears for you.
 That my poor heart is broken,
 If you require a token,
 Return! Before your mirror bright
 I'll lay it open to your sight!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

ETERNALLY THINKING OF EACH OTHER

The Woman Speaks

The colour of the day is over; flowers hold the mist in their lips.
 The bright moon is like glistening silk. I cannot sleep for grief.
 The tones of the Chao psaltery begin and end on the bridge of the
 silver-crested love-pheasant.
 I wish I could play my Shu table-lute on the mandarin duck strings.
 The meaning of this music—there is no one to receive it.
 I desire my thoughts to follow the Spring wind, even to the Swallow
 Mountains.
 I think of my Lord far, far away, remote as the Green Heaven.
 In old days, my eyes were like horizontal waves;
 Now they flow, a spring of tears.
 If you do not believe that the bowels of your Unworthy One are torn
 and severed.
 Return and take up the bright mirror I was wont to use.

The Man Speaks

We think of each other eternally.
 My thoughts are at Ch'ang An.

The Autumn cricket chirps beside the railing of the Golden Well;
The light frost is chilly, chilly; the colour of the bamboo sleeping
mat is cold.

The neglected lamp does not burn brightly. My thoughts seem
broken off.

I roll up the long curtain and look at the moon—it is useless, I sigh
continually.

The Beautiful, Flower-like One is as far from me as the distance of
the clouds.

Above is the brilliant darkness of a high sky,

Below is the rippling surface of the clear water.

Heaven is far and the road to it is long; it is difficult for a man's soul
to compass it in flight.

Even in a dream my spirit cannot cross the grievous barrier of hills.
We think of each other eternally.

My heart and my liver are snapped in two.

Amy Lowell.

ENDLESS YEARNING

I

"I am endlessly yearning

To be in Ch'ang-an.

...Insects hum of autumn by the gold brim of the well;

A thin frost glistens like little mirrors on my cold mat;

The high lantern flickers; and deeper grows my longing.

I lift the shade and, with many a sigh, gaze upon the moon,

Single as a flower, centred from the clouds.

Above, I see the blueness and deepness of sky.

Below, I see the greenness and the restlessness of water...

Heaven is high, earth wide; bitter between them flies my sorrow.

Can I dream through the gateway, over the mountain?

Endless longing

Breaks my heart."

II

"The sun has set, and a mist is in the flowers;
 And the moon grows very white and people sad and sleepless.
 A Chao harp has just been laid mute on its phoenix-holder,
 And a Shu lute begins to sound its mandarin-duck strings. . .
 Since nobody can bear to you the burden of my song,
 Would that it might follow the spring wind to Yen-jan Mountain.
 I think of you far away, beyond the blue sky,
 And my eyes that once were sparkling
 Are now a well of tears.
 . . . Oh, if ever you should doubt this aching of my heart,
 Here in my bright mirror come back and look at me!"

Witter Bynner.

長 干 行

妾	髮	初	覆	額	折	花	門	前	劇
郎	騎	竹	馬	來	繞	床	弄	青	梅
同	居	長	干	里	兩	小	無	嫌	猜
十	四	爲	君	婦	羞	顏	未	嘗	開
低	頭	向	暗	壁	千	墜	不	一	回
十	五	始	展	眉	願	同	塵	與	灰
常	存	抱	柱	信	豈	上	望	夫	臺
十	六	君	遠	行	瞿	塘	澗	瀕	堆
五	月	不	可	觸	猿	聲	天	上	哀
門	前	送	行	跡	一	一	生	綠	苔
苔	深	不	能	掃	落	葉	秋	風	早
八	月	翮	蝶	黃	雙	飛	西	園	草
感	此	傷	妾	心	坐	愁	紅	顏	老
早	晚	下	三	巴	預	將	書	報	家
相	迎	不	道	遠	直	至	長	風	沙

A SOLDIER'S WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

'Twas many a year ago,
How I recall the day!
When you, my own true love,
Came first with me to play.

You rode a bamboo horse,
And deemed yourself a knight,
With paper helm and shield
And wooden sword bedight.

Thus we together grew,
And we together played—
Yourself a giddy boy,
And I a thoughtless maid.

At fourteen I was wed;
And if one called my name,
As quick as lightning flash,
The crimson blushes came.

'Twas not till we had passed
A year of married life
My heart was knit to yours
In joy to be your wife.

Another year, alas!
And you had joined your chief;
While I was left at home,
In solitary grief.

When victory crowns your arms,
And I your triumph learn,
What bliss for me to fly
To welcome your return;

W. A. P. Martin.

THAT PARTING AT CH'ANG-KAN

When first o'er maiden brows my hair I tied,
 In sport I plucked the blooms before the door.
 You riding came on hobby-horse astride,
 And wreathed my bed with green-gage branches o'er.
 At Ch'ang-kan Village long together dwelt
 We children twain, and knew no petty strife.
 At fourteen years, lo! I became thy wife.
 Yet ah! the modest shyness that I felt!
 My shamefaced head I in a corner hung;
 Nor to long calling answered word of mine.
 At fifteen years my heart's gate open sprung,
 And I was glad to mix my dust with thine.
 My troth to thee till death I keep for aye:
 My eyes still gaze adoring on my lord.
 When I was but sixteen you went away.
 In Chü-t'ang Gorge how Yen-yü's billows roared!
 For five long months with you I cannot meet.
 The gibbon's wail re-echoes to the sky!
 Before the door, where stood your parting feet,
 The prints with verdant moss are covered high.
 Deep is that moss! it will not brush away.
 In early autumn's gale the leaflets fall.
 September now!—the butterflies so gay
 Disport on grasses by our garden wall.
 The sight my heart disturbs with longing woe.
 I sit and wail, my red cheeks growing old,
 Early and late I to the gorges go,
 Waiting for news that of thy coming told.
 How short will seem the way, if we but meet!
 Across the sand the wind flies straight to greet.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE RIVER-MERCHANT'S WIFE

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chokan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful:
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.
At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours.
Why should I climb the look-out?

At sixteen you departed,
Forever and forever, and forever.
You went into far Ku-to-Yen, by the river of swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.
You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West Garden,
They hurt me.
I grow older,
If you are coming down through the narrow of the river Kiang,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you,
As far as Cho-fu-Sa.

Ezra Pound.

IDYLL OF CH'ANG-KAN

When the curls first began to o'ershadow my brow
I was plucking the flowers by the gate,
When lo! there rode up a venturesome knight,
On a bamboo charger he sate;
Together we played, village boy and maid,
Nor suspected the schemings of fate.
But at twice seven years I was wedded to him,
And then shame clouded the joy;
Toward the dark wall my head I declined,
When he called I was dumb to the boy.
When a year had slid by my countenance cleared,
And our hearts became one out of twain;
We swore to be true with a "beam-clasping" faith,
And the thought of his absence was pain.
Another year sped, and alas! my dear lord
Went afar on a river of fear;
In the fifth moon the rapids are perilous still;
Heaven pity the voyager dear!
Where we bade each the other farewell at the gate
The footprints are green with moss now,
Deep moss that clings fast to the unswept steps.
How early the wind strips the bough!
In the eighth moon the butterflies pale their bright hues,
But in pairs they flit through the west glade,
With a pang I remember it, sitting alone,
Old in heart though my cheek does not fade.
But surely, returning, he's made the Big Bend,
And the glad news my ears will soon greet.
If to welcome him home I went seventy leagues
I should count the road short, the toil sweet.

C. Gaunt.

GH'ANG KAN

When the hair of your Unworthy One first began to cover her forehead,
She picked flowers and played in front of the door.

Then you, my Lover, came riding a bamboo horse.

We ran round and round the bed, and tossed about the sweetmeats of
green plums.

We both lived in the village of Chang Kan.

We were both very young, and knew neither jealousy nor suspicion.

At fourteen, I became the wife of my Lord.

I could not yet lay aside my face of shame;

I hung my head, facing the dark wall;

You might call me a thousand times, not once would I turn round.

At fifteen, I stopped frowning.

I wanted to be with you, as dust with its ashes.

I often thought that you were the faithful man who clung to the
bridgepost,

That I should never be obliged to ascend to the Looking-for-Husband
Ledge.

When I was sixteen, my Lord went far away,

To the Cu'ü T'ang Chasm and the Whirling Water Rock of the Yü
River.

Which, during the Fifth Month, must not be collided with;

Where the wailing of the gibbons seems to come from the sky.

Your departing footprints are still before the door where I bade you
good-bye,

In each has sprung up green moss.

The moss is thick, it cannot be swept away.

The leaves are falling, it is early for the Autumn wind to blow.

It is the Eighth Month, the butterflies are yellow,

Two are flying among the plants in the west garden;

Seeing them, my heart is bitter with grief, they wound the heart of
the Unworthy One.

The bloom of my face has faded, sitting with my sorrow.

From early morning until late in the evening, you descent the Three
Serpent River.

Prepare me first with a letter, bringing me the news of when you will
reach home.

I will not go far on the road to meet you,

I will go straight until I reach the Long Wind Sands.

Amy Lowell.

A LETTER FROM CHANG-KAN

(A river-merchant's wife writes)

I would play, plucking flowers by the gate;
My hair scarcely covered my forehead, then.
You would come, riding on your bamboo horse,
And loiter about the bench with green plums for toys.
So we both dwelt in Chang-kan town,
We were two children, suspecting nothing.

At fourteen I became your wife,
Add so bashful that I could never bare my face,
But hung my head, and turned to the dark wall;
You would call me a thousand times,
But I could not look back even once.

At fifteen I was able to compose my eyebrows,
And beg you to love me till we were dust and ashes.
You always kept the faith of Wei-sheng,
Who waited under the bridge, unafraid of death,
I never knew I was to climb the Hill of Wang-fu
And watch for you these many days.

I was sixteen when you went on a long journey
Traveling beyond the Keu-Tang Gorge,
Where the giant rocks heap up the swift river,
And the rapids are not passable in May.
Did you hear the monkeys wailing
Up on the skyey height of the crags?
Do you know your foot-marks by our gate are old,
And each and every one is filled up with green moss?
The mosses are too deep for me to sweep away;
And already in the autumn wind the leaves are falling.
The yellow butterflies of October
Flutter in pairs over the grass of the west garden.
My heart aches at seeing them. . . .
I sit sorrowing alone, and alas!
The vermilion of my face is fading.
Some day when you return down the river,
If you will write me a letter beforehand,
I will come to meet you—the way is not long—
I will come as far as the Long Wind Beach instantly.

S. Obata.

A SONG OF CH'ANG-KAN

My hair had hardly covered my forehead.
I was picking flowers, playing by my door.
When you, my lover, on a bamboo horse,
Came trotting in circles and throwing green plums.
We lived near together on a lane in Ch'ang-kan,
Both of us young and happy-hearted.
. . . At fourteen I became your wife,
So bashful that I dared not smile,
And I lowered my head toward a dark corner
And would not turn to your thousand calls;

But at fifteen I straightened my brows and laughed,
Learning that no dust could ever seal our love,
That even unto death I would await you by my post
And would never lose heart in the tower of silent watching.
... Then when I was sixteen, you left on a long journey
Through the Gorges of Chü-t'ang, of rock and whirling water.
And then came the Fifth-month, more than I could bear,
And I tried to hear the monkeys in your lofty far-off sky.
Your footprints by our door, where I had watched you go,
Were hidden, every one of them, under green moss,
Hidden under moss too deep to sweep away.
And the first autumn wind added fallen leaves.
And now, in the Eighth-month, yellowing butterflies
Hover, two by two, in our west-garden grasses . . .
And, because of all this, my heart is breaking
And I fear for my bright checks, lest they fade.
. . . Oh, at last, when you return through the three Pa districts,
Send me a message home ahead!
And I will come and meet you and will never mind the distance.
All the way to Chang-fêng Sha.

Witter Bynner.

杜 甫

Tu Fu

秋

興

玉露凋傷楓樹林

巫山巫峽氣蕭森

江間波浪兼天湧

塞上風雲接地陰

叢菊重開他日淚

孤舟一繫故園心

寒衣處處催刀尺

白帝城高急暮砧

CHANTS OF AUTUMN

Shorn by the frost with crystal blade,
 The dry leaves, scattered, fall at last;
 Among the valleys of Wu Chan
 Cold winds of death go wailing past.
 Tumultuous waves of the great river rise
 And seem to storm the skies;
 While snow-bright peak and prairie mist combine,
 And greyness softens the harsh mountain line.
 Chrysanthemums unfurl to-day,
 To-morrow the last flowers are blown.
 I am the barque that chains delay:
 My homeward thoughts must sail alone.
 From house to house warm winter robes are spread,
 And through the pine-woods red
 Floats up the sound of the washerman's bat who plies
 His hurried task ere the brief noon wanes and dies.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

ODE TO AUTUMN

Before the Autumn's pearling dew the maple woods decay.
 O'er Magic Hill and Wizard Gorge broods desolation's sway.
 The billows of the river leap to touch the boiling sky.
 The storm-clouds driven o'er the Pass o'er Earth as shadows fly.
 The asters twice have opened a fresh year's tears to view.
 The lone boat once tied up acquires old longings ever new.
 All round, their winter clothes to make, the rule and scissors ply.
 Till sunset thuds the busy block o'er Po-ti's towers high.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE SORCERESS GORGE

Jade dew lies upon the withered and wounded forest of mapletrees.
 On the Sorceress Hill, over the Sorceress Gorge, the mist is desolate
 and dark.
 The ripples of the river increase into waves and blur with the rapidly
 flowing sky.
 The wind-clouds at the horizon become confused with the Earth.
 Darkness.
 The myriad chrysanthemums have bloomed twice. Days to come—
 tears.
 The solitary little boat is moored, but my heart is in the old-time
 garden.
 Everywhere people are hastening to measure and cut out their
 Winter clothes.
 At sunset, in the high City of the White Emperor, the hurried pound-
 ing of washed garments.

Amy Lowell.

登

高

風急天高猿嘯哀
無邊落木蕭蕭下
萬里悲秋常作客
艱難苦恨繁霜鬢

滄清沙白鳥飛迴
不盡長江滾滾來
百年多病獨登臺
潦倒新停濁酒盃

THE HEIGHTS

The wind so fresh, the sky so high
Awake the gibbons' wailing cry.
The isles clear-cut, the sand so white,
Arrest the wheeling sea-gulls' flight.
Through endless Space with rusting sound
The falling leaves are whirled around.
Beyond my ken a yeasty sea
The Yangtze's waves are rolling free.
From far away, in Autumn drear,
I find my self a stranger here.
With dragging years and illness wage
Lone war upon this lofty stage.
With troubles vexed and trials sore
My locks are daily growing hoar:
Till Time, before whose steps I pine,
Set down this failing cup of wine!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A LONG CLIMB

In a sharp gale from the wide sky apes are whimpering,
Birds are flying homeward over the clear lake and white sand
Leaves are dropping down like the spray of a waterfall,
While I watch the long river always rolling on.
I have come three thousand miles away. Sad now with autumn
And with my hundred years of woe, I climb this height alone.
Ill fortune has laid a bitter frost on my temples,
Heart-ache and weariness are a thick dust in my wine.

Witter Bynner.

羌 邛

崢嶸赤雲西	日脚下平地
柴聞鳥鵲噪	歸客千里至
妻孥怪我在	驚定還拭淚
世亂遭飄蕩	生還偶然遂
隣人滿牆頭	感嘆亦歔歔
夜闌更秉燭	相對如夢寐

THE WANDERER'S RETURN

The setting sun beneath the red-lined clouds,
Which mass around the foot-hills in the west,
Still floods the valley with a rose-hued light,
And lures the chirping birds to seek their rest.

The wayworn traveller pauses near the gate,
From which he sallied forth so long ago;
Unconscious then of what Fate held in store—
The years of separation, loss, and woe.

The neighbours press around the garden fence,
And gaze with mouth agape, or quietly sigh;
While wife and children awestruck, rigid stand,
And then tears flow and to his arms they fly.

'For years on revolution's waves I've tossed,
While wife and bairns mourned me in hopeless plight;
And now to-night, as in a dream, I sit
With all my loved ones 'neath the lamp's bright light.'

Charles Budd.

CHIANG TSUN

The sunset reddens o'er the lofty peak.
The sun steps down the level plain to seek.
The sparrows twitter on the wicker door—
Home!—yet so many miles have left me weak.

My wife and children start to see me here.
 Surprise scarce vanquished wipes a furtive tear:
 To think that swept by anarchy away
 Yet chance returns me to each bosom dear.

The garden wall with neighbors' heads is lined.
 Each breast surcharging breaks in sighings king.
 All night beside the candle's beam we sit,
 As though in dreams and absence still we pined.

W.J.B. Fletcher.

GH'IANg TSUN: THE HAMLET OF ELEGANCE

Clouds to the West are hills overtopping one another, a vermilion
 glory of fire and height;
 The sun's foot has dropped below the level earth.
 Large birds, small birds, twitter at my rustic gate;
 The traveller returns home; he arrives from a thousand *li*.
 Wife, children, marvel that I am alive;
 First startled, then comforted, yet again they dry their tears.
 The world is in confusion, I have blown on the whirlwind and floated
 on vast waters;
 That I return alive is the result of mere accident.
 Neighbours and friends crowd to overflowing the top of our wall;
 Their emotions are roused; they sigh, snivel and blow their noses,
 they whimper and sob.
 Late at night we still grasp candles:
 We are together—do we sleep and dream?

Florence Ayscough.

石 壕 吏

暮 投 石 壕 卹	有 吏 夜 捉 人
老 翁 踰 牆 走	老 婦 出 看 門
吏 呼 一 何 怒	婦 啼 一 何 苦
聽 婦 前 致 詞	三 男 鄴 城 戍
一 男 附 書 至	二 男 新 戰 死
存 者 且 儉 生	死 者 長 已 矣
室 中 更 無 人	惟 有 乳 下 孫
有 孫 母 未 去	出 入 無 完 裙
老 嫗 力 雖 衰	請 從 吏 夜 歸
急 應 河 陽 役	猶 得 備 晨 炊
夜 久 語 聲 絕	如 聞 泣 幽 咽
天 明 登 前 途	獨 與 老 翁 別

THE PRESSGANG

There, where at eve I sought a bed,
 A pressgang came, recruits to hunt;
 Over the wall the goodman sped,
 And left his wife to bear the brunt.

Ah me! the cruel serjeant's rage!
 Ah me! how sadly she anon
 Told all her story's mournful page,—
 How three sons to the war had gone;

How one had sent a line to say
 That two had been in battle slain:
 He, from the fight had run away,
 But they could ne'er come back again.

She swore 'twas all the family—
 Except a grandson at the breast;
 His mother too was there, but she
 Was all in rags and tatters drest.

The crone with age was troubled sore,
 But for herself she'd not think twice
 To journey to the seat of war
 And held to cook the soldiers' rice.

The night wore on and stopped her talk;
 Then sobs upon my hearing fell....
 At dawn when I set forth to walk,
 Only the goodman cried Farewell!

Herbert A. Giles.

THE RUNNERS OF SHIH HAO

The twilight gloamed. At Shih-hao Tsun I stayed.
 Night soldiers brought the inmates to arrest.
 The old man leapt the wall and fled affrayed:
 To meet them issued his old wife distressed.
 Shouted the soldiers tones in anger strong.
 The woman's voice was broken with her woe.
 I heard her say that her three sons had gone
 To war at Yeh-ch'eng. They were forced to go.
 That two were dead the last one wrote to say:
 And he in constant jeopardy, he wrote.
 Those dead were gone forever. Aye! Aye! Aye!
 (With what a choke the words tore up her throat.)
 Within the house there now was no one left—
 Only her infant grandson at the breast.
 And his poor mother thus of all bereft,
 In worn and tattered robe was scantily dressed.

The poor old soul, enfeebled, aged and worn,
 Through the dark night must with the soldiers go—
 Her enemies! With agitation torn,
 To cook a meal she hurries to and fro.
 Their voices' sound the lengthening hours consume:
 And weeping dies in strangling sobs away.
 The light returns.—As I my road resume,
 But sad farewells to that old man I say.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE RECRUITING SERGEANT

At sunset in the village of Che-kao
 I sought for shelter; on my heels there trod
 A grim recruiting sergeant, of the kind
 That seize their prey by night. A poor old man
 Saw—scaled the wall, and vanished. Through the gate
 An old bent woman hobbled, and she marched
 A pace before him. Loudly in his wrath
 The grim recruiter stormed; and bitterly
 She answered: "Listen to the voice of her
 Who drags before you. Once I had three sons—
 Three in the Emperor's camp; A letter came
 From one, and—there was one; the others fell
 In the same battle—he alone was left,
 Scarce able from the iron grasp of Death
 To tear his miserable life.

Alas

My two dead boys! for ever and for aye
 Death holds them. In our wretched hut remains
 The last of all the men—a little child,
 Still at his mother's breast. She cannot flee
 Since her few tatters scarce suffice to clothe
 Her shrunken limbs.

My years are nearly done,
 My strength is well-nigh spent; yet I will go

Readily to the camping-ground. Perchance
I may be useful for some humble task,
To cook the rice or stir the morning meal."

• • • • •

Night slipped away. The clamour and the cries
Died down; but there was weeping and the sound
Of stifled moans around me.

At the break
Of dawn I hurried on my road, and left
None but an old and broken man behind.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

THE RECRUITING AT THE VILLAGE OF THE STONE MOAT

I sought a lodging for the night, at sunset, in the Stone Moat Village.
Recruiting Officers, who seize people by night, were there.
A venerable old man climbed over the wall and fled.
An old woman came out of the door and peered.
What rage in the shouts of the Recruiting Officers!
What bitterness in the weeping of the old woman!
I heard the words of the woman as she pled her cause before them:
"My three sons are with the frontier guard at Yeh Ch'eng.
From one son I have received a letter.
A little while ago, two sons died in battle.
He who remains has stolen a temporary lease of life;
The dead are finished forever.
In the house, there is still no grown man,
Only my grandson at the breast.
The mother of my grandson has not gone,
Going out, coming in, she has not a single whole skirt.

I am an old, old woman, and my strength is failing,
 But I beg to go with the Recruiting Officers when they return this night.
 I will eagerly agree to act as a servant at Ho Yang;
 I am still able to prepare the early mornig meal."
 The sound of words ceased in the long night,
 It was as though I heard the darkness choke with tears.
 At daybreak. I went on my way,
 Only the venerable old man was left.

Amy Lowell.

兵 車 行

車 轡 轡	馬 蕭 蕭	行 人 弓 箭 各 在 腰
耶 娘 妻 子 走 相 送		塵 埃 不 見 咸 陽 橋
牽 衣 頓 足 擗 道 哭		哭 聲 直 上 干 雲 霄
道 旁 過 者 問 行 人		行 人 但 云 點 行 頻
或 從 十 五 北 防 河		便 至 四 十 兩 營 田
去 時 里 正 與 襄 頭		歸 來 頭 白 還 戍 邊
邊 亭 流 血 成 海 水		武 皇 開 邊 意 未 已
君 不 聞 漢 家 山 東 二 百 州		千 村 萬 落 生 荆 杞
縱 有 健 婦 把 鋤 犁		禾 生 隴 畝 無 東 西
況 復 秦 兵 耐 苦 戰		被 驅 不 異 犬 與 雞
長 者 雖 有 問		役 夫 敢 申 恨
且 如 今 年 冬		未 休 關 西 卒
縣 官 急 索 租		租 稅 從 何 出
信 知 生 男 惡		反 是 生 女 好
生 女 猶 得 嫁 比 鄰		生 男 埋 沒 隨 百 草
君 不 見 青 海 頭		古 來 白 骨 無 人 收
新 鬼 煩 冤 舊 鬼 哭		天 陰 雨 溼 聲 啾 啾

CONSCRIPTS LEAVING FOR THE FRONTIER

Chariots rumbling; horses neighing;
Soldiers shouting martial cries;
Drums are sounding; trumpets braying;
Seas of glittering spears arise.

On each warrior's back are hanging
Deadly arrows, mighty bows;
Pipes are blowing, gongs are clanging,
On they march in serried rows.

Age-bowed parents, sons and daughters
Crowd beside in motley bands;
Here one stumbles, there one falters
Through the clouds of blinding sands.

Wives and mothers sometimes clinging
To their loved ones in the ranks,
Or in grief their bodies flinging
On the dusty crowded flanks.

Mothers', wives', and children's weeping
Rises sad above the din,—
Through the clouds to Heaven creeping—
Justice begging for their din.

'To what region are they going?'
Asks a stranger passing by;
'To the Yellow River, flowing
Through the desert bare and dry!

'Forced conscription daily snapping
Ties which bind us to our clan;
Forced conscription slowly sapping
All the manhood of the Han.'

And the old man went on speaking
To the stranger from afar:
"Tis the Emperor, glory seeking,
Drives them 'neath his baleful star.

'Guarding river; guarding passes
On the frontier, wild and drear;
Fighting foes in savage masses—
Scant of mercy, void of fear.

'Proclamations, without pity,
Rain upon us day by day,
Till from village, town, and city
All our men are called away.

'Called away to swell the flowing
Of the streams of human blood,
Where the bitter north wind blowing
Petrifies the ghastly flood.

'Guarding passes through the mountains,
Guarding rivers in the plain;
While in sleep, in youth's clear fountain,
Scenes of home come back again.

'But, alas! the dream is leaded
With the morn's recurring grief,
Only few return—grey-headed—
To their homes, for days too brief.

'For the Emperor, still unheeding
Starving homes and lands untilled,
On his fatuous course proceeding,
Swears his camps shall be refilled,

'Hence new levies are demanded,
And the war goes on apace,
Emperor and foemen banded
In the slaughter of the race.

'All the region is denuded
Of its men and hardy boys,
Only women left, deluded
Of life's promise and its joys.

'Yet the prefects clamour loudly
That the taxes must be paid,—
Ride about and hector proudly!
How can gold from stones be made?

'Levy after levy driven,
Treated more like dogs than men,
Over mountains, tempest riven,
Through the salty desert fen.

'There by Hun and Tartar harried—
Ever fighting, night or day;
Wounded, left to die, or carried
Far from kith and kin away.

'Better bring forth daughters only
Than male children doomed to death,
Slaughtered in the desert lonely,
Frozen by the north wind's breath.

'Where their bodies, left unburied,
Strew the plain from west to east,
While above in legions serried
Vultures hasten to the feast.

'Brave men's bones on desert bleaching,
Far away from home and love,
Spirits of the dead beseeching
Justice from the heaven above.'

Charles Budd.

THE CHARIOTS GO FORTH TO WAR

Chariots rumble and roll; horses whinny and neigh.
 Footmen at their girdle bows and arrows display.
 Fathers, mothers, wives, and children by them go—
 'Tis not the choking dust alone that strangles what they say!
 Their clothes they clutch; their feet they stamp; their crush block^s
 up the way,
 The sounds of weeping mount above the clouds that gloom the day.

The passers-by inquire of them, "But whither do you go?"
 They only say: "We're mustering—do not disturb us so."
 These, fifteen years and upwards, the Northern Pass defend;
 And still at forty years of age their service does not end.
 All young they left their villages—just registered were they—
 The war they quitted sees again the same men worn and gray.
 And all along the boundary their blood has made a sea.
 But never till the World is his, will Wu Huang happy be!

Have you not heard—in Shantung there two hundred districts lie
 All overgrown with briar and weed and wasted utterly?
 The stouter women swing the hoe and guide the stubborn plough,
 The fields have lost their boundaries—the corn grows wildly now.
 And routed bands with hunger grim come down in disarray.
 To rob and rend and outrage them, and treat them as a prey.

Although the leaders question them, the soldiers' complaints resound.
 And winter has not stopped the war upon the western bound.
 And war needs funds; the Magistrates for taxes press each day.
 The land tax and the duties—Ah! how shall these be found?

In times like this stout sons to bear is sorrow and dismay.
Far better girls—to marry to a home not far away.
But sons!—are buried in the grass!—you Tsaidam's waste survey!
The bones of those who fell before are bleaching on the plain.
Their spirits weep *our* ghosts to hear lamenting all their pain.
Beneath the gloomy sky there runs a wailing in the rain.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A SONG OF WAR-CHARIOTS

The war-chariots rattle,
The war-horses whinny.
Each man of you has a bow and a quiver at his belt.
Father, mother, son, wife, stare at you going,
Till dust shall have buried the bridge beyond Ch'ang-an,
They run with you, crying, they tug at your sleeves,
And the sound of their sorrow goes up to the clouds:
And every time a bystander asks you a question,
You can only say to him that you have to go.
... We remember others at fifteen sent north to guard the river
And at forty sent west to cultivate the camp-farms.
The mayor wound their turbans for them when they started out.
With their turbaned hair white now, they are still at the border,
At the border where the blood of men spills like the sea—
And still the heart of Emperor Wu is beating for war.
... Do you know that, east of China's mountains, in two hundred districts
And in thousands of villages, nothing grows but weeds,
And though strong women have bent to the ploughing,
East and west the furrows all are broken down?

... Men of China are able to face the stiffest battle,
But their officers drive them like chickens and dogs.

Whatever is asked of them,

Dare they complain?

For example, this winter

Held west of the gate,

Challenged for taxes,

How could they pay?

... We have learned that to have a son is bad luck—
It is very much better to have a daughter
Who can marry and live in the house of a neighbour,
While under the sod we bury our boys.

... Go to the Blue Sea, look along the shore
At all the old white bones forsaken—
New ghosts are wailing there now with the old,
Loudest in the dark sky of a stormy day.

Witter Bynner.

THE CHARIOTS GO FORTH TO WAR

The chariots go forth to war,
Rumbling, roaring as they go;
The horses neigh and whinny loud,
Tugging at the bit.
The dust swirls up in great dense clouds,
And hides the Han Yang bridge.

In serried ranks the archers march,
A bow and quiver at each waist;
Fathers, mothers, children, wives
All crowd around to say farewell.
Pulling at clothes and stamping feet,
They force the soldiers' ranks apart,
And all the while their sobs and cries
Reach to the skies above,

"Where go you to-day?" a passer-by
Calls to the marching men.
A grizzled old veteran answers him,
Halting his swinging stride:

"At fifteen I was sent to the north
To guard the river against the Hun;
At forty I was sent to camp,
To farm in the west, far, far from home.
When I left, my hair was long and black;
When I came home, it was white and thin.
To-day they send me again to the wars,
Back to the north frontier,
By whose gray towers our blood has flowed
In a red tide, like the sea—
And will flow again, for Wu Huang Ti
Is resolved to rule the world.

"Have you not heard how in far Shantung
 Two hundred districts lie
 With a thousand towns and ten thousand homes
 Deserted, neglected, weed-grown?
 Husbands fighting or dead, wives drag the plow,
 And the grain grows wild in the fields.
 The soldiers recruited in Shansi towns
 Still fight; but, with spirit gone,
 Like chickens and dogs they are driven about,
 And have not the heart to complain.

"I am greatly honored by your speech with me.
 Dare I speak of my hatreds and grief?

"All this long winter, conscription goes on
 Through the whole country, from the east to the west,
 And taxes grow heavy. But how can we pay,
 Who have nothing to give from our land?
 A son is a curse at a time like this,
 And daughters more welcome far;
 For, when daughters grow up, they can marry, at least,
 And live on a neighbor's land.
 But our sons? We bury them after the fight,
 And they rot where the grass grows long.

"Have you not seen at far Ching Hai,
 By the waters of Kokonor,
 How the heaped skulls and bones of slaughtered men
 Lie bleaching in the sun?
 Their ancient ghosts hear our own ghosts weep,
 And cry and lament in turn;
 The heavens grow dark with great storm-clouds,
 And the specters wail in the rain."

Henry H. Hart.

WAR CHARIOTS

Lin! lin! chariots jangle; hsiao! hsiao! horses snort;
Men move forward; at his hip each wears arrows and a bow.

Fathers, mothers, wives, children, all come out to say farewell;
Dust in clouds: they cannot see the near-by Hsien Yang Bridge.

They drag at the men's coats, fall beneath their feet, obstruct the road,
weeping;

Sound of weeping rises straight; divides the soft white clouds.

On the road, passers-by question the marching men;
Marching men reply; 'Dots against our names; we are hurried away.

Followers who are ten years and five, go North to guard the river;
When they reach four tens, go West to dig encampment fields.

On leaving, Village Senior wraps a cloth about their heads;
On returning, their hair is white; they have continuously kept watch
at frontiers.

At frontier territories blood flows like waters of the sea;
To open those frontiers is the unceasing desire of the Military
Emperor.

.

Does my Lord not hear?—the Han Clan have two hundred prefectures
East of the Mountain;

In a thousand hamlets, a myriad abodes, brambles, alders grow.

Propriety is outraged; the stronger women grasp the hoe, the plough;
Grain springs on dykes, in fields; divisions East and West are wiped out.

Moreover, soldiers of Ch'in again endure hardships of battle;
They submit to being driven on, as though they did not differ from
dogs or fowls.

.

Even if the elders ask questions,
How dare conscript soldiers express resentment?

Thus it is in the winter of this very year:
West of the Pass arming of soldiers does not cease.

The Official of the Central District urgently seeks taxes in kind;
Where shall they come from, rentals, taxes in kind?

We must admit, giving birth to sons is bad;
All is changed: giving birth to daughters is good.

A daughter is born: we still can give her in marriage,— keep her as a
neighbour;
A son is born: he is buried without rites among the one hundred
grasses.

Does my Lord not see?—at the head of the Green Lake
White bones have lain since early ages, and none to gather them.

New ghosts are perplexed at wanton ill-usage; old ghosts cry;
Dark sky, wetting rain; sound of their cries—chui! chui!

Florence Ayscough.

張 九 齡

Chang Chiu-ling

望 月 懷 遠

海 上 生 明 月	天 涯 共 此 時
情 人 怨 遙 夜	竟 夕 起 相 思
滅 燭 憐 光 滿	披 衣 覺 露 滋
不 堪 盃 手 贈	還 寢 夢 佳 期

BY MOONLIGHT

Over the sea the round moon rises bright,
 And floods the horizon with its silver light.
 In absence lovers grieve that nights should be,
 But all the livelong night I think of thee.
 I blow my lamp out to enjoy the rest,
 And shake the gathering dewdrop from my vest.
 Alas! I cannot share with thee these beams.
 So lay me down to seek thee in my dreams.

Herbert A. Giles.

MOON THOUGHTS

The clear moon uprises, new-born from the sea.
 This hour is the same through the bourne of the skies.
 With night my love grieves to be so far from me.
 As evening approaches, our longings arise.
 When I put out the candle, I long for the light;
 And outside I find, ah! how rich is this dew.
 Unable in handfuls to give it to you,
 In dream of sweet meetings I pass the long night.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

LOOKING AT THE MOON AND THINKING
OF ONE FAR AWAY

The moon, grown full now over the sea,
Brightening the whole of heaven,
Brings to separated hearts
The long thoughtfulness of night. . . .
It is no darker though I blow out my candle.
It is no warmer though I put on my coat.
So I leave my message with the moon
And turn to my bed, hoping for dreams.

Witter Bynner.

自 君 子 出 矣

自 君 之 出 矣
不 復 理 殘 機
思 君 如 滿 月
夜 夜 減 清 輝

AN ABSENT HUSBAND

Since my lord left—ah me, unhappy hour!—
The half-spun web hangs idly in my bower;
My heart is like the full moon, full of pains,
Save that 'tis always full and never wanes,

Herbert A. Giles.

LONGING

Since, ah! you went away,
What grief my mind can sway?
I yearn like the moon at full:
Am duller day by day!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

ABSENCE

Ever since the day
You went,
And left me here alone,
My lord,
The world is changed!

Upon the loom
The web, half woven, hangs
Untouched.

My thoughts
Are all of you,
And I am like yon silver moon,
Whose glory wanes
And grows more pale
Each night!

Henry H. Hart.

張 若 虛

Chang Jo-hsü

春 江 花 月 夜

春江潮水連海平
春豔隨波千萬里

江流宛轉繞芳甸
空裏流霜不覺飛

江天一色無纖塵
江畔何人初見月

人生代代無窮已
不知江月照何人

白雲一片去悠悠
誰家今夜扁舟子

可憐樓上月徘徊
玉戶簾中捲不去

此時相望不相聞
鴻雁長飛光不度

昔夜聞潭夢落花
江水流春去欲盡

斜月沈沈藏海霧
不知乘月幾人歸

海上明月共潮生
何處春江無月明

月照花林皆如霰
汀上白沙看不見

皎皎空中孤月輪
江月何年初照人

江月年年望相似
但見長江送流水

青楓浦上不勝愁
何處相思明月樓

應照離人妝鏡台
搗衣砧上拂還來

願逐月華流照君
魚龍潛躍水成文

可憐春半不還家
江潭落月復西斜

碣石瀟湘無限路
落月搖情滿江樹

THE RIVER BY NIGHT IN SPRING

In Spring the flooded river meets the tide
Which from the ocean surges to the land;
The moon across the rolling water shines
From wave to wave to reach the distant strand.

And when the heaving sea and river meet,
The latter turns and floods the fragrant fields;
While in the moon's pale light as shimmering sleet
Alike seem sandy shores and wooded wealds.

For sky and river in one colour blend,
Without a spot of dust to mar the scene;
While in the heavens above the full-orbed moon
In white and lustrous beauty hangs serene.

And men and women, as the fleeting years,
Are born into this world and pass away;
And still the river flows, the moon shines fair,
And will their courses surely run for ay.

But who was he who first stood here and gazed
Upon the river and the heavenly light?
And when did moon and river first behold
The solitary watcher in the night?

The maples sigh upon the river's bank,
A white cloud drifts across the azure dome;
In yonder boat some traveller sails to-night
Beneath the moon which links his thoughts with home.

Above the home it seems to hover long,
And peep through chinks within her chamber blind;
The moon-borne message she cannot escape,
Alas, the husband tarries far behind!

She looks across the gulf but hears no voice,
Until her heart with longing leaps apace,
And fain would she the silvery moonbeams follow
Until they shine upon her loved one's face.

'Last night,' she murmured sadly to herself,
 'I dreamt of falling flowers by shady ponds;
 My Spring, ah me! half through its course has sped,
 But you return not to your wedded bonds.'

For ever onward flows the mighty stream;
 The Spring, half gone, is gliding to its rest;
 While on the river and the silent pools
 The moonbeams fall obliquely from the west,
 And now the moon descending to the verge
 Has disappeared beneath the sea-borne dew;
 While stretch the waters of the 'Siao and Siang',
 And rocks and cliffs, in never-ending view.

Charles Budd.

MOON THOUGHTS

Over a river by the ocean floating
 That flows not for the tide
 The moon uprises on the waters' motion
 With equal kingdom wide.
 The Ocean's face is radiant with her glory.
 Perfumed through flowery banks the river flows.
 And serpents with a winding desultory
 By flowering woods that gleam as purest snows,
 So white that ivory no outline shows,
 Nor seen the white sand on the shore thereby.
 The fleckless sky meets with the stainless sea:
 And wheel-large floats in vast eternity
 The moon upon the flawless crystal sky.

Who by this river first beheld her face?
 Whom by this river did the moon first see?
 Ah, many generations of his race
 Have come, and past into infinity
 While she rode lightly in immensity.

I do not know for whom her beams always
Shine—but the river waters flow away!
And one white fleck of cloud them follows too,
Tracing their windings with its pearly hue.
To-night who floats upon the tiny skiff?
From what high tower yearns out upon the night
The dear beloved in the pale moonlight,
Alone, so lonely with the lonely moon?

In the deep chamber where her hair she braids,—
And where the moon oft kissed our arms entwined—
Where, oh, we parted—lo, she rolls the blind
And inward steps the moon with silent pace:
Or noiseless gazes on her thoughtful face
When busied in the working of her maids.

To each unknown our thoughts go forth to meet.
How would I ride the moonbeams to thy feet!
The wild swans and the geese go sailing by
But rob not any brightness from the sky:
And fishes ripples on the water pleat.

Last night, when dreaming, ah, I seemed to see
That many flowers had fallen by this stream.
And low I moaned, "Already spring will flee
And I can barely see thee in a dream."
The waters bear away the spring; and now
But scattered stars remain upon the bough.
The moon is sinking to her western hall,
Darkened and drooping in the sea mists' pall.

From thee to me I cannot tell how far!
How many with the moon home wandered are
I cannot tell—But as the shadowy trees
Stir on the stream with sighings sad and lone,
So sighs my soul to thee, my own, my own!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

王 維

Wang Wei

送

別

下馬飲君酒
君言不得意
但去莫復問

問君何所之
歸臥南山陲
白雲無盡時

GOODBYE TO MENG HAO-JAN

Dismounted, o'er wine we had said our last say;
Then I whisper, "Dear friend, tell me whither away."
"Alas!" he replied, "I am sick of life's ills
"And I long for repose on the slumbering hills.
"But oh seek not to pierce where my footsteps may stray.
"The white clouds will soothe me for ever and ay."

Herbert A. Giles.

"SO FAREWELL. AND IF FOR EVER, STILL
FOR EVER FARE YE WELL."

Quitting my horse, a cup with you I drank.
And drinking, asked you whither you were bound.
Your hopes unprospered, said you, turned you round.
You went. I asked no more. The white Clouds pass,
And never yet have any limit found.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

AT PARTING

I dismount from my horse and I offer you wine.
And I ask you where you are going and why.
And you answer: "I am discontent
And would rest at the foot of the southern mountain.
So give me leave and ask me no questions.
White clouds pass there without end."

Witter Bynner.

渭川田家

斜陽照墟落	窮巷牛羊歸
野老念牧童	倚杖候荆扉
雉鳴麥苗秀	蠶眠桑葉稀
田夫荷鋤至	相見語依依
卽此羨閑逸	悵然吟式微

FARM HOUSE ON THE WEI STREAM

The slanting sun shines on the cluster of small houses upon the heights.
 Oxen and sheep are coming home along the distant lane.
 An old countryman is thinking of the herd-boy,
 He leans on his staff by the thorn-branch gate, watching.
 Pheasants are calling, the wheat is coming into ear,
 Silk-worms sleep, the mulberry-leaves are thin.
 Labourers, with their hoes over their shoulders, arrive;
 They speak pleasantly together, loth to part.
 It is for this I long—unambitious peace!
 Disappointed in my hopes, dissatisfied, I hum "Dwindled and Shrunken."

Amy Lowell.

A FARM-HOUSE ON THE WEI RIVER

In the slant of the sun on the country-side,
 Cattle and sheep trail home along the lane;
 And a rugged old man in a thatch door
 Leans on a staff and thinks of his son, the herd-boy.
 There are whirring pheasants, full wheat-ears,
 Silk-worms asleep, pared mulberry-leaves.
 And the farmers, returning with hoes on their shoulders,
 Hail one another familiarly.
 . . . No wonder I long for the simple life
 And am singing the old song, *Oh, to Go Back Again!*

Witter Bynner.

儲 光 義

Ch'u Kuang-hsi

田 家 雜 興

種 桑 百 餘 樹	種 黍 三 十 畝
衣 食 既 有 餘	時 時 會 賓 友
夏 來 菰 米 飯	秋 至 菊 花 酒
孺 人 喜 逢 迎	稚 子 解 趨 走
日 暮 閒 園 裏	團 團 蔭 榆 柳
酌 酎 乘 夜 歸	涼 風 吹 戶 牖
清 淺 望 河 漢	低 昂 看 北 斗
數 甕 猶 未 開	來 朝 能 飲 否

RUSTIC FELICITY

My little farm fivescore of silk trees grows
 And acres five of grain in ordered rows.
 Thus having food and clothing and to spare
 My bounty often with my friends I share.

The Summer brings the ku-mi rice so fine;
 Chrysanthemums in Autumn spice the wine.
 My jolly spouse is glad my friends to see:
 Any my young son obeys me readily.

At eye I dawdle in the garden fair
 With elms and willows shaded everywhere.
 When, wine-elated, Night forbids me stay,
 Through door and window grateful breezes play.

Bright, shoal and plain I see the Milky Way;
 And high and low the Bear o'er Heaven sway.
 As yet intact some Bottles bear their Seal.
 And shall to-morrow their contents reveal?

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE HAPPY FARMER

I've a hundred mulberry trees
And thirty *mow* of grain,
With sufficient food and clothes,
And friends my wine to drain.

The fragrant grain of 'Ku-mi' seed
Provides our Summer fare;
Our Autumn brew of aster wine
Is rich beyond compare.

My goodwife comes with smiling face
To welcome all our guests;
My children run with willing feet
To carry my behests.

When work is done and evening come,
We saunter to the park,
And there, 'neath elm and willow trees
We're blithe as soaring lark.

With wine and song the hours fly by
Till each in cloudland roams,
And then, content with all the world,
We wander to our homes,

Through lattice-window steals a breeze,
As on my couch I lie,
While overhead the 'Silver Stream'
Flows through a splendid sky.

And as I gaze it comes to mind—
A dozen jars at least
Of the aster-scented wine remain
To grace to-morrow's feast.

Charles Budd.

徐 安 貞

Hsu An-chen

聞 鄰 家 理 箏

北斗橫天夜欲闌	愁人倚月思無端
忽聞畫閣秦箏逸	知是鄰家趙女彈
曲成虛憶青蛾歛	調急遙憐玉指寒
銀鎖重關聽未關	不如眠去夢中看

MY NEIGHBOUR

When the Bear athwart was lying
 And the night was just on dying,
 And the moon wasn't yet gone
 How my thoughts did ramble on!

Then a sound of music breaks
 From a lute that some one wakes,
 And I know that it is she,
 The sweet maid next door to me.

And as the strains steal o'er me
 Her moth-eyebrows rise before me,
 And I feel a gentle thrill
 That her fingers must be chill.

But doors and locks between us
 So effectually screen us
 That I hasten from the fancy free
 And in dreamland pray to see.

Herbert A. Giles.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S LUTE

The Dipper sloped across the sky,
The night was waxing late,
As sadly gazing on the Moon
I stood to ruminare.
When from the Painted Chamber
I heard a sweet lute ring.
I knew it was that lovely maid
Next door who touched the string.

The song swells up. Those eyebrows fair
My vacant thoughts desire.
More swift the strain. Those fingers chill
With ruth my bosom fire.
Yon door is locked. I listen near;
And yet it will not open.
That sleep may bring sweet dreams to me
Must be my only hope.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

李 頎 Li Ch'i

送 陳 章 甫

四月南風大麥黃	棗花未落桐葉長
青山朝別暮還見	嘶馬出門思舊鄉
陳侯立身何坦蕩	虬鬚虎眉仍大頰
腹中貯書一萬卷	不肯低頭在草莽
東門酤酒飲我曹	心輕萬事如鴻毛
醉臥不知白日暮	有時空望孤雲高
長河浪頭連天黑	津吏停舟渡不得
鄭國遊人未及家	洛陽行子空嘆息
聞道故林相識多	罷官昨日今如何

FAREWELL TO CH'EN CHANG-FU

Now the year is four moons old,
South winds blow, and corn is gold;
Date flowers still unfallen blow,
And the wu-tung leaves unfold.

When day dawns the hill we leave:
I alone return at eve:
You borne on by neighing steed
Dreams of home in fancy weave.

In thee, Duke, are nobly blent
Soul and mien magnificent;
Snaky beard, and tiger's brows,
'Neath an ample forehead pent.

Ancient lore of many a tome
Finds within thy breast a home;
Loth art thou, state laid aside,
In rusticity to roam.

Wine to cheer our company
At the east gate I did buy;
On our hearts the world's affairs
Light as swan's down then did lie.

Careless how the swift hours race
Quaffed we free the potent glass;

Idly gazing now and then
 At lone clouds as high they pass.
 Mingled now the darkling sky
 With the river flowing by:
 Then the barriers closed, and we
 Still on this side had to lie.

Now, belated, those who roam,
 Peddlars, could not cross the foam;
 Travellers too from Lu-yang's mart
 Sighed in vain for passage home.

In thine ancestral domain
 Surely many friends remain:
 Yestreen you resigned, to-day
 Seek not office to regain.

C. Gaunt.

A FAREWELL TO MY FRIEND CH'EN CHANG-FU

In the Fourth-month the south wind blows plains of yellow barley,
 Date-flowers have not faded yet and lakka-leaves are long.
 The green peak that we left at dawn we still can see at evening,
 While our horses whinny on the road, eager to turn homeward.
 . . . Ch'ên, my friend, you have always been a great and good man,
 With your dragon's moustache, tiger's eyebrows and your massive
 forehead.

In your bosom you have shelved away ten thousand volumes.
 You have held your head high, never bowed it in the dust.
 . . . After buying us wine and pledging us, here at the eastern gate,
 And taking things as lightly as a wildgoose feather,
 Flat you lie, tipsy, forgetting the white sun;
 But now and then you open your eyes and gaze at a high lone cloud.
 . . . The tide-head of the long river joins the darkening sky.

The ferryman beaches his boat. It has grown too late to sail.
 And people on their way from Cheng cannot go home,
 And people from Lo-yang sigh with disappointment.

. . . I have heard about the many friends around your woodland
 dwelling.

Yesterday you were dismissed. Are they your friends today?

Witter Bynner.

岑 參

Ts'ên Ts'an

白雪歌送武判官歸

北風捲地白草折
 忽如一夜春風來
 散入珠簾溼羅幕
 將軍角弓不得控
 瀚海闌干百丈冰
 中軍置酒飲歸客
 紛紛暮雪下轅門
 輪臺東門送君去
 山迴路轉不見君

胡天八月卽飛雪
 千樹萬樹梨花開
 狐裘不暖錦衾薄
 都護鉄衣冷猶著
 愁雲慘澹萬里凝
 胡琴琵琶與羌笛
 風掣紅旗凍不翻
 去時雪滿天山路
 雪上空留馬行處

FAREWELL TO A COMRADE

Cold gusts from Arctic regions sweep the ground,
 And snowflakes countless fly through the wintry sky,
 Covering with spotless robe the earth around,
 While snow flowers frail on twigs and branches lie.

As when a genial breeze in early Spring
 Shakes open all the pear-trees' blossoms white,
 And sombre-looking trees with leafless boughs
 Are decked with radiance in a single night.
 Through crevices and slits in bamboo blinds,
 Which shield the entrance to our hempen tent,

Snow-whirls and keen winds blow and chill the blood,
In spite of furs and wadded garments blent.

Cold so intense is felt by all alike—

The General cannot stretch his horn-tipped bow,
In coats of mail the Captains stiffly move,
While soldiers growl or mutter curses low.

Far off the desert stretches as a sea,

In frozen ridges like to driven clouds,
Alas, the multitudes of warriors brave
The pathless waste of cruel sand enshrouds!

But now our happy comrade homeward turns,

We'll drink his health to sound of viol and flute,
And see him safely on his journey start;
Another cup, and then the old salute!

Falls thick the snow around the fortress walls,

The red flag frozen stirs not in the air,
As forth we ride from out the Eastern gate,—
In jostling groups, or quietly pair by pair.

Nearing the Tien-shan road we draw in rein,

To bid our comrade there a last farewell,
And watch him upward climb the mountain path
To peaks that touch the clouds whers genii dwell.

But soon the winding path conceals from view

The fading horsemen as they upward wend;
All we now see are footprints in the snow,
As 'ih-lu fuh-sing' we towards them send.

Charles Budd.

THE WHITE SNOW SONG; A FAREWELL TO WU

P'AN-KUAN ON HIS RETURN HOME.

The north wind rolls the dust along, and snaps the grasses sere.
Why do the snowflakes fill the sky in the eighth moon of the year?

'Tis just as on a night in spring sudden the wind doth wail,
Then from a myriad pear trees fly the blossoms scatterèd,
And through the pearly lattice dew the curtains of my bed.

The fox-fur coat, nor quilted vest, may mitigate the cold;
But no respite tends the bowmen who escort the chieftain bold,
Who despite the bitter frost are clad in coat of iron mail.
For mile on mile the ice-bound tracts hedge in the Gobi Plains,
And league on league the sad clouds lower, and frozen silence reigns.

Last night the bold lieutenant purchased wine to speed the guest,
And music rose from lute, guitar, and sweet flute of the west.
Outside the yamen gate the snow drifted confusedly,
And rigid in the biting wind the red flag stood on high.

Escorting you upon your way, to the Eastern Gate I rode,
And there I marked the mountain path was filled with drifting
snow;
Full soon you disappeared as up the winding way you go,
And wistfully I lingered where the snow your horses trode.

C. Gaunt.

A SONG OF WHITE SNOW IN FAREWELL TO
FIELD-CLERK WU GOING HOME

The north wind rolls the white grasses and breaks them;
 And the Eighth-month snow across the Tartar sky
 Is like a spring gale, come up in the night,
 Blowing open the petals of ten thousand pear-trees.
 It enters the pearl blinds, it wets the silk curtains;
 A fur coat feels cold, a cotton mat flimsy;
 Bows become rigid, can hardly be drawn,
 And the metal of armour congeals on the men;
 The sand-sea deepens with fathomless ice,
 And darkness masses its endless clouds;
 But we drink to our guest bound home from camp,
 And play him barbarian lutes, guitars, harps;
 Till at dusk, when the drifts are crushing our tents
 And our frozen red flags cannot flutter in the wind,
 We watch him through Wheel-Tower Gate going eastward
 Into the snow-mounds of Heaven-Peak Road . . .
 And then he disappears at the turn of the pass,
 Leaving behind him only hoof-prints.

Witter Bynner.

常 建 Ch'ang Chien

破 山 寺 後 禪 院

清 晨 入 古 寺	初 日 照 高 林
曲 徑 通 幽 處	禪 房 花 木 深
山 光 悅 鳥 性	潭 影 空 人 心
萬 籟 此 俱 寂	惟 聞 鐘 磬 音

DHYANA'S HALL

At dawn I come to the convent old,
 While the rising sun tips its tall trees with gold,—
 As, darkly, by a winding path I reach
 Dhyāna's hall, hidden midst fir and beech.
 Around these hills sweet birds their pleasure take,
 Man's heart as free from shadow as this lake;
 Here worldly sounds are hushed, as by a spell,
 Save for the booming of the altar bell.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE HALL OF SILENCE

Where the sun's eye first
 Peers above the pines,
 On the ancient temple
 Early daylight shines.
 To retirement guiding
 Leads the winding way;

Round the Cell of Silence

Flowers and foliage stray.
Hark! the birds rejoicing
In the mountain light!
Like one's dim reflection
On a pool at night
Lo! the heart is melted
Wav'ring out of sight.
All is hushed to silence.
Harmony is still.
The bell's low chime alone
Whispers round the hill.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A BUDDHIST RETREAT

BEHIND BROKEN-MOUNTAIN TEMPLE

In the pure morning, near the old temple,
Where early sunlight points the tree-tops,
My path has wound, through a sheltered hollow
Of boughs and flowers, to a Buddhist retreat.
Here birds are alive with mountain-light,
And the mind of man touches peace in a pool,
And a thousand sounds are quieted
By the breathing of a temple-bell.

Witter Bynner.

孟 浩 然

Mên-y Hao-jan

夏 日 南 亭 懷 辛 大

山 光 忽 西 落	池 月 漸 東 上
散 髮 乘 夕 涼	開 軒 臥 閑 敞
荷 風 送 香 氣	竹 露 滴 清 響
欲 取 鳴 琴 彈	恨 無 知 音 賞
感 此 懷 故 人	中 宵 勞 夢 想

IN DREAMLAND

The sun has set behind the western slope,
 The eastern moon lies mirrored in the pool;
 With streaming hair my balcony I ope,
 And stretch my limbs out to enjoy the cool.
 Loaded with lotus-scent the breeze sweeps by,
 Clear dripping drops from tall bamboos I hear,
 I gaze upon my idle lute and sigh:
 Alas no sympathetic soul is near!
 And so I doze, the while before mine eyes
 Dear friends of other days in dream-clad forms arise.

Herbert A. Giles.

A REVERIE IN A SUMMER-HOUSE

The daylight fades behind the Western Mountains,
 And in the east is seen the rising moon,
 Which faintly mirrored in the garden fountains
 Foretells that night and dreams are coming soon,

With window open—hair unloosed and flowing
 I lie in restful ease upon my bed:
 The evening breeze across the lilies blowing
 With fragrant coolness falls upon my head.
 And in the solemn stillness—all-prevailing,
 The fall of dewdrops from the tall hamboos—
 Which grow in graceful rows along the railing—
 Sounds through the silence soft as dove's faint coos.
 On such an eve as this I would be singing,
 And playing plaintive tunes upon the lute,
 And thus to mind old friends and pleasures bringing;
 But none are here to join with harp and flute!
 So in a pleasant stillness I lie, dreaming
 Of bygone days and trusty friends of old,
 Among whom Sin-tze's happy face is beaming;
 I would my thoughts could now to him be told

Charles Buad.

THE LOST ONE

The red gleam o'er the mountains
 Goes wavering from sight,
 And the quiet moon enhances
 The loveliness of night.
 I open wide my casement
 To breathe the rain-cooled air,
 And mingle with the moonlight
 The dark waves of my hair.
 The night wind tells me secrets
 Of lotus lilies blue;
 And hour by hour the willows
 Shake down the chiming dew.

I fain would take the zither,
 By some stray fancy led;
 But there are none to hear me,
 And who can charm the dead?

So all my day-dreams follow
 The bird that leaves the nest;
 And in the night I gather
 The lost one to my breast.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

IN SUMMER AT THE SOUTH PAVILION

Thinking of Hsing

The mountain-light suddenly fails in the west,
 In the east from the lake the slow moon rises.
 I loosen my hair to enjoy the evening coolness
 And open my window and lie down in peace.
 The wind brings me odours of lotuses,
 And bamboo-leaves drip with a music of dew...
 I would take up my lute and I would play.
 But, alas, who here would understand?
 And so I think of you, old friend,
 O troubler of my midnight dreams!

Witter Bynner.

王 昌 齡 Wang Ch'ang-ling

閨 怨

閨中少婦不知愁 春日凝妝上翠樓
忽見陌頭楊柳色 悔教夫婿覓封侯

AT THE WARS

See the young wife whose bosom ne'er
 has ached with cruel pain!—
In gay array she mounts the tower
 when spring comes round again.
Sudden she sees the willow-trees
 their newest green put on,
And sighs for her husband far away
 in search of glory gone.

Herbert A. Giles.

IN THE SPRING

Within her peaceful chamber, no care the maid oppressed;
Until the verdant Tower she climbed one springtide, gaily dressed.
The stir of sprouting foliage beyond the street she saw.
Regret sh'd sent her love to fame rose swelling in her breast.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

IN HER QUIET WINDOW

Too young to have learned what sorrow means,
Attired for spring, she climbs to her high chamber . . .
The new green of the street-willows is wounding her heart—
Just for a title she sent him to war.

Witter Bynner.

張 籍 Chang Chi

節 婦 吟

君 知 妾 有 夫
 贈 妾 雙 明 珠
 感 君 纏 綿 意
 繫 在 紅 羅 襦

妾 家 高 樓 連 苑 起
 良 人 執 戟 明 光 裏
 知 君 用 心 如 日 月
 事 夫 誓 擬 同 生 死

還 君 明 珠 雙 淚 垂
 恨 不 相 逢 未 嫁 時

THE CHASTE WIFE'S REPLY

Knowing, fair sir, my matrimonial thrall
 Two pearls thou sentest me, costly withal.
 And I, seeing that Love thy heart possessed,
 I wrapped them coldly in my silken vest.

For mine is a household of high degree,
 My husband captain in the King's army;
 And one with wit like thine shoud say,
 "The troth of wives is for ever and ay."

With thy two pearls I send thee back two tears:
 Tears—that we did not meet in earlier years!

Herbert A. Giles.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

That I am duly married, assuredly you know,
And yet to me you send as gift twin pearls of mystic glow.
For this your kind devotion my heart must grateful be.
I hung within my red silk vest those pearls I might not show.
My dwelling is a lofty one within a stately dome.
My husband is a soldier who guards the Emperor's home.
I recognize your love as bright as shining sun or moon:
Yet swear to serve my husband, and never from him roam.
With your bright pearls I send again twin tears as crystal clear,
Regretting that we had not met ere Fortune placed me here.

W J. B. Fletcher.

A LETTER

Pearls!
Twin pearls,
Bright gems of ocean,
To me, a married woman
You have sent!
Yet you know I have a husband
In attendance, in the palace,
On the Lord of Light, the Emperor—
May he live ten thousand years!
But the thought that prompted you
I cherish
In my bosom with the jewels.
There they've lain hidden till this hour,
In the soft, enfolding silk.

I know—you need not tell me—
That your thoughts are pure as moonlight,
Or as the glowing sun at midday
Overhead.

My home lies noble on its gardens.
There the marriage oath I've taken,
And I ever shall be faithful,
Even past the gates of death.

So!—
The twin pearls are in this letter.
I send them back to you in sadness
With a sigh.

If you look closely, you'll find with them
Two other twin gems lying,
Twin tears fallen from my eyelids,
Telling of a breaking heart.

Alas, that perverse life so willed it
That we met too late, after
I had crossed my husband's threshold
On that fateful wedding day!

Henry H. Hart.

孟 郊 Mêng Ch-iao

遊 子 吟

慈 母 手 中 線	遊 子 身 上 衣
臨 行 密 密 縫	意 恐 遲 遲 歸
誰 言 寸 草 心	報 得 三 春 暉

THE SONG OF THE WANDERING SON

In tender mother's hands the thread
 Made clothes to garb her parting son.
 Before he left, how hard she spun,
 How diligently wove; in dread
 Ere he return long years might run!
 Such life-long mother's love how may
 One simple little heart repay?

W. J. B. Fletcher.

SUNG TO THE AIR: "THE WANDERER"

Thread from the hands of a doting mother
 Worked into the clothes of a far-off journeying son.
 Before his departure, were the close, fine stitches set,
 Lest haply his return be long delayed.
 The heart—the inch-long grass—
 Who will contend that either can repay
 The gentle brightness of the Third Month of Spring.

Amy Lowell.

A TRAVELLER'S SONG

The thread in the hands of a fond-hearted mother
 Makes clothes for the body of her wayward boy;
 Carefully she sews and thoroughly she mends,
 Dreading the delays that will keep him late from home.
 But how much love has the inch-long grass
 For three spring months of the light of the sun?

Witter Bynner.

白 易 居

Po Chü-yi

長 恨 歌

漢皇重色思傾國
 楊家有女初長成
 天生麗質難自棄
 回頭一笑百媚生
 春寒賜浴華清池
 侍兒扶起嬌無力
 雲鬢花顏金步搖
 春宵苦短日高起
 承歡侍宴無閒暇
 後宮佳麗三千人
 金屋妝成嬌侍夜
 姊妹兄弟皆列土
 遂令天下父母心
 驪宮高處入青雲
 緩歌慢舞凝絲竹
 漁陽鼙鼓動地來
 九重城闕煙塵生
 翠華搖搖行復止
 六軍不發無奈何
 花鈿委地無人收
 君王掩面救不得
 黃埃散漫風蕭索
 峨嵋山下少人行
 蜀江水碧蜀山青
 行宮見月傷心色
 天旋地轉迴龍馭
 馬嵬坡下泥土中
 君臣相顧盡沾衣

御宇多年求不得
 養在深閨人未識
 一朝選在君王側
 六宮粉黛無顏色
 溫泉水滑洗凝脂
 始是新承恩澤時
 芙蓉帳暖度春宵
 從此君王不早朝
 春從春遊夜專夜
 三千寵愛在一身
 玉樓宴罷醉和春
 可憐光彩生門戶
 不重生男重生女
 仙樂風飄處處聞
 盡日君王看不足
 驚破霓裳羽衣曲
 千乘萬騎西南行
 西出都門百餘里
 宛轉蛾眉馬前死
 翠翹金雀玉搔頭
 回看血淚相和流
 雲棧縈紆登劍閣
 旌旗無光日色薄
 聖主朝朝暮暮情
 夜雨聞鈴腸斷聲
 到此躊躇不能去
 不見玉顏空死處
 東望都門信馬歸

歸來池苑皆依舊
芙蓉如面柳如眉
春風桃李花開日
西宮南內多秋草
梨園子弟白髮新
夕殿燈飛思悄然
遲遲鐘鼓初長夜
鴛鴦瓦冷霜華重
悠悠生死別經年
臨邛道士鴻都客
爲感君王輾轉思
排空馭氣奔如電
上窮碧落下黃泉
忽聞海上有仙山
樓閣玲瓏五雲起
中有一人字太真
金闕西廂叩玉扃
聞道漢家天子使
攬衣推枕起徘徊
雲髻半偏新睡覺
風吹仙袂飄飄舉
玉容寂寞淚闌干
含情凝睇謝君王
昭陽殿裏恩愛絕
回頭下望人寰處
惟將舊物表深情
釵留一股合一扇
但教心似金釵堅
臨別殷勤重寄詞
七月七日長生殿
在天願作比翼鳥
天長地久有時盡

太液芙蓉未央柳
對此如何不淚垂
秋雨梧桐葉落時
落葉滿階紅不掃
椒房阿監青娥老
孤燈挑盡未成眠
耿耿星河欲曙天
翡翠衾寒誰與共
魂魄不曾來入夢
能以精誠致魂魄
遂教方士殷勤覓
升天入地求之徧
兩處茫茫皆不見
山在虛無縹緲間
其中綽約多仙子
雪膚花貌參差是
轉教小玉報雙成
九華帳裏夢魂驚
珠箔銀屏迤邐開
花冠不整下堂來
猶似霓裳羽衣舞
梨花一枝春帶雨
一別音容兩渺茫
蓬萊宮中日月長
不見長安見塵霧
鈿合金釵寄將去
釵擘黃金合分鈿
天上人間會相見
詞中有誓兩心知
夜半無人私語時
在地願爲連理枝
此恨綿綿無絕期

THE EVERLASTING WRONG

Enmu.—

His Imperial Majesty, a slave to beauty,
 longed for a "subverter of empires;"
 For years he had sought in vain
 to secure such a treasure for his palace....

Beauty.—

From the Yang family came a maiden,
 just grown up to womanhood,
 Reared in the inner apartments,
 altogether unknown to fame.
 But nature had amply endowed her
 with a beauty hard to conceal,
 And one day she was summoned
 to a place at the monarch's side.
 Her sparkling eye and merry laughter
 fascinated every beholder,
 And among the powder and paint of the harem
 her loveliness reigned supreme.
 In the chills of spring, by Imperial mandate,
 she bathed in the Hua-ch'ing Pool,
 Laving her body in the glassy wavelets
 of the fountain perennially warm.
 Then, when she came forth, helped by attendants,
 her delicate and graceful movements
 Finally gained for her gracious favour,
 captivating his Majesty's heart.

Revelry.—

Hair like a cloud, face like a flower,
 headress which quivered as she walked,
 Amid the delights of the Hibicus Pavilion
 she passed the soft spring nights.

Spring nights, too short alas! for them,
albeit prolonged till dawn,—
From this time forth no more audiences
in the hours of early morn.
Revels and feasts in quick succession,
ever without a break,
She chosen always for the spring excursion,
chosen for the nightly carouse.
Three thousand peerless beauties adorned
the apartments of the monarch's harem,
Yet always his Majesty reserved
his attentions for her alone.
Passing her life in a "golden house,"
with fair girls to wait on her,
She was daily wafted to ecstasy
on the wine fumes of the banquet-hall.
Her sisters and her brothers, one and all,
were raised to the rank of nobles.
Alas! for the ill-omened glories
which she conferred on her family.
For thus it came about that fathers and mothers
through the length and breadth of the empire
Rejoiced no longer over the birth of sons,
but over the birth of daughters.
In the gorgeous palace
piercing the grey clouds above,
Divine music, borne on the breeze,
is spread around on all sides;
Of song and the dance
to the guitar and flute,
All through the live long day,
his majesty never tires.
But suddenly comes the roll
of the fish-skin war-drums,
Breaking rudely upon the air
of the "Rainbow Shirt and Feather Jacket."

Flight.—

Clouds of dust envelop
 the lofty gates of the capital.
 A thousand war-chariots and ten thousand horses
 move towards the south-west.
 Feathers and jewels among the throng,
 onwards and then a halt.
 A hundred *li* beyond the western gate,
 leaving behind them the city walls,
 The soldiers refuse to advance;
 nothing remains to be done
 Until she of the moth-eyebrows
 perishes in sight of all.
 On the ground lie gold ornaments
 with no one to pick them up,
 Kingfisher wings, golden birds,
 and hairpins of costly jade.
 The monarch covers his face,
 powerless to save;
 And as he turns to look back,
 tears and blood flow mingled together.

Exile.—

Across vast stretches of yellow sand
 with whistling winds,
 Across cloud-capped mountain-tops
 they make their way.
 Few indeed are the travellers
 who reach the heights of Mount Omi;
 The bright gleam of the standards
 grows fainter day by day.
 Dark the Ssuch'uan waters,
 dark the Ssuch'uan hills;
 Daily and nightly his Majesty
 is consumed by bitter grief.

Travelling along, the very brightness
of the moon saddens his heart,
And the sound of a bell through the evening rain
severs his viscera in twain.

Return.—

Time passes, days go by, and once again
he is there at the well-known spot,
And there he lingers on, unable
to tear himself wholly away.
But from the clods of earth
at the foot of the Ma-wei hill,
No sign of her lovely face appears,
only the place of death.
The eyes of sovereign and minister meet,
and robes are wet with tears,
Eastward they depart and hurry on
to the capital at full speed.

Home—

There is the pool and there are the flowers,
as of old.
There is the hibiscus of the pavilion,
there are the willows of the palace.
In the hibiscus he sees her face,
in the willow he sees her eyebrows:
How in the presence of these
should tears not flow,—
In spring amid the flowers
Of the peach and plum
In autumn rains when the leaves
of the *wu t'ung* fall?
To the south of the western palace
are many trees,
And when their leaves cover the steps,
no one now sweeps them away.

The hair of the Pear-Garden musicians
 is white as though with age;
 The guardians of the Pepper Chamber
 seem to him no longer young.
 Where fireflies flit through the hall,
 he sits in silent grief;
 Alone, the lamp-wick burnt out,
 he is still unable to sleep.
 Slowly pass the watches,
 for the nights are now too long;
 And brightly shine the constellations,
 as though dawn would never come.
 Cold settles upon the duck-and-drake tiles,
 and thick hoar-frost,
 The kingfisher coverlet is chill,
 with none to share its warmth.
 Parted by life and death,
 time still goes on,
 But never once does her spirit come back
 to visit him in dreams.

Spirit-Land.—

A taoist priest of Lin-ch'ung,
 of the Hung-tu school,
 Was able, by his perfect art, to summon
 the spirits of the dead.
 Anxious to relieve the fretting mind
 of his sovereign,
 This magician receives orders
 to urge a diligent quest.
 Borne on the clouds, charioted upon ether,
 he rushes with the speed of lightning
 High up to heaven, low down to earth,
 seeking everywhere.

Above, he searches the empyrean;
 below, the Yellow Springs,
But nowhere in these vast areas
 can her place be found.
At length he hears of an Isle of the Blest
 away in mid-ocean,
Lying in realms of vacuity,
 dimly to be descried.
There gaily decorated buildings
 rise up like rainbow clouds,
And there many gentle and beautiful Immortals
 pass their days in peace.
Among them is one whose name
 sounds upon lips as Eternal,
And by her snow-white skin and flower-like face
 he knows that this is she.
Knocking at the jade door
 at the western gate of the golden palace,
He bids a fair waiting-maid announce him
 to her mistress, fairer still.
She, hearing of this embassy
 sent by the Son of Heaven,
Starts up from her dreams
 among the tapestry curtains.
Grasping her clothes and pushing away the pillow,
 she arises in haste,
And begins to adorn herself
 with pearls and jewels.
Her cloud-like coiffure, dishevelled,
 shows that she has just risen from sleep,
And with her flowery head-dress away,
 she passes into the hall.
The sleeves of her immortal robes
 are filled out by the breeze.

As once more she seems to dance
to the "Rainbow Shirt and Feather Jacket."
Her features are fixed and calm,
though myriad tears fall,
Wetting a spray of pear-bloom,
as it were with the raindrops of spring.
Subduing her emotions, restraining her grief,
she tenders thanks to his Majesty,
Saying how since they parted
she has missed his form and voice;
And how, although their love on earth
has so soon come to an end,
The days and months among the Blest
are still of long duration.
And now she turns and gazes
towards the abode of mortals,
But cannot discern the Imperial city
lost in the dust and haze.
Then she takes out the old keepsakes,
tokens of undying love,
A gold hairpin, an enamel brooch,
and bids the magician carry these back.
One half of the hairpin she keeps,
and one half of the enamel brooch,
Breaking with her hands the yellow gold,
and dividing the enamel in two.
"Tell him," she said, "to be firm of heart,
as this gold and enamel,
And then in heaven or on earth below
we two may meet once more."
At parting, she confided to the magician
many earnest messages of love,
Among the rest recalling a pledge
mutually understood;

How on the seventh day of the seventh moon,
in the Hall of Immortality,
At midnight, when none were near,
he had whispered in her ear,
“I swear that we will ever fly
like the one-winged birds,
Or grow united like the tree
with branches which twine together.”
Heaven and Earth, long-lasting as they are,
will some day pass away;
But this great wrong shall stretch out for ever,
endless, for ever and ay.

Herbert. A. Giles

THE BALLAD OF ENDLESS WOE

The Lord of Han loved beauty;
In love's desire he pined.
For years within his palace
Such love he could not find.

A maiden in the house of Yang
To wedlock's age had grown.
Brought up within the harem,
And to the world unknown.

A lovely form of Heaven's mould
Is never cast aside.
And so this maid was chosen
To be a Prince's bride.

If she but turned her smiling,
A hundred loves were born.
There are no arts, no graces,
But by her looked forlorn.

'Twas in the chilly Springtime,
 They bathed in Hua-ch'ing Lake;
 And in the tepid waters
 The crusted winter slake.

When thence attendants bore her,
 So helpless and so fair;
 Then first beat in her Prince's breast
 Desire and tender care.

With cloud-like hair and flower-like face
 Her tinkling footsteps ring.
 How warm in her pure curtains
 To pass a night of Spring!

The nights of Spring are short, alas!
 Too soon the sunlit dawn!
 From then no longer held the Prince
 His Court at early morn.

But steeped in love, at banquet's side,
 No other business knew.
 One Spring behind another came.
 One night the next-renew.

Although within his palace
 Three thousand beauties dwelt,
 His love for these three thousand
 Did on one bosom melt.

When dressed, in secret chamber
 Her beauty served the night.
 In gilded hall, the banquet done,
 The wine brought love's delight.

Her brothers and her sisters
 Were ranked on steps of fame.
 And all her humble cottage
 Was lit with honour's flame.

Until throughout the Empire
All parents hailed with joy
The birth of some fair maiden;
And wanted not a boy.

The lofty palace balconies
Amid blue clouds abide,
Their fairy storm of sweet delights
Goes echoing far and wide.

'Twas wanton song, lascivious dance,
And stringed music's fire.
The whole day long the Emperor gazed,
And never seemed to tire.

When like an earthquake came the boom
Of drums and war's alarms,
To shatter that sweet rainbow song
Of Beauty in Love's arms.

The clouds of dust rolled gloomily
About the palace doors,
As chariots, troops of horsemen,
Went westward to the wars.

That lady fair would go with him,
And then she stayed again.
At last she came for forty miles;
And lodged her on the plain.

Alas! the armies will not start.
No hope is there at all,
Till those persuasive eyebrows
Before the chargers fall.

Her ornaments the earth receives;
Neglected there they lie.
Her feathers, golden hair clasp,
And pins her blood-stains dye.

Her Lord now cannot rescue,
His mantle hides his face.
With that last look the tears of blood
In trickling sorrow race.

The yellow dust is scattered wide,
And desolate the wind,
As up a spiral bridge of cloud
She leaves the earth behind.

Below great Omi Mountain
But rarely people go;
And dimly falls the sunlight;
And dull the banners flow.

Are green the streams of Szechwan;
And verdant Szechwan's hills
Yet morn by morn and night by night
What grief his bosom fills!

When from his tent the Moon he sees,
His breast is charged with woe.
The rain of night, the watches' bell,
Like torments through him go.

But loud rebellion's din resounds.
He to his chariot fares.
With steps unequal came he there;
And halting thence repairs,

Beneath the slope of Ma-wei,
And hidden in the soil,
He cannot see that lovely face
That death has made its spoil.

The prince gazed on his ministers.
Their tears together flow.
They eastward saw the city;
And turned their steeds to go.

Her lake, her garden still were there;
Unchanged were they all:
The lotus in the T'ai-yeh Lake,
The willow by the hall.

The lotus seemed her face to be.
Her brows the willows seem.
The sight of them made gush again
His tears in bitter stream.

When plum and peach the spring renewed,
And blossoms opened well;
When wu-t'ung leaves in autumn rain
Before the breezes fell,

Within the courts unheeded grew
And rank the autumn grass;
And all the steps were red with leaves,
Ne'er swept for him to pass.

The tresses of her comrades
Were newly streaked with grey.
The eunuchs of her palace
And women pined away.

The firefly flitting the room
Her spirit seemed to be;
The whole wick of his lamp he trimmed,
Yet sleep his eyes would flee.

How slowly through the dreary night
The bell the watches tolled.
How sleepless blinked the Milky way,
Ere dawn the light unrolled!

When chill the roof where true love dwelt,
How thick the frost flakes form!
When cold the halcyon's coverlet,
Who then can make it warm?

In dreary gloom his life wore on;
 And years have passed, I deem;
 But never yet her spirit came
 To soothe him in a dream.

By chance there came a wandering priest,
 Was steeped in magic lore,
 And skilled to call the spirit home
 That dwelt on Pluto's shore.

In pity for the Prince's grief,
 That never let him rest,
 He, Fang-Shih, sent to seek her,
 And bade him do his best.

The driving power of air he fixed,
 Like lightning thence he flew.
 The highest heaven, the lowest earth
 He searched through and through.

Above he searched the azure vault,
 The yellow Styx below;
 Both stretched in gloomy emptiness,
 Nor traces of her show.

And then he learnt that on the sea
 There was a fairy hill.
 It stood upon the void obscure,
 That glamour covers still.

Fair, glinting, high its turrets rose,
 And spanned with rainbow hair;
 Where many fairies stood about,
 So modestly and fair.

And one among them, T'ai-chên called,
 Than all the rest more are,
 So white her skin, so sweet her face,
 None could with her compare.

He knocked him on the fairy door,
The palace western hall;
And bade the young attendants
That lady fair to call.

And when she heard that tidings
From Han Huang waited by,
From out the silken curtains
Her dream did swiftly fly.

She thrust aside the pillow;
Her garments hurried on;
And through the rich-set doorway
Her wav'ring steps have gone.

Her cloud-like hair hung all awry,
So fresh from sleep the dame.
With coronal all slanted,
Into the hall she came.

Her fairy sleeves the wind blew up,
They floated on the air.
Like rainbows seemed her raiment,
Like wings her garment fair.

Her lovely face looked wist and sad,
And tears were in her eyes.
She seemed a sweet plum blossom
Where spring rain pearling lies.

Her heart she stilled; her glances veiled;
And thanked her Emperor's care.
"My voice," she said, "since parting,
My face my sorrows wear.

"In Chao-yang Court my love remains.
It knows no other sway.
Through palaces of Fairyland
But slowly drags the day.

“When I would turn my head to view
 The world of men below,
 I never can see Chang-an;
 So thick the mist wreaths flow.

“But take the former things I had,
 To show my love how true.
 This ornament and golden pin
 To take him, give I you.

“One half this golden pin I keep
 Now broken in my grasp.
 The other half to him I send,
 With half this golden clasp.

“And tell him that my heart is fixed,
 As true as is the gold.
 In heaven mortals meet again.
 I wait him purely bold.”

The messenger was going thence.
 He asked one word again.

“There is one thing,” she said to him,
 “Known only to us twain.

“The seventh moon, the seventh day
 We stood in Chang-sheng Hall.
 ’Twas night, and none beside us;
 We two were all in all.

“We swore that in the heaven above
 We never would dispart:
 One tomb on earth enclose of us
 The frail and mortal part.”

The heaven is vast; and earth is old;
 And Time will wear away.
 But this their endless sorrow
 Shall never know decay.

W. J. B Fletcher.

A SONG OF UNENDING SORROW

China's Emperor, craving beauty that might shake an empire,
Was on the throne for many years, searching, never finding,
Till a little child of the Yang clan, hardly even grown,
Bred in an inner chamber, with no one knowing her,
But with graces granted by heaven and not to be concealed,
At last one day was chosen for the imperial household.
If she but turned her head and smiled, there were cast a hundred spells,
And the powder and paint of the Six Palaces faded into nothing.
. . . It was early spring. They bathed her in the Flower-Pure Pool,
Which warmed and smoothed the creamy-tinted crystal of her skin,
And, because of her languor, a maid was lifting her
When first the Emperor noticed her and chose her for his bride.
The cloud of her hair, petal of her cheek, gold ripples of her crown
when she moved,
Were sheltered on spring evenings by warm hibiscus-curtains;
But nights of spring were short and the sun arose too soon,
And the Emperor, from that time forth forsook his early hearings
And lavished all his time on her with feasts and revelry.
His mistress of the spring, his despot of the night.
There were other ladies in his court, three thousand of rare beauty,
But his favours to three thousand were centered in one body.
By the time she was dressed in her Golden Chamber, it would
be almost evening;
And when tables were cleared in the Tower of Jade, she would loiter,
slow with wine,

Her sisters and her brothers all were given titles;
 And, because she so illumined and glorified her clan,
 She brought to every father, every mother through the empire,
 Happiness when a girl was born rather than a boy.
 . . . High rose Li Palace, entering blue clouds.
 And far and wide the breezes carried magical notes
 Of soft song and slow dance, of string and bamboo music.
 The Emperor's eyes could never gaze on her enough—
 Till war-drums, booming, from Yü-yang, shocked the whole earth
 And broke the tunes of *The Rainbow Skirt and the Feathered Coat*.
 The Forbidden City, the nine-tiered palace, loomed in the dust
 From thousands of horses and chariots headed southwest.
 The imperial flag opened the way, now moving and now pausing—
 But thirty miles from the capital, beyond the western gate,
 The men of the army stopped, not one of them would stir
 Till under their horses' hoofs they might trample those moth-eye-
 brows . . .
 Flowery hairpins fell to the ground, no one picked them up,
 And a green and white jade hair-tassel and a yellow-gold hair-bird.
 The Emperor could not save her, he could only cover his face.
 And later when he turned to look, the place of blood and tears
 Was hidden in a yellow dust blown by a cold wind.
 . . . At the cleft of the Dagger-Tower Trail they criss-crossed through
 a cloud-line
 Under O-mei Mountain. The last few came.
 Flags and banners lost their colour in the fading sunlight . . .

But as waters of Shu are always green and its mountains always blue.
So changeless was His Majesty's love and deeper than the days.
He stared at the desolate moon from his temporary palace.
He heard bell-notes in the evening rain, cutting at his breast.
And when heaven and earth resumed their round and the dragon-car
faced home,
The Emperor clung to the spot and would not turn away
From the soil along the Ma-wei slope, under which was buried
That memory, that anguish. Where was her jade-white face?
Ruler and lords, when eyes would meet, wept upon their coats
As they rode, with loose rein, slowly eastward, back to the capital.
. . . The pools, the gardens, the palace, all were just as before,
The Lake T'ai-yi hibiscus, the Wei-yang palace willows;
But a petal was like her face and a willow-leaf her eyebrow—
And what could he do but cry whenever he looked at them?
. . . Peach-trees and plum-trees blossomed, in the winds of spring;
Lakka-foliage fell to the ground, after autumn rains;
The Western and Southern Palaces were littered with late grasses,
And the steps were mounded with red leaves that no one swept away.
Her Pear-Garden Players became white-haired
And the eunuchs thin-eyebrowed in her Court of Pepper-Trees;
Over the throne flew fire-flies, while he brooded in the twilight.

He would lengthen the lamp-wick to its end and still could never sleep.
 Bell and drum would slowly toll the dragging night-hours
 And the River of Stars grow sharp in the sky, just before dawn,
 And the porcelain mandarin-ducks on the roof grow thick with morn-
 ing frost
 And his covers of kingfisher-blue feel lonelier and colder
 With the distance between life and death year after year;
 And yet no beloved spirit ever visited his dreams.
 ... At Ling-ch'ün lived a Taoist priest who was a guest of heaven,
 Able to summon spirits by his concentrated mind.
 And people were so moved by the Emperor's constant brooding
 That they besought the Taoist priest to see if he could find her.
 He opened his way in space and clove the ether like lightniug,
 Up to heaven, under the earth, looking everywhere.
 Above, he searched the Green Void, below, the Yellow Spring;
 But he failed, in either place, to find the one he looked for.
 And then he heard accounts of an enchanted isle at sea,
 A part of the intangible and incorporeal world,
 With pavilions and fine towers in the five-coloured air,
 And of exquisite immortals moving to and fro,
 And of one among them--whom they called The Ever True--
 With a face of snow and flowers resembling hers he sought.
 So he went to the west Hall's gate of gold and knocked at the jasper
 door
 And asked a girl, called Morsel-of-Jade, to tell The Doubly-Perfect.
 And the lady, at news of an envoy from the Emperor of China,
 Was startled out of dreams in her nine-flowered canopy.

She pushed aside her pillow, dressed, shook away sleep,
And opened the pearly shade and then the silver screen.
Her cloudy hair-dress hung on one side because of her great haste,
And her flower-cap was loose when she came along the terrace,
While a light wind filled her cloak and fluttered with her motion
As though she danced *The Rainbow Skirt and the Feathered Coat*.
And the tear-drops drifting down her sad white face
Were like a rain in spring on the blossom of the pear.
But love glowed deep within her eyes when she bade him thank her
 liege,
Whose form and voice had been strange to her ever since their part-
 ing—
Since happiness had ended at the Court of the Bright Sun,
And moons and dawns had become long in Fairy-Mountain Palace.
But when she turned her face and looked down toward the earth
And tried to see the capital, there were only fog and dust.
So she took out, with emotion, the pledges he had given
And, through his envoy, sent him back a shell box and gold hairpin,
But kept one branch of the hairpin and one side of the box,
Breaking the gold of the hairpin, breaking the shell of the box;
“Our souls belong together.” she said, “like this gold and this shell—
Somewhere, sometime, on earth or in heaven, we shall surely meet.”
And she sent him, by his messenger, a sentence reminding him
Of vows which had been known only to their two hearts:
“On the seventh day of the Seventh-month, in the Palace of Long Life,

We told each other secretly in the quiet midnight world
 That we wished to fly in heaven, two birds with the wings of one,
 And to grow together on the earth, two branches of one tree."
 . . .Earth endures, heaven endures; some time both shall end.
 While this unending sorrow goes on and on for ever.

Witter Bynner.

琴 瑟 行

潯陽江頭夜送客	楓葉荻花秋瑟瑟
主人下馬客在船	舉酒欲飲無管絃
醉不成歡慘將別	別時茫茫江浸月
忽聞水上琵琶聲	主人忘歸客不發
尋聲問問彈者誰	琵琶聲停欲語遲
移船相近遙相見	添酒回燈重開宴
千呼萬喚始出來	猶抱琵琶半遮面
轉軸撥絃三兩聲	未成曲調先有情
絃絃掩抑聲聲思	似訴生平不得志
低眉信手續續彈	說盡心中無限事
輕攏慢撚抹復挑	初爲霓裳後六么
大絃嘈嘈如急雨	小絃切切如私語
嘈嘈切切錯雜彈	大珠小珠落玉盤
間關鶯語花底滑	幽咽流泉冰下難
水泉冷澀絃凝絕	凝絕不通聲漸歇
別有幽愁闇恨生	此時無聲勝有聲
銀瓶乍破水漿迸	鐵騎突出刀槍鳴
曲終收撥當心畫	四絃一聲如裂帛

東船西舫悄無言
沈吟放撥插絃中
自言本是京城女
十三學得琵琶成
曲罷常教善才服
五陵年少爭纏頭
鈿頭銀篦擊節碎
今年歡笑復明年
弟走從軍阿姨死
門前冷落車馬稀
商人重利輕別離
去來江口守空船
夜深忽夢少年事
我聞琵琶已歎息
同是天涯淪落人
我從去年辭帝京
潯陽地僻無音樂
住近湓城地低溼
其間旦暮聞何物
春江花朝秋月夜
豈無山歌與邨笛
今夜聞君琵琶語
莫辭更坐彈一曲
感我此言良久立
淒淒不似向前聲
座中泣下誰最多

唯見江心秋月白
整頓衣裳起斂容
家在叢螟陵下住
名屬教坊第一部
妝成每被秋娘妒
一曲紅綃不知數
血色羅裙翻酒污
秋月春風等閒度
暮去朝來顏色故
老大嫁作商人婦
前月浮梁買茶去
繞船明月江水寒
夢啼妝淚紅闌干
又聞此語重唧唧
相逢何必曾相識
謫居臥病潯陽城
終歲不聞絲竹聲
黃蘆苦竹繞宅生
杜鵑啼血猿哀鳴
往往取酒還獨傾
嘔啞嘲晰難爲聽
如聽仙樂耳暫明
爲君翻作琵琶行
卻坐促絃絃轉急
滿座重聞皆掩泣
江州司馬青衫溼

THE LUTE

When darkness on the river fell
 Beneath the grove we said farewell,
 Where maple leaves o'erhead glowed fair,
 Like blossoms in the autumn air.
 The Host had from the saddle leapt,
 The Guest on board his craft had stept;
 The wine-cup passed, but ne'er a strain
 From reed or string relieved the pain;
 The parting cup no power possest
 Of severed friends to cheer the breast;
 And as we sadly drink the wine
 The moon-beams in the cold wave shine.

But hark! a lute's sweet melody
 Over the stream sweeps suddenly;
 The Host seeks not his home again,
 The Guest stands spell-bound by the strain.
 Anon we hailed the moonlit tide,
 But no responsive voice replied;
 Nor might we learn whence flowed the stave,
 For silence fell upon the wave.
 And then the stranger's boat drew nigh,
 And we our invitations ply:
 The cups with wine replenishing,
 And bidding them fresh tapers bring.
 Again we urge, and yet again,
 And yet for long we urged in vain:
 Emerged the minstrel then, grown mute,
 Hiding her face behind a lute.

Anon her circling arm she swings
 And lightly sweeps the prelude strings:
 E'en ere the tune was full expressed
 Emotion thrilled within her breast.

And then a passionate refrain
From stricken chords burst forth amain,
Seeming to tell of wishes chilled,
And life with disappointment filled.
With glancing finger, head bent low,
In tuneful and unbroken flow
Eager she poured her inmost soul,
Nor sought her feelings to control.
Softly she now her plectrum plies.
Now to and fro it reckless flies;
Nor constant to one air she stayed,
But varied as her fancy swayed.
The great strings with a crash resound,
As when the rain-storm strikes the ground;
The small strings whisper manifold,
Like secret confidences told;
And then the vibrant chords outfling
A mingled crash and whispering,
Like shower of pearls, some large some small,
That on a jade-dish pattering fall.
Now like the oriole's liquid notes
From 'neath the flowers, the cadence floats;
And now with gentle murmuring
It babbles like a running spring.
Then as beneath an icy hand
The stream's congealed waters stand,
The melody's retarded rill
Brought gently to a halt stood still.
For secretly within her breast
Surged grief and hatred unexpressed,
Too deep for sound.

A moment's rest,
Then as the water hurled afar
When shattered is the silver jar;

Or as the clash of sword and spear
 Upon the mail-clad cavalier;
 So at the end of the refrain
 Sudden the plectrum fell again;
 Crashed all four strings with one acclaim
 Like rending silk. Then silence came.

On either hand no word or sound
 Awhile broke through the hush profound;
 Only embosomed in the stream
 We marked the autumn moon's white gleam.
 The lute-girl with a sigh replaced
 Her plectrum 'neath the chords to rest;
 Smoothed out her robe, composed her mien,
 And thus told what her lot had been:—

“Near the chief city of our State
 My father's home was situate,
 And there beneath the Ha-ma slope
 I spent my earliest years of hope.
 At thirteen summers I began
 To learn the lute's four chords to span,
 And soon where many talents shine
 Among the foremost names was mine;
 And when my notes the chamber fill
 The Master always praised my skill.
 My beauty soon drew on me there
 The envy of deserted fair;
 And all the gallants far and wide
 To win my favour eager vied.
 A single song brought rich reward
 Of bright red silk, and on the board
 Rapped out applause, and bodkins rare,
 And silver combs from ladies' hair,
 Were shattered by their owners fair.

By my sweet music wrought upon;
And stained was many a blood-red gown
In wine from skipping cups spilt down.
So year by year in ceaseless round
Laughter and gaiety abound;
Spring zephyrs kissed a careless maid,
And autumn moons shone on her head.

“But changes came. My brother left
For the wars: my mother died: bereft
Of these dear ones, my beauty's flower
Faded alack! each passing hour.
No more before my portals drear
Jostled the car and cavalier;
My day was past, my youth was fled,
So to a merchant I was wed,
Who much esteems his gains, and less
The one left in her loneliness.
To purchase tea he needs must go,
And sailed away a month ago,
So I must in an empty boat
Lone on the river idly float,
Encircled by the moon's bright gleam,
And by the cold and darkling stream.
And when I sleep, at dead of night
Sad dreams bring bygone days to sight;
And in the morn my eyes are red
With bitter tears in slumber shed.”

When first I heard the lute, my heart
Was pierced by sympathy's quick dart;
But when I heard this tale, the pain
In frequent sighs broke out again.
“Companions in adversity
In this wild spot,” I cried, “are we;

And those thus met, what need have they
Convention's canons to obey
Ere they hold intercourse of speech,
Though erstwhile each unknown to each?
The capital I left last year
And in malaise have sojourned here,
Disfavoured by the powers that be,
Prostrated by a malady.

Where music sweet, to this vile spot
A total stranger, cometh not,
I've never heard the whole year through
The sound of strings or pierced bamboo.
In damp and pestilential ground
Where watery wastes the city bound,
With stunted bamboo, sedges sere,
Surround is my lodging drear.

And what the sounds my ears assail
At dawn and eve? The doleful wail
Of gibbons, and the hideous cry
Of nightjars vexing constantly.

Spring days had flower-strewn banks, I own,
On autumn nights the moon shone fair;
Of what avail, when all alone

I had to drain the wine jars there?
I had forsooth the hill-man's song,
And village pipes played loud and long;
But oh! the discord and the din
That irked the ear they entered in!
But when the notes of your guitar
To-night came stealing from afar,
Methought I listened to the lays
Immortal genii wont to raise.
Nay go not yet; thy stay prolong;
Sit down, and play me one more song,

While I compose—meet attribute—
An ode in honour of thy lute.

Long had she stood, and thanking me
For these kind words the lute-girl sate,
And made again harmoniously
The chords beneath her hand vibrate;
But mournful now, and all subdued
The air, to suit her altered mood.
Each motionless drank in again
The sweetness of the minstrel's strain,
And secret wept. I most of all
The sympathetic tear let fall,
With moisture from my eyes dropt down
Drenching the bosom of my gown.

C. Gaunt.

THE LUTE GIRL

By night, beside the river, underneath
The flower-like maple leaves that bloom alone
In autumn's silent revels of decay,
We said farewell. The host, dismounting, sped
The parting guest whose boat rocked under him,
And when the circling stirrup-cup went round,
No light guitar, no lute, was heard again;
But on the heart aglow with wine there fell
Beneath the cold bright moon the cold adieu
Of fading friends—when suddenly beyond
The cradled waters stole the lullaby
Of some faint lute; then host forgot to go,
Guest lingered on: all, wondering at the spell,
Besought the dim enchantress to reveal
Her presence; but the music died and gave
No answer, dying. Then a boat shot forth
To bring the shy musician to the shore.

Cups were refilled and lanterns trimmed again,
 And so the festival went on. At last,
 Slow yielding to their prayers, the stranger came,
 Hiding her burning face behind her lute;
 And twice her hand essayed the strings, and twice
 She faltered in her task; then tenderly,
 As for an old sad tale of hopeless years,
 With drooping head and fingers deft she poured
 Her soul forth into melodies. Now slow
 The plectrum led to prayer the cloistered chords,
 Now loudly with the crash of falling rain,
 Now soft as the leaf whispering of words,
 Now loud and soft together as the long
 Patter of pearls and seed-pearls on a dish
 Of marble; liquid now as from the bush
 Warbles the mango bird; meandering
 Now as the streamlet seawards; voiceless now
 As the wild torrent in the strangling arms
 Of her ice-lover, lying motionless,
 Lulled in a passion far too deep for sound.
 Then as the water from the broken vase
 Gushes, or on the mailed horseman falls
 The anvil din of steel, as on the silk
 The slash of rending, so upon the strings
 Her plectrum fell.....

Then silence over us.

No sound broke the charmed air. The autumn moon
 Swam silver o'er the tide, as with a sigh
 The stranger stirred to go.

“I passed,” said she,

“My childhood in the capital; my home
 Was near the hills. A girl of twelve, I learnt
 The magic of the lute, the passionate
 Blending of lute and voice that drew the souls
 Of the great masters to acknowledgment;

And lovely women, envious of my face,
 Bowed at the shrine in secret. The young lords
 Vied for a look's approval. One brief song
 Brought many costly bales. Gold ornaments
 And silver pins were smashed and trodden down,
 And blood-red silken skirts were stained with wine
 In oft-times echoing applause. And so
 I laughed my life away from year to year
 While the spring breezes and the autumn moon
 Caressed my careless head. Then on a day
 My brother sought the battles in Kansuh;
 My mother died: nights passed and mornings came,
 And with them waned my beauty. Now no more
 My door were thronged; few were the cavaliers
 That lingered by my side; so I became
 A trader's wife, the chattel of a slave
 Whose lord was gold, who, parting, little recked
 Of separation and the unhonoured bride.
 Since the tenth moon was full my husband went
 To where the tea-fields ripen. I remained,
 To wander in my little lonely boat
 Over the cold bright wave o'nights, and dream
 Of the dead days, the haze of happy days,
 And see them set again dreams and tears."

Already the sweet sorrows of her lute
 Had moved my soul to pity; now these words
 Pierced my heart. "O lady fair," I cried,
 "We are the vagrants of the world, and need
 No ceremony to be friends. Last year
 I left the Imperial City, banished far
 To this plague-stricken spot, where desolation
 Broods on from year to heavy year, nor lute
 Nor love's guitar is heard. By marshy bank
 Girt with tall yellow reeds and dwarf bamboos
 I dwell. Night long and day no stir, no sound,

Only the lurking cuckoo's blood-stained note,
 The gibbon's mournful wail. Hill songs I have,
 And village pipes with their discordant twang.
 But now I listen to thy lute methinks
 The gods were parents to thy music. Sit
 And sing to us again, while I engrave
 Thy story on my tablets!" Gratefully
 (For long she had been standing) the lute girl
 Sat down and passed into another song,
 Sad and so soft, a dream, unlike the song
 Of now ago. Then all her hearers wept
 In sorrow unrestrained; and I the more,
 Weeping until the pale chrysanthemums
 Upon my darkened robe were starred with dew.

L. Cranmer-Byng.

THE SONG OF A GUITAR

I was bidding a guest farewell, at night on the Hsun-yang River,
 Where maple-leaves and full-grown rushes rustled in the autumn.
 I, the host, had dismounted, my guest had boarded his boat,
 And we raised our cups and wished to drink—but, alas, there was
 no music.
 For all we had drunk we felt no joy and were parting from each other,
 When the river widened mysteriously toward the full moon—
 We had heard a sudden sound, a guitar across the water.
 Host forgot to turn back home, and guest to go his way.
 We followed where the melody led and asked the player's name.
 The sound broke off.....then reluctantly she answered.
 We moved our boat near hers, invited her to join us,
 Summoned more wine and lanterns to recommence our banquet.

Yet we called and urged a thousand times before she started toward us,
Still hiding half her face from us behind her guitar.
. She turned the tuning-pegs and tested several strings;
We could feel what she was feeling, even before she played:
Each string a meditation, each note a deep thought,
As if she were telling us the ache of her whole life.
She knit her brows, flexed her fingers, then began her music,
Little by little letting her heart share everything with ours.
She brushed the strings, twisted them slow, swept them, plucked them—
First the air of *The Rainbow Skirt*, then *The Six Little Ones*.
The large strings hummed like rain,
The small strings whispered like a secret,
Hummed, whispered—and then were intermingled
Like a pouring of large and small pearls into a plate of jade.
We heard an oriole, liquid, hidden among flowers.
We heard a brook bitterly sob along a bank of sand.
By the checking of its cold touch, the very string seemed broken
As though it could not pass; and the notes, dying away
Into a depth of sorrow and concealment of lament,
Told even more in silence than they had told in sound.
A silver vase abruptly broke with a gush of water,
And out leapt armoured horses and weapons that clashed and smote—
And, before she laid her pick down, she ended with one stroke,
And all four strings made one sound, as of rending silk.
There was quiet in the east boat and quiet in the west,
And we saw the white autumnal moon enter the river's heart.

.....When she had slowly placed the pick back among the strings,
She rose and smoothed her clothing and, formal, courteous,
Told us how she had spent her girlhood at the capital,
Living in her parents' house under the Mount of Toads,
And had mastered the guitar at the age of thirteen,
With her name recorded first in the class-roll of musicians,
Her art the admiration even of experts,
Her beauty the envy of all the leading dancers,
How noble youths of Wu-ling had lavishly competed
And numberless red rolls of silk been given for one song,
And silver combs with shell inlay been snapped by her rhythms,
And skirts the colour of blood been spoiled with stains of wine.....
Season after season, joy had followed joy,
Autumn moons and spring winds had passed without her heeding,
Till first her brother left for the war, and then her aunt died,
And evenings went and evenings came, and her beauty faded—
With ever fewer chariots and horses at her door;
So that finally she gave herself as wife to a merchant
Who, prizing money first, careless how he left her,
Had gone, a month before, to Fou-liang to buy tea.
And she had been tending an empty boat at the river's mouth,
No company but the bright moon and the cold water.
And sometimes in the deep of night she would dream of her triumphs
And be wakened from her dreams by the scalding of her tears.
.....Her very first guitar-note had started me sighing;
Now, having heard her story, I was sadder still.
“We are both unhappy—to the sky's end.
We meet. We understand. What does acquaintance matter?

I came, a year ago, away from the capital
And am now a sick exile here in Kiu-kiang—
And so remote is Kiu-kiang that I have heard no music,
Neither string nor bamboo, for a whole year.
My quarters, near the River Town, are low and damp,
With bitter reeds and yellowed rushes all about the house.
And what is to be heard here, morning and evening?—
The bleeding cry of cuckoos, the whimpering of apes.
On flowery spring mornings and moonlit autumn nights
I have often taken wine up and drunk it all alone,
Of course there are the mountain songs and the village pipes,
But they are crude and strident, and grate on my ears.
And tonight, when I heard you playing your guitar,
I felt as if my hearing were bright with fairy-music.
Do not leave us. Come, sit down. Play for us again.
And I will write a long song concerning a guitar.”
.....Moved by what I said, she stood there for a moment,
Then sat again to her strings—and they sounded even sadder,
Although the tunes were different from those she had played before...
The feasters, all listening, covered their faces.
But who of them all was crying the most?
This Kiu-kiang official. My blue sleeve was wet.

Witter Bynner.

THE LUTE-GIRL'S LAMENT

By night, at the riverside, adieus were spoken; beneath the maple's flower-like leaves, blooming amid autumnal decay. Host had dismounted to speed the parting guest, already on board his coat. Then a stirrup-cup went round, but no flute, no guitar, was heard. And so, ere the heart was warmed with wine, came words of cold farewell, beneath the bright moon glittering over the bosom of the broad streamwhen suddenly, across the water, a lute broke forth into sound. Host forgot to go, guest lingered on, wondering whence the music, and asking who the performer might be. At this, all was hushed, but no answer given. A boat approached, and the musician was invited to join the party. Cups were refilled, lamps trimmed again, and preparations for festivity renewed. At length, after much pressing, she came forth, hiding her face behind her lute; and twice or thrice sweeping the strings, betrayed emotion ere her song was sung. Then every note she struck swelled with pathos deep and strong, as though telling the tale of a wrecked and hopeless life, while with bent head and rapid finger she poured forth her soul in melody. Now softly; now slowly, her plectrum sped to and fro; now this air, now that; loudly, with the crash of falling rain; softly, as the murmur of whispered words; now loud and soft together, like the patter of pearls and pearllets dropping upon a marble dish. Or liquid, like the warbling of the mango-bird in the bush; trickling, like the streamlet on its downward course. And then like the torrent, stilled by the grip of frost, so for a moment was the music lulled, in a passion too deep for sound. Then, as bursts the water from the broken vase, as clash the arms upon the mailed horseman, so fell the plectrum once more upon the strings with a slash like the rent of silk.

Silence on all sides: not a sound stirred the air. The autumn moon shone silver athwart the tide, as with a sigh the musician thrust her plectrum beneath the strings and quietly prepared to take leave. "My childhood," said she, "was spent at the capital, in my home near the hills. At thirteén, I learnt the guitar, and my name was

enrolled among the *primas* of the day. The *maestro* himself acknowledged my skill; the most beautiful of women envied my lovely face. The youths of the neighbourhood vied with each other to do me honour: a single song brought me I know not how many costly bales. Golden ornaments and silver pins were smashed, blood-red skirts of silk were stained with wine, in oft-times echoing applause. And so I laughed on from year to year, while the spring breeze and autumn moon swept over my careless head.

"Then my brother went away to the wars: my mother died. Nights passed and mornings came; and with them my beauty began to fade. My doors were no longer thronged: but few cavaliers remained. So I took a husband, and became a trader's wife. He was all for gain, and little recked of separation from me. Last month he went off to buy tea, and I remained behind, to wander in my lonely boat on moon-lit nights over the cold wave, thinking of the happy days gone by, my reddened eyes telling of tearful dreams."

The sweet melody of the lute had already moved my soul to pity, and now these words pierced me to the heart again. "O lady," I cried, "we are companions in misfortune, and need no ceremony to be friends. Last year I quitted the Imperial city, banished to this fever-stricken spot, where in its desolation, from year's end to year's end, no flute nor guitar is heard. I live by the marshy river-bank, surrounded by yellow reeds and stunted bamboos. Day and night no sounds reach my ears save the bloodstained note of the goatsucker, the gibbon's mournful wail. Hill songs I have, and village pipes with their harsh discordant twang. But now that I listen to thy lute's discourse, methinks 'tis the music of the Gods. Prithee sit down awhile and sing to us yet again, while I commit thy story to writing."

Grateful to me (for she had been standing long), the lute-girl sat down and quickly broke forth into another song, sad and soft, unlike the song of just now. Then all her hearers melted into tears unrestrained; and none flowed more freely than mine, until my bosom was wet with weeping.

Herbert A. Giles.

元 積 Yüan Chên

行 宮

寥落古行宮
宮花寂寞紅
白頭宮女在
閒坐說玄宗

AT AN OLD PALACE

Deserted now the Imperial bowers
Save by some few poor lonely flowers.....

One white-haired dame,

An Emperor's flame,

Sits down and tells of bygone hours.

Herbert A. Giles.

THE ANCIENT PALACE

The ancient Palace lies in desolation spread.

The very garden flowers in solitude grow red.

Only some withered dames with whitened hair remain,

Who sit there idly talking of mystic monarchs dead.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE SUMMER PALACE

In the faded old imperial palace,

Peonies are red, but no one comes to see them.....

The ladies-in-waiting have grown white-haired

Debating the pomps of Emperor Hsüan-tsung.

Witter Bynner.

李 商 隱

Li Shang-yin

夜 雨 寄 北

君問歸期未有期
 巴山秋雨漲秋池
 何當共剪西窗燭
 却話巴山夜雨時

SOUVENIRS

You ask when I'm coming: alas not just yet.....
 How the rain filled the pools on that night when we met!
 Ah, when shall we ever snuff candles again,
 And recall the glad hours of that evening of rain?

Herbert A. Giles.

A NOTE ON A RAINY NIGHT TO A FRIEND
 IN THE NORTH

You ask me when I am coming. I do not know.
 I dream of your mountains and autumn pools brimming all night
 with the rain.
 Oh, when shall we be trimming wicks again, together in your
 western window?
 When shall I be hearing your voice again, all night in the rain?

Witter Bynner.

趙 嘏 Chao Ku

江 樓 有 感

獨上江樓思悄然 月光如水水如天
同來玩月人何在 風景依稀似去年

WHERE ARE THEY?

Alone I mount to the kiosk which stands
on the river-bank and sigh,
While the moonbeams dance on the tops of the waves
where the waters touch the sky.
For the lovely scene is to last year's scene
as like as like can be,
All but the friends, the much-loved friends,
who gazed at the moon with me.

Herbert A. Giles.

REGRETS

Upon the River Tower alone how sorrowful am I!
The moonbeams join the water; the water meets the sky.
All those who came this Moon to view, ah! whither are they gone?
This scene appears to me like one of ages long gone by.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

RECOLLECTION

Alone upon this river tower
What gloomy thoughts my heart devour!
Like waters still the moonbeams flow.
The river joins the sky below.
But where are they who with me came
To gaze upon her lambent flame?
The scene is much like last year's: yet
Those gone how can my heart forget?

W. J. B. Fletcher.

金 昌 緒

Chin Ch'ang-hsü

春 怨

打起黃鸝兒
莫教枝上啼
啼時驚妾夢
不得到遼西

AT DAWN

Drive the young orioles away,
Nor let them on the branches play;
Their chirping breaks my slumber through
And keep me from my dreams of you.

Herbert A. Giles.

A LOVER'S DREAM

Oh, drive the golden orioles
From off our garden tree!
Their warbling broke the dream wherein
My lover smiled to me.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

A SPRING SIGH

Drive the orioles away,
All their music from the trees . . .
When she dreamed that she went to Liao-hsi
To join him there, they wakened her.

Witter Bynner.

杜秋娘

Tu Ch'iu-niang

金 縷 衣

勸君莫惜金縷衣
 勸君惜取少年時
 花開堪折直須折
 莫待無花空折枝

GOLDEN SANDS

I would not have thee grudge those robes
 which gleam in rich array,
 But I would have thee grudge the hours
 of youth which glide away.
 Go pluck the blooming flower betimes,
 lest when thou com'st again
 Alas, upon the withered stem
 no blooming flowers remain!

Herbert A. Giles.

RICHES

If you will take advice, my friend,
 For wealth you will not care.
 But while fresh youth is in you,
 Each precious moment spare.
 When flowers are fit for culling,
 Then pluck them as you may.
 Ah! wait not till the bloom be gone,
 To bear a twig away.

W. J. B. Fletcher.

THE GOLD-THREADED ROBE

Covet not a gold-threaded robe,
Cherish only your young days!
If a bud open, gather it—
Lest you but wait for an empty bough.

Witter Bynner.

WISE AGE TO YOUTH

Wear your gold and silken garments;
Store not one of them away:
Flaunt them in your years of beauty
Ere the world grows old and gray.
Pluck the blossoms in the springtime
When they open to the sun.
For you'll find but withered branches
When bright youth and love are done.

Henry H. Hart.

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