

英译宋词三百首



许渊冲等翻译

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李白·《菩萨蛮》英译



平林漠漠烟如织，
寒山一带伤心碧。
暝色入高楼，
有人楼上愁。

玉阶空伫立，
宿鸟归飞急，
何处是归程？
长亭更短亭。

Buddhist Dancers

Li Bai

O'er far-flung wooded plain mist and smoke weave a screen,
Cold mountains stretch into a belt of heart-rending green.
The dusk invades the tower high,
Where someone sighs a longing sign.

On marble steps she waits in vain;
Birds fly away and come again.
By which way will her lord appear?
She sees but stations far and near.

(许渊冲 译)

李白·《忆秦娥》英译



箫声咽，秦娥梦断秦楼月。秦楼月，年年柳色，霸陵伤别。
乐游原上清秋节。咸阳古道音尘绝。音尘绝。西风残照，汉家陵阙。

Dream of Qin Maiden

The flute is mute,
Waking from moonlit dream, she feels a grief acute.
O moon, O flute,
Year after year, do you not grieve
To see 'neath willows people leave?

On Merry-making Plain, on Mountain-Climbing Day,
She receives no letter from ancient Northwest way.
Over ancient way,
The sun declines, the west wind falls
Over royal tombs and palace walls.
(许渊冲 译)

冯延巳·《鹊踏枝》英译

庭院深深深几许？
杨柳堆烟，
帘幕无重数。
玉勒雕鞍游冶处，
楼高不见章台路。

雨横风狂三月暮，
门掩黄昏，
无计留春住。
泪眼问花花不语，
乱红飞过秋千去。

Feng Yansi
(903-960)
Deep Courtyard
(To the Tune of Quetazhi)

Deep, deep is the courtyard.
How deep? Willows surrounding,
curtains upon curtains, too many
to count.
There,
he pulls up the magnificent carriage
by the courtesan quarters. Here,
I mount the tower, unable to see him
on the road of pleasure.

The wind and rain rages in late April.
The door closes in the dusk.
There is no way of holding the spring.
Tearfully, I ask the flowers,
who do not answer,
in a riot of red falling over the swing.
(裘小龙 译)

李璟 • 《浣溪纱 • 手卷真珠上玉钩》 英译

手卷真珠上玉钩，
依前春恨锁重楼。
风里落花谁是主？
思悠悠！

青鸟不传云外信，
丁香空结雨中愁。
回首绿波三楚暮，
接天流。

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

My hands have rolled pearl-screens up to their jade hooks.
Locked in my bower as before, how sad spring looks!
Who is reigning over flowers wafting in the breeze?
I brood over it without cease.

Blue birds bring no news from beyond the cloud: in vain
The lilac blossoms knot my sorrow in the rain.
I look back on green waves in twilight far and nigh:
They roll on as far as the sky.

（许渊冲 译）

李璟 • 《浣溪纱 • 菡萏香销翠叶残》英译

菡萏香销翠叶残，
西风愁起绿波间。
还与韶光共憔悴，
不堪看。

细雨梦回鸡塞远，
小楼吹彻玉笙寒。
多少泪珠何限恨！
倚阑干。

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

The lotus flowers fade with blue-black leaves decayed;
The west wind ripples and saddens the water green
As time wrinkles a fair face.
Oh, how can it bear
To be seen, to be seen!

In the fine rain she dreams of the far-off frontiers;
Her bower's cold with music played on flute of jade.
Oh, with how much regret and with how many tears
She leans on balustrade!

（许渊冲 译）

李璟 • 《应天长》 英译

一钩初月临妆镜，
蝉鬓凤钗慵不整。
重帘静，层楼迥，
惆怅落花风不定。

柳堤芳草径，
梦断辘轳金井。
昨夜更阑酒醒，
春愁过却病。

Tune: "Endless as the Sky"

Before her mirror where a crescent moon peeps in,
She's too weary to dress her hair with phoenix pin.
From bowers to bowers
Curtains hang down with ease;
She's grieved to see flowers
Wafting in the breeze.

Dreaming of willow banks green with sweet grass,
She wakes to find no golden well with its windlass.
Sobered from wine at the dead of night still,
She feels more and sad with spring than ill.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《浪淘沙 • 帘外雨潺潺》英译

帘外雨潺潺，
春意阑珊。
罗衾不耐五更寒。
梦里不知身是客，
一晌贪欢。

独自莫凭阑，
无限江山。
别时容易见时难。
流水落花春去也，
天上人间。

A Change World

(To the Tune of Langtaosha)

Beyond the curtain, the rain keeps pattering,
the spring on the decline.
The satin quilt is not enough
to resist the dawn chill.
Forgetting I'm far, far away from home,
in the dream, I was carried away
with a short spell of pleasure.

Don't lean on the railing, alone—
the boundless view of rivers and mountains.
It's easy to leave, but hard to see again.
The water flows, flowers fall, and the spring fades.
It's a changed world.
(裘小龙 译)

To the Tune of Lang Tao Sha

Without the blind the rain is pattering,
Last intimation of the spring.
These gauzy coverlets too little warmth at midnight bring
To one who in his dreams fancied he was his own once more,
Once fed and avid for the thing.

I'd lean upon the rail, but what's the worth?
Of hills to cross there is not dearth.
Visions of what I left so lightly bring me no more mirth

That fallen flowers faring home upon a running stream.
Heaven is high, and man is on earth.
(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

Tune: "Ripple Sifting Sand"

The curtain cannot keep out the patter of rain;
Springtime is on the wane.
In the deep night my quilt is not coldproof.
Forgetting I am under hospital roof,
In dream I seek awhile for pleasure vain.

Don't lean alone on balustrades
And yearn for boundless land which fades!
Easy to leave it but hard to see it again.
With flowers fallen on the waves spring's gone away,
So has the paradise of yesterday.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《浪淘沙 • 帘外雨潺潺》英译

帘外雨潺潺，
春意阑珊。
罗衾不耐五更寒。
梦里不知身是客，
一晌贪欢。

独自莫凭阑，
无限江山。
别时容易见时难。
流水落花春去也，
天上人间。

A Change World

(To the Tune of Langtaosha)

Beyond the curtain, the rain keeps pattering,
the spring on the decline.
The satin quilt is not enough
to resist the dawn chill.
Forgetting I'm far, far away from home,
in the dream, I was carried away
with a short spell of pleasure.

Don't lean on the railing, alone—
the boundless view of rivers and mountains.
It's easy to leave, but hard to see again.
The water flows, flowers fall, and the spring fades.
It's a changed world.
(裘小龙 译)

To the Tune of Lang Tao Sha

Without the blind the rain is pattering,
Last intimation of the spring.
These gauzy coverlets too little warmth at midnight bring
To one who in his dreams fancied he was his own once more,
Once fed and avid for the thing.

I'd lean upon the rail, but what's the worth?
Of hills to cross there is not dearth.
Visions of what I left so lightly bring me no more mirth

That fallen flowers faring home upon a running stream.
Heaven is high, and man is on earth.
(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

Tune: "Ripple Sifting Sand"

The curtain cannot keep out the patter of rain;
Springtime is on the wane.
In the deep night my quilt is not coldproof.
Forgetting I am under hospital roof,
In dream I seek awhile for pleasure vain.

Don't lean alone on balustrades
And yearn for boundless land which fades!
Easy to leave it but hard to see it again.
With flowers fallen on the waves spring's gone away,
So has the paradise of yesterday.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《菩萨蛮 • 蓬莱院闭天台女》英译

蓬莱院闭天台女，
画堂昼寝人无语。
抛枕翠云光，
绣衣闻异香。

潜来珠锁动，
惊觉银屏梦。
脸慢笑盈盈，
相看无限情。

Tune: "Buddhist Dancers"

An angel's kept secluded in the fairy hill;
She naps in painted hall, so quiet and so still.
Beside the pillow spreads her cloudlike hair pell-mell;
Her brodered dress exhales an exotic sweet smell.

I come in stealth and click the locked pearly door,
Awaking her behind the screen from lovely dreams.
I can't get in but gaze at her face I adore;
She smiles at me, her eyes send out amorous beams.
(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《谢新恩 • 秦楼不见吹箫女》英译

秦楼不见吹箫女，
空余上苑风光。
粉英金蕊自低昂。
东风恼我，
才发一襟香。

琼窗梦笛留残日，
当年得恨何长！
碧阑干外映垂杨。
暂时相见，
如梦懒思量。

Tune: "Gratitude for New Bounties"

In our pavilion my flutist can't be found,
Leaving the scene of royal garden unenjoyed,
The pink and golden flowers nodding to the ground.
By the east wind I feel annoyed;
It brings but half spring fragrance round.

The dreaming window keeps the sun's departing rays.
How I regret those bygone days!
With railings green a weeping willow plays.
We met only to part;
It's like a dream in vain to keep in heart.

（许渊冲 译）

李煜 • 《虞美人 • 风回小院庭芜绿》 英译

风回小院庭芜绿，
柳眼春相续。
凭阑半日独无言，
依旧竹声新月似当年。

笙歌未散尊前在，
池面冰初解。
烛明香暗画楼深，
满鬓清霜残雪思难任。

Tune: "The Beautiful Lady Yu"

The vernal breeze returns, my small courtyard turns green;
Again the budding willows bring back spring. I lean
Alone on rails for long without a word.
As in the bygone years the crescent moon in seen
And songs of flute are heard.

The banquet not yet closed, music floats in the air;
Ice on the pond begins to melt.
In deep painted hall with candles bright, dim perfume's smelt.
The thought of age snowing white hair
On my forehead is hard to bear.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《临江仙》英译

樱桃落尽春归去，
蝶翻轻粉双飞。
子规啼月小楼西，
玉钩罗幕，
惆怅暮烟垂。

门掩寂寥人散后，
望残烟草低迷。
（何时重听玉骢嘶？
扑帘飞絮，
依约梦回时！）

Tune: "Immortals at the River"

All cherries fallen, gone is spring;
The golden butterflies waft on the wing.
West of the bower at the moon the cuckoo cries;
The screen of pearls sees dreary evening smoke rise.

Loneliness reigns behind the closed door
When the court is no more.
I gaze on mist-veiled grass.
When may I come back to hear my steed neigh? Alas!
The willow down clings to the screen, it seems.
My soul could only come back in dreams.

（许渊冲 译）

李煜 • 《浪淘沙 • 往事只堪哀》 英译

往事只堪哀，
对景难排。
秋风庭院藓侵阶。
一任珠帘闲不卷，
终日谁来？

金锁已沉埋，
壮气蒿莱。
晚凉天净月华开。
相得玉楼瑶殿影，
空照秦淮。

Tune: "Ripples Sifting Sand"

It saddens me to think of days gone by,
With old familiar scenes in my mind's eye.
The autumn wind is blowing hard
O'er moss-grown steps in deep courtyard.
Let beaded screen hang idly unrolled at the door.
Who will come any more?

Sunk and buried my golden armour lies;
Amid o'ergrowing weeds my vigour dies.
The blooming moon is rising in the evening sky.
The palaces of jade
With marble balustrade
Are reflected in vain on the River Qinhuai.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《谢新恩 • 冉冉秋光留不住》英译

冉冉秋光留不住，
满阶红叶暮。
又是过重阳，
台榭登临处。

茱萸香坠，
紫鞠气，
飘庭户，
晚烟笼细雨。
雍雍新雁咽寒声，
愁恨年年长相似。

Tune: "Gratitude for New Bounties"

Who could retain the autumn light fading away?
At dusk the marble steps are strewn with withered leaves.
The Double Ninth Day comes again;
The view from terrace and pavilion grieves.

Fragrance of dogwood spray
And smell of violet flowers
Waft in courtyards and bowers
Veiled in the grizzling mist and drizzling rain.
New-come wild geese cackle old songs chilly and drear.
Why should my longing look alike from year to year?

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《后庭花破子》 英译

玉树后庭前，
瑶草妆镜前。
去年花不老，
今年月又圆。
莫教偏，
和月和花，
天教长少年。

Tune: "Flowers in the Backyard"

Broken Form

The jadelike trees in flower
Stand still before the inner bower;
The moonlit jasper grass
Reflected in the mirror of brass.
The flowers of last year
Still fresh now reappear;
The moon this year won't wane
But wax as full again.
Do not favor alone
The flowers and the moon!
O Heaven should have told
The young not to grow old.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《长相思 • 一重山》英译

一重山，
两重山，
山远天高烟水寒，
相思枫叶丹。

菊花开，
菊花花残，
塞雁高飞人未还，
一帘风月闲。

Tune: "Everlasting Longing"

Hill upon hill
Rill upon rill,
They stretch as far as sky and misty water spread;
My longing lasts till maple leaves grow red.

Now chrysanthemums blow;
Now chrysanthemums go.
You are not back with high-flying wild geese;
Only the moonlit screen waves in the breeze
And in moonlight with ease.

（许渊冲 译）

李煜 • 《浣溪纱 • 转烛飘蓬一梦归》 英译

转烛飘蓬一梦归，
欲寻陈迹怅人非，
天教心愿与身违。

待月池台空逝水，
荫花楼阁谩斜晖。
登临不惜更沾衣！

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

O flickering candle! O wafting tumbleweed!
I wake from a dream like a reed.
I try to find the traces of the past,
But I regret nothing can last.
Heaven would not fulfill
My wish and will.

The running water passes by the bowers
Where we waited for moonbeams.
The slanting sun sheds light on houses strewn with flowers
Reflected in the streams.
Alone on the height I appear.
How can my sleeves not be wet with tear on tear!

（许渊冲 译）

李煜 • 《开元乐》 英译

心事数茎白发，
生涯一片青山。
空林有雪相待，
野路无人自还。

Tune: "Happy Times"

The sorrow in my mind bursts into a few hairs white;
My life has ups and downs as a stretch of hills blue.
In trackless forest snow waits for me with delight;
I come back from the wild path with no man in view.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《三台令》英译

不寐倦长更，
披衣出户行。
月寒秋竹冷，
风切夜窗声。

Tune: "Song of Three Terraces"

Sleepless, I'm tired of long, long night.
And go outdoors in garment light.
Bamboos shiver neath the cold moon;
The wind whistles and windows croon.

（许渊冲 译）

李煜 • 《谢新恩 • 樱桃落尽春将困》英译

樱桃落尽春将困，

秋千架下归时。

漏暗斜月迟迟，

花在枝。

.....

彻晓纱窗下，

待来君不知。

Tune: "Gratitude for New Bounties"

All cherry blossoms fallen, weary will be spring,

Coming back, I pass by your swing.

The hidden waterclock still punctuates late hours;

The slanting moon sheds light on the branches with flowers.

...

Under your window I am waiting all night long.

But have you heard my heart sing its love song?

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《相见欢 • 桃花谢了春红》 英译

桃花谢了春红，
太匆匆。
无奈朝来寒雨晚来风。

胭脂泪，
相留醉，
几时重？
自是人生长恨水长东！

The Rouge-Colored Tear

(To the Tune of Xiangjianhuan)

Soon, the spring splendor fades
from the flowers
in the woods, too soon.
There's no stopping the chill rain at dawn,
or the shrill wind at night.

The memories of the rouge-colored
tears, of the stays overnight
amid cups...
When will all that happen again?
Life is long in sadness
as water keeps flowing and flowing east.

(裘小龙 译)

"Joy at Meeting"

The spring scarlet of the forest blossoms fades and falls
Too soon, too soon;
There is no escape from the cold rain of morning,
the wind at dusk.

The tears on your rouged cheeks
Keep us drinking together,
For when shall we meet again?—
Thus the eternal sorrows of human life, like
great rivers flowing ever east.

Tr. Daniel Bryant

Tune: "Crows Crying at Night"

Spring's rosy color fades from forest flowers

Too soon, too soon.

How can they bear cold morning showers

And winds at noon?

Your rouged tears like crimson rain

Will keep me drink in woe.

When shall we meet again?

The stream of life with endless grief will overflow.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《谢新恩 • 庭空客散人归后》英译

庭空客散人归后，
画堂半掩珠帘。
林风淅淅夜厌厌。
小楼新月，
回首自纤纤。

春光镇在人空老，
新愁往恨何穷！
金窗力困起还慵。
一声羌笛，
惊起醉怡容。

Tune: "Gratitude for New Bounties"

The courtyard is deserted when the guests are gone;
I'm left alone,
The painted hall half veiled by pearly screen.
A gentle breeze blows from the woods on a night tender;
As I turn back, a crescent moon so slender
Over my little tower can be seen.

Though spring still reigns, man will grow old in vain.
How long
Will sorrow old and new remain?
Behind the golden window I feel weary;
Awake, I still feel drowsy and dreary,
But my drunk face is gladdened by a flutist's song.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《望江梅》 英译

一

闲梦远，
南国正芳春。
船上管弦江面绿，
满城飞絮滚轻尘。
忙杀看花人。

二

闲梦远，
南国正清秋。
千里江山寒色远，
芦花深处泊孤舟。
笛在月明楼。

Tune: "Gazing on the South"

I

My idle dream goes far:
In fragrant spring the southern countries are.
Sweet music from the boats on the green river floats;
Fine dust and willow down run riot in the town.
It is the busy hours for admirers of flowers.

II

My idle dream goes far:
In autumn clear the southern countries are.
For miles and miles a stretch of hills in chilly hue,
Amid the reeds is moored a lonely boat in view.
In moonlit tower a flute is played for you.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《破阵子》英译

四十年来家国，
三千里地山河。
凤阁龙楼连霄汉，
玉树琼枝作烟萝。
几曾识干戈？

一旦归为臣虏，
沈腰潘鬓消磨。
最是仓皇辞庙日，
教坊犹奏别离歌。
垂泪对宫娥。

Tune: "Dance of the Cavalry"

A reign of forty years
O'er land and hills and streams,
My royal palace scraping the celestial spheres,
My shady forest looking deep like leafy dreams,
What did I know of shields and spears?

A captive now, I'm worn away:
Thinner I grow, my hair turns grey.
O how can I forget the hurried parting day,
When by the music band the farewell songs were played
And I shed tears before my palace maid!

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《一斛珠》英译

晓妆初过，
浓檀轻注些儿个。
向人微露丁香颗。
一曲清歌，
暂引樱桃破。

罗袖裊残殷色可，
杯深旋被香醪涴。
绣床斜凭娇无那，
烂嚼红茸，
笑向檀郎唾。

A Scarlet Thread

(To the Tune of Yihuzhu)

A finishing touch
to her morning make-up,
she applies a drop of sandalwood rouge
at the corner of her mouth,
a smile revealing her white teeth
like budding lilac, a fresh song popping
a cherry of her red lips.

The musk slightly faint,
her red satin sleeves wet with the sweet wine
filled and refilled in her cup,
reclining
on the embroidered bed, infinitely
alluring, chewing a scarlet thread,
she spits it, smiling, at his face.

(裘小龙 译)

Tune: "A Casket of Pearls"

Donning her evening dress, she drips
Some drops of sandalwood stain on her lips,
Which, cherry-red, suddenly open flung,
Reveal her tiny clovelike tongue.
She sings a song in her voice clear.

Careless about her gauze sleeves soiled with crimson stain,
She fills her cup with fragrant wine again.
Drunken and indolent, she leans across her bed,
And chewing bits of bastings red.
She spits them with a smile upon her master dear.
(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《浣溪纱 • 红日已高三丈透》英译

红日已高三丈透，
金炉次第添香兽，
红锦地衣随步皱。

佳人舞点金钗溜，
酒恶时拈花蕊嗅，
别殿遥闻箫鼓奏。

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

Above the thirty-foot-high flagpole shines the sun;
Incense is added to gold burners one by one;
Red carpets wrinkle as each dancing step is done.

Fair dancers let gold hairpins drop with rhythm fleet;
Drunk, maidens oft inhale the smell of flowers sweet;
From hall to hall fute's heard to play and drum to beat.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《玉楼春》 英译

晚妆初了明肌雪，
春殿嫔娥鱼贯列。
凤箫吹断水云闲，
重按霓裳歌遍彻。

临风谁更飘香屑，
醉拍阑干情味切。
归时休放烛花红，
待踏马蹄清夜月。

Tune: "Spring in Jade Pavilion"

In spring the palace maids line up row after row,
Their evening dress revealing their skin bright as snow.
The tunes they play on the flutes reach the waves and cloud;
With songs of "Rainbow Dress" once more the air is loud.

Who wants to spread more fragrance before fragrant spring?
When drunk, I beat on rails as vibrates my heartstring.
Don't light on my returning way a candle red!
I'd like to see the hoofs reflect moonlight they tread.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《捣练子 • 云鬓乱》英译

云鬓乱，晚妆残，带恨眉儿远岫攒。斜托香腮春笋嫩，为谁和泪倚阑干？

Tune: "Song of the Washerwoman"

Disheveled cloudlike hair,
The evening dress undone,
Like distant hills arch the frowning brows of the fair one.
Her fragrant cheeks lean to one side
Against her tender hands.
For whom glisten her tears undried?
Against the balustrade she stands.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《蝶恋花 • 遥夜亭皋闲信步》英译

遥夜亭皋闲信步，乍过清明，早觉伤春暮。数点雨声风约住，朦胧淡月云来去。

桃李依依春黯度，谁上秋千，笑里低低语？一片芳心千万缕，人间没个安排处。

Tune: "Butterflies in Love with Flowers"

In long long night by waterside I stroll with ease.
Having just passed the Mourning Day,
Again I mourn for spring passing away.
A few raindrops fall and soon
They're held off by the breeze.
The floating clouds veil and unveil the dreaming moon.

Peach and plum blossoms can't retain the dying spring.
Who would sit on the swing,
Smiling and whispering?
Does she need a thousand outlets for her heart
So as to play on earth its amorous part?

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《子夜歌 • 人生愁恨何能免》英译

人生愁恨何能免？
销魂独我情何限！
故国梦重归，
觉来双泪垂。

高楼谁与上？
长记秋晴望。
往事已成空，
还如一梦中。

Tune: "Song of Ziye"

How many one be spared the sorrow and regret of human life?
Why am I alone so overwhelmed, what end to my grief?
To my former kingdom I return in dreams again,
And awaken to find my tears already brimming.

With whom did I climb the high towers then?
How often I remember how we gazed into the clear autumn.
These things past are already drained and dead,
As though they were moments from within a single dream.

Tr. Daniel Bryant

Tune: "Midnight Song"

From sorrow and regret our life cannot be free.
Why is this soul-consuming grief e'er haunting me!
I went to my lost land in dreams;
Awake, I find tears flow in streams.

Who would ascend with me those towers high?
I can't forget fine autumn days gone by.
Vain is the happiness of yore;
It melts like dream and is no more.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《阮郎归》 英译

东风吹水日衔山，
春来长是闲。
落花狼籍酒阑珊，
笙歌醉梦间。

佩声悄，晚妆残，
凭谁整翠鬟？
留连光景惜朱颜，
黄昏独倚阑。

Tune: "The Lover's Return"

Beyond wind-rippled water hills swallow the sun;
Spring's come, still nothing can be done.
Fallen blooms run riot; wine drunk,
Drowned in flute songs, in dream the princess is sunk.

Without a word.
No tinkling heard,
Her evening dress undone.
For whom has she to dress her hair?
With fleeting time will fade the fair.
Alone she leans on rails before the dying sun.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《菩萨蛮 • 寻春须是先春早》 英译

寻春须是先春早，
看花莫待花枝老。
缥色玉柔擎，
醅浮盏面清。

何妨频笑粲？
禁苑春归晚。
同醉与闲平，
诗随羯鼓成。

Tune: "Buddhist Dancers"

Enjoy a vernal day ere it passes away;
Admire the lovely flowers at their loveliest hours!
Drink cups of wine undistilled,
By white jadelike hands filled!

Why not make merry while we may?
In royal garden spring will longer stay.
We drink, talk freely and complete
Our verse as drums begin to beat.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《采桑子 • 辘轳金井梧桐晚》英译

辘轳金井梧桐晚，
几树惊秋。
昼雨新愁，
百尺虾须在玉钩。

琼窗春断双蛾皱，
回首边头。
欲寄鳞游，
九曲寒波不溯流。

Tune: "Song of Picking Mulberries"

Beside the windlassed well at dusk the lonesome trees
Are trembling in the autumn breeze.
A shower brings new sorrow;
The hooked curtain hangs up, waiting for the morrow.

She frowns before the window at departing spring,
Her longing on the wing.
She'd send to him her dream;
The winding river's cold waves won't bear it upstream.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《乌夜啼 • 昨夜风兼雨》英译

昨夜风兼雨，
帘帟飒飒秋声。
烛残漏断频倚枕。
起坐不能平。

世事漫随流水，
算来一梦浮生。
醉乡路稳宜频到，
此外不堪行。

Tune: "Crows Crying at Night"

Wind blew and rain fell all night long;
Curtains and screens rustled like autumn song.
The waterclock drip-dropping and the candle dying,
I lean on pillow restless, sitting up or lying.

All are gone with the running stream;
My floating life is but a dream.
Let wine cups be my surest haunt!
On nothing else now can I count.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《谢新恩 • 樱花落尽阶前月》英译

樱花落尽阶前月，
象床愁倚薰笼。
远似去年今日，恨还同。

双鬟不整云憔悴，
泪沾红抹胸。
何处相思苦？
纱窗醉梦中。

Tune: "Gratitude for New Bounties"

On moonlit steps, oh, all
The cherry blossoms fall.
Lounging upon her ivory bed, she looks ad
For the same regret this day last year she had.

Like languid cloud looks her disheveled head;
With tears is wet her corset red.
For whom is she lovesick?
Drunk, she dreams with the window curtain thick.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《望江南》 英译

一

多少恨？
昨夜梦魂中！
还似旧时游上苑，
车如流水马如龙，
花月正春风。

二

多少泪，
断脸复横颐。
心事莫将和泪说，
凤笙休向泪时吹，
肠断更无疑。

Tune: "Dreaming of the South"

I

How much regret
In last night's dream!
It seemed as if we were in royal garden yet:
Dragonlike steeds and carriages run like flowing stream;
In vernal wind the moon and flowers beam.

II

How many tears
Crisscross my cheeks between my ears!
Don't ask about my grief of recent years
Nor play on flute when tears come out,
Or else my heart would break, no doubt!

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《喜迁莺》 英译

晓月坠，
宿云微，
无语枕边倚。
梦回芳草思依依，
天远雁声稀。

啼莺散，
余花乱，
寂寞画堂深院。
片红休扫尽从伊，
留待舞人归。

Tune: "Migrant Orioles"

The morning moon is sinking;
Few cloud are floating there.
I lean oft on my pillow with no word.
E'en in my dream I'm thinking
Of the green grass of fair,
But no wild geese afar are heard.

No more oriole's song,
Late vernal blossoms whirl round.
In courtyard as in painted hall
Solitude reigns the whole night long.
Don't sweep away the fallen petals on the ground!
Leave them there till the dancer comes back from the ball!

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《采桑子 • 亭前春逐红英尽》英译

亭前春逐红英尽，
舞态徘徊。
细雨霏微，
不放双眉时暂开。

绿窗冷静芳音断，
香印成灰。
可奈情怀，
欲睡朦胧入梦来。

Tune: "Song of Picking Mulberries"

Red blooms are driven down by the departing spring,
Dancing while lingering.
Though in the drizzling rain
I try to unknit my eyebrows, they're knit again.

No message comes to lonely windows all the day,
The incense burned to ashes grey.
How can I from spring thoughts be free?
I try to sleep, but in my dream spring comes to me.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《相见欢 • 无言独上西楼》英译

无言独上西楼，
月如钩，
寂寞梧桐深院锁清秋。

剪不断，
理还乱，
是离愁，
别是一般滋味在心头。

Sorrow of the Separation

(To the Tune of Xiangjianhuan)

Silent, solitary,
I step up the western tower.
The moon appears like a hook.
The lone parasol tree locks the clear autumn
in the deep courtyard.

What cannot be cut,
nor raveled,
is the sorrow of separation:
Nothing tastes like that to the heart.

(裘小龙 译)

Tune: "Crows Crying at Night"

Silent, I go up to the west tower alone
And see the hooklike moon.
The plane trees lonesome and drear
Lock in the courtyard autumn clear.

Cut, it won't break;
Ruled, it will make
A mess to wake
An unspeakable taste in the heart.
Such is the grief to part.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《清平乐 • 别来春半》英译

别来春半，
触目柔肠断。
砌下落梅如雪乱，
拂了一身还满。

雁来音信无凭，
路遥归梦难成。
离恨恰如春草，
更行更远还生。

Tune: "Pure Serene Music"

Spring has half gone since we two parted;
I can see nothing now but broken-hearted.
Plum blossoms fall below the steps like whirling snow;
They cover me still though brushed off a while ago.

No message comes from the wild geese's song;
In dreams you cannot come back for the road is long.
The grief of separation like spring grass
Grows each day you're farther away, alas!

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《菩萨蛮 • 铜簧韵脆锵寒竹》英译

铜簧韵脆锵寒竹，
新声慢奏移纤玉。
眼色暗相钩，
秋波横欲流。

雨云深绣户，
来便谐衷素。
宴罢又成空，
魂迷春梦中。

Tune: "Buddhist Dancers"

The crisp bamboo with brass reeds tinkles in cold air;
New music is slowly played by her fingers fair.
In secret we exchange amorous looks;
Like autumn waves desire o'erflows its nooks.

Clouds bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
And gratify the sweet desire of ours.
After the feast all vanishes, it seems;
Still is my soul enchant'd in vernal dreams.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《菩萨蛮 • 花明月黯笼轻雾》英译

花明月黯笼轻雾，
今宵好向郎边去！
衩袜步香阶，
手提金缕鞋。

画堂南畔见，
一向偎人颤。
奴为出来难，
教君恣意怜。

Tune: "Buddhist Dancers"

Bright flowers bathed in thin mist and dim moonlight,
'Tis best time to steal out to see my love tonight.
With stocking feet on fragrant steps I tread,
Holding in hand my shoes sown with gold thread.

We meet south of the painted hall,
And trembling in his arms I fall.
"It's hard for me to come o'er here,
So you may love your fill, my dear!"

（许渊冲 译）

李煜 • 《捣练子 • 深院静》英译

深院静，
小庭空，
断续寒砧断续风。
无奈夜长人不寐，
数声和月到帘栊。

To "Pounding Silk Floss"

The deep hall is silent,
The little courtyard is deserted.
Off and on go the taps on the cold slaps;
off and on goes the wind.
Unendurable is the night's length and a man's wakefulness,
As a few sounds in the moonlight pierce the screened casements.
Tr. R. Kotewell & N. Smith

Tune: "Song of the Washerwoman"

Deep garden still,
Small courtyard void.
The intermittent beetles chill
And intermittent breezes trill.
What can I do with sleep destroyed
But count the sound, in endless night,
Brought through the lattice window by moonlight?

（许渊冲 译）

李煜 • 《长相思 • 云一緺》英译

云一緺，
玉一梭，
淡淡衫儿薄薄罗，
轻颦双黛螺。

秋风多，
雨相和，
帘外芭蕉三两窠，
夜长人奈何！

Tune: "Everlasting Longing"

Her cloudlike hair
With jade hairpin
In dress so fair
Of gauze so thin,
Lightly she knits her brows dark green.

In autumn breeze
And autumn rain,
Lonely banana trees
Tremble outside the window screen.
Oh! How to pass a long, long night again!

（许渊冲 译）

李煜 • 《渔父词》 英译

一

浪花有意千重雪，
桃李无言一队春。
一壶酒，一竿纶，
世上如侬有几人？

二

一棹春风一叶舟，
一纶茧缕一轻钩。
花满渚，酒满瓯，
万顷波中得自由。

Tune: "A Fisherman's Song"

I

White-crested waves aspire to a skyful of snow;
Spring displays silent peach and plum trees in a row.
A fishing rod,
A pot of wine,
Who in this world can boast of happier life than mine?

II

The dripping oar, the vernal wind, a leaflike boat,
A light fishhook, a silken thread of fishing line,
An islet in flowers,
A bowl of wine,
Upon the endless waves with full freedom I float.

(许渊冲 译)

李煜 • 《虞美人 • 春花秋月何时了》英译

春花秋月何时了，
往事知多少？
小楼昨夜又东风，
故国不堪回首月明中。

雕栏玉砌应犹在，
只是朱颜改。
问君能有几多愁，
恰似一江春水向东流。

Spring Flower and Autumn Moon

(To the Tune of Yumeiren)

When will the endless cycle
of the spring flower and the autumn moon
come to an end?
How much remembrance of the things past
does a heart know?
Last night, in the attic revisited
by the eastern wind,
it was unbearable to look
toward home in the fair moonlight.

The carved rails and the marble steps must remain
unchanged, but not her beauty.
How much sorrow do I have?
It is like the spring flood of a long river flowing east!
(裘小龙 译)

To the Tune of Yu Mei Ren

There is no end to moonlit autumns or flowery springs,
And I have known so very many things.
From my turret the wind was in the east again last night.
A lost land was too much to bear: I turned from the moonlight.

The cavern rail and jadework wall are as they were before:
Those rosy cheeks alone are there no more.
Tell me, what is the uttermost extent of pain, you say?
Mine is a river swollen in spring and welling east away.
(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

Tune: "The Beautiful Lady Yu"

When will there be no more autumn moon and spring flowers

For me who had so many memorable hours?

The east wind blew again in my garden last night.

How can I bear the cruel memory of bowers

And palaces steeped in moonlight!

Carved balustrades and marble steps must still be there,

But rosy faces cannot be as fair.

If you ask me how much my sorrow has increased,

Just see the overbrimming river flowing east!

(许渊冲 译)

王观·《木兰花令》英译

铜驼陌上新正后，
第一风流除是柳。
勾牵春事不如梅，
断送离人强似酒。

东君有意偏撋就，
惯得腰肢真个瘦。
阿谁道你不思量，
因甚眉头长恁皱。

Song of Magnolia Flower

Wang Guan

On the pathway after the spring day
The first to waft in breeze are willow trees,
Not so attractive to spring as mume blooms divine
But to those who part more heart-breaking than wine.

The Sun God in the East has for you a love tender;
He's fond of your waist slender.
No lady could forget you now
When she unknits her leaf-like brow.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

王观 • 《卜算子》英译

王观 （1050 年前后）

水是眼波横，
山是眉峰聚。
欲问行人去那边？
眉眼盈盈处。

才始送春归，
又送君归去。
若到江南赶上春，
千万和春住。

Wang Guan
(around 1050)

Farewell to a Friend
(To the Tune of Busuanzi)

Water flows in the rippling
of her eyes.
Mountains rise in the knitting of her brows.
So where is a traveler going to visit?
The enchanting landscape
of her eyes and brows.

I have just seen off spring.
Now you, too, are leaving.
When you catch up with spring
south of the river, make sure
to stay with her. (裘小龙 译)

范仲淹 • 《苏幕遮》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

碧云天，黄叶地。秋色连波，波上寒烟翠。山映斜阳天接水，芳草无情，更在斜阳外。
黯乡魂，追旅思。夜夜除非，好梦留人睡。明月楼高休独倚，酒入愁肠，化作相思泪。

Waterbag Dance

Fan Zhongyan

Clouds veil emerald sky,

Leaves strewn in yellow dye.

Waves rise in autumn hue

And blend with mist cold and green in view.

Hills steeped in slanting sunlight, sky and waves seem one;

Unfeeling grass grows sweet beyond the setting sun.

A homesick heart,

When far apart,

Lost in thoughts deep,

Night by night but sweet dreams can lull me into sleep.

Don't lean alone on rails when the bright moon appears!

Wine in sad bowels would turn to nostalgic tears.

林逋 • 《点绛唇》英译

金谷年年，
乱生春色谁为主？
余花落处，
满地和烟雨。

又是离歌，
一阕长亭暮。
王孙去。
萋萋无数，
南北东西路。

Rouged Lips

Ling Bu

In the garden, from year to year,
When spring runs riot, green grass will appear.
The ground covered with fallen blooms,
In mist and rain grass looms.

Again we sing the fare well song,
At dusk in the Pavilion Long.
Gone is my friend.
The grass still grows north, south, east, west without end.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

欧阳修 • 《采桑子》（一）英译

轻舟短棹西湖好，
绿水逶迤，
芳草长堤，
隐隐笙歌处处随。

无风水面琉璃滑，
不觉船移，
微动涟漪，
惊起沙禽掠岸飞。

Gathering Mulberry Leaves (I)

Ouyang Xiu

Viewed from a light boat with short oars, West Lake is fair.
Green water winds along
The banks overgrown with sweet grass; here and there
Faintly we hear a flute song.

The water surface is smooth like glass when no wind blows;
I feel the boat moves no more.
Leaving ripples behind, it goes,
The startled waterbirds skim the flat sandy shore.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

欧阳修 • 《采桑子 》（二）英译

画船载酒西湖好，
急管繁弦，
玉盏催传，
稳泛平波任醉眠。

行云却在行舟下，
空水澄鲜，
俯仰流连，
疑是湖中别有天。

Gathering Mulberry Leaves (II)

Ouyang Xiu

West lake is fine for us in painted boat loaded with wine.
From pipes and strings comes music fast;
From hand to hand jade cups soon passed,
Secure on calming waves, drunk we lie.

Fleeting clouds seem to float beneath our moving boat.
The sky seems near to the diners now.
Looking up and below, away we will not go.
It seems there's in the lake another sky.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

欧阳修 • 《采桑子》（三）英译

群芳过后西湖好，
狼籍残红，
飞絮蒙蒙，
垂柳栏杆尽日风。

笙歌散尽游人去，
始觉春空。
垂下帘栊，
双燕归来细雨中。

Gathering Mulberry Leaves (III)

Ouyang Xiu

All flowers have passed away, West Lake is quiet;
The fallen blooms run riot.
Catkins from willow trees
Beyond the railings fly all day, fluffy in breezes.

Flute songs no longer sung and sightseers gone,
I begin to feel spring along.
Lowering the blinds in vain,
I see a pair of swallows come back in the rain.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

欧阳修 • 《蝶恋花》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

庭院深深深几许，杨柳堆烟，帘幕无重数。玉勒雕鞍游冶处，楼高不见章台路。
雨横风狂三月暮，门掩黄昏，无计留春住。泪眼问花花不语。乱红飞过秋千去

Butterflies in Love with Flowers

Ouyang Xiu

Deep, deep the courtyard where he is, so deep
It's veiled by smokelike willows heap on heap,
By curtain on curtain and screen on screen.
Leaving his saddle and bridle, there he has been
Merry-making. From my tower his trace can't be seen.

The third moon now, the wind and rain are raging late;
At dusk I bar the gate,
But I can't bar in spring.
My tearful eyes ask flowers, but they fail to bring
An answer, I see red blooms over the swing.

欧阳修 • 《浣溪沙》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

堤上游人逐画船，拍堤春水四垂天。绿杨楼外出秋千。

白发戴花君莫笑，六幺催拍盏频传。人生何处似尊前！

Silk-Washing Stream

With painted boats along the shore sightseers vie;

The sky hangs low on four sides washed by waves of spring.

Green willows throw a swing

Out of the bower high.

Do not laugh at the white hair adorned with red flowers!

To the quick beat of the song of Green Waist

Wine cups are passed in haste.

Where can you find a happier life than drinking hours?

欧阳修 • 《浪淘沙》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

把酒祝东风，且共从容，垂杨紫陌洛城东。总是当时携手处，游遍芳丛。
聚散苦匆匆，此恨无穷。今年花胜去年红。可惜明年花更好，知与谁同？

Sand-Sifting Waves

Ouyang Xiu

Wine cup in hand, I drink to the eastern breeze:

Let us enjoy with ease!

On the violet pathways

Green with willows east of the capital,

We used to stroll hand in hand in bygone days,

Rambling past flower shrubs one and all.

In haste to meet and part

Would ever break the heart.

Flowers this year

Redder than last appear.

Next year more beautiful they'll be.

But who will enjoy them with me?

苏轼·《行香子·过七里瀨》英译

一叶舟轻，双桨鸿惊。水天清、影湛波平。鱼翻藻鉴，鹭点烟汀。过沙溪急，霜溪冷，月溪明。

重重似画，曲曲如屏。算当年、虚老严陵。君臣一梦，今古虚名。但远山长，云山乱，晓山青。

Joy of Eternal Union

Passing the Seven-League Shallows

Su Shi

A leaflike boat goes light;

At dripping oars wild geese take fright.

Under a sky serene

Clear shadows loat on calm waves green.

Among the mirrored water grass fish play

And egrets dot the riverbank mist-grey.

Thus I go past

The sandy brook flowing fast,

The frosted brook cold,

The moonlit brook bright to behold.

Hill upon hill is a picturesque scene;

Bend after bend looks like a screen.

I recall those far-away years:

The hermit wasted his life till he grew old;

The emperor shared the same dream with his peers.

Then as now, their fame was left out in the cold.

Only the distant hills outspread

Till they're unseen,

The cloud-crowned hills look disheveled

And dawnlit hills so green.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《西江月》英译

顷在黄州，春夜行蕲水中，过酒家饮，酒醉，乘月至一溪桥上，解鞍，由肱醉卧少休。及觉已晓，乱山攒拥，流水锵然，疑非尘世也。书此语桥柱上。

照野弥弥浅浪，
横空隐隐层霄。
障泥未解玉骢骄，
我欲醉眠芳草。

可惜一溪风月，
莫教踏碎琼瑶。
解鞍欹枕绿杨桥，
杜宇一声春晓。

The Moon over the West River

Su Shi

Wavelet on wavelet glimmers by the shore;
Cloud on cloud dimly appears in the sky.
Unsaddled is my white-jadelike horse;
Drunk, asleep in the sweet grass I'll lie.

My horse's hoofs may break, I'm afraid,
The breeze-rippled brook paved by moonlit jade.
I tether my horse to a bough of green willow
Near the bridge where I pillow
My head on arms and sleep till the cuckoo's song awakes
A spring daybreak.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼 • 《浣溪沙》英译

风压轻云贴水飞，
乍晴池馆燕争泥。
沈郎多病不胜衣。

沙上不闻鸿雁信，
竹间时听鹧鸪啼。
此情惟有落花知！

Silk-Washing Stream

Su Shi

Pressed by the breeze, over water the light clouds fly;
In pecking clods by poolside tower swallows vie.
I feel too weak to wear my gown, ill for so long.

I have not heard the message-bearing wild goose's song;
Partridges among bamboos seem to call me home;
Only fallen blooms know the heart of those who roam.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《南乡子》英译

梅花词和杨元素

寒雀满疏篱，
争抱寒柯看玉蕤。
忽见客来花下坐，
惊飞。
蹋散芳英落酒卮。

痛饮又能诗。
坐客无毡醉不知。
花尽酒阑春到也，
离离。
一点微酸已著枝。

Song of Southern Country
Mume Blossoms for Yang Gongsu

On the fence perch birds feeling cold,
To view the blooms of jade they dispute for branch old.
Seeing a guest sit under flowers, they fly up
And scatter petals over his wine cup.

Writing verses and drinking wine,
The guest knows not he's not sitting on left fine.
Wine cup dried up, spring comes with fallen flower.
Leave here! The branch has felt a little sour.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《水调歌头》英译

明月几时有？
把酒问青天。
不知天上宫阙，
今夕是何年。
我欲乘风归去，
又恐琼楼玉宇，
高处不胜寒。
起舞弄清影，
何似在人间！

转朱阁，
低绮户，
照无眠。
不应有恨，
何事长向别时圆？
人有悲欢离合，
月有阴晴圆缺，
此事古难全。
但愿人长久，
千里共婵娟。

Prelude to Water Melody

Su Shi

How long will the full moon appear?
Wine cup in hand, I ask the sky.
I do not know what time of the year
'T would be tonight in the palace on high.
Riding the wind, there I would fly,
Yet I'm afraid the crystalline palace would be
Too high and cold for me.
I rise and dance, with my shadow I play.
On high as on earth, would it be as gay?

The moon goes round the mansions red
Through gauze-draped window soft to shed
Her light upon the sleepless bed.

Against man she should have no spite.
Why then when people part, is the oft full and bright?
Men have sorrow and joy; they part or meet again;
The moon is bright or dim and she may wax or wane.
There has been nothing perfect since the olden days.
So let us wish that man
Will live long as he can!
Though miles apart, we'll share the beauty she displays.
许渊冲、许明 译

苏轼·《卜算子·黄州定惠院寓居作》英译

缺月挂疏桐。漏断人初静。谁见幽人独往来，缥缈孤鸿影。

惊起却回头，有恨无人省。拣尽寒枝不肯栖，寂寞沙洲冷。

Song of Divination

Su Shi

From a sparse plane tree hangs the waning moon;

The water clock is still and hushed is man.

Who sees a hermit pacing up and down alone?

Is it the shadow of a swan?

Startled, he turns his head.

With a grief none behold.

Looking all over, he won't perch on branches dead.

But on the lonely Sandbank cold.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《念奴娇》英译

大江东去，浪淘尽，千古风流人物。故垒西边，人道是、三国周郎赤壁。乱石穿空，惊涛拍岸，卷起千堆雪。江山如画，一时多少豪杰！

遥想公瑾当年，小乔初嫁了，雄姿英发。羽扇纶巾，谈笑间、檣櫓灰飞烟灭。故国神游，多情应笑我、早生华发。人生如梦，一尊还酹江月。

Charm of a Maiden Singer

The endless river eastward flows;

With its huge waves are gone all those

Gallant heroes of bygone years.

West of the ancient fortress appears

Red Cliff where General Zhou won his early fame

When the Three Kingdom were in flame.

Rocks tower in the air and waves beat on the shore,

Rolling up a thousand heaps of snow.

To match the land so fair, how many heroes of yore

Had made great show!

I fancy General Zhou at the height

Of his success, with a plume fan in hand,

In a silk hood, so brave and bright,

Laughing and jesting with his bride so fair,

While enemy ships were destroyed as planned

Like castles in the air.

Should their souls revisit this land,

Sentimental, his bride would laugh to say;

Younger than they, I have my hair turned grey.

Life is but like a dream.

On moon, I drink to you who have seen them on the stream.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《定风波》英译

三月七日沙湖道中遇雨。雨具先去，同行皆狼狈，余独不觉。已而遂晴，故作此。
莫听穿林打叶声，何妨吟啸且徐行。竹杖芒鞋轻胜马，谁怕？一蓑烟雨任平生。
料峭春风吹酒醒，微冷，山头斜照却相迎。回首向来萧瑟处，归去，也无风雨也无晴。

Calming the Waves

Su Shi

Listen not to the rain beating against the trees.
Why don't you slowly walk and chant at ease?
Better than saddled horse I like sandals and cane.
O I would fain
Spend a straw-cloaked life in mist and rain.

Drunken, I'm sobered by vernal wind shrill
And rather chill.
In front I see the slanting sun atop the hill;
Turning my head, I see the dreary beaten track.
Let me go back!
Impervious to wind, rain or shine, I'll have my will.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《满庭芳·蜗角虚名》英译

蜗角虚名，蝇头微利，算来着甚干忙。事皆前定，谁弱又谁强。且趁闲身未老，须放我、些子疏狂。百年里，浑教是醉，三万六千场。

思量，能几许？忧愁风雨，一半相妨。又何须抵死，说短论长。幸对清风皓月，苔茵展、云幕高张。江南好，千钟美酒，一曲《满庭芳》。

Courtyard Full of Fragrance

Su Shi

For fame as vain as a snail's horn

And profit as slight as a fly's head,

Should I be busy and forlorn?

Fate rules for long, Who is weak?

Who is strong?

Not yet grown old and having leisure,

Let me be free to enjoy pleasure!

Could I be drunk in a hundred years,

Thirty-six hundred times without shedding tears?

Think how long life can last,

Though sad and harmful storms I've passed.

Why should I waste my breath

Until my death,

To say the short and long

Or right and wrong?

I am happy to enjoy clear breeze and the moon bright,

Green grass outspread

And a canopy of cloud white.

The Southern shore is fine

With a thousand cups of wine

And the courtyard fragrant with song.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼 • 《浣溪沙》英译

游蕲水清泉寺，寺临兰溪，溪水西流。

山下兰芽短浸溪，松间沙路净无泥，萧萧暮雨子规啼。

谁道人生无再少？门前流水尚能西，休将白发唱黄鸡。

Silk-Washing Stream

Su Shi

In the stream below the hill there drowns the orchid bud;

On sandy path between pine trees you see no mud.

Shower by shower falls the rain while cuckoos sing.

Who says an old man can't return unto his spring?

Before Clear Fountain's Temple water still flows west.

Why can't the cock still crow though with a snow-white crest?

（许渊冲、许明 译）

苏轼·《醉落魄·苏州阊门留别》英译

苍颜华发，故山归计何时决！旧交新贵音书绝，惟有佳人，犹作殷勤别。

离亭欲去歌声咽，潇潇细雨凉吹颊。泪珠不用罗巾浥，弹在罗衫，图得见时说。

Drunk and Lost

Farewell at the Gate of Suzhou

Su Shi

A pale face with hair grey,

When can I go home without care?

No word's received from my friends old or new,

Only the songstress fair

Comes to sing for me a song of adieu.

On leaving the pavilion, with sobs she sings;

The chilly breeze a drizzling rain to my cheeks brings.

Don't use your handkerchief wipe your tears away!

Let them fall on your silken sleeves!

When we meet again, I know how it grieves.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《南乡子·集句》英译

怅望送春怀。渐老逢春能几回。花满楚城愁远别，伤怀。何况清丝急管催。
吟断望乡台。万里归心独上来。景物登临闲始见，徘徊。一寸相思一寸灰。

Song of the Southern Country

Su Shi

Wine cup in hand, I see spring off in vain.

How many times can I, grown old, see spring again?

The town in bloom, I'm grieved to be far, far away.

Can I be gay?

The pipes and strings do hasten spring not to delay.

I croon and gaze from Homesick Terrace high;

Coming for miles and miles, alone I mount and sigh.

Things can be best enjoyed in a leisurely way;

For long I stay,

And inch by inch my heart burns into ashes grey.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《江城子·密州出猎》英译

老夫聊发少年狂，左牵黄，右擎苍。锦帽貂裘，千骑卷平冈。为报倾城随太守，亲射虎，看孙郎。
酒酣胸胆尚开张，鬓微霜，又何妨，持节云中，何日遣冯唐？会挽雕弓如满月，西北望，射天狼。

A Riverside Town

Su Shi

Rejuvenated, I my fiery zeal display;

Of left hand leash, a yellow hound,

On right hand wrist, a falcon grey.

A thousand silk-capped, sable-coated horsemen sweep

Across the rising ground

And hillocks steep.

Townspeople pour out of the city gate

To watch the tiger-hunting magistrate.

Heart gladdened with strong wine, who cares

About a few new-frosted hairs?

When will the court imperial send

An envoy to recall the exile? Then I'll bend

My bow like a full moon, and aiming northwest, I

Will shoot down the fierce Wolf from the sky.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

苏轼·《行香子·述怀》英译

清夜无尘，月色如银。酒斟时、须满十分。浮名浮利，虚苦劳神。叹隙中驹，石中火，梦中身。
虽抱文章，开口谁亲。且陶陶、乐尽天真。几时归去，作个闲人。对一张琴、一壶酒、一溪云。

Song of Pilgrimage

Su Shi

Stainless is the clear night;
The moon is silver bright.
Fill my wine cup
Till it brims up!
Why toil with pain
For wealth and fame in vain?
Time flies as a steed white
Passes a gap in flight.
Like a spark in the dark
Or a dream of moonbeam.

Though I can write,
Who thinks I'm right?
Why not enjoy
Like a mere boy?
So I would be
A man carefree.
I would be mute before my lute;
It would be fine in face of wine;
I would be proud to cleave the cloud.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

苏轼·《蝶恋花·密州上元》英译

灯火钱塘三五夜，明月如霜，照见人如画。帐底吹笙香吐麝，更无一点尘随马。
寂寞山城人老也！击鼓吹箫，却入农桑社。火冷灯稀霜露下，昏昏雪意云垂野。

Butterflies in Love with Flowers--Lantern Festival at Mizhou

On Lantern Festival by riverside at night,

The moon frost-white

Shone on the beauties fair and bright.

Fragrance exhaled and music played under the tent,

The running horses raised no dust on the pavement.

Now I am old in lonely hillside town,

Drumbeats and flute songs up and down

Are drowned in prayers amid mulberries and lost.

The lantern fires put out, dew falls with frost.

Over the fields dark clouds hangs low:

It threatens snow.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《鹧鸪天》英译

林断山明竹隐墙，乱蝉衰草小池塘。翻空白鸟时时见，照水红蕖细细香。
村舍外，古城旁，杖藜徐步转斜阳。殷勤昨夜三更雨，又得浮生一日凉。

Partridges in the Sky

Through forest breaks appear hills and

Bamboo-screened wall;

Cicadas shrill o'er withered grass near a pool small.

White birds are seen now and then looping in the air;

Pink lotus blooms on lakeside exude fragrance spare.

Beyond the cots,

Near ancient town,

Cane in hand, I stroll round while the sun's slanting down.

Thanks to the welcome rain which fell when night was deep,

Now in my floating life one more fresh day I reap.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《临江仙·夜归临皋》英译

夜饮东坡醒复醉，归来仿佛三更。家童鼻息已雷鸣。敲门都不应，倚杖听江声。
长恨此身非我有，何时忘却营营。夜阑风静縠纹平。小舟从此逝，江海寄馀生。

Riverside Daffodils

Su Shi

Drinking at Eastern Slope by night,
I sober, then get drunk again.
When I come back, it's near midnight,
I bear the thunder of my houseboy's snore;
I knock but no one answers the door.
What can I do but, leaning on my cane,
Listen to the river's refrain?

I long regret I am not master of my own.
When can I ignore the hums of up and down?
In the still night the soft winds quiver
On ripples of the river.
From now on I would vanish with my little boat;
For the rest of my life on the sea I would float.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼 • 《浣溪沙》 英译

簌簌衣巾落枣花，村南村北响缫车，牛衣古柳卖黄瓜。

酒困路长惟欲睡，日高人渴漫思茶，敲门试问野人家。

Silk-Washing Stream

Su Shi

Date flowers fall in showers on my hooded head;

At both ends of the village wheels are spinning thread;

A straw-cloaked man sells cucumbers beneath a willow tree.

Wine-drowsy when the road is long, I yearn for bed;

Throat parched when the sun is high, I long for tea.

I knock at a farmer's door to see what he'll treat me.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《浣溪沙》英译

麻叶层层苧叶光，谁家煮茧一村香？隔篱娇语络丝娘。

垂白杖藜抬醉眼，捋青捣麝软饥肠，问言豆叶几时黄？

Silk-Washing Stream

Maidens make up in haste to see the magistrate;

By threes and fives they come out at their hedgerow gate.

They push and squeeze and trample each other's skirt red.

Villagers old and young to celebration are led;

With crows and kites they dance thanksgiving in array.

At dusk I see an old man lie drunk on the way.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

苏轼·《临江仙·送钱穆父》英译

一别都门三改火，天涯踏尽红尘。依然一笑作春温。无波真古井，有节是秋筠。
惆怅孤帆连夜发，送行淡月微云。樽前不用翠眉颦。人生如逆旅，我亦是行人。

Riverside Daffodils

Farewell to a Friend

Su Shi

Three years have passed since we left the capital;

We've trodden all the way from rise to fall.

Still I smile as on warm spring day.

In ancient well no waves are raised;

Upright, the autumn bamboo's praised.

Melancholy, your lonely sail departs at night;

Only a pale cloud sees you off in pale moonlight.

You need no songstress to drink your sorrow away.

Life is like a journey; I too am on my way.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《西江月·黄州中秋》英译

世事一场大梦，人生几度秋凉？夜来风叶已鸣廊，看取眉头鬓上。

酒贱常愁客少，月明多被云妨。中秋谁与共孤光，把盏凄然北望。

The Moon over the West River

Su Shi

Like dreams pass world affairs untold,

How many autumns in our life are cold!

My corridor is loud with wind-blown leaves at night.

See my brows frown and hair turn white!

Of my poor wine few guests are proud;

The bright moon is oft veiled in cloud.

Who would enjoy with me the mid-autumn moon lonely?

Winecup in hand, northward I look only.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

苏轼·《虞美人·有美堂赠述古》英译

湖山信是东南美，一望弥千里。使君能得几回来？便使樽前醉倒更徘徊。
沙河塘里灯初上，水调谁家唱？夜阑风静欲归时，惟有一江明月碧琉璃。

The Beautiful Lady Yu

Written for Governor Chen at the Scenic Hall

Su Shi

How fair the lakes and hills of the Southern land are,
With plains extending wide and far!
How often, wine cup in hand, have you been here
That you can make us linger though drunk we appear!

By Sandy River Pool the new-lit lamps are bright.
Who is singing the water melody at night?
When I come back, the wind goes down, the bright moon paves
With emerald glass the river's waves.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

苏轼·《昭君怨·金山送柳子玉》英译

谁作桓伊三弄，惊破绿窗幽梦？新月与愁烟，满江天。

欲去又还不去，明日落花飞絮。飞絮送行舟，水东流。

The Lament of a Fair Lady

Su Shi

Who's playing on the flute a gloomy tune,

Breaking the green window's dreary dream?

The dreary mist veils the new moon,

Outspread in the sky over the stream.

You linger still though you must go.

Flowers and willow down will fall tomorrow.

They will see your boat off, laden with sorrow,

But still the stream will eastward flow.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

苏轼·《虞美人·波声拍枕长淮晓》英译

波声拍枕长淮晓，隙月窥人小。无情汴水自东流，只载一船离恨向西州。

竹溪花浦曾同醉，酒味多于泪。谁教风鉴在尘埃？酝造一场烦恼送人来！

The Beautiful Lady Yu

Su Shi

River Huai's waves seem to beat my pillow till dawn;

A ray of moonbeam peeps at me forlorn.

The heartless River Bian flows eastward down,

Laden with parting grief, you've left the town.

Once we got drunk by riverside bamboo and flower,

My tears made sweet wine sour.

How could a mirror not be stained with dust?

Who could predict the trouble brewing up in gust?

（许渊冲、许明 译）

苏轼·《更漏子·送孙巨源》英译

水涵空，山照市，西汉二疏乡里。新白发，旧黄金，故人恩义深。

海东头，山尽处，自古客槎来去。槎有信，赴秋期，使君行不归。

Song of Water Clock--Seeing Sun Juyuan Off

Su Shi

The water joins the sky,

The town girt with hills high,

This is a land of talents as of yore.

Your hair has turned white,

Of gold you make light,

You value friendship more.

East of the sea,

Where end the hills you see,

Boats come and go since days of old.

They have a date;

For you I'll wait.

Will you come back with the autumn cold?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼 • 《江城子》英译

乙卯正月二十夜记梦

十年生死两茫茫，不思量，自难忘。千里孤坟，无处话凄凉。纵使相逢应不识，尘满面，鬓如霜。
夜来幽梦忽还乡。小轩窗，正梳妆。相顾无言，惟有泪千行。料得年年肠断处：明月夜，短松冈。

Riverside Town

A Dream of the Night of the 20th Day of the 1st Moon 1075

For the long years the living of the dead knows nought,

Though to my mind not brought,

Could the dead be forgot?

Her lonely grave is far, a thousand miles away.

To whom can I my grief convey?

Revived even if she be, could she still know me?

My face is worn with care, And frosted is my hair.

Last night I dreamed of coming to my native place;

She was making up her face

Before her mirror with grace.

Each saw the other hushed,

But from our eyes tears gushed.

Can I not be heart-broken when I am awoken

From her grave clad with pines,

Where only the moon shines!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《阳光曲》英译

暮云收尽溢清寒，银汉无声转玉盘。此生此夜不长好，明月明年何处看。

Song of the Sunny Pass

Su Shi

Evening clouds withdrawn, pure cold air floods the sky;

The River of Stars mute, a jade plate turns on high.

How oft can we enjoy a fine mid-autumn night?

Where shall we view next year silver moon so bright?

（许渊冲、许明 译）

苏轼 • 《蝶恋花》英译

花褪残红青杏小。燕子飞时，绿水人家绕。枝上柳绵吹又少，天涯何处无芳草！
墙里秋千墙外道。墙外行人，墙里佳人笑。笑渐不闻声渐悄，多情却被无情恼。

Butterflies in Love with Flowers

Su Shi

Red flowers fade, green apricots appear still small,
When swallows pass
Over blue water that surrounds the garden wall.
Most willow catkins have been blown away, alas!
But there is no place where grows on sweet grass.

Without the wall there is a path, within a swing.
A passer-by
Hears a fair maiden's laughter in the garden ring.
The ringing laughter fades to silence by and by;
For the enchantress the enchanted can only sigh.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《水龙吟·次韵章质夫杨花词》英译

似花还似非花，也无人惜从教坠。抛家傍路，思量却是，无情有思。萦损柔肠，困酣娇眼，欲开还闭。
梦随风万里，寻郎去处，又还被、莺呼起。
不恨此花飞尽，恨西园、落红难缀。晓来雨过，遗踪何在，一池萍碎。春色三分，二分尘土，一分流水。
细看来，不是杨花，点点是离人泪。

Water Dragon Chant

Su Shi

They seem to be but are not flowers;
None pity them when they fall down in showers.
Forsaking leafy home,
By the roadside they roam.
I think they're fickle, but they've sorrow deep.
Their grief-o-verladen bowels tender
Like willow branches slender;
Their leaves like wistful eyes near shut with sleep,
About to open, yet soon closed again.
They dream of drifting with the wind for long,
Long miles to find their men,
But are aroused by orioles' song.

Grieve not for willow catkins flown away,
But that in western garden fallen petals red
Can't be restored. When dawns the day
And rain is o'er, we cannot find their traces
But in a pond with duckweeds overspread.
Of Spring's three Graces,
Two have gone with the roadside dust
And one with waves. But if you just
Take a close look, then you will never
Find willow down but tears of those who part,
Which drop by drop
Fall without stop.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《浣溪沙·三十三年》英译

有王长官者，弃官黄州三十三年，黄人谓之王先生。因送陈慥来过余，因为赋此。

三十三年，今谁存者，算只君与长江。凜然苍桧，霜干苦难双。闻道司州古县，云溪上、竹坞松窗。江南岸，不因送子，宁肯过吾邦？

攄攄，疏雨过，风林舞破，烟盖云幢。愿持此邀君，一饮空缸。居士先生老矣，真梦里、相对残缸。歌声断，行人未起，船鼓已逢逢。

Courtyard Full of Fragrance

Su Shi

After thirty-three years.

Who still remains today?

Only you and the long, long river stay.

Upright like the cypress evergreen,

Frost-proof, you have no compeers.

In your old county I have seen,

Your cot surrounded by bamboos

Stands by the cloudy stream framed with pine tree on tree.

If you leave the southern shore not to say adieus,

How could you come to see me?

After a sudden shower the trees

Dance in the breeze,

A veil of mist rises with cloud screen.

I hold high the wine cup

And invite you to drink it up.

Now old, I think it's like a dream sweet

To drink face to face with you.

We hear no more songs of adieu,

For early risers, drums begin to beat.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《南乡子·送述古》英译

回首乱山横，不见居人只见城。谁似临平山上塔，亭亭，迎客西来送客行。
归路晚风清，一枕初寒梦不成。今夜残灯斜照处，荧荧，秋雨晴时泪不晴。

Song of a Southern Country

Su Shi

Turning my head, I find rugged mountains bar the sky,
I can no longer see you in the town.
Who can be like the hilltop tower looking down,
So high?
It welcomed you from the west and bids you goodbye.

I come back at dusk in a gentle breeze.
On chilly pillow how can I dream with ease?
Where will the flickering lamp shed its lonely light
Tonight?
When autumn rain no longer falls drop by drop,
Oh, will tears stop?
(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《归朝欢·和苏坚伯固》英译

我梦扁舟浮震泽。雪浪摇空千顷白。觉来满眼是庐山，倚天无数开青壁。此生长接淅，与君同是江南客。梦中游、觉来清赏，同作飞梭掷。

明日西风还挂席。唱我新词泪沾臆。灵均去后楚山空，沅阳兰芷无颜色。君才如梦得。武陵更在西南极。《竹枝词》、莫摇新唱，谁谓古今隔。

Happy Return to the Court

In Reply to Su dian

I dream my leaflike boat on the vast lake afloat,
Snowlike waves surge up for miles and whiten the air.
I wake to find Mount Lu resplendent to my eye,
Blue cliffs upon blue cliffs open against the sky.
I've suffered setbacks all my life long;
You and I sing alike the roamer's song.
Dreaming of boating on the lake,
I like the thrilling scene when awake,
And feel as happy as the shuttle flies.

You will set sail in western breeze tomorrow;
I'll croon in tears for you a new verse full of sorrow.
When Poet Qu is gone, the Southern Mountain's bare.
Sweet orchids and clovers will lose their hue
Like the poet of Willow Branch Song, you
Will go farther southwest.
But you may compose as a guest.
And then who says
The modern age cannot surpass the bygone days?
(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《南乡子·重九涵辉楼呈徐君猷》英译

霜降水痕收，浅碧鳞鳞露远洲。酒力渐消风力软，飕飕。破帽多情却恋头。
佳节若为酬，但把清尊断送秋。万事到头都是梦，休休，明日黄花蝶也愁。

Song of a Southern Country

To Governor Xu on Mountain-Climbing Day

Su Shi

The tide flows out after the fall of frost,
From rippling green water a beach of sand will rise.
The souging wind softens, the vigor of wine is lost,
When blows the breeze,
My sympathetic hat won't leave my head with ease.

How shall we pass the holiday?
Wine cup in hand, we may send autumn away.
Everything will end in dreams,
It seems
Tomorrow fallen blooms will sadden butterflies.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《浣溪沙·三十三年》英译

有王长官者，弃官黄州三十三年，黄人谓之王先生。因送陈慥来过余，因为赋此。

三十三年，今谁存者，算只君与长江。凛然苍桧，霜干苦难双。闻道司州古县，云溪上、竹坞松窗。江南岸，不因送子，宁肯过吾邦？

攄攄，疏雨过，风林舞破，烟盖云幢。愿持此邀君，一饮空缸。居士先生老矣，真梦里、相对残缸。歌声断，行人未起，船鼓已逢逢。

Courtyard Full of Fragrance

Su Shi

After thirty-three years.

Who still remains today?

Only you and the long, long river stay.

Upright like the cypress evergreen,

Frost-proof, you have no compeers.

In your old county I have seen,

Your cot surrounded by bamboos

Stands by the cloudy stream framed with pine tree on tree.

If you leave the southern shore not to say adieus,

How could you come to see me?

After a sudden shower the trees

Dance in the breeze,

A veil of mist rises with cloud screen.

I hold high the wine cup

And invite you to drink it up.

Now old, I think it's like a dream sweet

To drink face to face with you.

We hear no more songs of adieu,

For early risers, drums begin to beat.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《满庭芳·归去来兮》英译

元丰七年四月一日，余将去黄移汝，留别雪堂邻里二三君子，会李仲览自江东来别，遂书以遗之。

归去来兮，吾归何处？万里家在岷峨。百年强半，来日苦无多。坐见黄州再闰，儿童尽、楚语吴歌。山中友，鸡豚社酒，相劝老东坡。

云何，当此去，人生底事，来往如梭。待闲看秋风，洛水清波。好在堂前细柳，应念我，莫剪柔柯。仍传语，江南父老，时与晒渔蓑。

Courtyard Full of Fragrance

Su Shi

Why not go home?

Where shall I go today?

My home in Eyebrow Mountain is a thousand miles away.

Fifty years old, I have not many days to come.

Living here for four years,

My children sing the Southern song.

Villagers and mountaineers

With meat and wine ask me to stay

In Eastern Slope for long.

What shall I say

When I've left here?

How will my life appear?

Just as a shuttle comes and goes.

At leisure I'll see autumn breeze blows

And ripples the river clear.

I'll think of my willow tree slender.

Will you trim for me its twigs tender?

Please tell southern villagers not to forget

To bask my fishing net!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼 • 《洞仙歌》英译

江南腊尽，早梅花开后。分付新春与垂柳。细腰肢、自有入格风流。仍更是、骨体清英雅秀。
永丰坊那畔，尽日无人，谁见金丝弄晴昼？断肠是飞絮时，绿叶成阴，无箇事、一成消瘦。又莫是东风
逐君来，便吹散眉间，一点春皱。

Song of a Fairy in the Cave

Su Shi

By the end of the year on the Southern shore
When early mume blossoms disappear,
The newcomer spring dwells on the weeping willow tree,
Its slender waist reveals a personality free,
And what is more,
Its trunk appears more elegant and free.

Along the way

There is no sight-seer all the day.
Who'd come to see your golden thread in sunlight sway?
Your heart would break to see catkins fly,
Your green leaves make a shade of deep dye.
Having nothing to do,
You would grow thinner, too.
If you come again with vernal breeze now,
It would dispel the vernal grief on your brow.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《水龙吟·次韵章质夫杨花词》英译

似花还似非花，也无人惜从教坠。抛家傍路，思量却是，无情有思。萦损柔肠，困酣娇眼，欲开还闭。
梦随风万里，寻郎去处，又还被、莺呼起。
不恨此花飞尽，恨西园、落红难缀。晓来雨过，遗踪何在，一池萍碎。春色三分，二分尘土，一分流水。
细看来，不是杨花，点点是离人泪。

Water Dragon Chant

Su Shi

They seem to be but are not flowers;
None pity them when they fall down in showers.
Forsaking leafy home,
By the roadside they roam.
I think they're fickle, but they've sorrow deep.
Their grief-o-verladen bowels tender
Like willow branches slender;
Their leaves like wistful eyes near shut with sleep,
About to open, yet soon closed again.
They dream of drifting with the wind for long,
Long miles to find their men,
But are aroused by orioles' song.

Grieve not for willow catkins flown away,
But that in western garden fallen petals red
Can't be restored. When dawns the day
And rain is o'er, we cannot find their traces
But in a pond with duckweeds overspread.
Of Spring's three Graces,
Two have gone with the roadside dust
And one with waves. But if you just
Take a close look, then you will never
Find willow down but tears of those who part,
Which drop by drop
Fall without stop.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

Immortal at the Maggie Bridge

Farewell on Double Seventh Eve
Like the immortal leaving the crowd,
Wafting above the cloud,
Unlike the Cowherd and the Maid who fond remain,

You know your flute in moonlight,
Waving your hand, you go in flight.

Your boat will go away
Across the Milky Way,
In celestial wind and rain.
We've met and drunk as if by fate.
Where will you waft when wind and rain abate?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《行香子》英译

携手江村，梅雪飘裙。情何限、处处销魂。故人不见，旧曲重闻。向望湖楼，孤山寺，涌金门。
寻常行处，题诗千首，绣罗衫、与拂红尘。别来相忆，知是何人。有湖中月，江边柳，陇头云。

Song of Incense

Farewell

Su Shi

We visited the riverside village hand in hand,
Letting snowlike mume flowers on silk dress fall.
How can I stand
The soul-consuming fairy land!
Now separated from you for years long,
Hearing the same old song,
Can I forget the lakeside hall,
The temple on the Lonely Hill
And Golden Gate waves overfill?

Wherever we went on whatever day,
We have written a thousand lines.
The silken sleeves would sweep the dust away.
Since we parted, who
Would often think of you?
The moon which on the lake shines,
The lakeside willow trees,
The cloud and breeze.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《永遇乐》英译

孙巨源以八月十五日离海州，坐别于景疏楼上。既而与余会于润州，至楚州乃别。余以十一月十五日至海州，与太守会于景疏楼上，作此词以寄巨源。

长忆别时，景疏楼上，明月如水。美酒清歌，留连不住，月随人千里。别来三度，孤光又满，冷落共谁同醉？卷珠帘，凄然顾影，共伊到明无寐。

今朝有客，来从淮上，能道使君深意。凭仗清淮，分明到海，中有相思泪。而今何在，西垣清禁，夜永露华侵被。此时看、回廊晓月，也应暗记。

Joy of Eternal Union

Su Shi

I long remember when we bade goodbye

On Northern Tower high,

The silvery moonlight looked like water bright.

But songs and wine, however fine,

Could not keep you from going away.

Only the moon followed you for miles on your way.

Since we parted, I've seen the moon wax and wane.

But who would drink with lonely me again?

Uprolling the screen,

Only my shadow's seen,

I stay awake until daybreak.

Today your friend comes from the river's end,

And brings to me your memory.

You ask the river clear

To bring nostalgic tear

As far as the east sea.

I do not know now where are you.

In palace hall by western wall,

Is your coverlet in deep night wet with dew?

When you see in the corridor the moving moonrays,

Could you forget the bygone days?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《江城子》英译

孤山竹阁送述古，翠蛾羞黛怯人看。掩霜纨，泪偷弹。且净尊，收泪唱《阳关》。漫道帝城天样远，天易见，见君难。

画堂新构近孤山。曲栏干，为谁安？飞絮落花，春色属明年。欲棹小舟寻旧事，无处问，水连天。

Riverside Town

Farewell to Governor Chen at Bamboo Pavilion on Lonely Hill

Su Shi

Her eyebrows penciled dark, she feels shy to be seen.

Hidden behind a silken fan so green,

Stealthily she sheds tear on tear.

Let me drink farewell to you and hear

Her sing, with tears wiped away, her song of adieu.

Do not say the imperial town is as far as the sky.

It is easier to see the sun high

Than to meet you.

The newly built painted hall to Lonely Hill is near.

For whom is made

The winding balustrade?

Falling flowers and willow down fly;

Spring belongs to next year.

I try to row a boat to find the things gone by.

O whom can I ask? In my eye

I only see water one with the sky.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

苏轼·《八声甘州》英译

有情风万里卷潮来，无情送潮归。问钱塘江上，西兴浦口，几度斜晖？不用思量今古，俯仰昔人非。谁似东坡老，白首忘机。

记取西湖西畔，正暮山好处，空翠烟霏。算诗人相得，如我与君稀。约他年，东还海道，愿谢公雅志莫相违。西州路，不应回首，为我沾衣。

Eight Beats of Ganzhou Song

For a Buddhist Friend

Su Shi

The heart-stirring breeze brings in the tidal bore;

The heartless wind sees it flow out from river shore.

At the river's mouth

Or the ferry south,

How many times have we heard parting chimes?

Don't grieve over the past!

The world changes fast.

Who could be like me,

Though white-haired, yet carefree?

Do not forsake the western shore of the lake:

On fine day the vernal hills are green;

On rainy day they are veiled by misty screen.

Few poets would be

Such bosom friends as you and me.

Do not forget in our old age,

We'll live together in hermitage.

Even if I should disappear,

You should not turn to weep for your compeer.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

汪藻 • 《点绛唇》英译

新月娟娟，
夜寒江静山衔斗。
起来搔首，
梅影横窗瘦。

好个霜天，
闲却传杯手。
君知否？
乱鸦啼后，
归兴浓如酒。

Rouged Lips

Wang Zao

The crescent moon so fair,
The night so chill.
The stream so still,
I rise and scratch my hair.
The mums cast slender shadows across windowsill.

The frosty sky so fine,
A cup in hand, I can't but pine.
Do you not know
After the wailing of the crow
I am more homesick than thirsty for wine?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

汪莘 • 《沁园春 • 忆黄山》英译

三十六峰，三十六溪，长锁清秋。对孤峰绝顶，云烟竞秀，悬崖峭壁，瀑布争流。洞里桃花，仙家芝草，雪后春正取次游。曾亲见，是龙潭白昼，海涌潮头。

当年黄帝浮丘，有玉枕玉床还在不？向天都月夜，遥闻凤管；翠微霜晓，仰盼龙楼。砂穴长红，丹炉已冷，安得灵方闻早修？谁知此，问源头白鹿，水畔青牛。

Spring in a Pleasure Garden

Yellow Mountains Recalled

Wang Shen

Thirty-six peaks

And thirty-six streams

Have long locked clear autumn in dreams.

In face of lonely peaks and lofty crest,

Clouds and mist vie to look their best.

Over cliffs steep and high

Cascades in roaring vie.

In the cave grow peach flowers,

And life-long herbs in divine bowers.

After spring snow one by one they will come in sight.

I have seen with my eyes

The Dragon's Pool in broad daylight,

The sea in angry billows rise.

Of the Yellow Emperor's reign,

Do the jade bed and pillow still remain?

From the Celestial Town in moonlight,

I've heard the phoenix flute play music bright.

On green mountains in frosty morning hours,

I've looked up to Dragon's towers.

Still red is the elixir old,

But the Magical Stove is cold.

How could a mortal turn divine?

If you do want to know,

Ask the white deer at the source fine

Or the waterside buffalo.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

汪莘 • 《沁园春 • 忆黄山赏析》英译

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Spring in a Pleasure Garden

Yellow Mountains Recalled

Wang Xing

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(许渊冲、许明 译)

曹冠·《凤栖梧·兰溪》英译

桂棹悠悠分浪稳。
烟幕层峦，
绿水连天远。
赢得锦囊诗句满，
兴来豪饮挥金碗。

飞絮撩人花照眼。
天阔风微，
燕外晴丝卷。
翠竹谁家门可款？
舫舟闲上斜阳岸。

Phoenix Perching on Plane Tree

The Orchid Stream

Cao Guan

The laurel boat cleaving the waves slowly goes by,
Mist veils peaks low and high,
Green water joins the far-off sky.
My pocket with verse and rhyme is filled up,
In high spirits I drink in my golden cup

The willow down and flowers in flight tease my eye,
A soft breeze blows in the vast sky,
Through green bamboo invites me to the door?
I moor my boat at sunset and go to the shore.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

吴潜 • 《鹊桥仙》英译

扁舟昨泊，
危亭孤啸，
目断闲云千里。
前山急雨过溪来，
尽洗却、人间暑气。

暮鸦木末，
落帛天际，
都是一团秋意。
痴儿騃女贺新凉，
也不道、西风又起。

Immortals at the Magpie Bridge

Wu Qian

I moor my boat and then I croon
Beneath the high pavilion alone.
I stretch my eyes
To see for miles and miles clouds rise.
The hasty rain sweeps from the hills
Across the rills.

At dusk the crows perch on top of the trees;
From the horizon come the wild geese.
They bring the fresh autumnal air;
My children are fond of the fresh cool here and there.
They do not see the rise again of the west breeze.

(许渊冲、许明)

吴潜 • 《南柯子》英译

池水凝新碧，
阑花驻老红。
有人独立画桥东。
手把一枝杨柳系春风。

鹊绊游丝坠，
蜂拈落蕊空。
秋千庭院小帘栊。
多少闲情闲绪雨声中。

Song of a Dream
Wu Qian

By pools of congealed green
Red flowers form a screen.
East of the painted bridge alone stands she,
Trying to bind spring breeze with sprigs of willow tree.

Magpies fly through gossamers light,
The bees alight on falling flowers in vain.
A swing hangs in the yard before the window bright.
How much sorrow and leisure she feels in the rain!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

柳永 • 《蝶恋花 • 伫倚危楼风细细》英译

伫倚危楼风细细，望极春愁，黯黯生天际。草色烟光残照里，无言谁会凭阑意？
拟把疏狂图一醉，对酒当歌，强乐还无味。衣带渐宽终不悔，为伊消得人憔悴。

Feng Qi Wu

Liu Yong

Alone I lean against the parapet of a high tower in a gentle breeze,
Gazing into the distance where the grief of separation
Looms on the horizon.
Amidst the grass and hills shimmering in the setting sun,
No one can fathom the inquietude of my mind.

I tried to drown my sorrows in wine and song;
And forced myself to drink to oblivion but I am empty still
My clothes hang loose on my emaciated body
But regrets I have none, it is because of her.
(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

Butterflies in Love with Flowers

Liu Yong

I lean alone on balcony in light, light breeze;
As far as the eyes sees,
On the horizon dark parting grief grows unseen.
In fading sunlight rises smoke over grass green.
Who understands why mutely on the rails I lean?

I'd drown in wine my parting grief:
Chanting before the cup, strained mirth brings no relief.
I find my gown too large, but I will not regret;
It's worthwhile growing languid for my coquette.
(许渊冲 译)

柳永 • 《望海潮》英译

东南形胜，三吴都会，钱塘自古繁华。烟柳画桥，风帘翠幕，参差十万人家。云树绕堤沙，怒涛卷霜雪，天堑无涯。市列珠玑，户盈罗绮，竞豪奢。

重湖叠巘清嘉。有三秋桂子，十里荷花。羌管弄晴，菱歌泛夜，嬉嬉钓叟莲娃。千骑拥高牙，乘醉听箫鼓，吟赏烟霞。异日图将好景，归去凤池夸。

To the Tune of Wang Hai Chao

A place of scenic beauty in the southeast

The metropolis in the region of the Three Wu's,

Qiantang has flourished since ancient times.

Clouded willow trees and bright painted bridges,

Windbreak window drapes and kingfisher-feathered curtains,

A hundred thousand houses clustered high and low.

Towering trees line the sandy bank,

The raging tide rolls upward like frost and snow,

The heavenly moat stretches to the horizon.

The market filled with tiers of pearls and gems;

Households overflowing with silks and satins,

Contend in wealth and luxury.

The clear twin lakes (1) and green hills offer picturesque views;

The fragrance of sweet osmanthus lingers on the autumn air,

Lotus flowers bloom far and wide in summer.

The sound of flutes soars up to the sunny skies,

The singing of folk songs breaks the silent of night,

Happy are the old anglers and girls collecting water chestnuts.

With a flag surrounded by a mounted retinue a thousand strong,

To enjoy music while in my cups,

To chant verses while admiring the mist and clouds at twilight.

When, one day, you win promotion with glory,

You will praise this place at Phoenix Pool profusely. (2)

(1)The West Lake which is divided by hills into the inner lake and the outer lake.

(2)The imperial cabinet, or the court in general.

(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

Watching the Tidal Bore

Scenic splendor southeast of River Blue

And capital of ancient Kingdom Wu,

Qiantang's as flourishing as e'er.

The smokelike willows form a windproof screen;

Adorned with painted bridges and curtains green,
A hundred thousand houses spread out here and there.
Upon the banks along the sand,
Cloud-crowned trees stand.
Great waves roll up like snowbanks white;
The river extends till lost to sight.
Jewels and pearls at the Fair on display,
Satins and silks in splendid array,
People vie in magnificence
And opulence.

The lakes reflect the peaks and towers,
Late autumn fragrant with osmanthus flowers,
Lotus in bloom for miles and miles.
Northwestern pipes play with sunlight;
Water chestnut songs are sung by starlight;
Old fishermen and maidens young all beam with smiles.
With flags before and guards behind you come;
Drunken, you may listen to flute and drum,
Chanting the praises loud
Of the land beneath the cloud.
You may picture the scene another day
And boast to the Court where you'll go in full array.
(许渊冲 译)

柳永 • 《定风波》英译

自春来、惨绿愁红，芳心是事可可。日上花梢，莺穿柳带，犹压香衾卧。暖酥消，腻云殢，终日厌厌倦梳裹。无那！恨薄情一去，音书无个。

早知恁么，悔当初、不把雕鞍锁。向鸡窗，只与蛮笺象管，拘束教吟课。镇相随，莫抛躲，针线闲拈伴伊坐。和我。免使年少，光阴虚过。

Ding Feng Bo

It is spring but the green leaves appear dismal and the red petals sad,

Despondent and weary, I wile away my time.

The sun has risen above the blossoms,

Orioles flit amidst the willow twigs,

Yet I still lie silent under a scented quilt.

My full and soft cheeks are haggard,

My glossy hair hangs loose and uncombed,

Too languid to make up my face and dress.

What for I say, since that heartless man has left me.

I'm angry there is no news from him.

Too late for regrets.

I should have locked the carved saddle.

Then, he would sit and face the window of the study,

With coloured paper and ivory-handled brush in hand,

Confined to reading and writing.

We could have always been together,

Never forsaking or shunning each other's company;

With my needlework I would sit by his side.

Only when he is with me,

Does my young life not feel wasted.

（杨宪益、戴乃迭 译）

柳永·《卜算子慢》英译

江枫渐老，汀蕙半凋，满目败红衰翠。楚客登临，正是暮秋天气。引疏砧、断续残阳里。对晚景、伤怀念远，新愁旧恨相继。

脉脉人千里。念两处风情，万重烟水。雨歇天高，望断翠峰十二。尽无言、谁会凭高意？纵写得、离肠万种，奈归云谁寄？

Slow Song of Divination

The riverside maples grown old,

Sweet orchids wither by and by.

The faded red and green spread out before the eye.

A Southerner, I climb up high;

It's already late autumn cold.

The setting sun is drowned

In washerwomen's intermittent pounding sound.

With evening scenery in view,

Though far away, can I not think of you?

How can old grief not be followed by sorrow new?

Silent, a thousand miles separate you and me.

In two places our dreams

Can't fly o'er streams on streams.

When stops the rain, the sky's serene;

My eyes can't go beyond the twelve peaks green.

Wordless, who would understand my

Leaning on railings at the height?

Though I can write

Down parting grief with broken heart,

Would clouds return and bring it for my part?

(许渊冲 译)

柳永 • 《雨霖铃》英译

寒蝉凄切，
对长亭晚，
骤雨初歇。
都门帐饮无绪，
留恋处，
兰舟催发。
执手相看泪眼，
竟无语凝噎。
念去去、千里烟波，
暮霭沉沉楚天阔。

多情自古伤离别，
更那堪，冷落清秋节！
今宵酒醒何处？
杨柳岸、
晓风残月。
此去经年，
应是良辰好景虚设。
便纵有千种风情，
更与何人说？

Cicadas Chill, ShriII

(To the Tune of Yulinling)

Cicadas screech chill,
shrill, after a sudden shower.
By the roadside pavilion
in the evening, we are parting
outside the city gate, no mood
for the farewell drink, no strength
to tear ourselves apart, when
the magnolia boat urges me to board.
We gaze into each other's eyes
in tears, hand holding
hand, all our words choked.
I'm sailing out, for thousands of miles
along the mist-enveloped waves,
the somber dusk haze
deepening against the boundless southern sky.

It's been hard for lovers to part
since time immemorial.
How much more so
at this cold, deserted autumn!
Tonight, where shall I find
myself, waking from a hangover —
against the riverbank lined with weeping willows
the moon sinking, and the dawn rising
on a breeze? Year
after year, I will be far away from you.
All these beautiful scenes are unfolding,
but to no avail.
Oh, to whom can I speak
of this ineffably enchanting landscape?

（裘小龙 译）

Bells Ringing in the Rain

Liu Yong

Cicadas chill

Drearly shrill.

We stand face to face in an evening hour

Before the pavilion, after a sudden shower.

Can we care for drinking before we part?

At the city gate

We can linger late,

But the boat is waiting for me to depart.

Hand in hand we gaze at each other's tearful eyes

And burst into sobs with words congealed on our lips.

I'll go my way,

Far, far away.

On miles and miles of misty waves where sail ships,

And evening clouds hang low in boundless Southern skies.

Lovers would grieve at parting as of old.

How could I stand this clear autumn day so cold!

Where shall I be found at daybreak

From wine awake?

Moored by a riverbank planted with willow trees

Beneath the waning moon and in the morning breeze.

I'll be gone for a year.

In vain would good times and fine scenes appear.
However gallant I am on my part,
To whom can I lay bare my heart?
(许渊冲 译)

Yu Lin Ling

Mournfully chirr the cicadas,
As the shower of rain stops
And we face the roadside pavilion at dusk.
We drink without cheer in the tent outside the city gate;
It is the moment we are loath to part
But the magnolia-wood boat beckons me on.
Hands clasped together we see our tears,
So overcome, unable to utter a single word.
Ahead lies a journey a thousand li of misty waves
And the vast sky of Chu (1) hangs with heavy evening haze.

Since time immemorial, lovers have grieved at parting
Made more poignant in the fallow season of autumn.
What is this place where I have sobered from my drunken stupor?
"The riverside is strewn with willow trees,
The morning breeze wafts in with a waning moon." (2)
Our parting will last for years,
Fine hours and scenes of beauty have no appeal
Even though my heart is filled with tender feelings,
But, with whom can I share them?
(1)Referring to the region of the ancient State of Chu situated in the central and southeast part of the country.
(2)A scene the poet imagines might occur on his journey.
(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

Yu Lin Ling

(Song) Liu Yong
The chilled cicadas were shrill,
We sat facing a roadside pavilion in the failing light,
A sudden shower having just passed.
In no mood to drink in the city-gateside tent,
We'd like to dawdle around a while,
But the orchid boat (1) must go.
Holding hands and looking into each other's teary eyes,

We choked, unable to utter words from the heart.
A thousand miles of misty waves would now keep us apart,
With the evening haze heavy under southern skies.

For emotional people parting has always been difficult,
Not to mention the season — a lonely Harvest Moon Festival! (2)
Where would I wake up tonight to my hangover?
A grassy bank of willows,
The breeze at dawn, and a vanishing moon.
This parting would last for years,
Rendering good times and pleasurable moments to naught!
Even though I had many delicate feelings to share,
Who can I speak to?
(1)Orchid boat — painted passenger boat.
(2)Harvest Moon Festival — August the 15th by the lunar calendar.
(龚景浩 译)

Yu Lin Ling

Cold cicadas' plaintive call (1),
By the roadside pavilion at dusk,
Heavy shower having come to a halt.
In the tent by the city gate no mood for toasts.
While saying good-bye,
Magnolia boat (2) urged "All aboard".
Hands holding, eye to teary eye,
Choked and gagged for words.
Muttering "leaving, leaving".
Thousand li of wispy mist,
Twilight loomed over the wide horizon of Chu (3).

Parting long been lovers' dread,
Let alone this cold lonely seasonal fall!
Where would I wake up from the wine tonight?
Willowed banks,
Morning breeze and the crescent moon.
Years from now on,
Natural beauties will ever be indifferent.
Lovers' sentiments, albeit, by the thousand,
To whom am I supposed to talk?

(1)"Cold cicadas call" indicative of a time in early autumn.

(2)Magnolia boat is a poetic name for any boat. The wood of magnolia trees were used to make oars.

(3)Chu refers to the stretch of the Yangtze River that was one the territory of State Chu of the Warring States, covering what's now Hubei Province and part of Hunan Province.

(任治稷、余正 译)

Bells in the Rain

Cicadas decrying the chill which befalls

In th' wake of the rain, the pavilion ahead

Bedims in the dusk as if it had a sorrowful heart.

The boat now relaying its urge in the calls,

At th' send-off out of the city in a shed,

Neither's in the mood for the wine, as I will soon depart.

We are full of tears but short of word;

Destination lies far beyond the waves blurr'd,

Where the mist is hanging low o'er the southern land.

Love has been haunted by parting from of old,

Moreo'er I'm leaving on an autumn day so cold.

What shall I see when wine's effect weakens after the night?

Bank and willows under a pale setting moon — a strange sight.

I'll stay away for long long years, during which lovely days

And thrilling scenes would mean nothing to such a lonely heart.

Affections in me henceforward may seethe and burn and blaze,

And yet to whom could I such tender sentiments impart?

(卓振英 译)

Farewell— To the Tune of Yulinling

By Liu Yong

A miserable cicada is thrilling in the cold,

Over the wayside pavilion's darkening form

Emerging from the wash of a sudden storm.

In a tavern by the city gate

Gloomy over a cup,

I hesitate,

While the departing boat is calling.

Hand in hand, we are lingering

In each other's tearful eyes

At a loss for words, even for sobs and signs.

Ahead, a misty expanse of waves lies
Beneath the pressing evening haze
Spanned by the vast Southern Skies.

A sentimental soul at farewell
Is always stricken by dismay.
How can he stand the travel
On such a bleak autumnal day!
— where will I find myself, soon
After the night drunkenness is gone?
With a setting moon,
Chilled in the breeze of dawn,
On the banks weeping willows, forlorn.
Any happy moments there be,
In years of loneliness, of sorrow,
Are not moments meant for me;
Even though
Thousands of tender feelings there
Might in me overflow,
With whom could I share?

(朱纯深 译)

Lovers' Parting outside the Town

(Yu-lin-ling)

By Liu Yong (987?—1053?)

The chill cicada is crying, sad.
Facing the Farewell Pavilion at dusk,
I see the continuous rain come to a lull.
In the tent under the capital's entrance,
With wine, I feel lost,
And look afar:
The orchid boat urges aboard.
Hand in hand,
We gaze at each other, eyes tearful,
How is it our words are all choked!
We worry about this journey through a thousand miles of mist,
The gloaming clouds are gravely dark,
The sky over the State of Chu is vast.

Farewells have ever been sad,
Not to mention tonight in such a brisk autumnal season.
Where am I to awake from drunkenness this night?
By the willowy dykes,
With dawn wind and a waning crescent.
This separation will last for years and years,
Happy hours and beautiful scenery are all set in vain.
Even if I had a thousand kinds of gallant feelings,
To who ever else could I relate them?
(贺清滨 译)

Yulinling

Near the rest-house were cicadas much chilled.
They're chirring hard, melancholy and dull.
It was fast approaching the evening.
A great shower has just come to a lull.

I had had a few drinks in the city.
From low spirits I was turned to despair.
I lingered there, every moment — precious,
When "all aboard" I heard the boatman blare.

Face to face, hand in hand, with tearful eyes—
Speechless, we were choked by our very signs.

Thinking of the distance to be covered;
O'er the billows, a murky vapour lies;
Dusk was fast advancing into the night,
Spreading its gloom over the southern skies.

From ancient times, those full of sentiment —
Part in anguish, from those to whom are dear.
So much the worse is it in bleak autumn,
When everything looks stark bare and drear.

Where'd I be when I sober up, too soon?
It will be willowed banks; dawn breeze or waning moon.

Once gone, for years lonely, I shall remain.

Happy or festive as the day may be.
Whate'er sentiments I may entertain —
Whom could I approach to share them with me?
(徐忠杰 译)

To the Tune Bells in the Rain

A violent shower has barely come to a lull.
And parting pavilions look so dull at dusk.
Cicada's chirping sounds a chilling complaint.
Just having had some joyless drinks in the tent,
Beside the City Gate in vain we're delaying,
When there the boatman urges: "Time for sailing!"

Both tearful, face to face and hand in hand,
Our words all choked in sobbing, silent we stand.
Ahead for me are boundless waves to plough,
White mists at sunset bear on horizon remote!

Departure's all the times been cruel for the tender-hearted.
'Tis worse in frosty, forlorn autumnal days to be parted.
O where'll I be when waking up from inebriate dreams?
By willowy bank, the moon declining in daybreak breeze.
Long years will vainly elapse, though glorious seasons be there —
And what a shame for my myriad sentiments with none to share!
(刘国善、王治江、徐树娟等 编译)

To the Tune of Yulingling

Cicadas trill sad songs.
At the post pavilion,
The evening shower stops;
We're saying goodbye, at this wayside stall.
Who wants to drink, here at the Capital gate?
The boatman's in a hurry, he calls,
But we can't tear ourselves away.
We stare, in tears, hand in hand,
Struggling in vain to say what words we've got.
Knowing how far south I'm to go,
To drift along in the southern climate,
Under the cloudy sky at dusk.

Oh, the heartache!

Lovers always weep, saying goodbye—
And today is autumn, and, cold.
When the wine finally leaves me sober,
Where will I be? Along a river bank
Lined with willows—in a morning breeze—
Under a sinking moon.
But our farewell is for a long time,
And without you
Beauty and happiness both will be wasted on me.
Even when I have heartloads of love
Who, oh who can I tell about it?

(丁祖馨 译)

柳永 • 《八声甘州 • 对潇潇暮雨洒江天》英译

对潇潇暮雨洒江天，一番洗清秋。渐霜风凄紧，关河冷落，残照当楼。是处红衰翠减，苒苒物华休，惟有长江水，无语东流。

不忍登高临远，望故乡渺邈，归思难收。叹年来踪迹，何事苦淹留？想佳人、妆楼长望，误几回天际识归舟？争知我、倚阑干处，正恁凝愁。

Bashenggan Zhou

Liu Yong

Evening rain spatters on the river.

Autumn scenes have drenched-look of dripping coat.

A wind, frosty, rise with wanting sunlight:

Strikes o'er hill and river a dismal note.

Everywhere, a bright red becomes dull red.

Leaves turn yellow; and some are even browned.

The beauty of nature — fading away.

Only the Yangzi (1) flows on quiet, eastward bound.

I sigh o'er the traces I've left in places.

Why should I have stayed out for so long?

My love must have watched during her toilet —

For each boat — for me — and proved herself wrong.

How could she have known that at those moments —

I was leaning on a railing on my part,

With thousands of feelings tormenting me,

In utter despair, with a heavy heart?

(1) Yangzi: the Yangzi River, the longest river in China

(徐忠杰 译)

To the Tune of Ba Sheng Gan Zhou

I face the pattering rain in the evening sky over the river.

It refreshes the cool autumn at one sweep.

Gradually the frosty wind grows colder and stronger,

The landscape is cheerless and desolate,

The sunset lights up the pavilion.

All the flowers and green leaves have faded.

Gradually the regaling views of nature die out.

Only the waters of the Yangtze River

Silently flow to the east.

I cannot bear to climb high and look far,
For when I gaze towards my hometown, too distant to see,
It is hard to suppress my longing.
Bemoaning my wanderings in recent years,
Why am I stubborn and stay away so long?
I see my beloved staring into the distance vainly seeking
A homeward boat that carries me to her.
How can she know that I am
Leaning against the parapet engrossed in such sorrowful thoughts?
(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

Eight Beats of Ganzhou Song

Shower by shower
The evening rain besprinkles the sky
Over the river,
Washing cool the autumn air far and nigh.
Gradually frost falls and blows the wind so chill
That few people pass by the hill or rill.
In fading sunlight is drowned my bower.
Everywhere the red and the green wither away;
There's no more splendor of a sunny day.
Only the waves of River Long
Silently eastward flow along.

I cannot bear
To climb high and look far, for to gaze where
My native land is lost in mist so thick
Would make my lonely heart homesick.
I sigh over my roving year by year.
Why would I hopelessly linger here?
From her bower my lady fair
Must gaze with longing eye.
How oft has she mistaken homebound sails
On the horizon from mine?
How could she know that I,
Leaning upon the rails,
With sorrow frozen on my face, for her I pine!
(许渊冲 译)

Autumn Longings for a Fair Beloved

The twilight rain sprinkles the river sky,
A brisk autumn is being washed clear.
Gradually frost turns sever and wind sharp,
The passes along the river are desolate,
A remnant of the sun is just above the tower.
Here the red has faded and green withered,
Nature has lost her grace and splendour.
There's only the Yangtze River
Flowing eastward without a word.

How hard to ascend high and look afar!
My homeland is obscured in vastness
And my homesickness unbridled.
I deplore where my footsteps have taken me these years,
Why should they have so desperately insisted on tarrying here!
I surmise that my fair one,
Looking afar from the casement of her bower,
How many times has taken the coming boats for mine!
How could she realize
I am now leaning on the balustrade
In such condensed heavy sorrow?!

（贺涓滨 译）

柳永·《诉衷情近》英译

雨晴气爽，伫立江楼望处。澄明远水生光，重叠暮山耸翠。遥认断桥幽径，隐隐渔村，向晚孤烟起。残阳里。脉脉朱阑静倚。黯然情绪，未饮先如醉。愁无际。暮云过了，秋光老尽，故人千里。竟日空凝睇。

Telling Innermost Feeling

Liu Yong

The air is fresh on a fine day after the rain,
I stand in a riverside tower and gaze.
Afar the water stretches clear and bright,
Green hills on hills tower in the twilight.
I find the broken bridge and quiet lane
In fisher's village veiled in haze,
At dusk I see lonely smoke rise.

Seeing the sun sink,
Silent I lean on railings red,
With sorrow fed,
I'm drunk before I drink.
Boundless is my grief cold,
Evening clouds pass before my eyes.
Autumn turns cold.
My friends stay miles away;
In vain I gaze all the long day.
(许渊冲 译)

柳永 • 《鹤冲天》英译

黄金榜上，偶失龙头望。明代暂遗贤，如何向。未遂风云便，争不恣狂荡。何须论得丧。才子词人，自是白衣卿相。

烟花巷陌，依约丹青屏障。幸有意中人，堪寻访。且恁偎红翠，风流事、平生畅。青春都一饷。忍把浮名，换了浅斟低唱。

He Chong Tian

On the golden list of candidates,
I lost the chance to come first (1).
And am briefly a deserted sage during this enlightened time,
What should I turn to?
Failing to achieve my ambition,
Why not indulge in passions and run wild?
No need to worry about gains and losses.
As a gifted scholar and writer of lyrics,
I am like an untitled minister.

In the singsong houses and brothels,
I keep a rendezvous behind painted screens;
My old acquaintances are to my liking.
They are worthy of my visits.
Better to take comfort in the arms of the girls in red and green
And enjoy the distractions and hours of dalliance,
Thus compensating for my disappointment.
The prime of one's life is too short.
Better to barter empty fame
For the pleasures of good wine and sweet song.
(1) Meaning that the poet has failed the imperial examination though he wished to come out first.
(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

To the Tune of Hechongtian

Official grades on official lists,
But my name happens not to be there.
The talented chance to miss the chance.
Am I living through years of this sacred times?
What's to be done?
I fall through the cracks, I'll never do better:
Why not surrender to joy?
Do fame and glory really matter?
True scholars and poets have always been no officials,

Simple men living simple lives.

Where am I to go?

To the red-light district

To seek painted lips behind a screen.

To the one whose heart I know,

My face near hers, her arms around me—

Ah, how sweet, how sweet,

My heart thrills, my life I enjoy.

How long are we young? No one's divine.

The devil with fame!

Just give me love, just pour me wine.

(丁祖馨 译)

柳永 • 《玉蝴蝶》 英译

望处雨收云断，凭阑悄悄，目送秋光。晚景萧疏，勘动宋玉悲凉。水风轻、蘋花渐老，月露冷、梧叶飘黄。遣情伤。故人何在，烟水茫茫。

难忘。文期酒会，几孤风月，屡变星霜。海阔山遥，未知何处是潇湘！念双燕、难凭远信，指暮天、空识归航。黯相望。断鸿声里，立尽斜阳。

Jade Butterfly

Liu Yong

No rain nor clouds in sight,

Silent on rails I lean

To see off later autumn serene.

Lonely in the evening twilight,

Even the ancient poet would feel sad and cold.

The water rippled by the breeze,

The duckweed gradually grows old.

The dew shed by the moon would freeze

And yellow waft the plane-tree leaves.

How longing grieves!

Where is now my old friend?

Far and wide mist and waves extend.

Can I forget

The verse-composing and wine-drinking when we met?

How many moonlit nights were passed in vain?

How often stars and frost have changed again?

The sky is wide, the sea is far,

I cannot go to River Xiao Xiang where you are.

A pair of swallows fly.

Could they bring me a letter from you?

I point to evening sky.

To what avail returns the sail I knew?

At dusk I gaze far, far away

Until I hear no more wild geese's song.

I stand there long

Until the sun has shed all its departing ray.

(许渊冲 译)

柳永·《二郎神·七夕》英译

炎光谢，过暮雨、芳尘轻洒。乍露冷风清庭户爽，天如水、玉钩遥挂。应是星娥嗟久阻，叙旧约、飘轮欲驾。极目处、微云暗度，耿耿银河高泻。

闲雅。须知此景，古今无价。运巧思穿针楼上女，抬粉面、云鬟相亚。钿合金钗私语处，算谁在、回廊影下？愿天上人间，占得欢娱，年年今夜。

The Junior God

The Double Seventh Eve

Liu Yong

The heat will abate

After the evening rain,

Light fragrance and wet dust remain.

Cold turns the dew,

The breeze freshens the courtyard in view.

In the water-clear sky

A hooklike moon hangs high.

Hindered for long, the Weaving Maid sighs,

Now she may go on a date,

Driving her winged wheels in flight.

As far as she stretches her eyes,

She sees fleecy clouds rise

Over the Silver River bright.

Such rendezvous is priceless since old days.

A maiden comes downstairs

To thread a needle in clever ways,

Looking upward, her cloudlike hairs

Caress her powdered face.

Who in the corridor whispers in the shade?

It's her friend and his maid,

Exchanging golden hairpin and silver case.

They wish lovers may unite

Every year as this night

On earth as in the sky. (许渊冲 译)

黄庭坚·《虞美人》英译

天涯也有江南信，梅破知春近。夜阑风细得香迟，不道晓来开遍向南枝。
玉台弄粉花应妒，飘到眉心住。平生个里愿怀深，去国十年老尽少年心。

The Beautiful Lady Yu

Huang Tingjian

Message comes from the south to the end of the sky,
When mums burst open, spring is nigh.
At dead of night the wind is slight, your fragrance late.
Who knows at dawn your branches bloom at southern gate?

You're envied by powder of the Terrace of Jade;
You waft amid the brows and will not fade.
All my life long I love you with wine cup in hand;
My young heart oldens ten years away from homeland.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

黄庭坚·《品令》英译

凤舞团团饼。恨分破、教孤令。金渠体净，只轮慢碾，玉尘光莹。汤响松风，早减了二分酒病。
味浓香永。醉乡路、成佳境。恰如灯下，故人万里，归来对影。口不能言，心下快活自省。

Song of Enjoyment

Huang Tingjian

A phoenix dances on the round tea cake
I can't but break,
And lonely feel.
You're clean in golden light,
Ground slowly by a wheel
Into fine powder still jade-bright.
When boiled, you sing like the breeze through the pine.
I feel no longer sick of wine.

Your floral taste will longer stay.
When drunk,
In better state I'm sunk,
Just as by candlelight
A friend comes from far, far way.
We sit face to face, left and right,
Without a word,
Our joy at heart can still be heard.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

黄庭坚·《千秋岁》英译

少游得谪，尝梦中作词云：“醉卧古藤阴下，了不知南北。”竟以元符庚辰，死于藤州光华亭上。崇宁甲申，庭坚窜宜州，道过衡阳。览其遗墨，始追和其《千秋岁》词。

苑边花外，记得同朝退。飞骑轧，鸣珂碎。齐歌云绕扇，赵舞风回带。严鼓断，杯盘狼藉犹相对。洒泪谁能会？醉卧藤阴盖。人已去，词空在。兔园高宴悄，虎观英游改。重感慨，波涛万顷珠沉海。

A Thousand Years Old

Elegy on Qin Guan

Huang Tingjian

I remember after the court hours
We visited the garden of flowers.
Our horses ran,
Their gold bells rang.
Dancers with skirt in wind danced with their fan;
Into the cloud songstresses sang.
The drumbeats stopped when night was late;
We still sat face to face with leftovers in the plate.

Who understands why I shed tears after wine?
Drunk, we lay down in the shade of old vine.
Now you are gone, in vain
Your verses still remain.
In the garden of pleasure the feast is quiet;
In the Temple of White Tiger there's no more riot.
Deeply I sigh,
In the depth of the sea like a pearl you should lie.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

黄庭坚 • 《蓦山溪 • 赠衡阳妓陈湘》 英译

鸳鸯翡翠，小小思珍偶。眉黛敛秋波，尽湖南、山明水秀。娉娉嫋嫋，恰近十三馀，春未透，花枝瘦。正是愁时候。
寻花载酒。肯落谁人后。只恐远归来，绿成阴、青梅如豆。心期得处，每自不由人，长亭柳。君知否。千里犹回首？

Hillside Creek at Dusk

Farewell to a Songstress

Huang Tingjian

Like lovebirds high or low, here and there,

While young, you think of flying in pair.

Your brows like bright green hill,

Your eyes like autumn rills

To the south of the lake.

You swing and sway

Just like a teenager awake

On a budding spring day,

Or a flower on a branch thin,

To know sorrow you just begin.

Seeking flowers with wine,

I would not lag behind when day is fine.

Coming back from afar, I'm afraid,

I'll see mume trees bear fruit and make shade,

My heart's desire cannot be gratified

O willow tree by Long Pavilion's side,

Do you not know my heart? I

Often turn my head though miles apart.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

黄庭坚 • 《鹧鸪天》英译

座中有眉山隐客史应之和前韵，即席答之。

黄菊枝头生晓寒。人生莫放酒杯干。风前横笛斜吹雨，醉里簪花倒著冠。
身健在，且加餐。舞裙歌板尽清欢。黄花白发相牵挽，付与时人冷眼看。

Partridges in the Sky

Huang Tingjian

On yellow chrysanthemums dawns the morning chill.
Do not let your wine cup go dry while you lie still
Play on your flute when slants the rain and blows the breeze!
Drunk, pin a flower on your invert hat with ease!

When you keep fit, eat better meal and drink more wine!
Enjoy your fill with dancers sweet and songstress fine!
As golden blooms become the young, white hair the old.
Why should I care for other people's glances cold?

(许渊冲、许明)

黄庭坚·《西江月》英译

老夫既戒酒不饮，遇宴集，独醒其旁。坐客欲得小词，援笔为赋。
断送一生惟有，破除万事无过。远山横黛蘸秋波。不饮旁人笑我。
花病等闲瘦弱，春愁没处遮拦。杯行到手莫留残。不道月斜人散。

The Moon over the West River

Written for Wine after Abstinence

Huang Tingjian

Nothing dissipates life as you,

Nor rids it of sorrow new.

Before blue-hill-like brow and wave-like eye,

I should be laughed at if I don't drink my cup dry.

For no reason the flower fades.

Could I bar spring grief which invades?

Leave no cup in hand undrunk!

Don't wait till all are gone and the moon sunk.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

黄庭坚·《南乡子》英译

重阳日，宜州城楼宴集，即席作。

诸将说封侯，短笛长歌独倚楼。万事尽随风雨去，休休，戏马台南金络头。
催酒莫迟留，酒味今秋似去秋。花向老人头上笑，羞羞，白发簪花不解愁。

Song of a Southern Country

Written on Mountain-Climbing Day

Huang Tingjian

Generals talk of mobility or long;

I lean on balustrade, listening to flute song.

Everything will be gone with wind and rain,

In vain, in vain!

The golden bridle of the steed can't long remain.

Drink wine without delay!

It tastes as good now as last Mountain-Climbing Day.

Flowers would smile on an old man's head,

Blush and go red.

To rid of grief white hair with flowers will be wed.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

黄庭坚·《醉蓬莱》英译

对朝云叆叇，暮雨霏微，翠峰相倚。巫峡高唐，锁楚宫朱翠。画戟移春，靓妆迎马，向一川都会。万里投荒，一身吊影，成何欢意！

尽道黔南，去天尺五；望极神州，万重烟水。樽酒公堂，有中朝佳士。荔颊红深，麝脐香满，醉舞姻歌袂。杜宇声声，催人到晓，不如归是。

Drunk in the Fairyland

Huang Tingjian

In the face of heavy morning cloud again

And drizzling evening rain,

Leaning on each other, rugged the hills remain.

The Gorge of Witch and lofty peaks

Lock in the Southern Palace rosy cheeks.

In spring the halberds move in force,

Maids in fair dress welcome heroes on horse,

To the riverside town they go only.

I come to the wasteland a thousand miles away,

With my shadow so lonely.
How can I become cheerful and gay?

It is said the Southern land is so high,
It nearly scrapes the sky.
To the capital I stretch my eye,
I see but misty water far and nigh.
When I drank in the hall,
My friends were talents all.
Songstresses sang with rosy face
And dancers danced with grace,
Drunk, they intoxicated the place.
Hearing the cuckoo's home-going song
All the night long,
Could I resist my yearning strong?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

黄庭坚 • 《水调歌头》英译

瑶草一何碧，春入武陵溪。
溪上桃花无数，枝上有黄鹂。
我欲穿花寻路，直入白云深处，浩气展虹霓。
祇恐花深里，红露湿人衣。

坐玉石，倚玉枕，拂金徽。
谪仙何处，无人伴我白螺杯。
我为灵芝仙草，不为朱唇丹脸，长啸亦何为？
醉舞下山去，明月逐人归。

Prelude to Water Melody

Huang Tingjian

How could grass be so green? O Spring
Enters the fairy stream,
Where countless peach blooms beam,
And on the branch of the tree golden orioles sing.
I try to find a way through the flowers so gay,
Straight into clouds so white
To breathe a rainbow bright,
But I'm afraid in the depth of the flowers in my view,
My sleeves would be wet with rosy dew.

I sit on a stone and
Lean on a pillow of jade,
A tune on golden lute is played.
Where is the poet of the fairyland?
Who would drink up with me my spiral cup?
I come to seek for the immortal's trace,
Not for the roughed lips and powdered face.
Why should I long, long croon?
Drunk, I would dance downhill soon,
Followed by the bright moon.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

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(许渊冲、许明 译)

黄庭坚 • 《西江月》英译

断送一生唯有，
破除万事无过。
远山横黛蘸秋波，
不饮旁人笑我。

花病等闲瘦弱，
春愁无处遮拦。
杯行到手莫留残，
不道月斜人散。

The Moon over the West River
Huang Tingjian
Written for Wine after Abstinence

Nothing dissipates life as you,
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Before blue-hill-like brow and wave-like eye,
I should be laughed at if I don't drink my cup dry.

For no reason the flower fades.
Could I bar spring grief which invades?
Leave no cup in hand undrunk!
Don't wait till all are gone and moon sunk.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《苏幕遮》英译

燎沉香，
消溽暑。
鸟雀呼晴，
侵晓窥檐语。
叶上初阳乾宿雨，
水面清圆，
一一风荷举。

故乡遥，
何日去？
家住吴门，
久作长安旅。
五月渔郎相忆否？
小楫轻舟，
梦入芙蓉浦。

Waterbag Dance

Zhou Bangyan

I burn an incense sweet
To temper steamy heat.
Birds chirp at dawn beneath the eaves,
Announcing a fine day. The rising sun
Has dried last night's raindrops on the lotus leaves,
Which, clear and round, dot water surface. One by one
The lotus blooms stand up with ease
And swing in morning breeze.

My homeland's far away;
When to return and stay?
My kinsfolk live in south by city wall.
Why should I linger long in the capital?
Will not my fishing friends remember me in May?
In a short-oared light boat, it seems,
I'm back 'mid lotus blooms in dreams.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《花犯·梅花》英译

粉墙低，梅花照眼，依然旧风味。露痕轻缀。疑净洗铅华，无限佳丽。去年胜赏曾孤倚，冰盘共燕喜。更可惜、雪中高土，香篝熏素被。

今年对花最匆匆，相逢似有恨，依依愁悴。吟望久，青苔上、旋看飞坠。相将见、脆丸荐酒，人正在、空江烟浪里。但梦想，一枝潇洒，黄昏斜照水。

Invaded by Flowers

To Mume Blossoms

Over low rosy wall appear

The mume flowers, dazzling the eyes

Still as last year.

Lightly adorned with dew, you rise

Like a beauty of the day,

With powder washed away.

Last year I learned alone on your tree,

And drank and ate from the plate ice-bright.

It is lovely to see

Snow-covered mume carefree

Like a perfuming stove under coverlet white.

In face of your flower this year, I feel time is fleet.

You seem to be grieved when we meet,

Looking still so languid and sweet.

For long I croon,

And see you fall down on green mosses soon.

I would like to eat your fruit fine

While drinking wine.

I seem to be

In mist and on waves free,

But still I dream

Of your detached branch over the evening stream.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《水龙吟·梨花》英译

素肌应怯余寒，艳阳占立青芜地。樊川照日，灵关遮路，残红敛避。传火楼台，妒花风雨，长门深闭。
亚帘栊半湿，一枝在手，偏勾引、黄昏泪。
别有风前月底。布繁英，满园歌吹。朱铅退尽，潘妃却酒，昭君乍起。雪浪翻空，粉裳缟夜，不成春意。
恨玉容不见，琼英谩好，与何人比？

Water Dragon Chant

To Pear Blossoms

To your white skin the lingering cold may do harm;
You stand on your green grass under the sun.
You shine on northern land and cover southern way,
You whom remnant reds would shun.

On Cold Food Day

The wind and rain would envy you,
The Long Gate closed anew.
The low-hanging window curtain half wet appears.
When you stretch a branch out as an arm,
The evening is moved to tears.

In breeze or moonlight quiet

Your blooms run riot.

When songs fulfill your garden place,

Unowdered and unrouged is your face

Like the beauty before she drinks wine

Or the princess rising like sunshine.

In the air surge the waves snow-white,

Silken dress brightens the night.

Unequalled by other vernal flowers in tears,

When your jade-like face disappears.

Other flowers may be fair,

But with you none can compare.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《六丑·蔷薇谢后作》英译

正单衣试酒，怅客里光阴虚掷。愿春暂留，春归如过翼，一去无迹。为问家何在？夜来风雨，葬楚宫倾国。钗钿堕处遗香泽。乱点桃蹊，轻翻柳陌。多情最谁追惜？但蜂媒蝶使，时叩窗栊。

东园岑寂，渐蒙笼暗碧。静绕珍丛底，成叹息。长条故惹行客，似牵衣待话，别情无极。残英小、强簪巾幘，终不似、一朵钗头颤袅，向人欹侧。漂流处、莫趁潮汐。恐断红尚有相思字，何由见得。

Six Toughies--Faded Roses

Again it's time to taste new wine in dresses light.

How I regret to have misspent my time day and night

Far from home, far away!

I wish that spring would stay

A little longer, but fine spring

Is on the wing.

Once gone, it's left no traces.

I ask where are the flowers.

They fell with ancient rosy faces,

Whose fallen hairpins still shed

A fragrance sweet.

The peach path and willowy lanes

Are dotted now with petals red.

What loving heart would for them utter sighs

But match-making bees and message-bearing butter-flies,

Knocking from time to time at window-panes?

The eastern garden in a shroud

Of dark green cloud,

The deep silence beneath

The deflowered tree is broken by the sighs I breathe.

Its long thorned branches pull at my sleeves

As if to tell me how the flowers' parting grieves.

I try to pin a little flower not yet dead

To the turban on my head,

But it's unlike one on a golden hairpin new,

Shivering and beckoning to you.

O roses, do not drift away

With tide or ebb by night or day!

On broken petals red, I fear,

There's message for a lover dear.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《风流子》英译

新绿小池塘，风帘动、碎影舞斜阳。羨金屋去来，旧时巢燕；土花缭绕，前度莓墙。绣阁里，凤帏深几许，听得理丝簧。欲说又休，虑乖芳信；未歌先咽，愁近清觞。

遥知新妆了，开朱户、应自待月西厢。最苦梦魂，今宵不到伊行。问甚时说与，佳音密耗，寄将秦镜，偷换韩香？天便教人，霎时厮见何妨！

Song of Gallantry

Zhou Bangyan

The little pond is newly greened;

The breeze ruffles the window screened.

The broken shadows dance with slanting sunny rays.

I envy swallows flying to and fro

Under the eaves of golden hall,

And rampant flowers creeping high and low

Upon the age-old earthen wall.

I hear in curtained tower deep she plays

And vibrates zither strings.

She stops before she says anything,

She'd not betray her spring.

She sobs before she sings,

So sad as to decline

A cup of sweetest wine.

I know that after making up her face

She'd open crimson doors and pace

To view the moon from western bower.

It grieves me most tonight

That I can't bring fresh shower for the thirsting flower.

When will she tell me with delight

The time for us to meet?

When may I send her mirror bright

And she in turn her incense sweet?

O Heaven! O what harms

If I stay a while in her arms!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《四园竹》英译

浮云护月，未放满朱扉。鼠摇暗壁，萤度破窗，偷入书帏。秋意浓，闲伫立，庭柯影里。好风襟袖先知。夜何其。江南路绕重山，心知漫与前期。奈向灯前堕泪。肠断萧娘，旧日书辞。犹在纸。雁信绝，清宵梦又稀。

Bamboos in West Garden

Zhou Bangyan

Floating clouds protect the moon bright,
They will not let the red door be steeped in her light.
Rats under the dark wall are seen,
Through the torn window fireflies pass,
And flit in stealth by window screen.
Autumn is deep, alas!
I stand on the grass
In the shade of the evergreen trees,
My sleeves feel the soft breeze.

How old is night?
A long way winds across mountains to southern shore.
How could you keep the date of yore?
How can I not shed tears by candlelight
To think with broken heart of you
And read your oldened billet-doux?
No more wild geese will bring your letter to me.
Can dreams no lonely night be free?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《解语花·上元》英译

风销绛蜡，露浥红莲，灯市光相射。桂华流瓦，纤云散，耿耿素娥欲下。衣裳淡雅。看楚女、纤腰一把。萧鼓喧，人影参差，满路飘香麝。

因念都城放夜。望千门如昼，嬉笑游冶。钿车罗帕。相逢处，自有暗尘随马。年光是也，唯只见、旧情衰谢。清漏移，飞盖归来，从舞休歌罢。

Intelligent Flower

Lantern Festival

Zhou Bangyan

The candle flames redden the breeze;
The lotus lanterns seem to freeze.
The sky brightens the fair and the fair the sky.
The titles are steeped in moonlight
When fleecy clouds disperse in flight,
The Moon Goddess would come down from on high.
In elegant dress appear
The southern maidens tender
With waist so slender.
The drums boom far and near,
The crowd's shadows rise and fall,
Fragrance wafts over all.

I remember the capital's lantern night:
A thousand doors overwhelmed with light,
People made merry in laughter.
From golden cabs silk handkerchiefs dropped down,
The gallants ran after
The cabs as dim dust raised by steeds in the town.
But years have passed
Now I see only for my part
With an unfeeling heart
How time flies fast.
The cabs will not come back again
And people have sung and danced in vain.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《满庭芳·夏日溧水无想山作》英译

凤老莺雏，雨肥梅子，午阴嘉树清圆。地卑山近，衣润费炉烟。人静乌鸢自乐，小桥外、新绿溅溅。凭栏久，黄芦苦竹，疑泛九江船。

年年，如社燕，飘流瀚海，来寄修椽。且莫思身外，长近尊前。憔悴江南倦客，不堪听急管繁弦。歌筵畔，先安簟枕，容我醉时眠。

Courtyard Full of Fragrance

Zhou Bangyan

In balmy breeze

Fledged orioles in flight,

In gentle rain

The mums are filling out.

At moon the rounded shadows of the stately trees

Are pools of cool delight.

Low is the plain With hills about.

The clothes damp need incense smoke to make them dry.

It's so reposeful that e'er crows won't fly.

Beyond the little bridge green water sings its song.

Learning on rails for long,

I seem to see that exiled poet who

Was fenced in by a tangle of weeds and bamboo.

From year to year

I'm like a swallow swift that leaves

For northern sea and wanders there and here,

But glad to come back under the same old eaves.

Well, why waste thoughts on downs and ups?

Just drink the ever-brimming cups!

For weary southerner with thoughts homebound,

E'en merry flutes and strings would hollow sound.

Beside the banquet table spread

Put mat and pillow on a bed

Where, drunken, I may rest my head!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《齐天乐》英译

绿芜凋尽台城路，殊乡又逢秋晚。暮雨生寒，鸣蛩劝织，深阁时闻裁剪。云窗静掩。叹重拂罗裯，顿疏花簾。尚有囊萤清夜照书卷。

荆江留滞最久，故人相望处，离思何限。渭水西风，长安乱叶，空忆诗情宛转，凭高眺远。正玉液新篘，蟹螯初荐。醉倒山翁，但愁斜照敛。

Universal Joy

Zhou Bangyan

Green trees are withered on the way to the capital;

In late autumn I stay by alien city wall.

Cold grows out of evening rain by and by,

The crickets seem to chirp for weaving maid,

Deep in her bower winter clothes are being made.

With windows quietly closed,

I sigh To change the bamboo mat for quilt of brocade.

Like poor scholar, I would read by the light

Of fireflies in the clear night.

By riverside the longest I stay,

Thinking of my old friends so far away.

How can my longing not lengthen with each day?

The river rippled by the western breeze,

The capital is covered with fallen leaves;

In vain do I remember the verse which grieves

Though it was written with ease.

I climb up high and look afar.

How good the new-brewed wine and new-caught crabs are!

Like an old poet I'll be drunk,

Grieved to see the sinking sun so early sunk.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周邦彦·《苏幕遮·燎沉香》英译

燎沉香，消溽暑。鸟雀呼晴，侵晓窥檐语。叶上初阳乾宿雨，水面清圆，一一风荷举。
故乡遥，何日去。家住吴门，久作长安旅。五月渔郎相忆否？小楫轻舟，梦入芙蓉浦。

To the Tune of Su Mu Zhe

Zhou Bangyan

Burning eaglewood incense,
To avert the sultry summer heat;
Birds hailing the fine day
Peep out, chirping under eaves at day break.
The morning sun dries the overnight rain,
Now fresh and round over the water,
As below swaying lotus leaves rise and fall on the breeze.

My hometown is far away,
When can I go back?
My home is in Wumen, (1)
But long I've stayed in the capital. (2)
The May anglers may miss me or not,
But, in a light boat with small oars,
In my dreams I sail back to their Lotus Flower Pond.

(1)Present-day Suzhou, Jiangsu Province.

(2)Present-day Kaifeng, Henan Province.

(中国文学出版社 编)

Sumuzhe

The morning indicates—
The advent of a hot day.
I burnt some sandal wood,
To drive the damp away.

Sparrows and other birds—
Are chirping near the eaves.
The rising sun had dried—
Raindrops on lotus leaves.

With every passing gust.
Round and green, the leaves move.
There are definite signs—
Weather will sunny prove.

How soon can I go home,
To Suzhou far away?
Where I left for Changan,
For too long a stay.

Do fish in the fifth moon—
Prey, to such yearnings, fall?
I plunge into the pond—
In my dreams, skiff and all.

(徐忠杰 译)

周邦彦·《过秦楼·水浴清蟾》英译

水浴清蟾，叶喧凉吹，巷陌马声初断。闲依露井，笑扑流萤，惹破画罗轻扇。人静夜久凭栏，愁不归眠，立残更箭。叹年华一瞬，人今千里，梦沉书远。

空见说，鬓怯琼梳，容消金镜，渐懒趁时匀染。梅风地溽，虹雨苔滋，一架舞红都变。谁信无聊为伊，才减江淹，情伤荀倩。但明河影下，还看稀星数点。

To the Tune of Guo Qin Lou

The moon was clear and bright after a bath,

Leaves rustled in the cool wind,

Hoofbeats faded in the lanes and streets.

Leisurely I leant against the well railing,

Watching her swatting merrily at fireflies,

Till eventually her silk gauze fan became torn.

Alas, a year has elapsed in a flash!

In the quiet night, long I've leant on the rail,

So depressed in the nostalgia of small hours.

We are severed so far apart now,

I no longer conjure her in my dreams nor do I receive her word.

I seem to see, her hair shaggy and unkempt,

Her face haggard in a bronze mirror,

She's grown too slothful to apply rouge and powder;

The ground is damp in the wet monsoon,

And after rainfall rose grows everywhere,

A bleak scene with red petals blown adrift.

Who knows that I'm brought so low over her,

Like the scholar whose literary grace is exhausted,

Like the man deeply mourning his dead wife?

All I can do is to gaze at the stars sparse above

Twinkling faintly beside the dull Milky Way.

(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

周邦彦·《蝶恋花·月破惊乌》英译

月皎惊乌栖不定，更漏将阑，辘轳牵金井。唤起两眸清炯炯，泪花落枕红棉冷。
执手霜风吹鬓影。去意徊徨，别语愁难听。楼上阑干横斗柄，露寒人远鸡相应。

Dielianhua

In the night fast passing now,
The moon proves to be too bright.
The poor crows aren't used to it.
They have had a restless night.

The drip-drops of the time-piece—
Points to the small hours of morn.
O'er the well, the pulley squeaks,
As water is being drawn.

Her eyes, open, roll about.
Of sleep, she has not got a wink.
Cold and wet is the pillow,
Into which many tears sink.

Her fingers are interlaced—
In agony and despair.
Shadows flit o'er her temples,
As frosty winds blow her hair.

From the pain which torments her,
She can't find any relief.
His words uttered at parting—
Echo in her heart with grief.

The pole star appears aslant,
At the arrival of day.
Cockcrows grow more widespread,
As her gets farther away.

(徐忠杰 译)

王安石·《千秋岁引》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

别馆寒砧，孤城画角，一派秋声入寥廓。东归燕从海上去，南来雁向沙头落。楚台风，庾楼月，宛如昨。
无奈被些名利缚，无奈被他情担阁。可惜风流总闲却。当初漫留华表语，而今误我秦楼约。梦阑时，酒醒后，思量着。

Prelude to a Thousand Autumns

Heard at the hostel, washerwomen's sigh
And painted horn on lonely tower high,
There autumnal songs rise and melt in boundless sky.
Returning swallows fly toward the eastern seas;
Upon the beach alight the south-going wild geese.
The king's refreshing breeze,
The poet's moonlit tower, each appears
The same as those in bygone years.

Why should I be enthralled by wealth and fame?
Why should I be delayed by quenchless flame?
How I regret I have neglected love of beauty!
I deemed it then to build a monument my duty;
How can I fulfill now
O my miscarried vow!
A wake from wine and dreams,
My thoughts would flow in streams.

王安石·《桂枝香 金陵怀古》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

登临送目，正故国晚秋，天气初肃。千里澄江似练，翠峰如簇。征帆去棹残阳里，背西风、酒旗斜矗。采舟云淡，星河鹭起，画图难足。

念往昔、繁华竞逐，叹门外楼头，悲恨相续。千古凭高对此，漫嗟荣辱。六朝旧事随流水，但寒烟芳草凝绿。至今商女，时时犹唱，后庭遗曲。

Fragrance of Laurel Branch

Wang Anshi

I climb the height

And stretch my sight:

Late autumn just begins its gloomy time.

The ancient capital looks sublime.

The limpid river, beltlike, flows a thousand miles;

Emerald peaks on peaks tower in piles.

In the declining sun sails come and go;

Against west wind wineshop steamers flutter high and low.

The painted boat

In cloud afloat,

Like stars in Silver River egrets fly.

What a picture before the eye!

The days gone by

Saw people in opulence vie.

Alas! Shame on shame came under the walls,

In palace halls.

Leaning on rails, in vain I utter sighs

Over ancient kingdoms' fall and rise.

The running water saw the Six Dynasties pass,

But I see only chilly mist and withered grass.

Even now and again

The songstresses still sing

The song composed in vain

By a captive king.

王安石 • 《渔家傲》英译

平岸小桥千嶂抱，
揉兰一水萦花草。
茅屋数间窗窈窕。
尘不到，
时时自有春风扫。

午枕觉来闻语鸟，
敲眠似听朝鸡早。
忽忆故人今总老。
贪梦好，
茫然忘了邯郸道。

Pride of Fishermen
Wang Anshi

Surrounded by peaks, a bridge flies from shore to shore;
A soft blue stream flows through flowers before the door.
A few thatched houses with windows I adore.
There comes no dust,
The place is swept by vernal breeze in fitful gust.

I hear birds twitter when awake from nap at noon;
I wonder in my bed why the cock crows so soon.
Thinking of my friends who have all grown old,
Why indulge in a dream of gold?
Do not forget the way to glory is rough and cold!
(许渊冲、许明 译)

王安国·《清平乐·春晚》英译

留春不住，
费尽莺儿语。
满地残红宫锦污，
昨夜南园风雨。

小怜初上琵琶，
晓来思绕天涯。
不肯画堂朱户，
春风自在杨花。

Pure, Serene Music

Wang Anguo

Spring cannot be retained,
Though orioles have exhausted their song.
The ground is strewn with fallen reds like brocade stained,
The southern garden washed by rain all the night long.

For the first time the songstress plucks the pipa string;
At dawn her yearning soars into the sky.
The pained hall with crimson door's no place for spring;
The vernal breeze with willowdown wafts high.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

杨炎正·《水调歌头》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

把酒对斜日，无语问西风。胭脂何事，都做颜色染芙蓉。放眼暮江前顷，中有离愁万斛，无处落征鸿。天在阑干角，人倚醉醒中。

千万里，江南北，浙西东。吾生如寄，尚想三径菊花丛。谁是中州豪杰，借我五湖舟楫，去作钓鱼翁。故国且回首，此意莫匆匆。

Prelude to Water Melody

Yang Yanzheng

Wine cup in hand, I face the slanting sun;
Silent, I ask what the western wind has done.
Why should the rouge redden lotus in dye?
I stretch my eye
To see the evening river far and wide,
Brimming with parting grief
Beyond belief,
Where no message-bearing wild geese can alight.
Beyond the balustrade extends the sky.
I lean on it, halfdrunk and halfwake.
For miles and more
Over the north and south
Of the river mouth,
And east and west of the river shore,
I roam like a parasite.
Thinking of the chrysanthemums along the pathways,
Who is so generous in those days
To lend me a boat to float on the lake
Or fish by riverside?
Turning my head to gaze on the lost land,
How could I, doing nothing, here stand!

刘克庄·《贺新郎 席上闻歌有感》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

妾出于微贱。少年时、朱弦弹绝，玉笙吹遍。粗识《国风 关雎》乱，羞学流莺百啭。总不涉、闺情春怨。谁向西邻公子说，要珠鞍、迎入梨花院。身未动，意先懒。

主家十二楼连苑。那人人、靓妆按曲，绣帘初卷。道是华堂箫管唱，笑杀街坊拍袂。回首望、侯门天远。我有平生《离鸾操》，颇哀而不愠微而婉。聊一奏，更三叹。

Congratulations to the Bridegroom

A Songstress Singing at the Banquet

Liu Kezhuang

I was born in a humble family.

While young, I played on all the string of lutes

And blew on jade flutes.

I've learned the "Cooing and Wooing" song,

But I'm ashamed to hear orioles warbling long.

I will not sing lovers' complaint in spring.

Who would tell the noble son to bring

A saddled horse to carry me

To his boudoir fragrant with white pear flowers?

But before I start,

I'm idle at heart.

The noble son has twelve gardens and bowers.

His favorite infancy dress would play

In the bower green with uprolled screen.

I thought in splendid hall should vibrate fine strings.

But what I hear is laughable vulgar things.

Looking back, I find the mansion far away.

I know my plaintive but not mourning song

I've played all my life long.

Once I but cry,

Thrice you would sigh.

刘克庄 • 《忆秦娥》英译

梅谢了，寒垣冻结鸿归早。鸿归早，凭伊问讯，大梁遗老。

浙河西面边声悄，淮河北去炊烟少。炊烟少，宣和宫殿，冷烟衰草。

Dream of a Fair Maiden

Liu Kezhuang

Mume blossoms fail,

Ice melts on the frontier where early go wild geese.

Early going wild geese,

Would you ask, please,

After old folks in ancient capital?

On western frontier we hear no war cries;

On northern river we see less chimney smoke rise.

Seeing chimney smoke rise,

In ancient palace hall, alas!

There're but cold smoke and withered grass.

张桀·《青玉案》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

被檄出郊，题陈氏山居

西风乱叶溪桥树，秋在黄花羞涩处。满袖尘埃推不去。马蹄浓露，鸡声淡月，寂历荒村路。
身名多被儒冠误，十载重来漫如许。且尽清樽公莫舞。六朝旧事，一江流水，万感天涯暮。

Green Jade Cup

Written on a Hill House

Zhang Ju

Leaves fallen from the creekside trees

Run riot in the breeze;

I see autumn in yellow chrysanthemums shy.

How can I clean my dusty sleeves?

Horse hoofs seem lost in heavy frost,

The village on lonely pathway grieves,

Cocks crow at the waning moon in the sky.

Rank and fame are not won

By the hard-working one.

Ten years later I come again, slow I remain.

Do not dance but drink your cup dry.

The splendor of six dynasties is gone in vain

With the running water of the stream.

I feel on earth all like a dream.

姜夔·《扬州慢》英译

淳熙丙申正日，予过维扬。夜雪初霁，茅麦弥望。入其城则四壁萧条，寒水自碧，暮色渐起，戍角悲吟。予怀怆然，感慨今昔，因自度此曲。千岩老人以为有《黍离》之悲也。

淮左名都，竹西佳处，解鞍少驻初程。过春风十里，尽茅麦青青。自胡马窥江去后，废池乔木，犹厌言兵。渐黄昏、清角吹寒，都在空城。

杜郎俊赏，算而今重到须惊。纵豆蔻词工，青楼梦好，难赋深情。二十四桥仍在，波心荡冷月无声。念桥边红药，年年知为谁生。

To the Tune of Yang Zhou Man

On the winter solstice in the third year (1176) of the reign of Chunxi I passed by Yangzhou. When the snow let up, a stretch of field cress met my eyes. I entered the city and looked around myself, only to see a desolate scene and freezing blue waters. As dusk deepened, horns could be heard from garrison barracks. Overwhelmed by grief, I composed this tune. In Xiao Dezhao's opinion, my poem is evocative of the sadness expressed in the ancient lament "On a Fallen Capital."

At the famous city east of Huaihe River

And west of a stretch of bamboo

(Where the first stage of my journey ends),

I dismount to rest.

As I walk along the road

Once bathed in a reach of vernal breezes

I see green field cress on all sides.

Since Tartar cavalry pressed upon the Yangtze,

The city with abandoned moat and towering trees

Still hates all mention of the war.

As evening sets in, in the empty city

Chilly horns are echoing.

If Du Mu (1) the connoisseur of bygone beauty

Returned to life, he'd lament the lost glory.

His magic pen that described a cardamom-like girl

And dream-like time in blue mansions

Can no more tell a romantic story.

The twenty-bridges,

Upon which fairies once played their flutes,

Are still there;

And below, in ripples the silent moon glows.

But, oh, for whom the red peonies by the bridges

Bloom every spring? Who knows? Who knows?

(1)Du Mu (AD 837-852?), a poet of Yangzhou, famous for his poems about the city and the beautiful women there. (中国文学出版社 编译)

姜夔 • 《疏影》英译

苔枝缀玉，有翠禽小小，枝上同宿。客里相逢，篱角黄昏，无言自倚修竹。昭君不惯胡沙远，但暗忆、江南江北。想佩环、月夜归来，化作此花幽独。

犹记深宫旧事，那人正睡里，飞近蛾绿。莫似春风，不管盈盈，早与安排金屋。还教一片随波去，又却怨、玉龙哀曲。等恁时、重觅幽香，已入小窗横幅。

Dappled Shadows

Jiang Kui

Upon a mossy bough dotted with jade

Tiny green birds perch in pairs.

It's evening far from my home

In a distant land at the corner of a hedge

Where a plum silently blooms against a bamboo grove.

It's said that once a beauty

Married to a northern chieftain

Was tormented by sandy winds.

She yearned for her home on the Yangtze.

So on a moonlit night her spirit

Flew back home with rings and pendants

And turned into a lonely plum.

Yet another story: once

The plum printed her petals

Upon the forehead of a sleeping princess

And all palace girls followed the style.

Oh, don't be as apathetic as the spring wind

Towards the beaming flowers!

You should cherish them, as you

Cherish a beauty in a golden nest. (1)

When the petals are carried away by flowing water,

And you complain of the flute that thrills "On Fallen Plum;"

Then you'll find their fragrant images

In the painted scroll by the window.

(1) Han-Dynasty Emperor Wudi (reigned 140-87 BC) said, "If I can have Ah Jiao (his cousin and a beauty) as my wife, I'll put her in a golden house." Here the poet compared plum flowers to a beauty.

(中国文学出版社 编)

姜夔 • 《点绛唇》英译

丁未冬过吴松作
燕雀无心，
太湖西畔随云去。
数峰清苦，
商略黄昏雨。

第四桥边，
拟共天随往。
今何许？
凭阑怀古，
残柳参差舞。

Roughed Lips

Passing by Wusong in the Winter of 1187

The heartless swallows and wild geese
Fly away west of the lake with the cloud and breeze.
Peak on peak grizzles
In dread of evening drizzles.

Beside the Fourth Bridge, I

Would follow poets of days gone by.

How are they today?

Leaning on rails, I sign,

High and low withered willows swing and sway.

(许渊冲 译)

姜夔 • 《暗香》英译

旧时月色。算几番照我，梅边吹笛？唤起玉人，不管清寒与攀摘。何逊而今渐老，都忘却、春风词笔。但怪得、竹外疏花，香冷入瑶席。

江国，正寂寂。叹寄与路遥，夜雪初积。翠尊易泣。红萼无言耿相忆。长记曾携手处，千树压、西湖寒碧。又片片、吹尽也，几时见得？

Hidden Fragrance

(To the Tune of Anxiang)

How often did the moon of old
illuminate me playing a bamboo flute
under a plum tree?

I would wake her, a beauty of jade,
to pluck a blossoming sprig
in spite of the chilly air.

Now no longer young, forgetting
about the spring breeze flowing
out of my brush pen,

I wonder how the cold fragrance,
coming from the sparse petals, beyond the bamboo
groove,
disturbs the wine in my cup.

The south of Yangtze lies in solitude.

The branches weighed down
by the night's snow, I try to break a sprig,

In vain, for the one now far, far away.

The clear liquor seems to be sobbing
in an emerald goblet, the red blossoms
silent, yet stubborn in my memory.

Long I remember where we stood, hand in hand,
viewing thousands of trees reflecting
on the cold green West Lake.

All are soon blown out of sight,
petals after petals.

When can I see her again?

(裘小龙 译)

姜夔·《淡黄柳》英译

:许渊冲、许明 译

客居合肥南城赤阑桥之西，巷陌凄凉，与江左异；惟柳色夹道，依依可怜。因度此阕，以纾客怀。

空城晓角，吹入垂杨陌。马上单衣寒恻恻。看尽鹅黄嫩绿，都是江南旧相识。

正岑寂。明朝又寒食。强携酒、小桥宅。怕梨花落尽成秋色。燕燕飞来、问春何在？唯有池塘自碧。

Pale Golden Willow

Jiang Kui

The morning horn of the deserted town

Blows over the willowy lane.

On horseback, I feel chilled in simple gown.

Though I have seen

The pale yellow and tender green,

They're my acquaintances of yore

I knew on southern rivershore.

I'm mute with sorrow;

It will be Cold Food Day tomorrow.

I force myself to bring wine to my lady fair,

Yet I fear autumn should reign

With fallen blossoms of pear.

When swallows come and ask where spring can be seen,

Only the musing pool replies with vernal green.

姜夔 • 《浣溪纱》英译

著酒行行满袂风，
草枯霜鹘落晴空。
销魂都在夕阳中。

恨入四弦人欲老，
梦寻千驿意难通。
当时何似莫匆匆！

Silk-Washing Stream

Tipsy, my sleeves filled with breeze, I go on and on;
From sunny sky to withered grass eagles fly down.
My heart is broken to see the setting sun frown.
The grief dissolved in my four strings has oldened me;
From dreaming of you far away I can't be free.
Why should I have left you so soon, so hastily?
(许渊冲 译)

姜夔 • 《踏莎行》英译

江上感梦而作

燕燕轻盈，

莺莺娇软，

分明又向华胥见。

夜长争得薄情知？

春初早被相思染。

别后书辞，

别时针线，

离魂暗逐郎行远。

淮南皓月冷千山，

冥冥归去无人管。

Treading on Grass

Dreaming on the River

Light as a swallow's flight,

Sweet as an oriole's song,

Clearly I saw you again in a dream.

How could you know my endless longing night?

Early spring dyed in grief strong.

Your letter broken-hearted,

Your needlework done when we parted,

And your soul secretly follows me.

Over the southern stream

The bright moon chills

A thousand hills.

How can your lonely soul go back without company?

(许渊冲 译)

姜夔 • 《鹧鸪天》 英译

元夜有所梦
肥水东流无尽期，
当初不合种相思。
梦中未比丹青见，
暗里忽惊山鸟啼。

春未绿，
鬓先丝，
人间别久不成悲。
谁教岁岁红莲夜，
两处沉吟各自知。

Partridge Sky

A Dream on the Night of Lantern Festival

The endless River Fei to the east keeps on flowing;
The love seed we once sowed forever keeps on growing.
Your face I saw in dream was not clear to my eyes
As in your portrait, soon I am wakened by birds' cries.

Spring not yet green,
My grey hair seen,
Our separation's been too long to grieve the heart.
Why make the past reappear
Before us from year to year
On Lantern Festival when we are far apart!

(许渊冲 译)

姜夔 • 《忆王孙》英译

鄱阳彭氏小楼作
冷红叶叶下塘秋。
长与行云共一舟。
零落江南不自由。
两绸缪。
料得吟鸾夜夜愁。

The Prince Recalled

Written at Peng's Bower at Poyang

Red maple trees bring autumn cool
Leaf on leaf to the pool.
I always share my boat
With clouds which float.
Roaming on Southern shore, I can't be free.
I long for you as you for me.
I know my singing mate must be
In this sad plight
Night after night.

(许渊冲 译)

张孝祥·《六州歌头》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

长淮望断，关塞莽然平。征尘暗，霜风劲，悄边声。黯销凝。追想当年事，殆天数，非人力；洙泗上，
弦歌地，亦殫腥。隔水毡乡，落日牛羊下，区脱纵横。看名王宵猎，骑火一川明，笳鼓悲鸣，遣人惊。
念腰间箭，匣中剑，空埃蠹，竟何成！时易失，心徒壮，岁将零。渺神京。干羽方怀远，静烽燧，且休
兵。冠盖使，纷驰骛，若为情！闻道中原遗老，常南望、翠葆霓旌。使行人到此，忠愤气填膺，有泪如
倾。

Songs of the Six States

I strain my eye

As far as river Huai.

Wild grass grows high

On borders far and nigh.

Dust darkens the frontier,

Frosty wind strong and clear,

No sound assails the ear,

I feel so sad and drear.

I think of the mortified state.

Perhaps it was fate Beyond our power. By riverside

Where music was played well

There hangs the foe's stinking smell.

Felt tents spread on the other side.

At sunset sheep and cattle lost

Between one and another enemy post.

See the foe hunt at night:

With torches e'en the stream is bright.

Hearing their drum and horn,

Can our heart not be torn?

The arrows at my waist

And my sword well encased

Are dust over or worn out.

What have I done about?

Time will be lost amain;

My heart is strong in vain.

The year is drawing near its last day,

The capital still far away.

With flags and shields the foe's appeased;

Beacon fire ceased.

Our army beat

A safe retreat.
Envoys are sent
By the government.
They come and go in weal and woe?
It's said the refugees in the lost Central Plain
Oft southward look for the northern campaign.
It they come here,
Indignant, they would shed tear on tear.

张孝祥·《念奴娇 过洞庭》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

洞庭青草，近中秋、更无一点风色。玉监琼田三万顷，着我扁舟一叶。素月分辉，明河共影，表裏俱澄澈。悠然心会，妙处难与君说。

应念岭表经年，孤光自照，肝胆皆冰雪。短发萧骚襟袖冷，稳泛沧浪空阔。尽吸西江，细斟北斗，万象为宾客。扣舷独啸，不知今夕何夕。

The Charm of a Maiden Singer

Zhang Xiaoxiang

Lake Dongting, Lake Green Grass,

Near the Mid-autumn night,

Unruffled for no winds pass,

Like thirty thousand acres of jade bright

Dotted with the leaflike boat of mine.

The skies with pure moonbeams o'erflow;

The water surface paved with moonshine:

Brightness above, brightness below.

My heart with the moon becomes one,

Felicity to share with none.

Thinking of the southwest, where I passed a year,

To lonely pure moonlight skin,

I feel my heart and soul snow-and-ice-clear.

Although my hair is short and spares, my gown too thin,

In the immense expanse I keep floating up.

Drinking wine from the River West

And using Dipper as wine cup,

I invite Nature to be my guest.

Beating time aboard and crooning alone.

I sink deep into time and place unknown.

张孝祥 • 《六州歌头》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

长淮望断，关塞莽然平。征尘暗，霜风劲，悄边声。黯销凝。追想当年事，殆天数，非人力；洙泗上，弦歌地，亦殫腥。隔水毡乡，落日牛羊下，区脱纵横。看名王宵猎，骑火一川明，笳鼓悲鸣，遣人惊。念腰间箭，匣中剑，空埃蠹，竟何成！时易失，心徒壮，岁将零。渺神京。干羽方怀远，静烽燧，且休兵。冠盖使，纷驰骛，若为情！闻道中原遗老，常南望、翠葆霓旌。使行人到此，忠愤气填膺，有泪如倾。

Songs of the Six States

Zhang Xiaoxiang

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Oft southward look for the northern campaign.
It they come here,
Indignant, they would shed tear on tear.

张先 • 《诉衷情》英译

花前月下暂相逢。苦恨阻从容。何况酒醒梦断，花谢月朦胧。
花不尽，月无穷。两心同。此时愿作，杨柳千丝，绊惹春风。

Telling Innermost Feeling

Zhang Xian

Before flowers, beneath the moon, shortly we met
Only to part with bitter regret.
What's more, I wake from wine and dreams
To find fallen flowers and dim moonbeams.

Flowers will bloom again;
The moon will wax and wane.
Would our hearts be the same?
I'd turn the flame
Of my heart, string on string,
Into willow twigs to retain
The breeze of spring.

(许渊冲、许明)

张先·《一丛花令》英译

伤高怀远几时穷？无物似情浓。离愁正引千丝乱，更东陌，飞絮濛濛。嘶骑渐遥，征尘不断，何处认郎踪？

双鸳池沼水溶溶，南北小桡通。梯横画阁黄昏后，又还是、斜月帘栊。沉恨细思，不如桃杏，犹解嫁东风。

Song of Flower Shrub

Zhang Xian

When will the sorrow end
To watch my parting friend
From a tower above?
Nothing is so intense as love.
My sorrow interweaves
A thousand twigs of willow leaves;
The pathway east of the town
Is shrouded in wafting willow down.
His neighing steed is far away,
A cloud of dust still darkening the day.
Where is the place
To find my lover's trace?

A pair of lovebirds seems to melt in water clean;
Little leaflike boats go
North and south, to and fro.
After dusk in the twilight
I dare not go up the painted bower on the height.
What will again be seen
But the waning moon shining on window-screen?
How deeply I envy peach and apricot trees
Newly wed to and oft caressed by vernal breeze!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

张先 • 《画堂春》 英译

外湖莲子长参差，
霁山青处鸥飞。
水天溶漾画桡迟，
人影鉴中移。

桃叶浅声双唱，
杏红深色轻衣。
小荷障面避斜晖，
分得翠阴归。

Spring in Painted Hall

Zhang Xian

The lotus blooms in outer lake high and low;
After the rain over green hills fly the gulls white.
The painted boats on rippling water slowly go;
Our shadows move on mirror bright.

Two maidens sing the song of peach leaf in voices low,
Clad in light clothes apricot-red.
They come back with green shadow fed.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

张先 • 《千秋岁》英译

罗蔓 译

数声鸟阙，又报芳菲歇。惜春更把残红折。雨轻风色暴，梅子青时节。永丰柳，无人尽日花飞雪。
莫把么弦拨，怨极弦能说。天不老，情难绝。心似双丝网，中有千千结。夜过也，东方未白凝残月。

Tune: "Eternal Years"

Zhang Xian

The warbling of a cuckoo reports the falling of petals.

Trying to save Spring I have plucked a faded flower.

The howling wind and drizzle, has endured late spring,

- for green plums to grow, it is the season.

Not a man is found within the desolate Yongfeng Garden,

Only the catkins go on and on, flying.

Don't pluck the stings of the zither,

Since its sounds are so lonely and plaintive.

Heaven never grows old, nor will human love be ended.

My gloomy heart is just like the net, intertwined with thousands of dead knots.

Dawn has not yet risen at the Eastern window though the night closes

And a waning moon still hangs in the sky isolated.

张先 • 《蝶恋花》英译

移得绿杨栽后院，学舞宫腰，二月青犹短。不比灞陵多远送，残丝乱絮东西岸。
几叶小眉寒不展，莫唱《阳关》，真个肠先断。分付与春休细看，条条尽是离人怨。

Butterfly in Love with Flower

Zhang Xian

In my back courtyard I transplanted a willow tree,
Like dancer's waist, carefree.
In second moon green sprigs are short in view,
They're not so long as those at the Bridge of Adieu,
Stream east and west with broken twigs and catkins anew.

A few browlike leaves not outspread in cold are not long.
Don't sing the farewell song!
Or it will break your heart.
Of sorrow leave to spring a greater part!
Each willow twig reveals the grief of those who part.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

张先·《木兰花·乙卯吴兴寒食》英译

龙头舴艋吴儿竞，笋柱秋千游女并。芳洲拾翠暮忘归，秀野踏青来不定。
行云去后遥山暝，已放笙歌池院静。中庭月色正清明，无数杨花过无影。

Magnolia Flowers

Cold Food Day in 1076

The southerners in dragon boats contest in speed,
Fair maidens on the bamboo seat swing to and fro.
Plucking sweet flowers, women linger on the mead,
Treading on the green field, townspeople come and go.

The floating clouds blown off, dim is the distant hill;
Flute songs are hushed, deserted gardens quiet.
Steeped in the moon's pure light, the middle court is still;
Leaving on shadow, countless willow downs run riot.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

张先 • 《天仙子》 英译

时为嘉禾小倅,以病眠,不赴府会

《水调》数声持酒听,午醉醒来愁未醒。送春春去几时回?临晚镜,伤流景,往事后期空记省。
沙上并禽池上暝,云破月来花弄影。重重帘幕密遮灯,风不定。人初静,明日落红应满径。

Song of the immortal

Zhang Xian

Wine cup in hand, I listen to West Melody;
Awake from wine at noon, but not from melancholy.
When will spring come back now it is going away?
In the mirror, alas!
I see happy time pass.
In vain may I recall the old days gone for aye.

Night falls on poolside sand where pairs of lovebirds stay;
The moon breaks through the clouds, with shadows flowers play.
Lamplights veiled by screen on screen can't be seen.
The fickle wind still blows;
The night so silent grows.
Tomorrow fallen reds should cover the pathway.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

张先 • 《渔家傲 • 和程公辟赠别》英译

巴子城头青草暮，巴山重叠相逢处。燕子占巢花脱树。杯且举，瞿堂水阔舟难渡。
天外吴门青雪路，君家正在吴门住。赠我柳枝情几许。春满缕，为君将入江南去。

Pride of Fishermen

Farewell to Chen Gongpi

By western city wall at dusk the grass grows green,
The western hills on hills where we met form a screen.
The swallows in the nest, flowers fall from the tree.
We drink wine cup in hand,
It's hard to sail between the cliffs for our homeland

Your home at citygate and mine by riverside,
They are not separated by a river wide.
How deep your love to break a willow twig for me
It's filled with spring,
A spring to your home on the southern shore I'll bring.

张先 • 《相思令》英译

蘋满溪。柳绕堤。相送行人溪水西。回时陇月低。
烟霏霏。风凄凄。重倚朱门听马嘶。寒鸥相对飞。

Song of Longing

Zhang Xian

Duckweeds float on the brook in view;
The bank flanked with willow trees.
West of the brook I bade my lord adieu;
Back, I see the waning moon freeze.

Veiled in mist grey
And dreary breeze,
Leaning again on the door, I hear the horse neigh,
And see the gulls white two by two in flight.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

张炎 • 《壶中天》 英译

夜渡古黄河，与沈尧道、曾子敬同赋。

扬舲万里，笑当年底事，中分南北。须信平生无梦到，却向而今游历。老柳官河，斜阳古道，风定波犹直。野人惊问，泛槎何处狂客？

迎面落叶萧萧，水流沙共远，都无行迹。衰草凄迷秋更绿，唯有闲鸥独立。浪挟天浮，山邀云去，银浦横空碧。扣舷歌断，海蟾飞上孤白。

Sky in a Vase

Crossing the Yellow River at Night

I sail a boat for miles and miles

And ask with smiles

Why should the Yellow River then divide

The land into northern and southern sides?

I believe all my life long I have not a dream

Of the Yellow River, but how I see the stream.

The rivershore with willow trees,

The ancient pathways in departing sunrays,

The waves seem straight when calms the breeze.

People ask me in surprise:

Why should I said a boat at moonrise?

Leaves fall shower by shower in my face,

Water with sand flows far away.

Without leaving a trace. Withered grass veils Autumn's green lands.

Only a gull at leisure stands.

The skies on surging waves float;

Mountains invite the clouds to come down from on high.

The Silver River bars the blue sky.

I sing and beat on the deck of my boat.

The lonely moon in flight

Has turned the Yellow River bright.

(许渊冲、许明)

张炎·《南浦·春水》英译

波暖绿粼粼，燕飞来，好是苏堤才晓。鱼没浪痕圆，流红去，翻笑东风难扫。荒桥断浦，柳阴撑出扁舟小。回首池塘青欲遍，绝似梦中芳草。

和云流出空山，甚年年净洗，花香不了？新绿乍生时，孤村路，犹忆那回曾到。馀情渺渺，茂林觴咏如今悄。前度刘郎归去后，溪上碧桃多少？

Southern Waterside

Spring Water

Waves warm up and turn green,
When flying swallows seen,
The bank begins to wake.
Fish swim and leave round traces in the lake,
The fallen flowers flowing away.
Why does the eastern breeze not clear its way?
Under the bridge where no visit is paid.
A little leaflike boat comes out of willows' shade.
I turn my head to find the green pool gleam
Just like the fragrant grass in a dream.

With clouds the creek flows out of the hill,
Though washed from year to year,
The flowers are fragrant still.
When the roadside has just turned green,
I shall remember the lonely village unseen,
Where I came with peer on peer.
Where are the drinking night and singing day!
All, all have passed away.
Since the fairies are gone,
How many peaches on the tree have grown!

(许渊冲、许明)

张炎·《水龙吟·白莲》英译

仙人掌上芙蓉，娟娟犹滴金盘露。轻装照水，纤裳玉立，飘飘似舞。几度销凝，满湖烟月，一汀鸥鹭。记小舟夜悄，波明香远，浑不见、花开处。

应是浣纱人妒。褪红衣、被谁轻误？闲情淡雅，冶姿清润，凭娇待语。隔浦相逢，偶然倾盖，似传心素。怕湘皋佩解，绿云十里，卷西风去。

Water Dragon Chant

To the White Lotus

The lotus in the fairy's hand
Drips drops of dew on golden tray.
Mirrored on water, your light dress aglow,
Like jade in a fine robe you stand
As a dancer you swing and sway.
From time to time you fade and blow,
When the lake is veiled in mist or steeped in moonlight,
And gulls and herons perch on the sand.
Remember my leaflike boat in a quiet night
On clear waves where fragrance spreads far,
White dressed I cannot find where you are.

Even the beauty should envy you,
When you take your rosy dress off.
Who would not fall with you in love?
You are elegant at leisure
Or charming with pleasure.
You fascinate as if you would speak anew.
I see you in the lake in view:
Sometimes you lean apart
As if you would open your heart,
But when the west wind blows, I'm afraid,
With your cloudlike green leaves you would fade.

(许渊冲、许明)

张炎 • 《解连环 • 孤雁》英译

楚江空晚，恨离群万里，涑然惊散。自顾影欲下寒塘，正沙净草枯，水平天远。写不成书，只寄得相思一点。料因循误了，残毡拥雪，故人心眼。

谁怜旅愁荏苒？谩长门夜悄，锦筝弹怨。想伴侣犹宿芦花，也曾念春前，去程应转。暮雨相呼，怕蓦地玉关重见。未羞他双雁归来，画帘半卷。

Double Rings Unchained

Zhang Yan

Over the southern stream at the close of the day,

Suddenly startled, you go astray

And from the row in flight you're miles away.

You gaze at your own image in the sandy pool

And would alight 'mid withered grass by water cool,

Alone in the vast sky you cannot form a row,

So like a dot of yearning you should go.

How can you not delay

The message of the envoy eating wool

Mixed with snow!

Who would pity your loneliness?

The queen deserted, companionless,

At quiet night in Palace of Long Gate

Might play pitiful tunes on zither's string.

You may think of flowering reeds where rests your mate,

Who should come back before next spring.

What if you meet at Gate of Jade again,

Calling each other in the evening rain!

Then you won't envy swallows in pair,

Flitting by half uproled curtain of the fair.

(许渊冲、许明)

张炎 • 《甘州 • 寄李筠房》英译

望涓涓一水隐芙蓉，几被暮云遮。正凭高送目，西风断雁，残月平沙。未觉丹枫尽老，摇落已堪嗟。无避秋声处，愁满天涯。

一自盟鸥别后，甚酒瓢诗锦，轻误年华。料荷衣初暖，不忍负烟霞。记前度、剪灯一笑，再相逢、知在那人家？空山远，白云休赠，只赠梅花。

Song of Ganzhou

To a Friend

See lotus in bloom

On mist-veiled water loom!

I climb up high and gaze afar on the wild geese

Under the waning moon over the beach in west breeze.

I'm grieved for maples grown old

Have shed all red leaves cold.

Where can I not hear autumn sigh?

Grief brims over the end of the sky.

Since you left me, I've spent my years in verse and wine;

Clad in lotus, could you leave rainbow cloud so fine?

Last time we met, we laughed by candlelight;

Meeting again, can we enjoy the same delight?

Your mountain's bare and far away from my bower.

Do not bring me clouds white

But the cold-proof mume flower!

(许渊冲、许明)

张炎 • 《摸鱼子 • 高爱山隐居》英译

爱吾庐、傍湖千顷，苍茫一片清润。晴岚暖翠融融处，花影倒窥天镜。沙浦迥。看野水涵波，隔柳横孤艇。眠鸥未醒。甚占得莼乡，都无人见，斜照起春暝。

还重省。岂料山中秦晋。桃源今度难认。林间即是长生路，一笑元非捷径。深更静。待散以吹箫，跨鹤天风冷。凭高露饮。正碧落尘空，光摇半壁，月在万松顶。

Groping for Fish

Hermitage in Mount High Love

Zhang Yan

I love my cot by the lakeside
So fair and wide,
A vast expanse so vague and clear.
On fine days the far-flung hills warm appear,
With flowers reflected in the mirror of the skies.
The sand beach far away, I seem
To see the rippling water beam,
Under the willow trees a lonely boat lies.
The gulls asleep, not yet awake,
Unseen in my native village by the lake.
The setting sun would bring Twilight to spring.

I meditate:
Who can anticipate
Even Peach Blossom Land
Will witness dynasties fall or stand?
The pathway in the woods will lead to a long life.
I laugh, for it is not a shortcut to win in strife.
It's calm when deep is night,
I would play on my flute with loosened hair
And ride my crane to brave the cold wind in my flight.
I would drink dew on high
And waft in the air.
The moon atop the pines sheds its light
Over the conquered land far and nigh.

(许渊冲、许明)

严蕊·《卜算子》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

不是爱风尘，似被前缘误。花落花开自有时，总赖东君主。

去也终须去，住也如何住！若得山花插满头，莫问奴归处。

Song of Divination

Yan Rui

Is it a fallen life I love?

It's the mistake of Fate above.

In time flowers blow, in time flowers fall;

It's all up to the east wind, all.

By fate I have to go my way;

If not, where can I stay?

If my head were crowned with flowers,

Do not ask me where are my bowers!

刘过 • 《柳梢青 • 送卢梅坡》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

泛菊杯深，吹梅角远，同在京城。聚散匆匆，云边孤雁，水上浮萍。
教人怎不伤情？觉几度、魂飞梦惊。后夜相思，尘随马去，月逐舟行。

Green Willow Tips

Farewell to a Friend

Liu Guo

Drinking a cupful of chrysanthemum wine

And hearing flute songs of mume flowers fine,

We were then under capital's roofs.

We've met and now in haste we part,

Like lonely swan passing the clouds with speed

Or on the water floating duckweed.

How can grief not come like a stream?

How many times have we been awakened from dream

With broken heart?

I will miss you in the deep night

Like dust raised by horsehoofs

Or the boat followed by the moon bright.

刘过 • 《念奴娇 • 留别辛稼轩》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

知音者少，算乾坤许大，著身何处？直待功成方肯退，何日可寻归路。多景楼前，垂虹亭下，一枕眠秋雨。虚名相误，十年枉费辛苦。

不是奏赋明光，上书北阙，无惊人之语。我自匆忙天未许，赢得衣裾尘土。白壁追欢，黄金买笑，付与君为主。莼鲈江上，浩然明日归去。

Charm of a Maiden Singer

Farewell to Xin Qiji

Liu Guo

The connoisseurs are few,
Immense is the land,
Where can I stand?
If I do not retire till my aims are fulfilled,
Then when can I go back to till my field?
Before the tower of multiple view,
Under the pavilion of rainbow hue,
I'll sleep on my pillow to hear autumn rain.
For high renown I have toiled up and down
Ten years in vain.

Not that I can't write verse in palace hall
Nor that what I say has no worth at all,
But Heaven's Son won't approve my toil.
What I have won is but dust on my soil.
I won't make merry with white jade,
Nor buy a beauty's smile with gold displayed,
But leave all for you to decide.
I'll eat my bream on native riverside.
And go home tomorrow
Without regret of sorrow.

刘过·《贺新郎》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

弹铗西来路。记匆匆、经行数日，几番风雨。梦里寻秋秋不见，秋在平芜远渚。想雁信、家山何处？万里西风吹客鬓，把菱花、自笑人憔悴。留不住，少年去。

男儿事业无凭据。记当年、击筑悲歌，酒酣箕踞。腰下光芒三尺剑，时解挑灯夜语；更忍对灯花弹泪？唤起杜陵风雨手，写江东渭北相思句。歌此恨，慰羁旅。

Congratulations to the Bridegroom

Unrecognized on my way,

In haste I passed ten days,

Tempered in wind and rain.

I seek but cannot find lost autumn in my dream,

It hangs on far-off trees in far-flung plain.

I would confide my message to the wild geese,

But could they reach my homeland by the stream?

My hair is withered by long, long western breeze,

Looking into the glass,

I laugh how languid I am, alas!

How could I stop my youth from passing away!

Could I attain my ideal of bygone days?

I remember heroes drank and sang plaintive lays,

But all in vain.

I can only speak to my sword bright.

And stroke it by candlelight.

Who understands me in such plight?

Could I awaken the poet Du Fu to croon

In the breeze or under the moon,

To write nostalgic verse by riverside

In the country far and wide?

I'd drown my grief

To find relief.

刘过·《唐多令》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

安远楼小集，侑觞歌板之姬黄其姓者，乞词于龙洲道人，为赋此《糖多令》。同柳阜之、刘去非、石民瞻、周嘉仲、陈孟参、孟容。时八月五日也。

芦叶满汀洲，寒沙带浅流。二十年重过南楼。柳下系船犹未稳，能几日，又中秋。
黄鹤断矶头，故人曾到否？旧江山浑是新愁。欲买桂花同载酒，终不似，少年游。

Song of More Sugar

Liu Guo

Reeds overspread the small island;

A shadow stream girds the cold sand.

After twenty years

I pass by the Southern Tower again.

How many days have passed since I tied my boat

Beneath the willow tree! But Mid-Autumn Day nears.

On broken rocks of Yellow Crane,

Do my old friends still remain?

The old land is drowned in sorrow new.

Even if I can buy laurel wine for you

And get afloat,

Could our youth renew?

刘克庄·《一剪梅》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

余赴广东，实之夜钱于风亭。

束绵宵行十里强。挑得诗囊，抛得衣囊。天寒路滑马蹄僵。元是王郎，来送刘郎。

酒酣耳热说文章。惊倒邻墙，推倒胡床。旁观拍手笑疏狂。疏又何妨，狂又何妨！

A Sprig of Mume Blossoms

Farewell at Phoenix Pavilion

Liu Kezhuang

I traveled by torchlight for ten long miles at night,

With light baggage

But thick package.

On slippery roadside in cold day horsehoofs slide;

You come anew

To say adieu.

With face flushed with wine, we talk and write verse fine,

Trembling the wall,

Startled the hall.

People clap hands so glad, laughing to say we're mad.

What if we're free

Or in high glee?

贺铸·《梦江南》英译

九曲池头三月三，柳毵毵。香尘扑马喷金衔，浣春衫。

苦笋鲋鱼乡味美，梦江南。阊门烟水晚风恬，落归帆。

Dreaming of the South

He Zhu

By winding streaming with pools in third moon on third day,

The willow branches sway.

Fragrant dust is raised by spitting steeds with golden bit

And vernal dress is stained with spit.

I dream of the south.

How delicious are fish and bamboo shoots to the mouth!

The evening breeze calms misty waves before the town,

Returning sails lowered down.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

汪元量·《传言玉女 钱塘元夕》 英译

许渊冲、许明 译

一片风流，今夕与谁同乐。月台花馆，慨尘埃漠漠。豪华荡尽，只有青山如洛。钱塘依旧，潮生潮落。万点灯光，羞照舞钿歌箔。玉梅消瘦，恨东皇命薄。昭君流泪，手拈琵琶弦索。离愁聊寄，画楼哀角。

Message to Jade Maiden

Lantern Festival after the Downfall of the Song Dynasty

Wang Yuanliang

Who would enjoy any more the delight

Of splendid lantern night?

In bright moonlight capital

We only see the tide rise and fall.

Dots on dots of lantern light

Feel shame to see the dancer fair and songstress bright,

Mume blossoms look like jade,

Before the Lord of Spring they fade.

The princess sheds tear on tear,

Playing on pipa strings in fear.

If you will know her parting grief forlon,

Just listen in watchtower to the dreary horn!

朱敦儒·《西江月 日日深杯酒满》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

日日深杯酒满，朝朝小圃花开。自歌自舞自开怀，且喜无拘无碍。
青史几番春梦，黄泉多少奇才。不须计较与安排，领取而今现在。

The Moon over the West River

Zhu Dunru

From day to day I drink my cupfuls of wine dry;
From morn to morn in small garden flowers blow.
Singing and dancing, how happy am I!
Glad I'm not hindered wherever I go.

History consists of dream on dream;
Of society there's cream on cream.
Do not array or calculate!
Why not accept our present fate?

朱敦儒 • 《水调歌头 • 淮阴作》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

当年五陵下，结客占春游。红缨翠带，谈笑跋马水西头。落日经过桃叶，不管插花归去，小袖挽人留。换酒春壶碧，脱帽醉青楼。

楚云惊，陇水散，两漂流。如今憔悴，天涯何处可销忧。长揖飞鸿旧月，不知今夕烟水，都照几人愁。有泪看芳草，无路认西州。

Prelude to Water Melody

Written at Huaiyin

Zhu Dunru

In the capital then

We made merry in spring now and again.

With green belt and tassels red

We laughed and rode across the western river head.

At sunset we passed the ferry of peach leaves,

Flowers on head, we were retained by songstress' sleeves.

Green wine poured out from vernal pot,

Hats off, we got drunk in the blue tower. Why not?

The Southern cloud in fright,

The Northern river flows away,

Both drift in different ways.

But languid now, Where on earth could I unknit my brow?

I salute the old moon with wild geese in flight,

Without knowing on whom she sheds her light

Across mist-veiled river tonight.

In tears I see lush fragrant grass,

But no way leads to Western State, alas!

朱敦儒·《西江月 世事短如春梦》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

世事短如春梦，人情薄似秋云。不须计较苦劳心，万事原来有命。

幸遇三杯酒好，况逢一朵花新。片时欢笑且相亲，明日阴晴未定。

The Moon over the West River

Life is as short as a spring dream;

Love is fleeting like autumn stream.

Don't on gain or loss speculate!

We can't avoid our fate.

I'm lucky to have three cups of good wine.

What's more, I can enjoy fresh flower.

Make merry in laughter for an hour.

Who knows if tomorrow it will be fine.

朱敦儒·《临江仙》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

堪笑一场颠倒梦，元来恰似浮云。尘劳何事最相亲。今朝忙到夜，过腊又逢春。
流水滔滔无住处，飞光忽忽西沉。世间谁是百年人。个中须著眼，认取自家身。

Riverside Daffodils

Laughable life is a dream of fall and rise;

It's just like a cloud floating in the skies.

What business do you like best,

Toiling from morning till night,

From winter cold to spring bright?

Water flows on and on without rest.

The sun flies, suddenly it sinks in the west.

Who on earth can live to a hundred years old?

You should have discerning eyes

To know if you are clay or gold.

秦观 • 《点绛唇》英译

醉漾轻舟，
信流引到花深处。
尘缘相误，
无计花间住。

烟水茫茫，
千里斜阳暮。
山无数，
乱红如雨，
不记来时路。

Drunk, at Random I Float
Qin Guan

Along the stream my little boat.
By misfortune, among
The flowers I cannot stay long.

Misty waters outspread,
I find the slanting sun on turning my head,
And countless mountains high.
Red flowers fall in showers,
I don't remember the way I came by.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

秦观 • 《好事近》英译

春路雨添花，花动一山春色。
行到小溪深处，有黄鹂千百。
飞云当面舞龙蛇，夭矫转空碧。
醉卧古藤阴下，了不知南北。

Song of Good Event

Qin Guan

The spring rain hastens roadside flowers to grow;
They undulate and fill mountains with spring.
Deep, deep along the stream I go,
And hear hundreds of orioles sing.

Flying cloud in my face turns to dragon or snake,
And swiftly melts in azure sky.
Lying drunk 'neath old vines, I can't make
Out if it's north or south by and by.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

秦观 • 《鹊桥仙》英译

纤云弄巧，
飞星传恨，
银汉迢迢暗渡。
金风玉露一相逢，
便胜却人间无数。

柔情似水，
佳期如梦，
忍顾鹊桥归路。
两情若是长久时，
又岂在朝朝暮暮。

Immortals on the Magpie Bridge (1)

Her love into th' clouds the Maid subtly weaves,
And th' shooting stars display how th' Cowherd grieves.
When dew falls the Milky Way sees their meeting rare.
However, no secular love can e'er compare
With the holy sentiments they for a time share.

Their tender feeling is like a long stream;
Their rendezvous's like a transient dream.
They may not bear to part at th' Magpie Bridge! But nay,
So long as undying their affections will stay,
Whereat should they be bound up every night and day?

(1) This tune name derives from the myth of the sincere love between the Cowboy(Niulang) and the Weaver (Zhinu), who are separated by the Heavenly Queen with the Milky Way and allowed to meet only once in a year at the bridge built by the magpies which sympathize with them.

(卓振英 译)

Immortals at the Magpie Bridge

Clouds float like works of art,
Stars shoot with grief at heart.
Across the Milky Way the Cowherd meets the Maid.
When Autumn's Golden Wind embraces Dew of Jade,
All the love scenes on earth, however many, fade.

Their tender love flows like a stream;
Their happy date seems but a dream.

How can they bear a separate homeward way?
If love between both sides can last for aye,
Why need they stay together night and day?
(许渊冲 译)

Queqiaoxian

Clouds have their peculiar flair and skill;
They can change their size and shape, as they will.
Stars have qualities more wonderful still;
The hopes of their fellows, they can fulfill,
In those celestial regions, high above,
As links for one star to approach her love,
They help "Lassie" to cross the Milky Way,
To see her "Laddie" once a year, this day.
Their love is like heavenly dew for gods to drink.

To the human level, it would never sink.
One rendezvous between them is of more worth
Than countless such as we have on this, our earth.
Their love is constant, as water is, in its flow.
Their lover's meeting is short, as sweet dreams go.
How she bears the sight of Magpie Bridge without a tear,
Which Marks their separation for another year!
Since their affection is something that endure,
Must they bill and coo as daily renewer?
(徐忠杰 译)

秦观 • 《望海潮》 英译

梅英疏淡，冰渐溶泄，东风暗换年华。金谷俊游，铜驼巷陌，新晴细履平沙。长记误随车。正絮翻蝶舞，芳思交加。柳下桃蹊，乱分春色到人家。

西园夜饮鸣笳。有华灯碍月，飞盖妨花。花苑未空，行人渐老，重来是事堪嗟！烟暝酒旗斜。但倚楼极目，极见栖鸦。无奈归心，暗随流水到天涯。

Watching the Tidal Bore

Qin Guan

Mume blossoms fade;

Ice melts away;

The speechless eastern breezes bring

In early spring.

I still remember the West Garden in the shade

Of willow trees on a fine day;

We slowly toured on sandy way.

I followed a handsome carriage wrong

When willow catkins flew along

With dancing butterflies above;

My mind was full of joy and love.

Beneath peach trees spring running riot

Disturbed all houses' quiet.

Can I forget we drank and played on the pipe at night,

The moon was outshone by lanterns bright

And flowers screened by flying canopies?

The pleasure garden glitters still with gold,

But I who come again am growing old.

In misty dusk the wineshop streamers slanting low.

Leaning on railings of the bar,

I gaze afar.

What I see now and then is nesting crow on crow.

What can I do apart

With a homesick heart

Which follows secretly the running brook

Until the end of the earth or its farthest nook?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

秦观·《踏莎行》英译

雾失楼台，月迷津渡。桃源望断无寻处。可堪孤馆闭春寒，杜鹃声里斜阳暮。
驿寄梅花，鱼传尺素。砌成此恨无重数。郴江幸自绕郴山，为谁流下潇湘去。

Treading on Grass

Qin Guan

Bowers are lost in mist;

Ferry dimmed in moonlight.

Peach Blossom Land ideal is beyond the sight.

Shut up in lonely inn, can I bear the cold spring?

I hear at lengthening sunset homebound cuckoos sing.

Mume blossoms sent by friends

And letters brought by post,

Nostalgic thoughts uncounted assail me oft in host.

The lonely river flows around the lonely hill.

Why should it southward flow, leaving me sad and ill?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

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(许渊冲、许明 译)

秦观 • 《行香子》英译

树绕村庄，水满陂塘。倚东风、豪兴徜徉。小园几许，收尽春光。有桃花红，李花白，菜花黄。
远远苔墙，隐隐茅堂。飏青旗、流水桥旁。偶然乘兴、步过东冈。正莺儿啼，燕儿舞，蝶儿忙。

Song of Pilgrimage

Qin Guan

The village girt with trees,
The pools overbrim with water clear.
Leaning on eastern breeze,
My spirit soars up higher and freer.
The garden small
Has inhaled vernal splendor all:
Peach red, plums mellow
And ripe flowers yellow.

Far off stand mossy walls,
Dim, dim the thatched halls,
The wineshop streamers fly;
Under the bridge water flows by.
By luck in spirits high
I pass where the eastern hills rise.
Orioles sing their song,
Swallows dance along,
Busy are butterflies. (许渊冲、许明 译)

秦观·《临江仙》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

千里潇湘掇蓝浦，兰桡昔日曾经。月亮风定露华清。微波澄不动，冷浸一天星。
独倚危樯情悄悄，遥闻妃瑟泠泠。新声含尽古今情。曲终人不见，江上数峰青。

Riverside Daffodils

Qin Guan

I roam along the thousand-mile blue river-shore,
Where floated Poet Qu's orchid boat of yore.
The moon is high, the wind goes down, the dew is clear.
Ripples tranquil appear,
A skyful of stars shiver.

Silent, leaning against the high mast on the river,
I seem to hear the lute of the fairy queen.
Her music moves all hearts now as before.
When her song ends, she is not seen,
Leaving, on the stream but peaks green.

秦观·《千秋岁》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

水边沙外，城郭春寒退。花影乱，莺声碎。飘零疏酒盏，离别宽衣带。人不见，碧云暮合空相对。
忆昔西池会，�鹭同飞盖。携手处，今谁在？日边清梦断，镜里朱颜改。春去也，飞红万点愁如海。

A Thousand Autumns

Beyond the sandbar by the waterside,
Out of the town the spring chill begins to subside.
The flowers' shadows running riot,
The orioles' warble breaks the quiet..
Lonely, I drink few cups of wine,
My belt loosens, for friends I pine.
But where are they?
In vain clouds gather up at the end of the day.

I still remember our Western Pool's rendezvous:
Together with our cabs herons and egrets flew.
Where we stood hand in hand,
Who still stays in the land?
My dream can't fly to sunny place;
The mirror shows my wrinkled face.
Away spring's sped;
My grief looks like a sea of failing petals red.

秦观·《满庭芳》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

山抹微云，天连衰草，画角声断谯门。暂停征棹，聊共引离尊。多少蓬莱旧事，空回首，烟霭纷纷。斜阳外，寒鸦万点，流水绕孤村。

销魂当此际，香囊暗解，罗带轻分。谩赢得青楼，薄幸名存。此去何时见也，襟袖上，空惹啼痕。伤情处，高城望断，灯火已黄昏。

Courtyard Full of Fragrance

A belt of clouds girds mountains high

And withered grass spreads to the sky.

The painted horn at the watchtower blows.

Before my boat sails up,

Let's drink a farewell cup.

How many things do I recall in bygone days,

All lost in mist and haze!

Beyond the setting sun I see but dots of crows

And that around a lonely village water flows.

I'd call to mind the soul-consuming hour

When I took off your perfume purse unseen

And loosened your silk girdle in your bower.

All this has merely won me in the Mansion Green

The name of fickle lover.

Now I'm a rover,

O when can I see you again?

My tears are shed in vain;

In vain they wet my sleeves.

It grieves

My heart to find your bower out of sight;

It's lost at dusk in city light.

晁补之·《水龙吟》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

问春何苦匆匆，带风伴雨如驰骤。幽葩细萼，小园低槛，壅培未就。吹尽繁红，占春长久，不如垂柳。
算春长不老，人愁春老，愁只是、人间有。
春恨十常八九，忍轻孤、芳醪经口。那知自是、桃花结子，不因春瘦。世上功名，老来风味，春归时候。
最多情犹有，尊前青眼，相逢依旧。

Water Dragon's Chant

Chao Buzhi

Why should spring go so soon, indeed,
With wind and rain like a galloping steed?
The flowers sweet in garden small
Are not deep planted in the soil at all.
Red blossoms will be blown down by the breeze;
They cannot last longer than willow trees.
Spring won't old grow.
How can it bring woe?
For weal and woe
Only in human world go.

Nine out of ten people regret spring's fleet.
Should we neglect a mouthful of wine sweet?
The peach tree won't grow thin for spring
But for the fruit which it will bring.
Do not sigh for glory on the decline
Till old are you
Or till spring says adieu.
Only a bosom friend
Before a cup of wine
Will last to the end.

晁补之·《迷神引 贬玉溪对江山作》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

黯黯青山红日暮，浩浩大江东注。余霞散绮，向烟波路。使人愁，长安远，在何处？几点渔灯小，迷近坞。一片客帆低，傍前浦。

暗想平生，自悔儒冠误。觉阮途穷，归心阻。断魂素月，一千里、伤平楚。怪竹枝歌，声声怨，为谁苦？猿鸟一时啼，惊岛屿。烛暗不成眠，听津鼓。

Song of Enchantment

Written in Banishment

Dim, dim the mountains blue, red, the setting sun;

The boundless, endless river waves eastward run.

The rainbow clouds like brocade spread

Seem to flow on the misty waves going ahead

It grieves me

To leave the capital

I cannot see.

A few dots of fishing lanterns small

Flicker in the docks near the town,

By riverside sails lowered down.

Thinking of bygone days,

I regret to have lost my ways.

If I can't farther roam,

Why not go home?

Heart-broken to see the moon wane,

I'm grieved to view the far-flung plain

Stretched for a thousand Li.

The bamboo branch song grieves me.

For whom should it complain?

Monkeys and crows cry on the river,

Even the islets shiver.

In dimming candlelight I can't fall asleep

But hears the ferry drums announce that night is deep.

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谢枋得·《沁园春 寒食鄂州道中》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

十五年来，逢寒食节，皆在天涯。叹雨濡露润，还思宰柏；风柔日媚，羞见飞花。麦饭纸钱，只鸡斗酒，几误林间噪喜鸦。天笑道：此不由乎我，也不由他。

鼎中炼熟丹砂。把紫府清都作一家。想前人鹤驭，常游绛阙；浮生蝉蜕，岂恋黄沙？帝命守坟，王令修墓，男子正当如是耶。又何必，待过家上冢，昼锦荣华！

Spring in a Pleasure Garden--On Cold Food Day

For fifteen years, on Cold Food Day,

I have roamed far away.

I sigh when dew falls or it rains hard.

Can I not think of the cypress in the graveyard?

When the wind's soft and the sun bright,

I feel ashamed to see flowers in plight.

The paper money, wheat and rice,

Chicken and wine can't be offered for sacrifice.

Hungry are hovering magpies and crows in flight.

In laughter Heaven said,

"I'm not to blame, nor are you at all."

When in the tripod of Taoist capital.

Think of the immortal who on the crane's back flew

To the celestial hall!

With yellow sand I will no more fall in love

Than a cicada with its slough.

I'm ordered to guard

The imperial graveyard

Is it what a man should properly do?

Why should I forsake the old for the new,

To live in a vainglorious hue?

范成大·《蝶恋花》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

春涨一篙添水面。芳草鹅儿，绿满微风岸。画舫夷犹湾百转。横塘塔近依前远。
江国多寒农事晚。村北村南，谷雨才耕遍。秀麦连冈桑叶贱。看看尝面收新茧。

Butterflies in Love with Flowers

In spring the water rises high,
The grassy shore is greened by the light breeze.
Where swim the geese,
The painted boats move slowly on the winding streams,
The tower is still far away, though near it seems.

The weather's cold by riverside,
The fields are not tilled far and wide
Till the season of rain comes nigh.
Wheat and mulberry leaves spread a green hue,
Soon we may taste the grain and reap the cocoon new.

曹组·《如梦令》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

门外绿阴千顷。两两黄鹂相应。睡起不胜情，行到碧梧金井。

人静，人静。风动一枝花影。

A Dreamlike Song

Cao Zu

Outdoors green shade spreads far and wide;

Golden orioles sing side by side.

They wake and sadden me,

I rise and go around the well under the plane tree.

What a tranquil day!

What a tranquil day!

When the breeze blows I see only one flower sway.

曹组·《卜算子》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

松竹翠萝寒，迟日江山暮。幽径无人独自芳，此恨凭谁诉。
似共梅花语。尚有寻芳侣。著意闻时不肯香，香在无心处。

Song of Divination

To the Orchid Flower

Cao Zu

You are cold among pines, bamboos and vines.

When over the land the setting sun shines.

Alone you're fragrant on a lonely lane.

To whom of your loneliness can you complain?

With the mume blossoms you may speak,

Whom lovers of flowers might seek.

But you would not exude fragrance to please;

I can't be sought for as the breeze.

黄机·《霜天晓角 仪真江上夜泊》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

寒江夜宿，长啸江之曲。水底鱼龙惊动，风卷地，浪翻屋。
诗情吟未足，酒兴断还续。草草兴亡休问，功名泪，欲盈掬

Morning Horn and Frosty Sky

Mooring at Night on River Yizhen

Huang Ji

At night my boat is tied

By the cold riverside,

I croon for long

My verse and song.

In water deep

The startled fish and dragon leap.

Wind sweeps the ground;

In waves houses seem drowned.

I have not crooned my fill;

Not drunk, then I drink still.

Don't ask at all

About the rise and fall!

How can I not shed tears?

Over the lost frontiers?

叶梦得·《点绛唇》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

绍兴乙卯登绝顶小亭

缥缈危亭，笑谈独在千峰上。与谁同赏，万里横烟浪。老去情怀，犹作天涯想。空惆怅。少年豪放，莫学衰翁样。

Rouged Lips

Written in Summit Pavilion in 1135

The frowning pavilion dimly appears;

We talk and laugh above peak on peak.

Who would enjoy with me

The misty waves undulating for a thousand Li?

Old as am I,

I still think of recovering the lost frontiers.

In vain I sigh.

Be brave, young man, don't act as a man old and weak!

叶梦得 • 《水调歌头》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

九月望日，与客习射西园，余偶病不能射，客较胜相先。将领岳德弓强二石五斗，连发三中的，观者尽惊。因作此词示坐客。前一夕大风，是日始寒。

霜降碧天静，秋事促西风。寒声隐地初听，中夜入梧桐。起瞰高城回望，寥落关河千里，一醉与君同。叠鼓闹清晓，飞骑引雕弓。岁将晚，客争笑，问衰翁：平生豪气安在？走马为谁雄？何似当筵虎士，挥手弦声响处，双雁落遥空。老矣真堪愧，回首望云中。

Prelude to Water Melody

Archery

Ye Mengde

Frost falls and quiet is the azure sky,
The west wind blows and hastens autumn high.
At first its song shivers me,
At midnight it enters the plane tree.
I rise to mount the city wall and gaze
To find mountains and rivers stretch for miles in haze.
What can I do
But to get drunk with you?
Drum beats on beats announce daylight,
The cavaliers bend their bow in flight.

The end of the year draws nigh,
In laughter guests would vie.
They ask me, old
If I can still be bold
As in days gone by.
Can I still ride my horse
And try my force?
Could I be like the archer who with ease
Would twang the string
With his fingers and bring
Down two wild geese
From the high sky?
I regret that old now, I cannot draw my bow
But turn my head to the northwest in the cloud
And long for heroes proud.

叶梦得·《念奴娇》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

云峰横起，障吴关三面，真成尤物。倒卷回潮，目尽处、秋水粘天无壁。绿鬓人归，如今虽在，空有千茎雪。追寻如梦，漫馀诗句犹杰。

闻道尊酒登临，孙郎终古恨，长歌时发。万里云屯，瓜步晚、落日旌旗明灭。鼓吹风高，画船遥想，一笑吞穷鬓。当时曾照，更谁重问山月。

Charm of a Maiden Singer

Ye Mengde

Cloudy peaks bar the sky,

Screening three sides of Kingdom Wu,

A marvel on high.

The tide flows out as far as I stretch my eye,

The autumn water like a wall blends with the blue.

I left the town with black hair; now I come again

With a thousand stems of snow-white hair in vain.

The past gone like a dream,

My verse would pour out as a stream.

Tis said young General Sun oft came here with wine

And crooned verse fine.

To our regret early he died.

Clouds spread for miles and miles over the riverside;

The setting sun cast light and shade on Melon Isle.

With the drumbeats the wind runs high;

In my painted boat my thoughts fly.

When can we beat the foe with smiles?

The moon has shone on heroes of yore,

But who could care for heroes any more?

叶梦得 • 《八声甘州 • 寿阳楼八公山作》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

故都迷岸草，望长淮、依然绕孤城。想乌衣年少，芝兰秀发，戈戟云横。坐看骄兵南渡，沸浪骇奔鲸。转盼东流水，一顾功成。

千载八公山下，尚断崖草木，遥拥峥嵘。漫云涛吞吐，无处问豪英。信劳生、空成今古，笑我来、何事怆遗情。东山老，可堪岁晚，独听桓筝。

Eight Beats of Ganzhou Song

Ancient Battle Field

Ye Mengde

The shore of the ancient capital in rank grass drowned,

The river Huai still goes around

The lonely ancient battleground.

The black-gowned young heroes like orchid bright

Wield their spears to bar the cloud.

The beat the hostile army proud

Crossing the river Long

Like surging waves to frighten away the whale strong.

O how I wish the river which eastward flows

Would turn back to beat the foes!

A thousand years have passed,

At the foot of the mountain grass grows thick and fast,

The broken cliffs remember still the glory past.

Though clouds break on high and waves surge below,

Where to find heroes of so long ago?

All labor lost now as then will pass away.

Why should I come to grieve over the bygone day!

In Eastern Hills the hero's old.

Could he alone in his late years hear the lute cold?

王桢 • 《西河》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

天下事，问天怎忍如此！陵图谁把献君王，结愁未已。少豪气概总成尘，空馀白骨黄苇。
千古恨，吾老矣。东游曾吊淮水。绣春台上一回登，一回搵泪。醉归抚剑倚西风，江涛犹壮人意。
只今袖手野色里，望长淮、犹二千里。纵有英心谁寄！近新来又报胡尘起。绝域张骞归来未？

The West River

Wang Ye

How could Heaven tolerate

The affairs of the state?

Who would offer a plan of campaign to the Crown?

My grief has weighed me down.

My spirit of youth has turned to dust, alas?

In vain are white bones buried under withered grass.

Could I be bold

To revenge for the shame, now I am old?

I've visited in the east the River Huai

And mounted the vernal Terrace high,

But I could not refrain from shedding tears.

Come back when drunk, I stroke my sword in western breeze.

The surging waves still stimulate my mind ill at ease.

But I can only fold my arms in the twilight,

Watching the long River Huai still extend

For miles and miles without an end.

But who would bring heroism to its height?

Of late, the Tartar dust is raised on the border.

When would our hero come back to restore order?

晁端礼 • 《水龙吟》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

倦游京洛风尘，夜来病酒无人问。九衢雪小，千门月淡，元宵灯近。香散眉梢，冻消池面，一番春信。
记南楼醉里，西城宴阙，都不管、人春困。
屈指流年未几，早人惊、潘郎双鬓。当时体态，如今情绪，多应瘦损。马上墙头，纵教瞥见，也难相认。
凭栏干，但有盈盈泪眼，把罗襟搵。

Water Dragon's Chant

Chao Duanli

Tired of the wind and dust of the capital,

I'm sick after drinking but no one cares at all.

The thoroughfares covered with snow slight,
From door to door the moon sheds a pale light,
Near is the Lantern Day.
Fragrance spread from mume spray
And ice melt on the pool will bring
The message of spring.
I remember drinking in southern bowers
And feasting in western towns,
I was never tired of vernal hours.

Counting up, only a few years have passed,
But I'm surprised my forehead has turned grey so fast.
The beauty with her grace
After these days' ups and downs
Should turn into a lean face.
On horse or over the wall,
Could we recognize each other at all?
Leaning on balustrade, her tearful look grieves
For tears can't be wiped away by silken sleeves.

袁去华 • 《水调歌头 • 定王台》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

雄跨洞庭野，楚望古湘州。何王台殿，危基百尺自西刘。尚想霓旌千骑，依约入云歌吹，屈指几经秋。
叹息繁华地，兴废两悠悠。
登临处，乔木老，大江流。书生报国无地，空白九分头。一夜寒生关塞，万里云埋陵阙，耿耿恨难休。
徙倚霜风里，落日伴人愁。

Prelude to Water Melody

Prince Ting's Terrace

Towering over the lakeside

In ancient southern state far and wide,

Whose palace hall is it?

And by which prince?

Its base still stands a hundred feet high since.

I fancy a thousand steeds with rainbow flags proud

And songs and music waft into the cloud.

How many autumns have passed so fast!

I sigh over the magnificent capital.
Over its rise and fall!

Where I climb high,
Old is the tree,
The great river flows by.
What can I do to make our motherland free?
Nine-tenths of my hair have grown white,
The cold invades the frontier overnight.
The palaces proud are buried for miles in cloud.
How can my wrath be done?
In vain I'm lost in wind and frost.
My grief is only shared by the setting sun.

戴复古·《柳梢青·岳阳楼》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

袖剑飞吟。洞庭青草，秋水深深。万顷波光，岳阳楼上，一快披襟。
不须携酒登临。问有酒、何人共斟？变尽人间，君山一点，自古如今。

Willow Tips Green

Yueyang Tower

Dai Fugu

With sword in sleeve, I croon and fly
Over two lakes deep, deep in autumn dye.
Of Yueyang Tower from the height,
I see the vast expanse of rippling light,
The breeze affords me great delight.
I need not mount with wine;
I'd ask who'd drink with me and write fine.
The world has changed not the Queen's Isle?
I'd seeing the past and present with smile.

戴复古·《满江红·赤壁怀古》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

赤壁矶头，一番过、一番怀古。想当时、周郎年少，气吞区宇。万骑临江貔虎噪，千艘列炬鱼龙怒。卷长波、一鼓困曹瞒，今如许。

江上渡，江北路。形胜地，兴亡处。览遗踪，胜读史书言语。几度东风吹世换，千年往事随潮去。问道傍、杨柳为谁春，摇金缕。

The River All Red

The Red Cliff

Dai Fugu

Passing the head of the Cliff red,

Can I forget the bygone days,

When the young general spread his heroic rays?

Thousands of steeds roared like tigers by riverside;

Hundreds of ships in wrath with fish and dragon vied.

Rolling long wave on wave,

They beat the foe so brave.

What happens nowadays?

The ferry on the tide

And roads by riverside

Have witnessed all

Dynasties' rise and fall.

Seeing the relics of war,

We understand history all the more.

How many times has changed the world which raves!

A thousand years have passed away with the waves.

I ask the roadside willow trees:

“For whom are you swaying in vernal breeze?”

张昇 • 《离亭燕》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

一带江山如画，风物向秋潇洒。水浸碧天何处断？霁色冷光相射。蓼屿荻花洲，掩映竹篱茅舍。
云际客帆高挂，烟外酒旗低亚。多少六朝兴废事，尽入渔樵闲话。怅望倚层楼，寒日无言西下。

Swallows Leaving Pavilion

Zhang Bian

So picturesque the land by riverside,
In autumn tints the scenery is purified.
Without a break green waves merge into azure sky,
The sunbeams after rain take chilly dye.
Bamboo fence dimly seen amid the reeds,
And thatch-roofed cottages overgrown with weeds.

Among white clouds are lost white sails,
And where smoke coils up slow,
There wineshop steamers hang low.
How many of the fisherman's and woodman's tales
Are told about the Six Dynasties' fall and rise!
Saddened, I lean upon the tower's rails,
Mutely the sun turns cold and sinks in western skies.

顾夔 • 《诉衷情》英译

永夜抛人何处去？绝来音。香阁掩，眉敛，月将沉。争忍不相寻？

怨孤衾，换我心，为你心，始知相忆深

Tune: “Heart’s Utterance”

The livelong night neglecting me,
Where have you roamed instead?
And still no word from you is come:
And yet unvisited
Is your sweet bridal-room.
Waiting impatiently,
With fretted brow
I watch the moon decline.
How can I choose but rise,
Casting this hated coverlet aside,
And walk aboard to seek you far and wide?
If I could take your heart and give you mind,
Then you might know
How deep my longing is.

(John Turner 译)

Telling Innermost Feeling

Gu Xiong
Deserted anew,
O Where can I find you this endless night?
No news from you,
My scented chamber closed tight,
My eyebrows knit.
The moon about to set,
How can I bear to think of it?

I loathe this lonely coverlet.
If you exchanged your heart for mine,
You could divine
How deep for you I pine!

(许渊冲 译)

王质 • 《八声甘州 • 读诸葛武侯传》 英译

许渊冲、许明 译

过隆中、桑柘倚斜阳，禾黍战悲风。世若无徐庶，更无庞统，沉了英雄。本计东荆西益，观变取奇功。
转尽青天粟，无路能通。

他日杂耕渭上，忽一星飞坠，万事成空。使一曹三马，云雨动蛟龙。看璀璨、出师一表，照乾坤、牛斗
气常冲。千年後，锦城相吊，遇草堂翁。

Eight Beats of Gangzhou Song

On Reading Zhuge Liang's Biography

Wang Zhi

When I pass by the premier's cot,

At sunset stand mulberry trees,

The millet struggles in sad breeze.

Were he not recommended by his peers,

How could the hero appear?

He planned to win over the east and west,

Of his career to reach the crest.

But with all the millet under the sky,

How could he build a way on high?

His soldiers tilled the ground by riverside,

But suddenly his star fell and he died.

Then all turned out in vain.

The three steeds became dragons in cloud and rain.

How glorious his plan to recover Northern plain!

His spirit rises high,

And shines in the blue sky.

After hundreds of years

The poet in the thatched hall still shed sad tears.

吴文英·《莺啼序》英译

横塘棹穿艳锦，引鸳鸯弄水。断霞晚、笑折花归，绀纱低护灯蕊。润玉瘦，冰轻倦浴，斜拖凤股盘云坠。听银床，声细梧桐，渐搅凉思。

窗隙流光，冉冉迅羽，诉空梁燕子。误惊起、风竹敲门，故人还又不至。记琅玕、新诗细掐，早陈迹、香痕纤指。怕因循，罗扇恩疏，又生秋意。

西湖旧日，画舸频移，叹几萦梦寐。霞佩冷，叠澜不定，麝霭飞雨，乍湿蛟绡，暗盛红泪。綌单夜共，波心宿处，琼箫吹月霓裳舞，向明朝、未觉花容悴。嫣香易落，回头澹碧销烟，镜空画罗屏里。

残蝉度曲，唱彻西园，也感红怨翠。念省惯、吴宫幽憩，暗柳追凉，晓岸参斜，露零沍起。丝萦寸藕，留连欢事，桃笙平展湘浪影，有昭华秣李冰相倚。如今鬓点凄霜，半篋秋词，恨盈蠹纸。

Prelude to Oriole's Song

Wu Wenying

Our boat crossed the pool as if it were "paved with brocade,

Where the love-birds on water played.

Seeing the rainbow clouds fade,

We came back after plucking flowers bright,

When candle flame was screened by the gauze red.

Her lean arms smooth like jade, her tired skin

Seemed to melt in the bath like ice thin,

On her cloudlike chignon slanting er phoenix hairpin.

The plane tree's whispered word

Above the silver well is heard,

It has chilled my head.

Through the window pass day and night;

The swallow flying in my dream

Complains of its empty nest on the beam.

The wind-driven bamboo knocks at the door,

I'm startled by mistake and rise

To find my swallow not before my eyes.

Remembering the pearllike verse once more,

Which has left no trace but lingers

On her fair fingers.

Is she afraid

To be forgotten like a silken fan

Deserted in autumn by man?

On the West Lake in bygone days,

How often painted boats moved on their ways.

Haunted in dreams, I utter sighs.
Her rainbow dress was chilled
To see wave on wave fall and rise,
With fragrant mist and rain filled.
The mermaid's silk had just been wet
With rosy tears not to forget.
We shared the same quilt at night
Amid the ripples of the lake.
The jade flute played the rainbow tune
In the light of the moon.
At dawn awake,
I did not find her flowerlike face fade.
Turning my head, I see mist melt in mirror green,
A picture drawn in vain on silketa screen.

Like a cicada singing without rest
In the garden west,
How I regret green leaves and red flowers
To which I brought fresh showers
Amid cool willows' shade I Southern bowers
Or on the morning rivershore,
Where dewdrops fell and bubbles rose more and more.
Like lotus root unbroken,
I'm drowned in bygone dreams unawoken.
The rosy mat painted with Southern waves outspread
Where I lied side by side
With my flowerlike beauty, head to head.
Now my hair sprinkled with dreary frost,
In autumn verse I'm lost
On paper laden with deep grief
Without relief.

(许渊冲、许明)

吴文英·《望江南》英译

三月暮，花落更情浓。人去秋千闲挂月，马停杨柳倦嘶风。堤畔画船空。
恹恹醉，尽日小帘栊。宿燕夜归银烛外，流莺声在绿阴中。无处觅残红。

Dreaming of the South

Wu Wenying

Late in spring

The fallen blooms

Add to my growing gloom

She's gone; the crescent moon hangs idle over the swing;

The horse beneath willow trees

Neighs tiredly in the breeze.

By waterside an empty painted boat is tied.

Drunk and weary,

All the day long I stay behind the curtain dreary.

The swallows coming back at night

Take rest beyond my silver candlelight.

Orioles' warble fades

Amid green shades.

Nowhere out of the bower

Can be found an unfallen flower.

(许渊冲、许明)

吴文英·《八声甘州·灵岩陪癸幕诸公游》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

渺空烟四远，是何年、青天坠长星？幻苍厓云树，名娃金屋，残霸宫城。箭径酸风射眼，腻水染花腥。
时鞞双鸳响，廊叶秋声。

宫里吴王沉醉，倩五湖倦客，独钓醒醒。问苍波无语，华发奈山青。水涵空、阑干高处，送乱鸦斜日落渔汀。连呼酒、上琴台去，秋与云平。

Eight Beats of Ganzhou Song

Wu Wenying

Mist spreads as far as sees the eye.

When did the big star fall from the blue sky?

It changed into a green cliff with cloudlike trees,

Where golden bowers were built for lady fair

In royal palace now in sad debris.

On Arrow Lane the eyes were hurt in chilly air

And water stained rouge with fallen flowers sweet.

Leaves fall on hollow ground;

‘Tis autumn’s sound;

It seems as if I heard the lady’s slippered feet.

In royal palace drunk the king did lie,

But the tired hermit on the lake

Fished all alone awake.

In vain I ask the silent sky;

My hair turns grey in face of mountains green.

The sky is mirrored in water serene.

Leaning on railings high,

I see crows scatter on the beach in setting sun.

I ask for wine long and loud,

And stand upon Lute Terrace, where is none

But autumn high and lonely as a cloud.

吴文英·《浣溪沙》英译

门隔花深梦旧游，夕阳无语燕归愁。玉纤香动小帘钩。
落絮无声春堕泪，行云有影月含羞。东风临夜冷于秋。

Silk-Washing Stream

Wu Wenying

I dreamed of the door parting me from my dear flower,
The setting sun was mute and homing swallows drear.
Her fair hands hooked up fragrant curtains of her bower.

The willowdown falls silently and spring sheds tear;
The floating clouds cast shadows when the moon feels shy;
The spring wind blows at night colder than autumn high.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

吴文英·《夜合花·自鹤江入京泊葑门外有感》英译

柳暝河桥，莺晴台苑，短策频惹春香。当时夜泊，温柔便入深乡。词韵窄，酒杯长。剪蜡花、壶箭催忙。共追游处，凌波翠陌，连棹横塘。

十年一梦凄凉。似西湖燕去，吴馆巢荒。重来万感，依前唤酒银罍。溪雨急，岸花狂。趁残鸦、飞过苍茫。故人楼上，凭谁指与，芳草斜阳。

Night Flower

Wu Wenying

The bridge o'ershadowed by a willow tree,
Orioles warbling over sunny bowers,
Our ride was often sweetened by spring flowers
When our boat in delight Was moored at night,
My tender love went deep into the land with me.
We wrote verse line,
Long we drank wine,
And trimmed lamp wick:
Time passed so quick.
Can I forget our land or river trip
By rowing boat or flipping whip?

Like dreary dreams ten years have passed.
The swallows have flown over the Lake of the west,
Leaving in ancient palace but an empty nest.
I feel so sad and drear
When again I come here.
I call for silver cups of wine as before;
Over the brook the rain comes fast
And falling petals run riot on the shore,
E'en the lingering crows fly across the sky vast.
In the bower where lived my dear, alas!
Who'd grieve at sunset over fragrant grass!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

吴文英·《风入松》英译

听风听雨过清明，愁草瘞花铭。楼前绿暗分携路，一丝柳、一寸柔情。料峭春寒中酒，交加晓梦啼莺。
西园日日扫林亭，依旧赏新晴。黄蜂频扑秋千索，有当时、纤手香凝。惆怅双鸳不到，幽阶一夜苔生。

Wind throng Pines

Wu Wenying

Hearing the wind and rain while mourning for the dead,
Sadly I draft an elegy on flowers.
Over dark green lane hang willow twigs like thread,
We parted before the bowers.
Each twig revealing
Our tender feeling.
I drown my grief in wine in chilly spring;
Drowsy, I wake again when orioles sing.

In West Garden I sweep the pathway
From day to day
Enjoying the fine view
Still without you.
On the ropes of the swing the wasps often alight
For fragrance spread by fingers fair.
I'm grieved not to see your foot traces, all night
The mossy steps are left untrodden there.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

吴文英·《唐多令》英译

何处合成愁？离人心上秋。纵芭蕉不雨也飕飕。都道晚凉天气好；有明月，怕登楼。
年事梦中休。花空烟水流。燕辞归、客尚淹留。垂柳不萦裙带住，漫长是、系行舟。

Song of More Sugar

Wu Wenying

Where comes sorrow? Autumn on the heart

Of those who part.

See the banana trees

Sigh without rain or breeze!

All say that cool and nice is night,

But I won't climb the height

For fear of the moon bright.

My years have passed in dreams

Like flowers on the streams.

The swallow gone away,

In alien land I still stay.

O willow twigs, long as you are,

Why don't you gird her waist and bar

Her way from going afar?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

王琪 • 《望江南》英译

江南月，清夜满西楼。云落开时冰吐鉴，浪花深处玉沈钩。圆缺几时休。
星汉迥，风露入新秋。丹桂不知摇落恨，素娥应信别离愁。天上共悠悠。

Watching the Southern Shore

Wang Qi

The Southern moon bright
Fills the western tower on a clear night.
The clouds throw out a mirror of ice;
Deep in the waves sinks a hook of jade so nice.
When will it wax and wane no more?

The River of Stars has no shore;
The breeze and dew bring an autumn new.
The laurel tree knows not the grief of fallen leaves;
The Moon Goddess should believe parting grieves.
She shares human woe as of yore.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

王沂孙·《水龙吟·落叶》英译

晓霜初著青林，望中故国凄凉早。萧萧渐积，纷纷犹坠，门荒径悄。渭水风生，洞庭波起，几番秋杪。想重崖半没，千峰尽出，山中路，无人到。
前度题红杳杳。溯宫沟、暗流空绕。啼螯未歇，飞鸿欲过，此时怀抱。乱影翻窗，碎声敲砌，愁人多少。望吾庐甚处，只应今夜，满庭谁扫。

Water Dragon Chant

Wang Yisun

To Fallen Leaves

The green forest is lost in morning frost;
I think my homeland should look sad and drear.
Shower by shower you pile up high,
Leaves on leaves fall and sigh,
On the lane or before the door.
On the stream the breeze blows;
In the lake the waves roar,
Deeper and deeper autumn grows.
You cover half the hills high and low,
Bare peaks appear,
On mountain path few come and go.

No more verse on red leaf flows
From palace dike down
To wind around an empty town.
Cicadas trill without cease,
High up fly the wild geese,
They seem to know how my heart sigh.
How much it grieves
To see the shadow of falling leaves
And hear the sound when they scratch the ground.
I stretch my eyes
To see leaves cover my cot before the day.
Who will sweep them away?

(许渊冲、许明)

王沂孙·《绮罗香·红叶》英译

玉杵余丹，金刀剩彩，重染吴江孤树。几点朱铅，几度怨啼秋暮。惊旧梦、绿鬓轻凋，诉新恨、绛唇微注。最堪怜、同拂新霜，绣蓉一镜晚妆妒。

千林摇落渐少，何事西风老色，争妍如许。二月残花，空误小车山路。重认取，流水荒沟，怕犹有、寄情芳语。但凄凉、秋苑斜阳，冷枝留醉舞。

Fragrance of Silk Brocade

Red Leaves

Wang Yisun

In remnants of elixir red

And colored silken thread,

The riverside lonely tree's dyed.

A few rouged drops appear

Like late autumn's bloody tear.

Awake from dreams of old again,

Your green color fades and drips.

Of new grief you complain,

Biting your rouged lips.

We deplore all the more,

Though you are lost in frost,

The lotus looking down

On water envy your evening gown.

Shed down from wood to wood, fewer you grow.

Why should you vie in the west wind with evening glow?

Redder than spring flowers new,

More cabs would come along the path for you.

See close again

If on the water of the dike

There is a leaf looking alike

With love hidden in vain.

How sad and drear to see

In autumn garden you have left no trace.

The slanting sun shines only on cold dancing tree

With drunken face!

(许渊冲、许明)

王沂孙·《齐天乐·蝉》英译

绿槐千树西窗悄，厌厌昼眠惊起。饮露身轻，吟风翅薄，半翦冰笺谁寄。凄凉倦耳。漫重拂琴丝，怕寻冠珥。短梦深宫，向人犹自诉憔悴。

残虹收尽过雨，晚来频断续，都是秋意。病叶难留，纤柯易老，空忆斜阳身世。窗明月碎。甚已绝馀音，尚遗枯蜕。鬓影参差，断魂青镜里。

A Skyful of Joy To the Cicada

Wang Yisun

A thousand scholar trees stand outside window west,

I am awoken from my drowsy noonday rest.

Your body's light for drinking dew,

With your thin wing in breeze you sing

To whom will you

Send message drear? To a tired ear?

Again I will stroke my lute string,

Afraid to seek for the jade ring.

Your dream is short in leafy nook.

To whom can you complain still of your languid look?

The rainbow soaked with rain

Falling at dusk now and again

Brings a cool autumn air.

The withered leaves hard to retain,

The slender branches grow old and turn bare,

Remembering the past sunset in vain.

The bright window sees the moon wane,

Away die your refrains,

But your shadow fallen apart,

I seem to see your broken heart.

(许渊冲、许明)

王沂孙·《眉妩·新月》英译

渐新痕悬柳，淡彩穿花，依约破初暝。便有团圆意，深深拜，相逢谁在香径。画眉未稳。料素娥、犹带离恨。最堪爱、一曲银钩小，宝帘挂秋冷。

千古盈亏休问。叹慢磨玉斧，难补金镜。太液池犹在，凄凉处、何人重赋清景。故山夜永。试待他、窥户端正。看云外山河，还老尽、桂花影。

Lovely Eyebrows

Wang Yisun

Gradually the new moon hangs on the willow tree

And 'mid the flowers sheds pale beams

As if day broke the twilight dreams.

The crescent would turn round with glee.

To it bow.

Whom should I meet on fragrant pathway now?

It's like the Moon Goddess' undulating brow,

Gnawed by her parting sorrow still.

What's loveliest of all,

A hooklike silver crescent small

Hangs on the pearly curtain of Autumn's chill.

Form age to age it waxes and wanes.

Don't ask how long!

Though you may whet the axe of jade,

How can you mend the mirror of gold?

The royal garden still remains,

But now so drear. Who'll sing a song

In praise of marble balustrade?

In native land the night is endless as of old.

I'll wait until

The moon turns round and peeps into my room.

O see beyond the clouds the hill and rill,

Where even laurel trees grow old and cast a gloom!

(许渊冲、许明)

王沂孙·《南浦·春水》英译

柳下碧粼粼，认麝尘乍生，色嫩如染。清溜满银塘，东风细，参差縠纹初遍。别君南浦，翠眉曾照波痕浅。再来涨绿迷旧处，添却残红几片。

葡萄过雨新痕，正拍拍轻鸥，翩翩小燕。帘影蘸楼阴，芳流去，应有泪珠千点。沧浪一舸，断魂重唱苹花怨。采香幽径鸳鸯睡，谁道湔裙人远。

The Southern Riverside

Spring Water

Wang Yisun

Green water shimmers under willow trees;
Dustlike things grow by riverside
With tender hue as if they were dyed.
The silver pond of clear drops full,
The gentle eastern breeze
Spreads ripples here and there on the pool.
We bade adieu on Southern shore;
Your eyebrows mirrored have left on the waves your trace.
Green waves rise when you come again to the old place;
You'll find a few fallen petals more.

On grape-hued water you'll find new traces of rain,
The gulls flap their wings light
With young swallows in flight.
In the shade of the tower your screen appears
With your fragrance out of sight,
You may find thousands of drops of tears.
A lonely boat on the main,
You'd hear the heart-broken song of duckweed again.
The lovebirds sleep on the fragrant pathway.
Who knows the rosy dress is far away?

(许渊冲、许明)

梅尧臣 • 《苏幕遮》英译

露堤平，烟墅杳。乱碧萋萋，雨后江天晓。独有庾郎年最少。窣地春袍，嫩色宜相照。
接长亭，迷远道。堪怨王孙，不记归期早。落尽梨花春又了。满地残阳，翠色和烟老。

Waterbag Dance

Mei Yaochen

Level banks wet with dew,
Mist-veiled cots out of view,
Green grass runs riot;
After the morning rain the river's quiet.
Only the official youngest in years,
Whose green gown caressing the ground, appears
To rival with the grass in tender hue.

It overspreads the pavilion of adieu,
And veils the lane stretched far away.
How can I not complain of my dear friend
Who's gone and won't return on an early day?
When all pear blossoms fall, spring has come to an end.
The land is steeped in the sun's departing ray,
The green grass will grow old with the smoke grey.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

李纲·《六么令》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

次韵和贺方回金陵怀古，鄱阳席上作

长江千里，烟澹水云阔。歌沉玉树，古寺空有疏钟发。六代兴亡如梦，苒苒惊时月。兵戈凌灭。豪华销尽，几见银蟾自圆缺。

潮落潮生波渺，江树森如发。谁念迁客归来，老大伤名节。纵使岁寒途远，此志应难夺。高楼谁设。倚栏凝望，独立渔翁满江雪。

Song of the Green Waist

Li Gang

For miles and miles flows River Long,

Veiled in thin mist and cloud far and wide.

No more the captive's Jade Tree Song;

In vain old temple bell rang and sighed.

Like dreams Six Dynasties rose and fell fast,

Which would surprise the moon.

Gone are the wars and splendor of the past.

Who's seen the silver crescent wax and wane so soon?

The titles run up and down, the waves run far,

The riverside trees like thick hairs are.

Who cares for old exile how came

Back wounded in fame?

Although the year is cold, the road is long.

How can I be deprived of my will strong!

I lean on rails in tower high

And look with longing eye

For lonely fisherman who fishes

Snow in the river as he wishes.

李纲·《喜迁莺·晋师胜淝上》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

长江千里，限南北。雪浪云涛无际。天险难逾，人谋克壮，索虏岂能吞噬！阿坚百万南牧，倏忽长驱吾地。破强敌，在谢公处画，从容颐指。

奇伟！淝水上，八千戈甲，结阵当蛇豕。鞭弭周旋，旌旗麾动，坐却北军风靡。夜闻数声鸣鹤，尽道王师将至。延晋祚，庇蒸民，周雅何曾专美！

Migrant Orioles

Victory on River Fei

Li Gang

The river a thousand miles long divides

The North from Southern land

By endless snowlike white-crested tides,

Impassible barrier set up by Heaven's hand

Strengthened by human forces,

Could it be crossed by Tartar horses?

The foe a million in strength

Fell on the south out of the sky.

But in a twinkling of the eye,

General Xie defeated them with ease, at length.

How great and strong!

On River Fei eight thousand spears in array

Defeated the giant swines and serpents long,

With whip in hand, and flags over the land.

They beat the foe as wind blows grass away.

Hearing the crane at night,

The foe, taking it for war cry, fled in fright.

They who prolonged the reign

And protected the land with might and main

Should be glorified by triumphant songs.

陈东甫·《长相思》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

花深深，柳阴阴。度柳穿花觅信音，君心负妾心。
怨鸣琴，恨孤衾。钿誓钗盟何处寻，当初谁料今。

Everlasting Longing

Chen Dongfu

Flowers in bloom

And willows loom.

I pass through them to seek your letter fine,

But your heart belies mine.

My lute is dead,

Lonely my bed.

Where is the vow by my headdress and pin you've made?

Now the bygone days fade.

严羽 • 《满江红》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

日近觚棱，秋渐满、蓬莱双阙。正钱塘江上，潮头如雪。把酒送君天上去，琼玉琤玉珮珥鸿列。丈夫儿、富贵等浮云，看名节。

天下事，吾能说；今老矣，空凝绝。对西风慷慨，唾壶歌缺。不洒世间儿女泪，难堪亲友中年别。问相思、他日镜中看，萧萧发。

The River All Red

Yan Yu

The sun sheds its departing rays over the titles,

Gradually autumn smiles

And fulfils the two palace towers.

Viewed from the riverside town,

The tidal bore is white as snow.

Wine cup in hand, I see you skywards go

To join the lords in row.

A hero proud

Regards wealth and rank as floating cloud

Not so high as honor or renown.

The world affair

Is what I care.

But now I'm old,

What can be told?

Sighing in western breeze,

I can't do as I please.

Unlike a woman shedding tears.

How can I part with my middle-aged peers?

We'll miss each other, alas!

Another day

When we look into the glass,

What can we find but our hair grey?

葛长庚·《水龙吟·采药径》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

云屏漫锁空山，寒猿啼断松枝翠。芝英安在，术苗已老，徒劳屐齿。应记洞中，凤箫锦瑟，镇常歌吹。
怅苍苔路杳，石门信断，无人问、溪头事。
回首暝烟无际，但纷纷、落花如泪。多情易老，青鸾何处，书成难寄。欲问双娥，翠蝉金凤，向谁娇媚。
想分香旧恨，刘郎去後，一溪流水。

Water Dragon Chant

Ge Changgeng

Clouds veil the empty mountains like a screen;

Cold monkeys cry on pine branches green.

Where is the wonderful grass

And oldened seed? Alas!

I've tried to find them, but in vain.

Does the fairy cave still remain?

Do fairies often blow their phoenix flute

And play on brodered lute?

I sigh for the way is covered with moss,

No message comes from the stone gate, I'm at a loss.

The fairies would be hard to seek;

Would they lead me along the creek?

I turn my head, a boundless plain appears,

And petals shed like tears.

Lovers are easy to grow old. Have they heard

Where is the blue bird

To bring to them a word?

I would ask the fair maid

For whom the golden phoenix and green jade

Displaying their charm, are displayed.

When the lover wakes from his dream,

What's left is only fallen petals on the stream.

王诜 • 《忆故人》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

烛影摇红，向夜阑，乍酒醒、心情懒。尊前谁为唱《阳关》，离恨天涯远。
无奈云沉雨散。凭阑干、东风泪眼。海棠开后，燕子来时，黄昏庭院。

Old Friends Recalled

Wang Xian

The candle flickers red

At dead of night,

I wake from wine in bed,

My mind in idle plight.

Who sings before a cup of wine songs of goodbye?

My parting grief goes as far as the sky.

What can I do after you brought fresh shower

For my thirsting flower?

I lean on balustrade,

In eastern breeze my eyes shed tears.

When the crabapple flowers fade,

The swallow disappears,

The evening is hard in my courtyard.

叶清臣·《贺圣朝·留别》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

满斟绿醕留君住，莫匆匆归去。三分春色二分愁，更一分风雨。
花开花谢，都来几许？且高歌休诉。不知来岁牡丹时，再相逢何处？

Homage to the Imperial Court

Ye Qingchen

With cups full of green wine, I ask you to stay:

Don't go so soon away!

Two-thirds of spring are full of grief and pain,

One-third of wind and rain.

The flowers blow and fade.

How many have stayed?

Let's chant aloud! Of what can we complain?

Next year when peonies blow in vain,

Where can we meet again?

朱淑真 • 《蝶恋花》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

楼外垂杨千万缕。欲系青春，少住春还去。独自风前飘柳絮。随春且看归何处。
绿满山川闻杜宇。便做无情，莫也愁人苦。把酒送春春不语。黄昏却下潇潇雨。

Butterfly in Love with Flowers

Farewell to Spring

Zhu Shuzhen

Thousands of willow twigs beyond my bower sway;

They try to retain spring, but she won't stay

For long and goes away.

In vernal breeze the willow down still wafts with grace;

It tries to follow spring and find her dwelling place.

Hills and rills greened all over, I hear the cuckoos sing;

Feeling no grief, why should they give me a sharp sting?

With wine who won't reply.

When evening grizzles,

A cold rain drizzles.

李之仪·《卜算子》英译

我住长江头，
君住长江尾。
日日思君不见君，
共饮长江水。

此水几时休，
此恨几时已。
只愿君心似我心，
定不负相思意。

Song of Divination

Li Zhiyi

I live upstream and you downstream.
From night to night of you I dream.
Unlike the stream you're not in view,
Though we both drink from River Blue.

Where will the water no more flow?
When will my grief no longer grow?
I wish your heart would be like mine,
Then not in vain for you I pine.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

李之仪·《忆秦娥》英译

许渊冲 译

用太白韵

清溪咽，

霜风洗出山头月。

山头月，

迎得云归，

还送云别。

不知今是何时节？

凌高望断音尘绝。

音尘绝，

帆来帆去，

天际双阙。

Dream of Qin Maiden

Rhyming with Li Bai's Lyric

The clear stream's chill,

Steeped in the frosty wind the moon atop the hill.

The moon atop the hill

Greets clouds on high

And waves goodbye.

I do not know what day's today.

Looking afar, I see not your trace far away.

You're far away,

Sails come and go,

Two towers glow.

王安国·《春情·减字木兰花》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

画桥流水，雨湿落红飞不起。

月破黄昏，帘里馀香马上闻。

徘徊不语，今夜梦魂何处去。

不似垂杨，犹解飞花入洞房。

Shortened Form of Magnolia Flower

Wang Anguo

Beneath the painted bright water flows by;

No fallen flowers wet with rain can ever fly.

At dusk the moon is seen;

On horse I still smell the fragrance behind the screen.

Silently lingering around,

Where will my dreaming soul tonight be found?

Unlike the weeping willow,

Whose down will fly into her room and on her pillow.

乐婉·《卜算子·答施》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

相思似海深，旧事如天远。泪滴千千万万行，更使人、愁肠断。
要见无因见，拚了终难拚。若是前生未有缘，待重结、来生愿。

Song of Divination

In Reply to Her Love

Luo Wan

My love is deep as the sea high;
The past is far away as the sky.
The thousand streams of tears I shed
Make me heart-broken and half dead.

If I cannot see you again,
Why don't we cut to kill pain?
If we are fated not to be man and wife,
Let us be married in another life!

陈亚·《生查子·药名闺情》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

相思意已深，白纸书难足。字字苦参商，故要檀郎读。

分明记得约当归，远至樱桃熟。何事菊花时，犹未回乡曲？

Mountain Hawthorn

Chen Ya

I am so deep in love,

Paper's not long enough.

I'm grieved from you to part.

Why don't you know my heart?

You've promised to come back

Before ripen cherries black.

Chrysanthemums now bloom.

Why are you not in our room?

赵以夫 • 《鹊桥仙 • 富沙七夕为友人赋》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

翠绡心事，红楼欢宴，深夜沉沉无暑。竹边荷外再相逢，又还是、浮云飞去。
锦笺尚湿，珠香未歇，空惹闲愁千缕。寻思不似鹊桥人，犹自得、一年一度。

Immortal at the Magpie Bridge

Written for a Friend on the Double Seventh Eve

Zhao Yifu

The green-drest songstress told me what she'd say,
When first we feasted in the bower red,
The night was deep, so cool and clear.
Beyond bamboos and lotus blooms we met again,
Again like floating cloud she flew away.

Her letter is still wet,
Perfumes not dispersed yet.
I feel in vain
Sorrow in thread.
Unlike the cowherd and his sweet
Who could still meet
Once every year.

潘阆 • 《酒泉子》（一）英译

长忆西湖，
尽日凭阑楼上望：
三三两两钓鱼舟。
岛屿正清秋。

笛声依约芦花里。
白鸟成行忽惊起。
别来闲整钓鱼竿。
思入水云寒。

Fountain of Wine (I)

Pan Lang

I still remember West Lake,
Where, leaning on the rails, I gazed without a break.
Oh fishing boats in twos and threes,
And islets in clear autumn breeze.

Among flowering reeds faint flute-songs rose,
Startled white birds took flight in rows.
Since I left, I've repaired my fishing rod at leisure,
Thoughts of waves and clouds thrill me with pleasure.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

潘阆·《酒泉子》（二）英译

长忆西山，
灵隐寺前三竺后。
冷泉亭上旧曾游。
三伏似清秋。

白猿时见攀高树。
长啸一声何处去？
别来几向画图看。
终是欠峰峦。

Fountain of Wine (II)

Pan Lang

I still remember West Mountain:
Three bamboo groves in front, shady temple in rear.
I've visited the Pavilion of Cold Fountain,
Where summer's cool as autumn clear.

I've often seen white apes climb up high trees.
Where are they gone after long, long cry?
Can I find West Mountain in the picture, please?
The painted mountain has no real peaks high.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

潘阆·《酒泉子》（三）英译

长忆观潮，
满郭人争江上望。
来疑沧海尽成空，
万面鼓声中。

弄潮儿向涛头立，
手把红旗旗不湿。
别来几向梦中看，
梦觉尚心寒。

Fountain of Wine (III)

Pan Lang

I still remember watching tidal bore,
The town poured out on rivershore.
It seemed the sea had emptied all its water here,
And thousands of drums were beating far and near.
At the crest of huge billows the swimmers did stand,
Yet dry remained red flags they held in hand.
Come back, I saw in dreams the tide o'erflow the river,
Awake, I feel my heart with fear still shiver.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

林逋 • 《长相思》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

吴山青，越山青。两岸青山相送迎，谁知离别情？

君泪盈，妾泪盈。罗带同心结未成，江头潮已平。

The Everlasting Longing

Liu Bu

Northern hills green,

Southern hills green,

The green hills greet your ship sailing between.

Who knows my parting sorrow keen?

Tears from your eyes,

Tears from my eyes,

Could silken girdle strengthen our heart-to-heart ties?

O see the river rise?

高观国 • 《霜天晓角》英译

春云粉色。春水和云湿。试问西湖杨柳，东风外、几丝碧。

望极。连翠陌。兰桡双桨急。欲访莫愁何处，旗亭在、画桥侧。

Morning Horn and Frosty Sky

Gao Guanguo

Spring's rosy clouds are high,

Yet wet with vernal rain.

Ask the lakeside willows trees

How many branches greened by vernal breeze?

I stretch my eye

Over the vast green plain

And row the two oars across the lake wide.

Where is the songstress fair?

The poet's pavilion is still there,

By the bridge side.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

高观国·《金人捧露盘·水仙花》英译

梦湘云，吟湘月，吊湘灵。有谁见、罗袜尘生。凌波步弱，背人羞整六铢轻。娉娉袅袅，晕娇黄、玉色轻明。

香心静，波心冷，琴心怨，客心惊。怕佩解、却返瑶京。杯擎清露，醉春兰友与梅兄。苍烟万顷，断肠是、雪冷江清。

The Golden Statue with Plate of Dew

The Daffodil

Gao Guanguo

Like Southern cloud in dream,
Singing of the Southern moon,
Who mourns for the fairy queen alone?
Who has seen on the stream
Her stainless silk socks white
Treading on waves with steps light?
Turning' her back to strip off,
She's slender and tender for man to love.
She faints in charming yellow hue
Like a jade bright in view.

Her sweet heart is tranquil
Amid waves chill.
A lute complains,
Her heart feels pains.
I am afraid
Rid of her pendants of jade,
She would return to fairy bower.
Holding a cupful of clear dew,
She'd drink with orchid and mume flower.
Mist-veiled for miles and miles till out of view,
It breaks her dream
To see the snow-clad clear stream.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

高观国 • 《少年游》英译

春风吹碧，春云映绿，晓梦入芳裊。软衬飞花，远连流水，一望隔香尘。
萋萋多少江南恨，翻忆翠罗裙。冷落闲门，凄迷古道，烟雨正愁人。

Wandering White Young

Grass

Gao Guanguo

Greened by the breeze of spring,
Under clouds on the wing,
Your fragrant land seems like a morning dream.
As soft as fallen blooms,
As far as water looms,
I stretch my eyes, we're separated by a fragrant stream.

How much regret and grief on Southern shore
Remind me of the green silk skirt I adore.
Grass overgrown before her door
Near a pathway of yore,
The mist and water sadden me all the more.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

张孝祥·《水调歌头·金山观月》英译

江山自雄丽，风露与高寒。寄声月姊，借我玉鉴此中看。幽壑鱼龙悲啸，倒影星辰摇动，海气夜漫漫。涌起白银阙，危驻紫金山。
表独立，飞霞佩，切云冠。漱冰濯雪，眇视万里一毫端。回首三山何处，闻道群仙笑我，要我欲俱还。挥手从此去，翳凤更骖鸾。

Prelude to Water Melody

The Moon Viewed on Golden Hill

Zhang Xiaoxiang

The lofty mountain stands in view,
When wind is high and cold is dew.
I'd ask the Goddess of the Moon
To lend me her jade mirror soon
To see in deep water fish and dragon sigh
And stars shiver as if fallen from on high.
The boundless sea mingles her breath with boundless night.
On the waves surges the palace silver-white;
The Golden Hill Temple frowns on the height.

Alone it towers high,
Girl with a rainbow bright,
Its crown would scrape the sky.
With ice and snow purified,
It overlooks the boundless land far and wide.
Looking back; where are the fairy hills two or three?
The immortals may laugh at me;
They ask me to go with them to the sea.
Waving my hand,
I'll leave the land
With a phoenix as my canopy.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

杨万里 • 《昭君怨 • 咏荷上雨》英译

午梦扁舟花底，
香满西湖烟水。
急雨打篷声，
梦初惊。

却是池荷跳雨，
散了真珠还聚。
聚作水银窝，
泛清波。

Lament of a Fair Lady

Raindrops on Lotus Leaves

Yang Wanli

I nap at noon in a leaflike boat beneath lotus flowers;
Their fragrance spreads over mist-veiled West Lake.
I hear my boat's roof beaten by sudden showers,
And startled, I awake.

I find on lotus leaves leap drops of rain;
Like pearls they scatter and get together again.
They melt then into liquid silver
Flowing down the rippling river.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

宋祁·《木兰花》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

东城渐觉风光好，縠皱波纹迎客棹。绿杨烟外晓寒轻，红杏枝头春意闹。
浮生长恨欢娱少，肯爱千金轻一笑。为君持酒劝斜阳，且向花间留晚照。

Spring in Jade Pavilion

Song Qi

The scenery is getting fine east of the town;
The rippling water greets boats rowing up and down.
Beyond green willows morning chill is growing mild;
On pink apricot branches spring is running wild.

In our floating life scarce are pleasure we seek after.
How can we value gold above a hearty laughter?
I raise wine cup to ask the slanting sun to stay
And leave among the flowers its departing ray.

陈与义·《临江仙》英译

高咏楚词酬午日，天涯节序匆匆。榴花不似舞裙红。无人知此意，歌罢满帘风。
万事一身伤老矣，戎葵凝笑墙东。酒杯深浅去年同。试浇桥下水，今夕到湘中。

Riverside Daffodil

Chen Yuyi

I chant the Southern Verse on Poet-Mounting Day

Far, far from home; time flies away.

The pomegranate's not so red as the dancer's dress,

No one knows my distress,

My song ruffles the curtain none the less.

What can I do now I am old!

The sunflower's smile's congealed in eastern corner cold.

My cup is brimful of wine as last year,

I pour libation here,

Each drop would turn into a tear. (许渊冲、许明 译)

陈与义·《临江仙·夜登小阁》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

夜登小阁，忆洛中旧游

忆昔午桥桥上饮，坐中多是豪英。长沟流月去无声。杏花疏影里，吹笛到天明。

二十余年如一梦，此身虽在堪惊。闲登小阁看新晴。古今多少事，渔唱起三更。

Riverside Daffodils

Chen Yuyi

I still remember drinking on the Bridge of Noon

With bright wits of the day.

The silent moon

On endless river rolled away.

In lacy shadows cast by apricot flowers

We played our flutes till morning hours.

O'er twenty years have passed like dreams;

It is a wonder that I'm still alive.

Carefree, I mount the tower bathed in moonbeams.

So many things passed long

Ago survive

Only in fishermen's midnight song.

张元幹 • 《石州慢》英译

寒水依痕，春意渐回，沙际烟阔。溪梅晴照生香，冷蕊数枝争发。天涯旧恨，试看几许消魂？长亭门外山重叠。不尽眼中青，是愁来时节。

情切。画楼深闭，想见东风，暗消肌雪。孤负枕前云雨，尊前花月。心期切处，更有多少凄凉，殷勤留与归时说。到得再相逢，恰经年离别。

Slow Song of Stone State

Zhang Yuangan

Cold water flows along its trace;

Spring comes back to old place.

Among the sands mist spreads high.

The creekside mume exhales fragrance in sunlight;

Some cold springs of flowers in blooming vie.

The old regret extends to the end of the sky.

How much it has broken my heart

To be far, far apart!

I see but hill on hill in view

Beyond the Pavilion of Adieu.

The endless green spreads out of sight.

I am surprised

To see grief symbolized.

I'm grieved to see the deep-closed painted bower.

The eastern breeze, methinks,

May have paled your skin snow-white.

Your pillow has not witnessed the fresh shower

Nor your wine-cup the moonlight-brimming flower.

How I feel sad and drear anew

Where my hope sinks!

When I come home, I will tell you.

But when we meet again,

How many years have passed in vain! (许渊冲、许明 译)

张元幹·《水调歌头·追和》英译

举手钓鳌客，削迹种瓜侯。重来吴会三伏，行见五湖秋。耳畔风波摇荡，身外功名飘忽，何路射旄头。孤负男儿志，怅望故园愁。梦中原，挥老泪，遍南州。元龙湖海豪气，百尺卧高楼。短发霜黏两鬓，清夜盆倾一雨，喜听瓦鸣沟。犹有壮心在，付与百川流。

Prelude to Water Melody

Zhang Yuangan

Fishing the giant turtle with my hand,
I plant melons when retired in my land,
Coming to the Lake Tai,
I find clear autumn in summer high.
The breeze blows waves up in my ear:
Beyond my reach wafts my career.
When can I shoot my arrows at the foe?
My high ambition unfulfilled,
How could I long for my native field?

Dreaming of the lost Central Plain,
I shed tears over the south in vain.
What is the use of spirits high?
I can only in the hundred-foot tower lie.
My forehead grown with hair frost-white,
I listen to pouring rain at night.
Glad to hear the torrent of war cry,
My flaming heart would glow
Just as a hundred rivers flow.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

张元幹 • 《石州慢》英译

寒水依痕，春意渐回，沙际烟阔。溪梅晴照生香，冷蕊数枝争发。天涯旧恨，试看几许消魂？长亭门外山重叠。不尽眼中青，是愁来时节。

情切。画楼深闭，想见东风，暗消肌雪。孤负枕前云雨，尊前花月。心期切处，更有多少凄凉，殷勤留与归时说。到得再相逢，恰经年离别。

Slow Song of Stone State

Zhang Yuangan

Cold water flows along its trace;

Spring comes back to old place.

Among the sands mist spreads high.

The creekside mume exhales fragrance in sunlight;

Some cold springs of flowers in blooming vie.

The old regret extends to the end of the sky.

How much it has broken my heart

To be far, far apart!

I see but hill on hill in view

Beyond the Pavilion of Adieu.

The endless green spreads out of sight.

I am surprised

To see grief symbolized.

I'm grieved to see the deep-closed painted bower.

The eastern breeze, methinks,

May have paled your skin snow-white.

Your pillow has not witnessed the fresh shower

Nor your wine-cup the moonlight-brimming flower.

How I feel sad and drear anew

Where my hope sinks!

When I come home, I will tell you.

But when we meet again,

How many years have passed in vain!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

张元幹 • 《贺新郎 • 送胡邦衡待制赴新州》英译

梦绕神州路。怅秋风、连营画角，故宫离黍。底事昆仑倾砥柱。九地黄流乱注。聚万落、千村孤兔。天意从来高难问，况人情，老易悲难诉。更南浦，送君去。

凉生暗柳催残暑。耿斜河、疏星淡月，断云微度。万里江山知何处？回首对床夜语。雁不到、书成谁与？目尽青天怀今古，肯儿曹恩怨相尔汝！举大白，听《金楼》。

Congratulations to the Bridegroom

Zhang Yuangan

Haunted by dreams of the lost Central Plain,

I hear the autumn wind complain.

From tent to tent horns dreary blow;

In ancient palace weeds o'ergrow.

How could Mount Pillar suddenly fall down

And Yellow River overflow the town,

A thousand villages overrun with foxes and hares?

We can't question the heaven high;

The court will soon forget humiliating affairs.

'Tis sad and drear

To say good-bye

At Southern Rier.

Cold breath of river willows flies away

The remnant heat of summer day.

The Milky Way slants low;

Past pale moon and sparse stars clouds slowly go.

Mountains and rivers stretch out of view.

O where shall I find you?

I still remember our talking at dead

Of night while we two say in bed.

But now wild geese can't go so far.

Who will send my letters where you are?

I gaze on azure sky,

Thinking of the hard times gone by.

Can we have but personal love or hate

As beardless young men often state?

Hold up a cup of wine

And hear this song of mine!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

赵鼎 • 《鹧鸪天 • 建康上元作》英译

客路那知岁序移。忽惊春到小桃枝。天涯海角悲凉地，记得当年全盛时。
花弄影，月流辉。水精宫殿五云飞。分明一觉华胥梦，回首东风泪满衣。

Partridges in the Sky

Zhao Ding

The season changes not for a passer-by,
Suddenly I see spring on a sprig of peach tree.
The lost land far away saddens me.
Could I forget its splendor in days gone-by?

With shadows flowers play,
The moon sheds her bright ray.
Over crystal palace rainbow clouds fly.
All, all are gone like a vain dream;
Turning my head in the east wind, down my tears stream.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

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陈亮 • 《贺新郎 • 怀辛幼安 • 和见怀韵》英译

老去凭谁说，看几番、神奇臭腐，夏裘冬葛。父老长安今余几，后死无仇可雪。犹未燥、当时生发。二十五弦多少恨，算世间、那有平分月！胡妇弄，汉宫瑟。

树犹如此堪重别，只使君、从来与我，话头多合。行矣置之无足问，谁换妍皮痴骨。但莫使伯牙弦绝。

九转丹砂牢拾取，管精金只是寻常铁。龙共虎，应声裂。

Congratulations to the Bridegroom

In Reply to Xin Oiji

Chen Liang

To whom can I say I am old?

How many times have I seen good turn bad,

And people wear thin silk in winter cold?

How many young men burn with vengeful flame?

The twenty-five string reveal so much grief and pain.

Shining over the earth,

How can the moon wax and not wane?

Now only Tartar women play music in mirth.

Even trees grieve To see us leave.

Only you and I are glad

To talk heart to heart.

How can we bear to part?

Now parted we are, without doubt.

Who could change our bones and skin,

Fair without,

Hard within?

Don't break for a connoisseur your lute string!

Even iron may melt into gold.

Let dragon bold and tiger bring

Back the lost land age-old!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

陈亮 • 《一丛花 • 溪堂玩月作》英译

冰轮斜辗镜天长。江练隐寒光。危阑醉倚人如画，隔烟村、何处鸣根？乌鹊倦栖，鱼龙惊起，星斗挂垂杨。

芦花千顶水微茫。秋色满江乡。楼台恍似游仙梦，又疑是、洛浦潇湘。风露浩然，山河影转，今古照凄凉。

A Shrub of Flowers

The Moon Viewed from the Hillside Hall

Chen Liang

The wheel-like icy moon rolls in mirrorlike sky,

The silklike stream exhales a silvery light.

Drunk, I lean on picturesque balustrade high.

Who's catching fish by beating the desk at night?

Tired crows and magpies rest in their dark nest;

The startled fish and dragon leap from water deep,

Stars hang and freeze on willow trees.

The waterside reed's bed for miles and miles outspread,

The village veiled in autumn hue.

Fantastic bowers seem to mingle with wild dream.

I doubt if the riverside is where fairies abide.

The breeze brings dew to the land anew,

And sheds a light dreary and cold now as of old. (许渊冲、许明 译)

陈亮·《贺新郎·酬辛幼安·再用韵见寄》英译

离乱从头说，爱吾民、金缯不爱，蔓藤累葛。壮气尽消人脆好，冠盖阴山观雪。亏杀我、一星星发。涕出女吴成倒转，问鲁为齐弱何年月？丘也幸，由之瑟。

斩新换出旗麾别。把当时、一桩大义，拆开收合。据地一呼吾往矣，万里摇肢动骨。这话霸、又成痴绝。天地洪炉谁扇鞴，算于中、安得长坚铁。淝水破，关东裂。

Congratulations to the Bridegroom

Chen Liang

How has our country become weak?

The people loved far less than gold

Live on grass and vine old.

Our vigor spent away, for peace we seek

Across the Northern Mountain peak.

My hair turns white as snow,

Ashamed I go,

Like the princess sent to the frontier

With tear on tear.

Lucky was Confucius old,

He had Zi Lu, a disciple bold.

If you came out with flags and banners new,

And commanded an army in view,

You'd gather ours or scatter hostile force.

If you held your hand high And raised a cry,

I would be prompt to ride my horse,

And go for miles and miles and swing my arm,

But this is only a fanciful alarm.

The world is furnace great,

Where we may melt our face.

In a battle against the strong,

Victory to the weak might belong.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

陈亮·《虞美人》英译

大光祖席，醉中赋长短句

张帆欲去仍搔首，更醉君家酒。吟诗日日待春风，及至桃花开后却匆匆。

歌声频为行人咽，记著樽前雪。明朝酒醒大江流，满载一船离恨向衡州。

The Beautiful Lady Yu

Written while Drunk in a Farewell Feast

Chen Yuyi

Setting sail, I will go but still I scratch my hair,

Drunk with your wine and care.

We've waited for spring breeze, crooning verse day by day;

But when peach blossoms blow, in haste I'll go away.

The songstress sobs when I'm about to go.

Can I forget, wine cup in hand, her song of snow?

When I awake tomorrow, the river still flows;

Laden with parting grief, the ship still southward goes.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

陈与义·《临江仙·夜登小阁》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

夜登小阁，忆洛中旧游

忆昔午桥桥上饮，坐中多是豪英。长沟流月去无声。杏花疏影里，吹笛到天明。

二十余年如一梦，此身虽在堪惊。闲登小阁看新晴。古今多少事，渔唱起三更。

Riverside Daffodils

Chen Yuyi

I still remember drinking on the Bridge of Noon

With bright wits of the day.

The silent moon

On endless river rolled away.

In lacy shadows cast by apricot flowers

We played our flutes till morning hours.

O'er twenty years have passed like dreams;

It is a wonder that I'm still alive.

Carefree, I mount the tower bathed in moonbeams.

So many things passed long

Ago survive

Only in fishermen's midnight song.

陈与义·《临江仙》英译

高咏楚词酬午日，天涯节序匆匆。榴花不似舞裙红。无人知此意，歌罢满帘风。
万事一身伤老矣，戎葵凝笑墙东。酒杯深浅去年同。试浇桥下水，今夕到湘中。

Riverside Daffodil

Chen Yuyi

I chant the Southern Verse on Poet-Mounting Day

Far, far from home; time flies away.

The pomegranate's not so red as the dancer's dress,

No one knows my distress,

My song ruffles the curtain none the less.

What can I do now I am old!

The sunflower's smile's congealed in eastern corner cold.

My cup is brimful of wine as last year,

I pour libation here,

Each drop would turn into a tear. (许渊冲、许明 译)

吕本中 • 《采桑子》英译

恨君不似江楼月，
南北东西，
南北东西，
只有相随无别离。

恨君却似江楼月，
暂满还亏，
暂满还亏，
待得团圆是几时？

To "Picking Mulberries"

Lǚ Benzong

I grieve that my love is not like the moon over the riverside tower:
South and North, East and West,
South and North, East and West,
Only constant companionship and no separation.

I grieve that my love is all too like the moon over the riverside tower:
A brief waxing, and then a waning,
A brief waxing, and then a waning,
I wait for the full circle of union—but how short-lived!

(《企鹅丛书·中国诗词》)

Song of Picking Mulberries

I'm grieved to find you unlike the moon at its best,
North, south, east, west.
North, south, east, west,
It would accompany me without any rest.

I'm grieved to find you like the moon which would fain
Now wax, now wane.
You wax and wane.
When will you come around like the full moon again?
(许渊冲 译)

吕本中 • 《南歌子》英译

驿路侵斜月，
溪桥度晓霜。
短篱残菊一枝黄。
正是乱山深处，
过重阳。

旅枕原无梦，
寒更每自长。
只言江左好风光。
不道中原归思
转凄凉。

A Southern Song

Lu Benzhong

The pathway is invaded by slanting moonlight;
The bridge is gilt with morning frost over the stream.
A lonely branch of asters yellows by fenceside.
In rugged mountains deep and wide,
I pass the Double Ninth Day.

On the pillow of an inn no roamer could dream;
Long, long seems each cold night.
I thought the southern scenery must be bright and gay.
Who knows the thoughts of lost Central Plain would appear
And make me sad and drear?

(许渊冲 译)

吕本中·《减字木兰花》英译

去年今夜，
同醉月明花树下。
此夜江边，
月暗长堤柳暗船。

故人何处？
带我离愁江外去。
来岁花前，
又是今年忆昔年。

Shortened Form of Magnolia Flower

Lu Benzhong

Last year this very night

We drank beneath the flowers under the moon bright.

Tonight by riverside

The moon is dim; we're in boat that willows hide.

Where will you go, my friend?

Will you carry my parting grief to the river's end?

Next year before the flowers,

As we recall last year, we shall recall these hours.

（许渊冲 译）

晏殊 • 《浣溪沙》英译

一曲新词酒一杯，
去年天气旧亭台。
夕阳西下几时回？
无可奈何花落去，
似曾相识燕归来。
小园香径独徘徊。

Silk-Washing Stream

Yan Shu

A song filled with new words, a cup filled with old wine,
The bower is last year's, the weather is as fine.
Will last year reappear as the sun on decline?

Deeply I sigh for the fallen flowers in vain;
Vaguely I seem to know the swallows come again.
In fragrant garden path alone I still remain.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

晏殊 • 《蝶恋花》英译

槛菊愁烟兰泣露，
罗幕轻寒，
燕子双飞去。
明月不谙离恨苦，
斜光到晓穿朱户。

昨夜西风凋碧树，
独上高楼，
望尽天涯路。
欲寄彩笺兼尺素，
山长水阔知何处！

Butterflies in Love with Flowers
Yan Shu

Orchids shed tears with doleful asters in mist grey.
How can they stand the cold silk curtains can't allay?
A pair of swallows flies away.
The moon, which knows not parting grief, sheds slanting light,
Through crimson windows all the night.

Last night the western breeze
Blew withered leaves off trees.
I mount the tower high
I'll send a message to my dear,
But endless ranges and streams separate us far and near.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

晏几道 • 《浣溪沙》英译

二月和风到碧城，万条千缕绿相迎，舞烟眠雨过清明。
妆镜巧眉偷叶样，歌楼妍曲借枝名。晚秋霜霰莫无情。

Silk-Washing Stream

Yan Jidao

The gentle breeze of second moon has greened the town.
Thousands of your branches swing and sway up and down.
You dance in mist and sleep in rain on Mourning Day.

Ladies pencil their brows to imitate your leaf.
Songstresses sing your song to diminish their grief.
Late autumn frost, why delight in willows' decay?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

晏几道·《临江仙》英译

梦后楼台高锁，酒醒帘幕低垂。去年春恨却来时。落花人独立，微雨燕双飞。
记得小蘋初见，两重心字罗衣。琵琶弦上说相思。当时明月在，曾照彩云归。

Riverside Daffodils

Yan Jidao

Awake from dreams, I find the locked tower high;
Sober from wine, I see the curtain hanging low.
As last year spring grief seems to grow.
Amid the falling blooms alone stand I;
I the fine rain a pair of swallows fly.

I still remember when I first saw pretty Ping,
I silken dress embroidered with two hearts in a ring,
Revealing lovesickness by touching pipa's string.
The moon shines bright just as last year;
It did see her like a cloud disappear.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

晏几道·《思远人》英译

红叶黄花秋意晚，千里念行客。飞云过尽，归鸿无信，何处寄书得？
泪弹不尽临窗滴。就砚旋研墨。渐写到别来，此情深处，红笺为无色。

Thinking of the Far-off One

Yan Jidao

Red leaves and yellow blooms fall, late autumn is done,
I think of my far-rovin one.
Gazing on clouds blown away by the breeze
And messageless wild geese,
Where can I send him word under the sun?

My endless tears drip down by window side
And blend with ink when they're undried.
I write down the farewell we bade;
My deep love impearled throws a shade
On rosy papers and they fade.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

晏几道·《长相思》英译

长相思，长相思。若问相思甚了期，除非相见时。

长相思，长相思。欲把相思说似谁，浅情人不知。

Everlasting Longing

Yan Jidao

I yearn for long,

I yearn for long.

When may I end my yearning song?

Until you come along.

I yearn for long,

I yearn for long.

To whom may I sing my love song?

To none in love not strong.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

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晏几道·《鹧鸪天》英译

彩袖殷勤捧玉钟，
当年拚却醉颜红。
舞低杨柳楼心月，
歌尽桃花扇底风。

从别后，
忆相逢，
几回魂梦与君同。
今宵剩把银缸照，
犹恐相逢是梦中。

Florid Sleeves

(To the Tune of Zhegutian)

Holding the jade cup to you,
with my arms reaching
out of the florid sleeves,
I was so happy drinking with you,
heedless of my flushed cheeks, dancing
with the moon sinking
in the willow tress, singing
until I was too tired
to wave the fan that unfolds
a peach blossom.

How I have since missed you,
dreaming of meeting you again and again.
Tonight, I keep turning the silver lamp
to your face. Oh, we are really meeting
in a recurring dream.

(裘小龙 译)

晏几道 • 《蝶恋花》英译

醉别西楼醒不记。

春梦秋云，

聚散真容易。

斜月半窗还少睡，

画屏闲展吴山翠。

衣上酒痕诗里字，

点点行行，

总是凄凉意。

红烛自怜无好计，

夜寒空替人垂泪。

The West Building

(To the Tune of Dielianhua)

What happened in the parting, in my cups
in the west building, I cannot remember, waking
from a drunk sleep.

Dreams in the spring,

Clouds in the autumn.

It is easy to meet, and to part too.

The moon slanting through the window,

I lie sleepless. The pained screen

unfolds, at its leisure,

the verdant southern mountains.

The wine-stains on the clothes,

the words in the poem, line

upon line, drop after drop,

all speak of melancholy.

Even the red candle feels helpless,

in the cold night, shedding tears

for me, in vain.

(裘小龙 译)

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记得小苹初见，
两重心字罗衣。
琵琶弦上说相思。
当时明月在，
曾照彩云归。

Yan Jidao(1038-1110)

Returning like a Radiant Cloud

(To the Tune of Linjiangxian)

Walking with a hangover, I look up
to see the high balcony door
locked, the curtain
hung low. Last spring,
the sorrow of separation new,
long, long I stood,
along,
amidst all the falling petals;
A pair of swallows fluttered
in the drizzle.
I still remember how
Xiao Ping appeared the first time,
in her silken clothes embroidered
with a double character of heart,
pouring out her passion
on the strings of a Pipa.
The bright moon illuminated her returning
like a radiant cloud.

(裘小龙 译)

晏几道 • 《蝶恋花》英译

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in the west building, I cannot remember, waking
from a drunk sleep.

Dreams in the spring,

Clouds in the autumn.

It is easy to meet, and to part too.

The moon slanting through the window,

I lie sleepless. The pained screen

unfolds, at its leisure,

the verdant southern mountains.

The wine-stains on the clothes,

the words in the poem, line

upon line, drop after drop,

all speak of melancholy.

Even the red candle feels helpless,

in the cold night, shedding tears

for me, in vain.

(裘小龙 译)

蒋春霖 • 《卜算子》英译

燕子不曾来，
小院阴阴雨。
一角阑干聚落花，
此是春归处。

弹泪别东风，
把酒浇飞絮。
化了浮萍也是愁，
莫向天涯去。

Bu Suan Zi
(Qing) Jiang Chun Lin

The swallows have not come,
The little garden is dark with rain.
In a corner of the railings
Fallen flower petals have been piling up:
This is the place where spring left us behind.

In tears I bid adieu to the East Wind
And sprinkle wine to the flying willow catkins.
The catkins, when they've changed into tiny water plant leaves, (1)
Tell of sadness none the less.
So why take the trouble to fly afar off?

(1) Willow catkins in poetry are tears of the ones being parted. When they fall into ponds, they turn into tiny water-plant leaves, so it was said.

(龚景浩 译)

蒋捷 • 《一剪梅 • 舟过吴江》英译

一片春愁待酒浇。江上舟摇，楼上帘招。秋娘渡与泰娘桥，风又飘飘，雨又萧萧。
何日归家洗客袍？银字笙调，心字香烧。流光容易把人抛，红了樱桃，绿了芭蕉。

A Twig of Mume Blossoms

Jiang Jie

Can boundless grief be drowned in wine?

My boat tossed by waves high,

Streamers of wineshop fly.

The Farewell Ferry and the Beauty's Bridge would pine:

Wind blows from hour to hour;

Rain falls shower by shower.

When may I go home to wash my old robe outworn,

To play on silver lute

And burn the incense mute?

Oh, time and tide will not wait for a man forlorn:

With cherry red spring dies,

When green banana sighs.

(许渊冲、许明)

周密·《闻鹊喜·吴山观涛》英译

天水碧，染就一江秋色。鳌戴雪山龙起蛰。快风吹海立。

数点烟鬟青滴，一杼霞绡红湿。白鸟明边帆影直。隔江闻夜笛。

Glad to Hear Magpies

Zhou Mi

The sky with water blends,

The river dyed in autumn hues extends.

Snow-crowned hills and dragons rise from the deep;

Swift wind blows the sea up like a wall steep.

Blue dots seem to drip from mist-veiled hills,

The rainbow clouds redden the sky like grills.

Far away white birds mingle with sails white,

Beyond the stream we hear a flute at night.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周密·《乳燕飞》英译

辛未首夏，以书航载客游苏湾，徙倚危亭，极登览之趣。所谓浮玉山、碧江湖者，毕横陈于前，特吾几席中一物耳。遥望具区，渺如烟云，洞庭、缥缈诸峰，矗矗献状，盖王右丞、李将军著色画也。松风怒号，暝色四起，使人浩然忘归。慨然怀古，高歌举白，不知身世为何如也。溪山不老，临赏无穷，后之视今，当有契余言者。因大书山楹，以纪来游。

波影摇涟秋瓮。趁熏风、一舸来时，翠阴清昼。去郭轩楹才数里，藓磴松关云岫。快屐齿、筇枝先后。空半危亭堪聚远，看洞庭、缥缈争奇秀。人自老，景如旧。

来帆去棹还知否。问古今、几度斜阳，几番回首？晚色一川谁管领，都付雨荷烟柳。知我者、燕朋鸥友。笑拍阑干呼范蠡，甚平吴、却倩垂纶手？吁万古，付卮酒。

Nursling Swallows' Flight

Zhou Mi

The stone bank's shadows shake in the waves of the lake;

In summer breeze a boat comes near

When the green shade at noon is clear.

A few miles away from the city wall,

Over mossy lanes and pine-clad hills clouds veil all.

With boots on foot and cane in hand,

We can see in mid-air the pavilion stand

With a far-fung view to command.

See loating peaks in beauty vie,

Marvels under the sky.

In vain have oldened men;

The scene's the same as then.

Do you not know boats come and go

Now as long, long ago?

How many times has the sun set?

How many things not to forget?

Who would now enjoy the beautiful evening scene?

None but lotus in rain and mist-veiled willow green.

Who are my friends who know me?

Only the gulls and swallows keep me company.

Laughing and beating on the rail,

I ask General Fan to what avail

He had conquered the Northern land?

Now he had only a fishing line in hand.

Days pass by rain or shine;

I'd drink a cup of wine.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周密·《瑶花慢·琼花》英译

朱钿宝玦，天上飞琼，比人间春别。江南江北曾未见，漫拟梨云梅雪。淮山春晚，问谁识、芳心高洁？
消几番、花落花开，老了玉关豪杰！

金壶剪送琼枝，看一骑红尘，香度瑶阙。韶华正好，应自喜、初乱长安蜂蝶。杜郎老矣，想旧事、花须能说。记少年一梦扬州，二十四桥明月。

Song of Jasper Flower

To the Jasper Flower

Zhou Mi

Like red headdress adorned with jade,
You are a fairy flying down from the sky;
Seeing you, other spring flowers would feel shy.
On southern shore or northern, where
You surpass snowlike mume and cloudlike pear.
When late spring comes sned,
Who is on southern hills as pure as you?
How many times you blow and fade!
How many heroes have grown old and unmade!
Your branch cut down and sent in golden vase
By galloping steeds raising a cloud of dust red
With fragrance wide spread.
In your prime you'd be glad to know the bees
And butterflies in the breeze.
The poet's old. Forget not what he says
Of the bygone days.
While young, he dreamed of the city bright
With twenty-four bridges immersed in moonlight.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

周密·《一萼红·登蓬莱阁有感》英译

步深幽。正云黄天淡，雪意未全休。监曲寒沙，茂林烟草，俯仰千古悠悠。岁华晚、漂零渐远，谁念我、同载五湖舟。磴古松斜，阴苔老，一片清愁。

回首天涯归梦，几魂飞西浦，泪洒东州。故国山川，故园心眼，还似王粲登楼。最怜他、秦鬟妆镜，好江山、何事此时游！为唤狂吟老监，共赋销忧。

A Spring of Reds

On the Fairy Bower

Zhou Mi

Deeper and deeper I go,

When yellow clouds fly under the pale blue sky

And still it threatens snow.

In Mirror Lake the sand is cold,

In dense woods mist-veiled grasses freeze,

I look up and down for the woe a thousand years old.

The year's late and turns grey,

I wander farther away.

Who would still float with me on five lakes the same boat?

By stone steps slant the old pine trees,

In the shade of the cliff old grows the moss;

Sad and drear, I am at a loss.

Turning my head from where I stand,

Could I not dream of my homeland?

How can I not shed tears for my compeers?

The mountains and rivers of the land lost,

How I long for my garden of flowers?

Could I not gaze back as the poet on the towers?

What I regret the most,

Is the fair Chignon mirrored on the Lake.

Should I revisit the land when my heart would break?

I would revive the fanatic poet old

To croon away the woe ice-cold.

(许渊冲、许明)

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(许渊冲、许明)

周密·《花犯·赋水仙》英译

楚江湄，湘娥乍见，无言洒清泪。淡然春意。空独倚东风，芳思谁寄。凌波路冷秋无际。香云随步起。漫记得，汉宫仙掌，亭亭明月底。

冰弦写怨更多情，骚人恨，枉赋芳兰幽芷。春思远，谁叹赏、国香风味。相将共、岁寒伴侣。小窗净、沈烟熏翠袂。幽梦觉，涓涓清露，一枝灯影里。

Invaded by Flowers

To the Daffodil

Zhou Mi

By the southern rivershore

Like the princess you appear;

Silent, you shed tear on tear.

You care for spring no more.

In vain on eastern breeze you lean.

To whom will you send fragrance green?

You seem to tread on waves to hear cold autumn's sighs;

After your steps fragrant clouds rise.

To what avail should you

Recall the fairy with a plate of dew,

Who stands fair and bright in the moonlight?

The icy strings reveal the grief of lovesick heart.

The poet regrets to have sung of orchids and grass,

But keep you apart.

Your vernal thoughts go far away.

Who would enjoy the fragrance of bygone days?

Why not share with me the quiet window you've seen,

Where incense perfumes your sleeves green?

Awake from my sweet dream, alas!

I find by candlelight a part of you

Steeped in clear dew.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

刘辰翁 • 《浣溪沙 • 春日即事》 英译

远远游蜂不记家，数行新柳自啼鸦，寻思旧事即天涯。

睡起有情和画卷，燕归无语傍人斜，晚风吹落小瓶花。

Silk-Washing Stream

A Spring Day

Liu Chenweng

Far away the bees roam without knowing their home;

On a few new shoots of willow trees the crows cry.

I think of the days gone by as far as the end of the sky.

Awake from sleep, I roll up my dream with my scroll.

The silent swallows come back in slanting sunrays;

The evening wind blows down flowers in a vase.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

刘辰翁 • 《浣溪沙 • 感别》英译

点点疏林欲雪天。竹篱斜闭自清妍。为伊憔悴得人怜。
欲与那人携素手，粉香和泪落君前。相逢恨恨总无言。

Silk-Washing Stream

Liu Chenweng

It threatens snow in forests scattered here and there;
Why should the bamboo fence look free from care?
Languid, how can I bear to leave my love so fair?

I want to take her hand so slender.
How can I bear her tearful face so tender!
We meet with broken heart, speechless for soon we'll part.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

刘辰翁·《踏莎行·雨中观海棠》英译

命薄佳人，情锺我辈。海棠开后心如碎。斜风细雨不曾晴，倚阑滴尽胭脂泪。
恨不能开，开时又背。春寒只了房栊闭。待他晴后得君来，无言掩帐羞憔悴。

Treading on Grass

Crabapple Flowers Viewed in Rain

Liu Chenweng

Ill-fated beauty in view,

How can I not fall in love with you?

I'm broken-hearted to see you fade.

In wind and rain fine day's no more;

You've shed all rouged tears by the balustrade.

To my regret you are not in full bloom

When you're in bloom, I fall in gloom.

For spring is cold and I must shut the door.

When the day's fine, I see you sigh,

Wordless, veiled by the screen, languid and shy.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

刘辰翁·《鹊桥仙·自寿二首》英译

轻风澹月，年年去路。谁识小年初度。桥边曾弄碧莲花，悄不记、人间今古。
吹箫江上，沾衣微露。依约凌波曾步。寒机何意待人归，但寂历、小窗斜雨。
天香吹下，烟霏成路。飒飒神光暗度。桥边犹记泛槎人，看赤岸、苔痕如古。
长空皓月，小风斜露。寂寞江头独步。人间何处得飘然，归梦入、梨花春雨。

Immortals at the Magpie Bridge

Liu Chenweng

(I)

The gentle breeze caresses the moon clear
On the way I used to go from year to year.
Who knows I've just passed my birthday?
Beside the bridge with lotus blooms once I did play,
Forgetting what day passed in vain.
I played the flute at dawn on the river,
My gown wet with dew would shiver.
I seemed to see fairy steps over all,
While my wife was waiting by window small,
Listening to the slanting rain.

(II)

Who blows celestial fragrance down
From misty Milky Way?
Who sheds divine light on my birthday?
I seem to see the Cowherd Star on the red shore,
Where moss grows as of yore.

But in the endless sky the moon is bright;
The dew is slight and the breeze light.
By riverside I stroll in lonely gown.
Where can I be carefree?
A dream of pear blossoms in tears haunts me.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

刘辰翁·《虞美人·用李后主韵二首》英译

梅梢腊尽春归了。毕竟春寒少。乱山残烛雪和风。犹胜阴山海上、窖群中。
年光老去才情在。惟有华风改。醉中幸自不曾愁。谁唱春花秋叶、泪偷流。
情知是梦无凭了。好梦依然少。单于吹尽五更风。谁见梅花如泪不言中。
儿童问我今何在。烟雨楼台改。江山画出古今愁，人与落花何处水空流。

The Beautiful Lady Yu

In the Same Rhyme Scheme as Li Yu's

Liu Chenweng

(I)

Spring comes back when mume flowers end their winter song,
The cold won't linger long.
The snow, wind, rugged hills by candlelight I see
Are better than Northern Mountain and Southern Sea.

I grow old but still bright when years pass by,
Only my spirit not as high.
By luck I feel no sorrow in my drunken hours.
Why shed tears on singing autumn leaves and spring flowers?

(II)

Although I know I can't rely on dreams so fleet,
Still I have few dreams sweet.
The Northern flute has blown with the wind at midnight.
Who has seen speechless, tearful mume blooms in sad plight?

The children ask me where is the splendor gone by.
Mist and rain have veiled towers high.
The land and stream reveal the sorrow old and new;
With flowers on the waves men will pass out of view.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

刘辰翁·《宝鼎现·春月》英译

红妆春骑、踏月影、竿旗穿市。望不尽楼台歌舞，习习香尘莲步底。箫声断，约彩鸾归去，未怕金吾呵醉。甚辇路喧阗且止，听得念奴歌起。

父老犹记宣和事，抱铜仙、清泪如水。还转盼、沙河多丽。滟漾明光连邸第，帘影冻、散红光成绮。月浸葡萄十里，看往来神仙才子，肯把菱花扑碎。

肠断竹马儿童，空见说、三千乐指。等多时、春不归来，到春时欲睡。又说向灯前拥髻，暗滴蛟珠坠。便当日亲见《霓裳》，天上人间梦里。

The Precious tripod
On vernal ride in dresses bright,
Men trod in the moonlight,
With colored banners casting shadows on the fair.
Lo! Singing bowers here and dancing terrace there,
And gust on gust
Of fragrant dust Rising form 'neath the lotus feet.
When flutes ceased their songs sweet,
The lovers went away with phoenix bells ringing.
They need not fear the watchmen's blame for being drunk.
Why was imperial road in silence sunk?
It was because the famous songstress was singing.

Old folks remember the crowned kings in tears
Left the northern capital for the frontiers.
But if they turned their eyes,
They're see the Sandy River Pool So beautiful,
On ripples green
The shadows of mansions fall and rise.
When shadows moved upon the screen,
Into brocade were woven colors bright.
For miles the waves looked like green grapes steeped in moonlight.
The talents coming to and fro would fear to break
The mirror of West Lake.

The children riding hobby horse have heard in vain:
None of three thousand musical fingers remain.
We wait long for spring which comes not till we're to sleep.
Like the unhappy lady in sad plight,

Holding her chignon by lamplight
And shedding pearly tears, I'd weep.
Even if I witnessed the Dance of Rainbow Cloak,
The earthly paradise would melt like dream or smoke.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

刘辰翁·《山花子》英译

此处情怀欲问天，相期相就复何年。行过章江三十里，泪依然。
早宿半程芳草路，犹寒欲雨暮春天。小小桃花三两处，得人怜。

Song of Mountain Flowers

Liu Chenweng

Ask Heaven what I feel while parting here.
When may we meet again? Oh, in which year?
Thirty miles after the river disappears,
Still I'm in tears.

I take early rest by the grassy lane;
Still cold in late spring, I fear it will rain.
Two or three small flowers on the peach tree
Win my sympathy.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

顾春 • 《早春怨》英译

杨柳风斜，
黄昏人静，
睡稳栖鸦。
短烛烧残，
长更坐尽，
小篆添些。

红楼不闭窗纱，
被一缕、春痕暗遮。
淡淡轻烟，
溶溶院落，
月在梨花。

Zao Chun Yuan

Gu Chun

A slanting wind blows on the willow trees,
'Tis twilight: human activities have quieted down.
The roosting crows are snugly asleep.
Short candles have burned low.
Sitting through the long night
I pile on more incense.

In the red chamber, the gauze curtains are not drawn.
But the room is obscured, by a wisp of spring.
A pale light mist rises in the deep courtyard,
With the moonlight resting on the pear blossoms. (龚景浩 译)

李清照 • 《声声慢》英译

寻寻觅觅，冷冷清清，凄凄惨惨戚戚。乍暖还寒时候，最难将息。三杯两盏淡酒，怎敌他晚来风急！雁过也，正伤心，却是旧时相识。

满地黄花堆积，憔悴损，如今有谁堪摘？守着窗儿，独自怎生得黑！梧桐更兼细雨，到黄昏，点点滴滴。这次第，怎一个愁字了得？

Sheng Sheng Man

Seeking, seeking,
Chilly and quiet,
Desolate, painful and miserable.
Even when it's warmer there is still a chill,
It is most difficult to keep well.
Three or two cups of light wine,
How can they ward off the strong morning wind?
Wild geese fly past, while I'm broken-hearted;
But I recognize they are my old friends.

Fallen chrysanthemums piled up on the ground,
So withered,
Who would pluck them?
Leaning on the window,
How can I pass the time till night alone?
The drizzle falls on the wutong trees,
Rain-drops drip down at dusk.
At a time like this,
What immense sorrow I must bear!
(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

Slow, Slow Tune

I look for what I miss;
I know not what it is.
I feel so sad, so drear,
So lonely, without cheer.
How hard is it
To keep me fit
In this lingering cold!
Hardly warmed up
By cup on cup
Of wine so dry,
O how could I

Endure at dust the drift
Of wind so swift?
It breaks my heart, alas!
To see the wild geese pass,
For they are my acquaintances of old.

The ground is covered with yellow flowers,
Faded and fallen in showers.
Who will pick them up now?
Sitting alone at the window, how
Could I but quicken
The pace of darkness that won't thicken?
On plane's broad leaves a fine rain drizzles
As twilight grizzles.
O what can I do with a grief
Beyond belief?
(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《点绛唇 • 蹴罢秋千》英译

蹴罢秋千，起来慵整纤纤手。露浓花瘦，薄汗轻衣透。

见有人来，袜钗金钗溜，和羞走。倚门回首，却把青梅嗅。

Dianjiangchun

I left off playing on the swing, rather tired.

My clothes are soaked through; enough I had perspired.

On my face was sweat like dew; my figure — lean.

After I wrung my hand, I considered them clean.

When I saw people come, my socks off my feet—

My hair-pin missing, I beat a shy retreat.

Leaning on a door, I looked to see who comes.

In less than no time, I sniffed at the green plums.

(徐忠杰 译)

李清照 • 《渔家傲 • 天接云涛连晓雾》英译

天接云涛连晓雾，
星河欲转千帆舞。
仿佛梦魂归帝所，
闻天语，
殷勤问我归何处。

我报路长嗟日暮，
学诗谩有惊人句。
九万里风鹏正举。
风休住，
蓬舟吹取三山去。

To the Tune of Yu Jia Ao

In the sky merged with the floating clouds and morning mist,
The Milky Way is about to fade, a thousand sails dancing.
It seems in a dream that I've returned to the Heavenly Palace,
And heard the Jade Emperor speaking,
Eagerly asking where I am bound.

I reply that life's road is long and I'm ageing,
What I've achieved is a few unusual poems.
Now the mighty roc of nine thousand li has taken wing.
May the wind keep blowing
My little boat to the land of the immortals. (杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

What I Heard God Say—to the tune of Yujiaao

Like the waves tossed about on the lake,
The floating clouds surged in the sky,
—Mingling with the morning mist.
A thousand sails were dancing above
In the fading Star River.
It seems my soul in my dream returns to the Heavenly Palace.
I hear God ask with concern:
"Where are you going?"

I have a long, long road to go,
But my days are drawing towards their end.
I have learned to compose poems,
Very striking verses.
But to what end?

Now the wind of ninety thousand li (1) rises,
The wings of the giant peng (2) are soaring on it.
O wild wind, never stop!
Push my leaflike boat to San Shan (3).

(1)Li: An unit of measurement equivalent to half a kilometer.

(2)Peng: The peng is a legendary bird of enormous size and strength. Anyone who wants to go to a distance place and to achieve great things is compared to the Peng. There is also an old saying in referring to ambitious people, that they have the wings of the peng, for it is capable of flying at ten thousand miles at one time. Here Li Qingzhao hopes that she can borrow the peng's wings and thereby be capable of making the journey to Penglai.

(3)Sanshan: The Three Mountains, a fai-way enchanted place where the Taoist immortals live, also known as Penglai. In this poem, Li Qingzhao answers God's question in a way which seems to suggest that she has no ambition in life except to escape from the noisy world of human beings.

(茅于美 译)

Yujia'ao

By twilight, the sky looks like a boundless sea.
O'er lapping waves are what clouds appear to be.
The Milky Way has changed from a patch of light—
Into thousands of sails dancing. What a sight!

Far from the earth, I seem to be on a ride.
To where the Celestial King above reside.
A voice, fairy-like, speaks. That's how it sound.
It asks in earnest for which place I'm bound.

"I am in despair," I begin with a sign.
"A poet's gift is void," so ends my reply.
Just then, the roc is making its long flight.
Windward, to Fairyland, I travel light. (徐忠杰 译)

李清照 • 《如梦令 • 昨夜雨疏风骤》 英译

昨夜雨疏风骤，

浓睡不消残酒。

试问卷帘人，

却道“海棠依旧”。

“知否，知否？应是绿肥红瘦！”

To the Tune of Ru Meng Ling

Last night the rain was light, the wind fierce,

And deep sleep did not dispel the effects of wine.

When I ask the maid rolling up the curtains,

She answers, "The crab-apple blossoms look the same."

I cry, "Can't you see? Can't you see?"

The green leaves are fresh but the red flowers are fading!"

（杨宪益、戴乃迭 译）

李清照 • 《小重山》英译

春到长门春草青，江梅些子破，未开匀。碧云笼碾玉成尘，留晓梦，惊破一瓿春。
花影压重门，疏帘铺淡月，好黄昏。二年三度负东君，归来也，着意过今春。

To Spend this Third Early Spring with Me—to the tune of Xiaochongshan

Spring comes to my lonely court:

Grass is turning green.

A few red mume blossoms are bursting.

I saw it my morning dream

Gloomy clouds crushing the jade petals to dust.

My dream tells me that

This branch of Spring will soon fade.

Flowers cast shadows upon the shuttered door.

Moonlight leaks through the bamboo curtains.

How lovely is the evening.

But three times in two years

You have wasted the golden time like this.

Do return home this year.

Let us enjoy this Spring together.

（茅于美 译）

李清照 • 《念奴娇 • 萧条庭院》英译

萧条庭院，又斜风细雨，重门须闭。宠柳娇花寒食近，种种恼人天气。险韵诗成，扶头酒醒，别是闲滋味。征鸿过尽，万千心事难寄。

楼上几日春寒，帘垂四面，玉栏干慵倚。被冷香消新梦觉，不许愁人不起。清露晨流，新桐初引，多少游春意。日高烟敛，更看今日晴未。

Going Out for a Trip—to the tune of Niannujiao

Courtyard lonesome and bleak.

The slanting breeze blows.

Raindrops fall in silky lines.

Doors of the entrances are closed.

The pussy willows, the tender flowers,

Reveal to us the approach of Cold Food Day.

This fickle weather irritates us in many ways.

Having completed my poems in complex metres

And awakened from a hangover from wine,

I enjoy a special sense of leisure.

Rows of wild geese disappear from the sky.

Nobody will send my words to you.

In my chamber upstairs,

Coldness of the early spring days invades me.

Curtains fall on the four sides of my chamber.

Too idle I am to lean against the jade railposts.

Blanked cold, sweet incense burnt out,

Awakened from a dream,

Miserable, I cannot avoid getting up.

Tiny dew drops glisten,

The tender xintong (1) trees are in bud.

It occurs to me that we should enjoy this spring time.

Look, the sun is rising high, the mist melting away.

Wait and see. Let's have a fine day.

(1)Xintong tree: The paulownia tree, a native to the orient. It has large heart-shaped leaves and clusters of purplish or whitish flowers.

(茅于美 译)

李清照·《蝶恋花·永夜恹恹欢意少》英译

永夜恹恹欢意少，空梦长安，认取长安道。为报今年春色好，花光月影宜相照。
随意杯盘虽草草，酒美梅酸，恰称人怀抱。醉里插花花莫笑，可怜人似春将老。

Thinking of the Capital Changan—to the tune of Dielianhua

Fatigued and joyless

The night seems to lengthen forever.

We dream in vain of Changan (1),

Longing to go back on the road to the capital.

We hear that Spring revisits there this year,

With its beautiful scenes as before.

The shadow of moonlight reflects on flowers.

Although these dishes are made in a hurry,

The wine is delicious and the plums sour,

Just suiting our mood well.

If you feel intoxicated from wine,

Do not decorate your hairpins with flowers (2),

For we are getting old, as Spring itself.

(1)Changan: Now Xian City in Shanxi Province. Many ancient dynasties had their capital in this city, but here the poet means Kaifeng City.

(2)It was the custom when young people drank wine and became intoxicated with happiness, they often inserted flowers on their hats or hairpins to show their satisfaction with life.

(茅于美 译)

李清照·《临江仙》（一）英译

庭院深深深几许，云窗雾阁常扃。柳梢梅萼渐分明，春归秣陵树，人老建康城。
感月吟风多少事，如今老去无成。谁怜憔悴更凋零，试灯无意思，踏雪没心情。

Deep Hidden in My Courtyard

to the tune of Lingjiangxian

How deep is my secluded courtyard?

My closed windows are in the clouds

And my attic is in the mist.

Tips of willow leaves and plum calyxes

Are easily seen day by day.

So spring returns to the twigs in Moling (1).

But people such as I are getting old in Jiankang (1).

I have loved moonlight,

And written odes to the wind.

Growing old as I am now
I don't feel like doing these again.
My fate is like the scattered petals.
I find no joy in hanging up the feastival lanterns,
Nor either joy in walking around in the snow.
(1)Moling and Jiankang are both ancient names for Nanking.
(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《临江仙》（二）英译

庭院深深深几许，云窗雾阁春迟。为谁憔悴损芳姿。夜来春梦好，应是发南枝。
玉瘦檀轻无限恨，南楼羌管休吹。浓香吹尽有谁知。暖风迟日也，别到杏花肥。

Deep Hidden in My Courtyard—to the tune of Linjiangxian

How deep is my secluded courtyard?

My closed windows are in the clouds

And my attic is in the mist in late spring.

For whom does this fragrant beauty wither?

It appeared in my dream last night.

Its flowers on a southern branch are in full bloom.

Graceful, dainty are you.

You seem to have plenty of sorrow.

But don't blow the flute in the South Mansion (1),

For if you play

You will blow away the fragrance of the flowers.

Just wait until the wind grows soft,

And the sun shines warmer,

And the apricot flowers burst into full bloom.

(1)South Mansion: The flowers are blooming on a southern branch and the poet suggests that if one plays the flute in the southern part of the house, the notes would blow away the flowers fragrance.

（茅于美 译）

李清照·《武陵春·风住尘香花已尽》英译

风住尘香花已尽，日晚倦梳头。物是人非事事休，欲语泪先流。
闻说双溪春尚好，也拟泛轻舟。只恐双溪舴艋舟，载不动，许多愁。

Wulingchun

When the wind has settled the dust for the day,
And fragrant flowers and blossoms have reached their end,
I find myself too wearied to dress my hair,
Or, to my toilet, in my way, attend.

Nature provides the objective conditions—
For mankind's weal or woe, as may be the case.
If there is anything wrong, it is with man.
One is to speak when tears flow first down one's face.

I am told that in Shuangxi (1) spring still remains.
I have had the intention of boating there,
I am only afraid its craft, large or small,
Cannot be so heavily laden with care.

(1)Shuangxi: a river in Zhejiang Province
(徐忠杰 译)

Wu Ling Chun

The wind's stopped, the earth fragrant, but petals have fallen,
Rising late, I'm too weary to dress my hair.
Thought these remain, everything's meaningless since I lost my loved ones.
Before I can speak, tears flow down my cheeks.

I've heard spring is still beautiful at Double Brook,
I wish to go boating in a light canoe, too.
But I fear the little boat at Double Brook
Could not support all my sorrows. (杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

My Widowhood—to the tune of Wulingchun

The gentle breeze dropped.
The dust was perfumed from fallen petals.
The sun is high in the sky.
I feel too lazy to arrange my hair.
His belongings remain, but he is no longer here.
It will never be the same again, never.
My tears roll down, my words are choked.

I was told that in Twin Stream (1)

The Spring is still in its prime.

I would like to be there rowing in a boat.

But I wasn't. I was afraid that in Twin Stream

That grasshopper-boat (2) would be too light

To carry such a heavy load of sorrow. Oh!

(1)Twin Stream: Shuangxin, the name of a stream in the vicinity of Jinhua, Zhejiang Province, where Li Qingzhao had a lodge in her old age.

(2)Grasshopper Boat: A kind of small boat, the prow of which was shaped like a grasshopper (there was another version whose prow was shaped like a dragon). (茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《醉花阴 • 薄雾浓云愁永昼》英译

薄雾浓云愁永昼，瑞脑消金兽。佳节又重阳，玉枕纱橱，半夜凉初透。

东篱把酒黄昏后，有暗香盈袖。莫道不消魂，帘卷西风，人比黄花瘦。

With dense clouds hanging overhead,

Daylight has become almost gray.

Thin mist has added the effect—

Of a whole miserable day.

Burnt out is the little incense,

Coiled in the embossed metal urn.

To climb high somewhere marks the day,

Which itself marks the season's turn.

Porcelain pillows; gauze nets:

Aside must all such things be thrown.

When, at midnight or thereabouts,

One feels one is chilled to the bone.

With the evening almost gone,

I sip my wine near the east fence,

Where chrysanthemums are in bloom,

My sleeves hold a slight fragrance thence.

Let it not be said that my soul—

Is unstirred from drinking alone.

To be quite frank, to put it mild:

My present state of mind lacks tone.

What with curtains being folded—

By violent blasts from the west,

As compared with chrysanthemums,

I look slimmer e'en at my best. (徐忠杰 译)

Late Spring—to the tune of Rumengling

Last night, the raindrops fell sparsely,

The gusts of wind blew.

Deep sleep did not dispel the left-over taste of wine.

I asked my chambermaid as she rolled up my screen...

She replied: "The same begonias (1) are seen in the courtyard."

Don't you know, don't you know?

The green is getting thicker:

But the red is getting sparser.

(1) Begonias: A tropical plant having showy crimson flowers. Li Qingzhao uses it as a symbol of Spring's splendor. When Spring changes to Summer, the begonia flowers wither away. The poet is concerned for their fate. The last two lines are particularly well known, for they describe the season's change through a terse contrast of colours: the green of the leaves representing Summer and the red of the flowers representing Spring.

(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《蝶恋花 • 泪湿罗衣脂粉满》英译

泪湿罗衣脂粉满，四叠阳关，唱到千千遍。人道山长水又断，潇潇微雨闻孤馆。
惜别伤离方寸乱，忘了临行，酒盏深和浅，好把音书凭过雁，东莱不似蓬莱远。

At our parting—to the tune of Dielianhua
Tears and face-powder stained my silky dress.
Four reiterations of "The Sorrow of Parting" (1)
Were sung over and over again.
People say that the mountains are far from here,
But they are only half way to where you are.
All by yourself in the lonely inn,
Only soft raindrops could be heard.

My heart was so disturbed at our separation,
That I forgot to refill your wine cup.
Do send me a message with the wild geese.
Donglai in Shandong (2) is not as far as Penglai (3).

(1)Yangguan ("The Final Gate") : In old China, if someone left a place, usually his native city, his friends and relatives often sang this melancholy song to a musical accompaniment over again until he departed.

(2)Donglai, modern Laichou, in Shandong Province. Some traditions say that Li Qingzhao wrote this poem to her husband when he went to take up a magistracy in Donglai, while other traditions say the poem is addressed to her sister.

(3)Penglai is a mythical land where the Taoist immortals live.

(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《如梦令 • 常记溪亭日暮》英译

常记溪亭日暮，
沉醉不知归路。
兴尽晚回舟，
误入藕花深处。
争渡，争渡，
惊起一滩鸥鹭。

Rumengling

I often recall the brookside pavilion,
Where I was detained against the waning day.
I was so drunk that I couldn't know my way home.
But I had all the fun. Indeed, I was gay.

All the pleasure spent, I managed to return.
I plunged deep among water-lilies my sculls.
I struggled and struggled out of the tangle.
I thus alarmed a beach of herons and gulls. (徐忠杰 译)

Tune: "As in a Dream: Song"

Always I recall the river arbor at twilight,
so muddled with wine we didn't know the way back,
excitement over, heading home by evening boat,
a wrong turn taking us deep into lotus blossoms,
and struggling to push through,
struggling to push through,
we'd startle into flight a whole sandbar full of herons.

Tr. Burton Watson

Rowing a Boat—to the tune of Rumengling

I often recall the scene of the evening
In the harbour by the stream,
Heavily intoxicated from wine,
We returned by boat but lost our way.
Our boat rushed by mistake
Into the thickets of the blooming lotus.
Push the boat forward! Push the boat forward!
The gulls and egrets on the shore
Fly away frightened.
(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《永遇乐 • 落日熔金》英译

落日熔金，暮云合璧，人在何处？染柳烟浓，吹梅笛怨，春意知几许？元宵佳节，融和天气，次第岂无风雨？来相召，香车宝马，谢他酒朋诗侣。

中州盛日，闺门多暇，记得偏重三五。铺翠冠儿，捻金雪柳，簇带争济楚。如今憔悴，风鬟雾鬓，怕见夜间出去。不如向帘儿底下，听人笑语。

Like molten gold appears the setting sun;
Clouds at eve — like jade-blocks pieced into one.
Where are those ones, close and dear to my heart,
From whom, without mental pain, I couldn't part?

On the willow trees are sprouts, fresh and new,
But a heavy mist soon blots out the view.
Of leaves, plum trees are somehow mostly bare.
The song 'Falling Plum Flowers' — a doleful air.

How so little has Spring come to its own,
When, in the air, rings a dry, cheerless tone!
On this gala day, the weather proves mild.
Would it keep itself long from turning wild?

Friends would take me, on their cars, for a drive.
But to be excused from such, I contrive.
With them, fellow-poets would have me dine,
But such offers, I manage to decline.

Proud Bianjing (1), in its heyday, I recall;
Ladies at home had nothing at all.
On the Lantern Festival, they were keen.
Their hats — decked with jade of a lustrous green.
Their hair was done up in the proper way.
One vied with another, this very day.

(1)Bianjing: capital of the Northern Song Dynasty (960-1127), today's Kaifeng, Henan Province
徐忠杰 译)

To the Tune of Yong Yu Le

The setting sun like melted gold,
Evening clouds like jade,
But where has my love gone?
Dense mist hangs over the newly sprouted willow,

The melancholy tune of a flute lingers amidst plum blossoms.
But who knows this is but a glimpse of spring?
At the Lantern Festival,
The weather is fine,
But who knows if there will be not be a sudden storm?
A fragrant carriage with rare stallions has been sent to fetch me,
Yet I decline the invitation of my friends for wine and poetry.

In our country's prosperous days, in the capital,
I had plenty of leisure time as a girl;
I still remember my liking for the Lantern Festival.
My head adorned with jade,
Wearing ornaments of gold,
My new clothes were gorgeous.
But now I'm pale and sallow,
My hair ruffled by the wind, tinged grey by the mist,
I fear to go out at night.
Better to hide behind the bamboo curtain
Listening to the laughter of others.

（杨宪益、戴乃迭 译）

李清照 • 《浣溪沙 • 小院闲窗春已深》英译

小院闲窗春已深，重帘未卷影沉沉，倚楼无语理瑶琴。
远岫出云催薄暮，细风吹雨弄轻阴，梨花欲谢恐难禁。

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

Leisurely windows show in courtyard spring's grown old;
My bower's dark behind the curtains not uprolled.
Silent, I lean on rails and play on zither cold.

Clouds rise from distant hills and hasten dusk to fall;
The breeze and rain together weave a twilight pall.
I am afraid pear blossoms cannot stand at all.
(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《添字采桑子》英译

窗前谁种芭蕉树，阴满中庭；阴满中庭，叶叶心心，舒展有余情。
伤心枕上三更雨，点滴凄清；点滴凄清，愁损离人，不惯起来听。

The Banana Tree

—to the extended tune of Caisangzi
Who has planted the banana trees in front of my window?
Their shadows are shielding our courtyard.
Their shadows are shielding our courtyard.
Leaves, leaves (hearts hearts).
They unfurl as if they have feelings too.

I lean sadly against my pillow.
It rains during the midnight hours.
It rains during the midnight hours.
How can I bear sitting up and listening to these raindrops.
(茅于美 译)

李清照·《孤雁儿·藤床纸帐朝眠起》英译

小序：世人作梅词，下笔便俗，余试作一篇，乃知前言不妄耳。

藤床纸帐朝眠起，说不尽，无佳思。沈香烟断玉炉寒，伴我情怀如水。笛声三弄，梅心惊破，多少春情意。

小风疏雨萧萧地，又催下，千行泪。吹箫人去玉楼空，肠断与谁同倚？一枝折得，人间天上，没个人堪寄。

Nowhere to Send these Mume Blossoms—to the tune of Guyaner

When people write poems on mume blossoms, their lines cannot avoid the criticism of being "common-place descriptions". I tried to write one about them too, and realized that people criticized cannot be otherwise than true.

Arising from my canebed (1) and paper screen,

I can't express how I feel this morning.

The burning ghara-wood (2) smokes now and then,

Its jade censer becomes cold.

My heart keeps accord with it, is calm as water.

I play the flute to the tune of

"The Mume Blossom Song" (3) three times.

The heart of the blossoms breaks at a stroke.

How much sorrow of spring it shows.

A little breeze blows, tiny raindrops drip,

Lines of tears roll down my cheeks.

My jade-mansion (4) is empty without my flute-companion.

Who will lean against the rails with me?

I pluck a twig of mume blossoms.

To whom shall I send them?

I look from heaven and earth.

(1)Canebed: A kind of canopy bed.

(2)Ghara-wood: A kind of perfumed wood similar to sandal wood which spreads a sweet scent when burnt. During the Song Dynasty, wealthy women often burnt it in an animal-shaped censer.

(3)"The Mume Blossom Song": An ancient song praising the beauty of the mume blossoms, often accompanied by flute playing.

(4)Jade-mansion: In the kingdom of Chin, the daughter of Lord Mu was married to a flautist so good he was able to mimic the song of the phoenix (fenghuang). Mu built for him a special hall, the phoenix pavilion. One day while playing in the company of his wife, a phoenix came and carried them away. The illusion here is to Zhao Mingcheng who has departed, leaving Li Qingzhao behind.

(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《菩萨蛮 • 风柔日薄春犹早》英译

风柔日薄春犹早，夹衫乍著心情好。睡起觉微寒，梅花鬓上残。

故乡何处是？忘了除非醉。沉水卧时烧，香消酒未消。

Thinking of My Native Town—to the tune of Pusaman

Gentle breeze, dim sunshine.

We have an early Spring here.

I have put on a lighter lined suit.

My heart feels better.

Still chilly, I rose from sleep,

And mume flowers were withered in my hairpin.

Where is my native town?

Except in drunkenness, nostalgia is with me.

I burn the gharo-wood before bed time.

Its incense vanishes,

But the taste of left-over wine still remains.

（茅于美 译）

李清照 • 《怨王孙 • 帝里春晚》英译

帝里春晚，重门深院，草绿阶前，暮天雁断。楼上远信谁传？恨绵绵。

多情自是多沾惹，难拚舍。又是寒食也，秋千巷陌人静，皎月初斜，浸梨花。

In the Capital—to the tune of Yuangwangsun

Spring is late in the Imperial Capital,

My wooden doors are shut.

My courtyard is deeply hidden.

Grass turns green in front of my stepping-stone.

Lines of wild geese vanish from the evening sky,

Who will send afar my messages from my chamber (1)?

Sorrow, my recurrent sorrow.

One deep in love is by nature involved in trouble.

A hard thing to be free of.

Again the Cold-Food Festival (2) approaches.

The deep-hidden lane is empty.

A swing stands still.

The bright beams shine aslant

Soaking pear blossoms in moonlight.

(1)wild geese: The wild geese were traditionally said to be message carriers. It was said that when people wanted to communicate with each other, they bound their letters on the feet of the wild geese, and let them fly to their destination, just as we use doves for sending messages. The wild geese flying in formation are a common image in Ci poetry, because their formations spelt out words such as ren, a man or 一, the numeral one.

(2)"Cold Food Festival": According to Chinese history in ancient time, it happened in one of the kingdoms in north China. It was a spring day that the people were told not to eat cooked food for the memory of the death of a king's earlier friend. This was the beginning of story "Cold Food Festival".

As to the exact day of the Memorial Day, it was about on the previous day of the Traditional Qingmingjie, which is usually on the 4th or the 5th day of April each year.

(茅于美 译)

李清照 · 《浣溪沙 · 绣幕芙蓉一笑开》英译

绣幕芙蓉一笑开，斜偎宝鸭衬香腮。眼波才动被人猜。

一面风情深有韵，半笺娇恨寄幽怀。月移花影约重来。

Love at First Sight—to the tune of Huanxisha

The curtains open, the lotus embroidered on it smiling,

I pillow on the duck-shaped censer (1) with my cheeks resting on it.

When I cast my eyes down

My mind is guessed by others.

Love at first sight,

Letter follows, inviting him to come

When the moonbeams shine on the flowers.

(1)Censer: A duck-shaped vessel in which sandalwood is to burnt.

(茅于美 译)

李清照·《采桑子·晚来一阵风兼雨》英译

晚来一阵风兼雨，洗尽炎光，理罢笙簧，却对菱花淡淡妆。

绛消缕薄冰肌莹。雪膩酥香，笑语檀郎，今夜纱厨枕簟凉。

A Pleasant Cool Summer Day—to the tune of Caisangzi

The wind and the rain came suddenly in the evening.

They washed up the heat of Summers's rays.

Having played the sheng-huang (1) for a while,

I did a little make-up before the mirror.

A fine, sheer silky nightgown I wear

Which is so transparently thin...

It reveals one's white, soft and fresh skin

—Which glows fragrantly and smoothly as snow itself.

Thus I tell my beloved, smiling:

"It is sweet tonight, dear.

In our curtained cabinet,

our pillows and mat will be pleasantly cool."

(1)Sheng-huang: An ancient Chinese instrument comprised of a number of bamboo pipes in the shape of a hand and played with a metal reed (huang).

(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《怨王孙 • 湖上风来波浩渺》英译

湖上风来波浩渺，秋已暮，红稀香少。水光山色与人亲，说不尽，无穷好。

莲子已成荷叶老，青露洗，蘋花汀草。眠沙鸥鹭不回头，似也恨，人归早。

On the Lake—to the tune of Yuangwangsun

The waves sparkle as the wind blows on the lake.

As Autumn draws to its end

Red flowers are scarce and the fragrance seldom spreads.

The beauty of the landscape is so dear

And so magnificent, no words can express it.

Lotus — pods are ripe,

lotus leaves turn old.

The duckweed and grass on the sandbar are washed by dew.

The gulls and egrets sleeping on the sands

Refuse to turn their heads to us.

It seems that they regret also

For we depart from them too soon.

（茅于美 译）

李清照 • 《减字木兰花》英译

卖花担上，买得一枝春欲放，泪染轻匀，犹带彤霞晓露痕。
怕郎猜道，奴面不如花面好，云鬓斜簪，徒要教郎比并看。

A Branch of Flowers in Bud

—to the tune of Jian Zi Mulanhua

From a flower-stand,
I bought a branch of flowers in bud,
—A spray of spring's splendor.
It was sprinkled with drops of tears:
Its petals reflected the rosy colour and morning dew.

Lest my beloved say:
My face wasn't as fair as the flower.
I pinned the branch aslant in my hair,
And I insisted that he might look and compare
Which one is the "prettier"?

(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《点绛唇 • 寂寞深闺》英译

寂寞深闺，柔肠一寸愁千缕。惜春春去，几点催花雨。

倚遍阑干，只是无情绪。人何处，连天衰草，望断归来路。

Lovesickness

—to the tune of Dianjiangchun

Lonesome is my chamber,

My gentle heart, one inch wide,

Is wrapped in a thousand threads of sorrow (1).

I love the spring, but the spring is gone.

Some showers hasten the departure of the flowers.

Leaning against the railing posts one by one,

I am in low spirits.

Where are you?

I stare at the path by which you will return home,

Swallowed up by the green grass on the horizon.

(1) Here the poet has created a quick-witted image: a thousand threads of sorrow envelope a tiny heart only one inch wide.

(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《南歌子 • 天上星河转》英译

天上星河转，人间帘幕垂。凉生枕簟泪痕滋，起解罗衣，聊问夜何其。
翠贴莲蓬小，金销藕叶稀。旧时天气旧时衣，只有情怀，不似旧家时。

Oh, My Old-Time Dress

—to the tune of nangezi

The Star River (1) turns slowly in the sky,
Curtains over everyone's doors and windows hang closed.
My mat and pillow grow cold, soaked by tears.
I get up and untie my silky gown,
And ask: "How late has the night drawn?"

Ornaments of needlework are on my dress:
Green lotus seed pods embroidered on it.
A few lotus leaves on the golden silk.
Oh, the self-same weather as in the old days!
Oh, the self-same dress as in the old days!
Only my heart
Is not as in the old days!

(1)The Star River (Xinghe) is the Milky Way.

(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《如梦令 • 谁伴明窗独坐》 英译

谁伴明窗独坐？
我共影儿两个。
灯尽欲眠时，
影也把人抛躲，
无那，无那，
好个凄惶的我。

My Shadow

—to the tune of Rumengling

Who is sitting with me
Beside the bright window?
My shadow and I, only we two.
When the oil lamp goes off, time for bed,
My shadow abandons me also.
Helpless, helpless,
How lonely I am!

(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《清平乐 • 年年雪里》英译

年年雪里，常插梅花醉，挪尽梅花无好意，赢得满衣清泪。

今年海角天涯，萧萧两鬓生华。看取晚来风势，故应难看梅花。

Thinking of Mume Blossoms While Wandering

—to the tune of Qingpingyue

Year after year while it snowed,
I often drank to intoxication.
And I had the fresh Mume blossoms
Inserted in my hairpins,
I ruffed gently the Mume blossoms,
Till they turned to be withered petals,
When I felt sad, depressed,
Crystal tears dropped on my dress.

Now I wandered from place to place,
My hair turns grey on my temples.
Beware of the violent wind in the evening,
The Mume blossoms are in danger!

(茅于美 译)

李清照 • 《庆清朝慢 • 禁幄低张》英译

禁幄低张，彤栏巧护，就中独占残春。容华淡伫，绰约俱见天真。待得群花过后，一番风露晓妆新。妖娆态，妒风笑月，长殢东君。

东城边，南陌上，正日烘池馆，竞走香轮。绮筵散日，谁人可继芳尘？更好明光宫殿，几枝先近日边匀，金尊倒，拚了尽烛，不管黄昏！

Tune: "Congratulations for Clear Morning"

Beneath the curtain hanging low,
Behind the railings painted red,
Alone the peonies glow
In springtime not yet dead.
Discreet and decent looks the flower's face,
Innocent, tender, full of grace.
When other flowers fade from trees,
Steeped in the wind and dew,
In morning dress so fresh and new,
So charming, she would fascinate
The smiling moon and envious breeze,
And e'en the God of Sun would linger late.

In eastern town, on southern street,
So many scented carriages run
So fleet
Towards the poolside pavilions bathed in the sun.
After the sumptuous feast is o'er,
Who would adore
The fragrance when the flowers are on more?
O, better go to the place bright,
Where several branches still enjoy the sunlight.
Then let us fill our golden cup
And drink all night
Till candles are burned up!

（许渊冲 译）

李清照 · 《浣溪沙 · 淡荡春光寒食天》英译

淡荡春光寒食天，玉炉沈水袅残烟，梦回山枕隐花钿。
海燕未来人斗草，江梅已过柳生绵，黄昏疏雨湿秋千。

Tune: "Silk-washing Steam"

Spring sheds a mild and wild light on Cold Food Day;
Jade burner spreads the dying incense like a spray.
Waking, I find my hairpin under the pillow stray.

The swallows not yet come, a game of grass we play;
Willow down wafts while mume blossoms fade away.
In drizzling rain at dusk the garden swing won't sway.

（许渊冲 译）

李清照·《多丽》英译

小楼寒，夜长帘幕低垂。恨潇潇无情风雨，夜来揉损琼肌。也不似贵妃醉脸，也不似孙寿愁眉。韩令偷香，徐娘傅粉，莫将比拟未新奇！细看取、屈平陶令，风韵正相宜。微风起，清芬酝藉，不减酴醾。渐秋阑，雪清玉瘦，向人无限依依。似愁凝、汉皋解佩，似泪洒、纨扇题诗。朗月清风，浓烟暗雨，天教憔悴瘦芳姿。纵爱惜，不知从此，留得几多时？人情好，何须更忆，泽畔东篱？

Tune: "Rich in Beauty"

Cold is my little bower,
Long is the night behind low-hanging screen.
I hate the insensible wind and shower
Wrinkle and bruise all night long your jade-like skin.
You look unlike the queen's fair drunken face,
Nor a lady's bewitching frown,
Nor a powder-rejuvenated woman's grace,
Nor fragrance stolen for a talent of renown.
Do not compare them with you:
They are nor so uncommon, nor so new.
If we take a closer view,
We will find you allure
Just like two ancient poets pure.
When the breeze blows,
Your fragrance overflows,
No less sweet than wild rose.

When late autumn days fade,
You're pure as snow and thin as jade.
Unwilling to part from man,
Like pearls congealed with sorrow gained and lost again,
And tears shed on the autumn fan.
When the moon is bright,
And the breeze is light,
Or when the mist is thick and dark is rain,
Your beauty languishes as Heaven will.
Howe'er I love you, I do not know still
How long you can endure.
If our love should remain,
Why bear in mind the lakeside poets pure?

(许渊冲 译)

李清照·《青玉案·征鞍不见邯郸路》英译

征鞍不见邯郸路，莫便匆匆归去。秋风萧条何以度？明窗小酌，暗灯清话，最好留连处。
相逢各自伤迟暮，犹把新词诵奇句。盐絮家风人所许。如今憔悴，但余双泪，一似黄梅雨。

Tune: "Green Jade Cup"

Your steed can't see the way to glory vain.

Why hasten back and not remain?

How will you pass the dreary windy autumn day?

Drinking by window bright,

Taking by candlelight,

That's the best way for you to stay.

We meet to grieve over our years on the decline;

Still we're amused to read our startling line.

How can we compare snow to salt or willowdown!

Now we're languid and drear

In two streams of sad tears

Like drizzling rain when mums are brown.

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《殢人娇 • 后庭梅花开有感》英译

玉瘦香浓，檀深雪散，今年恨探梅又晚。江楼楚馆，云闲水远。清昼永，凭栏翠帘低卷。
坐上客来，尊中酒满，歌声共水流云断。南枝可插，更须频剪，莫直待西楼数声羌管。

Tune: "Weary Beauty"

Mume Blossoms in the Back Court

The fragile jades with fragrance dense appear

On sandalwood strewn with white snow.

To my regret, this year

You're late again to come to view mume flowers.

In riverside Southern bowers

You're free like cloud and stream to flow.

The day lengthens, I can but lean

On balustrade with lowly-uprolled curtain green.

Your guests may come to dine

And drink their cups of wine.

Your songs are loud

As water flowing into floating cloud.

But don't forget the sunny twigs of the mume tree!

They need you often to trim together with me.

Don't wait till in my western bower

I play the flute on the fall of mume flower!

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 · 《生查子·年年玉镜台》英译

年年玉镜台，
梅蕊宫妆困。
今岁未还家，
怕见江南信。

酒从别后疏，
泪向愁中尽。
遥想楚云深，
人远天涯近。

Tune: "Mountain Hawthorn"

Before my mirror decked with jade, from year to year,
Weary the toilets of mume blossom style appear.
This year he is not back as of yore;
I fear bad news may come from Southern shore.

Since he left, I have drunk less and less wine;
Tears melt into grief, more and more I pine.
I look on Southern Cloud on high;
He's farther away than the sky.

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《忆秦娥 • 临高阁》英译

临高阁，乱山平野烟光薄。烟光薄，栖鸦归后，暮天闻角。

断香残香情怀恶，西风催衬梧桐落。梧桐落，又还秋色，又还寂寞。

Tune: "A Maiden's Dream"

Viewed from the tower high,
The plain is strewn with hills which see the thin mist die.
See thin mist die
And dark crows rest
In their dark nest,
And hear the horn sadden the evening sky!

Incense burned and wine drunk, only my heart still grieves
To see the west wind hasten the fall of plane leaves.
Fall the plane leaves;
Again the autumn hue
And loneliness anew!

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《鹧鸪天 • 暗淡轻黄体性柔》英译

暗淡轻黄体性柔，情疏迹远只香留。何须浅碧深红色？自是花中第一流。
梅定妒，菊应羞，画栏开处冠中秋。骚人可煞无情思，何事当年不见收？

Tune: "Partridge in the Sky"

You are so tender, though of pale, light yellow hue;
Far from caress of heart and hand, fragrant are you.
How can you need the color of rose or green jade?
Beside you there're no beautiful flowers but fade.

Envious mums should grow;
Chrysanthemums feel shy;
By balustrades you blow
Under mid-autumn sky.
The poet Qu must be insensible of your beauty,
Or how could he forget to praise you was his duty?

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《瑞鹧鸪》英译

风韵雍容未甚都，尊前甘橘可为奴。谁怜流落江湖上？玉骨冰肌未肯枯。
谁教并蒂连枝摘？醉后明皇倚太真。居士擘开真有意，要吟风味两家新。

Tune: "Auspicious Partridge"

You are graceful though not sumptuous in the least,
Like mandarins called little oranges in the feast.
Who pities you planted by the riverside
With your jade-like bones and ice-like skin not yet dried?

You look as if twin branches on each other lean
Or the drunk emperor on his favorite queen.
On purpose the recluse puts you apart
So you may sing a true love song from heart to heart.

（许渊冲 译）

李清照 • 《摊破浣溪沙 • 揉破黄金万点轻》英译

揉破黄金万点轻，剪成碧玉叶层层。风度精神如彦辅，太鲜明。

梅蕊重重何俗甚？丁香千结苦粗生。熏透愁人千里梦，却无情。

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

Lengthened Form

Your blossoms like ten thousand golden grains so light,

Your leaves seem cut from thin sheets of emerald bright,

Your spirit as a mirror reflecting the sky,

Lofty and high.

How gaudy look the mume blossoms before your flowers!

From knotty shrubs of lilacs sorrow falls in showers.

Why should your fragrance wake me from my far-off dream?

Heartless you seem!

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《行香子 • 草际鸣蛩》英译

草际鸣蛩，惊落梧桐，正人间天上愁浓。云阶月地，关锁千重。纵浮槎来，浮槎去，不相逢。
星桥鹊驾，经年才见，想离情别恨难穷。牵牛织女，莫是离中？甚霎儿晴，霎儿雨，霎儿风？

Tune: "Song of Wafting Fragrance"

The crickets sing among the grass;
The planes surprised shed leaf on leaf.
Heaven as earth, alas!
Is thick with parting grief.
How hard it is to pass
The barriers paved by cloud and moonlight!
Although there come fairy rafts fleet
And go fairy rafts light,
How could the love-stars meet?

Across the bridge of stars made by magpies,
They would meet once a year in the skies.
Could tears of joy reveal
The love and grief they feel?
The Cowherd and Weaving Maid divine,
Though reunited, seem parted again,
Or why is it now fine,
Now blows the wind, now falls the rain?

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《渔家傲 • 雪里已知春信至》英译

雪里已知春信至，寒梅点缀琼枝腻，香脸半开娇旖旎，当庭际，玉人浴出新妆洗。
造化可能偏有意，故教明月玲珑地。共赏金尊沉绿蚁，莫辞醉，此花不与群花比。

Tune: "Pride of Fishermen"

Herald of spring in winter snow, mume flower, O you
Adore the crystalline branches with rosy hue
Of your half-open petals, like the profiled face
So full of grace,
Of a sweet bathing beauty in attire so new.

You find a special favor in Creator's eye;
The moon caresses you with pure beams from on high.
Golden wine cup in hand, let us enjoy the fair
And not declare
We're drunken, for her beauty is beyond compare.

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《瑞鹧鸪》英译

风韵雍容未甚都，尊前甘橘可为奴。谁怜流落江湖上？玉骨冰肌未肯枯。
谁教并蒂连枝摘？醉后明皇倚太真。居士擘开真有意，要吟风味两家新。

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You look as if twin branches on each other lean
Or the drunk emperor on his favorite queen.
On purpose the recluse puts you apart
So you may sing a true love song from heart to heart.
(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《菩萨蛮 • 归鸿声断残云碧》英译

归鸿声断残云碧，背窗雪落炉烟直。烛底凤钗明，钗头人胜轻。
角声催晓漏，曙色回斗牛。春意看花难，西风留旧寒。

Tune: "Buddhist Dancers"

Returning swans not heard, clouds break in azure skies;
Snow falls from window-sill, straight I see incense rise.
In candlelight my phoenix hairpin bright
Can't hold up golden flowers light.

The horns announce daybreak is near;
The twilight wanes, stars disappear.
Flowers won't bloom in early spring:
In the west wind cold's lingering.

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《浣溪沙 • 莫许杯深琥珀浓》英译

莫许杯深琥珀浓，未成沈醉意先融，疏钟已应晚来风。

瑞脑香消魂梦断，辟寒金小髻鬟松，醒时空对烛花红。

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

Don't fill my cup with amber wine up to the brim!

Before I'm drunk, my heart melts with yearning for him.

The breeze sows intermittent chimes in evening dim.

The incense burned, my dreams vanish in lonely bed;

My golden hairpin can't hold chignon on my head.

Woke up, I face in vain the flame of candle red.

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《浪淘沙 • 帘外五更风》英译

帘外五更风，吹梦无踪。画楼重上与谁同？记得玉钗斜拨火，宝篆成空。

回首紫金峰，雨润烟浓。一江春浪醉醒中。留得罗襟前日泪，弹与征鸿。

Tune: "Ripples Sifting Sand"

The wind at dawn outside the window-screen

Blows off my dream unseen.

Who would go up the painted bower with me again?

I still remember stoking the censer with my hairpin,

But now the incense disappears.

I turn off my head towards the Purple Golden Peak

Shrouded in mist and rain.

Drunk or awake, I see a riverful of tears.

Tear traces on my silk robe still remain,

But message-bearing swans are far to seek.

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《玉楼春 • 红酥肯放琼苞碎》英译

红酥肯放琼苞碎，探著南枝开遍未？不知酝藉几多香？但见包藏无限意。

道人憔悴春窗底，闷损阑干愁不倚。要来小酌便来休，未必明朝风不起。

Tune: "Spring in Jade Pavilion"

The red mume blossoms let their jade-like buds unfold.

Try to see if all sunny branches are in flower!

I do not know how much fragrance they enfold,

But I see the infinite feeling they embower.

You say I languish by the window without glee,

Reluctant to lean on the rails, laden with sorrow.

Come if you will to drink a cup of wine with me!

Who knows if the wind won't spoil the flowers tomorrow?

（许渊冲 译）

李清照 • 《摊破浣溪沙 • 病起萧萧两鬓华》英译

病起萧萧两鬓华，卧看残月上窗纱。豆蔻连梢煎熟水，莫分茶。

枕上诗书闲处好，门前风景雨来佳。终日向人多酝藉，木犀花。

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

Lengthened Form

After illness, I rise with grey hair on my head,
And see the waning moon through window screen from my bed.
Together with their twigs are boiled cardamom seed;
For tea there's no need.

On my pillow I may read books of verse at leisure;
The outdoor scene in rain may offer me new pleasure.
What comforts me all day long in my lonely hours
Is the laurel flowers.

(许渊冲 译)

李清照·《诉衷情·夜来沉醉卸妆迟》英译

夜来沉醉卸妆迟，梅萼插残枝。酒醒熏破春睡，梦远不成归。

人悄悄，月依依，翠帘垂。更挹残蕊，更撚馀香，更得些时。

A Sleepless Night—to the tune of Suzhongqing

Deeply drunk tonight,

I remove my hairwear late.

The mume-calyx (1) withers on my hairpin,

I awoke from my spring dream, recovered from the wine.

My dream of your return was cut short.

—Far, far away are you.

All is quiet on earth,

The moon shines with love.

Green curtains are drawn low.

So: I rub gently the withered mume-calyx,

So: I pick up the incense ash,

So: I pass the time in this way.

(1)Mume: Sometimes translated as "Plum flower". The flower has five petals, usually pink, sometimes white, and it had a secret, hidden fragrance, very common in Southern China. It blooms while there is still ice and snow on the ground and is therefore the symbol of early Spring.

(茅于美 译)

How Long Can You Wait
Settled down everything late
What a tipsy night
Dextrously arranged the plum calyces
I always made my vase-side bright

By the time
Soberly I was awoken
In the meantime
My homesick dream was broken

Here now
Stealthily quiet as it can be
And not merely
The moonlight endears me

Not until I lower the curtain
Snuff wick and light incense, mate
For such a short while
You have to wait

(黄彰位 译)

李清照 • 《一剪梅 • 红藕香残玉簟秋》英译

红藕香残玉簟秋。轻解罗裳，独上兰舟。云中谁寄锦书来？雁字回时，月满西楼。
花自飘零水自流。一种相思，两处闲愁。此情无计可消除，才下眉头，却上心头。

Yijianmei

'Tis autumn. Red lilies are fading fast.
The season for a mat in bed has passed.
I unloose my skirt; alone, I take a boat.
The present of wild geese suggests a note.
Who would, out of the clouds, drop me a line,
Unless it be that absent spouse of mine?
When they fly back in flocks, as they would soon,
O'er the west chamber will be the full moon.

Flower petals drift like wind, as it blows.
Without effort on man's part, water flows.
Love-bond is one, as between mates and friends.
Two such likes apart, they pine at both ends.
One can't obstruct this mutual flow of souls.
A lull — love re-shuttles between the poles. (徐忠杰 译)

A Short Separation—to the tune of Yijinamei

The fragrance of the red lotus has faded away.
Autumn chill seeped through my jade-like mat (1).
I loosened my silk robe to board my magnolia boat alone (2).
Who would send your messages through the clouds?
I looked up for the wild geese.
But in vain! As they returned in formation,
My west chamber was full of moonlight (3).

The faded petals are scattered away,
The water is flowing smoothly.
Must we share the same longing in two places?
This love, I am unable to evade:
—For when my eyebrows banish it,
It overruns my heart.

(1)Jade-like mat: The poet describes her straw mat as "jade-like," i.e., as cold as stone, because she is alone, and this light Summer mat is inappropriate to the chills of the approaching Autumn.

(2)Magnolia boat: Either a boat made of Asian magnolia wood, or one decorated with showy white magnolia blossoms.

(3)West chamber: Because the moon rises in the East, poets often refer to their buildings as a "west-chamber",

"west tower", "west window", and so on, when they look at the moon. (茅于美 译)

Love Thought

Li Qing-zhao

The pink lotus began fading

Yet fragrant smell lingering around its hat

I first felt autumn

From a cool bamboo mat

Loosening my dress

And my petticoat

How was I alone

Stepping up a rowing boat

When those swans were coming back

In the moonlight over my west chamber

Which one could bring me through the clouds

His lovely letter to remember

The flowers are withering now

And the rivers forever flow

The same love thought, alas

In two separate places grow

Thousand facets of love thought

I can't for a while keep them apart

The minute slipping down from my eyebrows

The moment going on to my heart

(黄彰位 译)

李清照·《凤凰台上忆吹箫》英译

香冷金猊，被翻红浪，起来慵自梳头。任宝奁尘满，日上帘钩。生怕离怀别苦，多少事，欲说还休。新来瘦，非干病酒，不是悲秋。

休休！这回去也，千万遍《阳关》，也则难留。念武陵人远，烟锁秦楼。惟有楼前流水，应念我，终日凝眸。凝眸处，从今又添，一段新愁。

Sorrow of Separation—to the tune of Fenghuangtai Shang Yichuixiao

The incense has burnt to ashes
In the lion-shaped censer of gold.
The surface of my red quilt tosses aslant
Like the waves of a lake.
I rise, lazy, to arrange my hair (1),
To dust off my mirror box:
I left the sun rise over the hooks of my curtains.
I am eager to talk, but stop doing so
For fear of the memories of our days together,
Now I grow thinner and thinner,
Not ill, not drunk,
Not lamenting parting autumn.

Let it be, let it be!
You had to leave this time.
Cycles of the "sorrow of the parting" can't hold you back.
I think of someone in Wuling (2), far away.
Distant haze hides the mansion in which I live.
Only the stream of running water in front of my pavilion
Should be concerned about me who gazes at it all day long.
I gaze at one point.
A heavy load of new sorrows will pile up that place from now on.

(1) In Li Qingzhao's time it was an elaborate and time-consuming process for a woman to arrange her hair and to put on her make-up. Often it was a procedure which the woman was too dispirited to undertake.

(2) Wuling: An old name for south China, here used metaphorically to express the great distance which separates Li Qingzhao from her husband.

(茅于美 译)

River and Gaze

Li Qing-zhao
When sandalwood ceased burning in a golden-lion burner
I was sleepless...kicking the rosy blanket into waves
Getting-up, absent-mindedly combing my hair

I knew not myself on earth or in the air

Let much dust spread over my dowry

I don't care to take a look

Let the sun hang high

On my drapery hook

What a departure

And how many words I wish to utter, not for fun

And yet

Not a word, none

I was not knowing anything

Some ne sorrow pulled me deeply in

Getting more skinny, not due to autumn or wine

Only I knew the reason of mine

All's over, over, this time as he went away

Though singing thousands "Don't Go" can't keep him stay

Viewing from my house, he was farther, farther into the night

The clouds and smoke locked up my bewildering sight

Gazing here and there I beat my own heartbeating band

Along a high-rise railing lonelily I stand

Should the river before my house ever understand why I gaze upon

And gaze upon it all the day long

(黄彰位 译)

李清照 • 《转调满庭芳》英译

芳草池塘，绿阴庭院，晚晴寒透窗纱。玉钩金锁，管是客来啥。寂寞尊前席上，惟人在海角天涯。能留否？酴醾落尽，犹赖有梨花。

当年曾胜赏，生香薰袖，活火分茶。看游龙娇马，流水轻车。不怕风狂雨骤，恰才称煮酒残花。如今也，不成怀抱，得似旧时那？

Tune: "Courtyard Full of Fragrance"

The pool fragrant with grass,
The courtyard shaded in green,
The evening sunshine after rain chills window screen,
Jade ring and lock of brass,
No guest would come, I'm lonely
Before a cup of wine.
We are far, far apart as earth from sky.
Can I remain, can I?
Fallen are all the petals of eglantine;
I have pear blossoms only.

In bygone years you had enjoyed with me,
Our sleeves perfumed with incense sweet,
Before the lively flame we shared the tea.
Outdoors might pass horses fleet,
And a long string of carriages light.
We did not fear the stormy wind and rain;
Drinking before seared flowers we would remain.
Alas! Tonight
Gone is the one whom I adore.

（许渊冲 译）

李清照 • 《浪淘沙 • 素约小腰身》英译

素约小腰身，不奈伤春。疏梅影下晚妆新。袅袅娉娉何样似？一缕轻云。
歌功动朱唇，字字娇嗔。桃花深径一通津。怅望瑶台清夜月，还送归轮。

Tune: "Ripples Sifting Sand"

How can your silk-girt waist so slender
Bear the grief of departing spring?
In the shade of mume blossoms you appear so tender.
What do you look like in your evening
Attire so fair and bright
But fleeting cloud so light?

You open rouged lips to sing,
Each word intoxicating,
Leading to the peach blossoms along the fountain,
And the jade terrace in the fairy mountain,
Where the goddess is waiting
To see the moon sink into the night.

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《行香子 • 天与秋光》英译

天与秋光，转转情伤，探金英知近重阳。薄衣初试，绿蚁新尝，渐一番风，一番雨，一番凉。
黄昏院落，凄凄惶惶，酒醒时往事愁肠。那堪永夜，明月空床！闻砧声捣，蛩声细，漏声长。

Tune: "Song of Wafting Fragrance"

A skyful of autumnal light
Deprives me more and more of my delight.
The golden blooms tell me the Double Ninth is nigh.
I try my autumn clothes plain,
And taste new wine with green-ant bubbles old.
A gust of wind comes by and by,
And then a gust of rain,
And then a gust of cold.

The evening courtyard would appear
So sad and drear.
The by-gones grieve me when I am sobered from wine.
How can I bear the endless night.
The empty bed and the moon bright!
To hear the washerwomen pound the clothes, I pine,
And then the crickets sing their song,
And then the waterclock drips along.

（许渊冲 译）

李清照 • 《菩萨蛮 • 绿云鬓上飞金雀》英译

绿云鬓上飞金雀，愁眉敛翠春烟薄。香阁掩芙蓉，画屏山几重？

窗寒天欲曙，犹结同心苣。啼粉污罗衣，问郎何日归？

Tune: "Buddhist Dancers"

On my green cloudlike hair a golden bird-pin flies down;

The thin vernal mist veils my eyebrows with a frown.

My lotuslike face in fragrant bower half seen,

How many hills are painted on the screen?

Dawn peeps into my window cold;

I weave a double heart, though might's grown old.

My silken dress is wet with tear on tear.

O when will you come back, O dear, my dear?

（许渊冲 译）

李清照 • 《如梦令 • 谁伴明窗独坐》英译

谁伴明窗独坐？我共影儿两个。灯尽欲眠时，影也把人抛躲。无那，无那，好个凄惶的我。

Tune: "Like a Dream"

Who'll sit before the bright window with me?

Only my shadow keeps my company.

The lamp put out, I go to bed, my shadow too

Will abandon me lonely.

What can I do?

What can I do?

There's left a dreary person only.

（许渊冲 译）

李清照 • 《浣溪沙 • 绣幕芙蓉一笑开》英译

绣幕芙蓉一笑开，斜偎宝鸭亲香腮，眼波才动被人猜。

一面风情深有韵，半笄娇恨寄幽怀，月移花影约重来。

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

Her lotuslike fair face brightens with a gleaming smile;

Beside a duck-shaded censer her fragrant cheeks beguile.

But when you see the winks,

You'll guess at what she thinks.

Her head inclined, her face

Reveals a hidden grace.

"To my regret," she writes, "you did not keep the date.

When flowers are steeped in moonlight, don't again be late!"

(许渊冲 译)

李清照 • 《浣溪沙 • 髻子伤春慵更梳》英译

髻子伤春慵更梳，晚风庭院落梅初。淡云来往月疏疏。

玉鸭薰炉闲瑞脑，朱樱斗帐掩流苏。通犀还解辟寒无？

Tune: "Silk-washing Stream"

My grief over parting spring leaves uncombed my hair;

In wind-swept court begin to fall mume blossoms fair.

The moon is veiled by pale clouds floating in the air.

Unlit the censer and unburnt the camphor stay;

The curtain, cherry red,

Falls with its tassels spread.

Could the rhino-horn keep my chamber's cold away?

（许渊冲 译）

岳飞·《小重山》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

昨夜寒蛩不住鸣。惊回千里梦，已三更。起来独自绕阶行。人悄悄，帘外月胧明。
白首为功名。旧山松竹老，阻归程。欲将心事付瑶琴。知音少，弦断有谁听？

Manifold Little Hills

Yue Fei

The autumn crickets chirped incessantly last night,
Breaking my dream homebound;
'T was already midnight.
I got up and alone in the yard walked around;
On window screen the moon shone bright;
There was no human sound.

My hair turns grey
For the glorious day.
In native hills bamboos and pines grow old.
O when can I see my household?
I would confide to my lute what I have in view,
But connoisseurs are few.
Who would be listening,
Though I break my lute string?

岳飞·《满江红·怒发冲冠》英译

怒发冲冠，
凭栏处，
潇潇雨歇。
抬望眼，
仰天长啸，
壮怀激烈。
三十功名尘与土，
八千里路云和月。
莫等闲，
白了少年头，
空悲切！

靖康耻，
犹未雪，
臣子恨，
何时灭！
驾长车踏破，
贺兰山缺。
壮志饥餐胡虏肉，
笑谈渴饮匈奴血。
待从头，
收拾旧山河，
朝天阙！

Hair on End

(Tune: "The River All Red")

Yue Fei (1)

Hair on end and shoving my hat,
In wrath I lean on th' balustrade,
While th' rain leaves off its pitter-pat.
Eyes fixed skyward, I sign long and loud.
A hero's fury fills my breast.
At thirsty, nothing achieved, unknown,
—but these to me are light as dust—
I've fought through eight-thousand li
Holding the field, under cloud and moon.
What I do mind, is not to let
My young head turn white in vain,
And be gnawed by empty sorrow then.

With the Jingkang Humiliation (2) yet
Unavenged, unredressed,
How can a subject's grievance be
Ever effaced from memory?
I'll send war-chariots rough-shod
Through the gorges of Mt. Helan;
To quench my thirst, I'd drink the blood
Of Huns, while laugh and chat I can;
Heroic minded, to satiate hunger,
I would make Tartars' flesh my fare.
'Til our lost land is all retrieved,
Then to the Imperial Palace, there
I'll make obeisance, relieved!

Notes:

(1) Yue Fei (1103-1141) is among the most revered and commemorated national heroes in Chinese history. He is chiefly remembered for his unswerving, staunch and successful resistance of the Jin (the Nu Zhen Nationality) invasions and his tragic end—murdered for his very merits. But what is handed down of his poetry can hold its own in the history of Chinese literature, as seen in the instance of this poem.

(2) The Jingkang Humiliation refers to the capture of the two emperors Qinzong and Huizong by the Jin invaders in 1127.

(王知还 译)

岳飞·《满江红·登黄鹤楼有感》英译

王知还 译

遥望中原，
荒烟外，
许多城郭。
想当年，
花遮柳护，
凤楼龙阁。
万岁山前珠翠绕，
蓬壶殿里笙歌作。
到而今，
铁蹄满郊畿，
风尘恶。
兵安在？
膏锋镞；
民安在？
填沟壑。
叹江山如故，
千村寥落。
何日请缨提锐旅，
一鞭直渡清河洛。
却归来，
再续汉阳游，
骑黄鹤

Meditations On The Yellow Crane

(Tune: "The River All Red")

To spy a vista of th' Central Plain,
From far away my eyes I strain.
Beyond the hazy wilderness
Are many wall-enclosed cities.
In years that had away declined,
There, flower-sheltered, willow-shaded,
Were gabled towers decorated
With phoenix-and-dragon designs.
Before the Imperial Hill were whirls
Of maids wearing emeralds and pearls;
And in the Royal Theatre, oft
Music and singing rose aloft.
But now, what can be there descried?

Rampant in the suburbs ride
Mail-clad invaders, kicking up dust
Like windstorms in awesome gusts.
What has become of our warriors?
They're turned to grease for blades of swords!
What has become of the people?
They're filling up gullies and fords!
The self-same landscape; I sign
That thousands of hamlets ruined lie!
O when, for sanction can I plead,
An army of crack troops to lead,
So as in one straight dash to cross
The River and the Lo, to clear
Up the alien, barbarous dross!
And then returning to, to resume
My Hangyang tour, then disappear
Astride the Yellow Crane, like fume!

唐婉 • 《钗头凤》英译

世情薄，
人情恶，
雨送黄昏花易落。
晓风乾，
泪痕残。
欲笺心事，
独语斜阑。
难，难，难！

人成各，
今非昨，
病魂常似秋千索。
角声寒，
夜阑珊。
怕人询问，
咽泪装欢。
瞒，瞒，瞒！

Phonexi Hairpin

Tang Wan

The world unfair,

True manhood rare.

Dust melts away in rain and blooming trees turn bare.

Morning wind high,

Tear traces dry.

I'd write to him what's in my heart;

Leaning on rails, I speak apart.

Hard, hard, hard!

Go each our ways!

Gone are our days.

My sick soul groans like ropes of swing which sways.

The horn blows cold;

Night has grown old.

Afraid my grief may be descried,

I try to hide my tears undried.

Hide, hide, hide!

(许渊冲 译)

陆游 • 《钗头凤》英译

红酥手，
黄滕酒。
满城春色宫墙柳。
东风恶，
欢情薄。
一怀愁绪，
几年离索。
错，错，错！

春如旧，
人空瘦。
泪痕红浥鲛绡透。
桃花落，
闲池阁。
山盟虽在，
锦书难托。
莫，莫，莫！

Tune: "Phoenix Hairpin"

Lu You (1125-1210)

Pink hands so fine,
Gold-branded wine,
Spring paints green willows palace walls cannot confine.
East wind unfair,
Happy times rare.
In my heart sad thoughts throng:
We've severed for years long.
Wrong, wrong, wrong!

Spring is as green,
In vain she's lean,
Her silk scarf soak'd with tears and red with stains unclean.
Peach blossoms fall
Near desert'd hall.
Our oath is still there, lo!
No word to her can go.
No, no, no!
(许渊冲 译)

Phoenix Hairpin

Pink hands so fine,
Gold-branded wine,
Spring paints the willows green palace walls can't confine.
East wind unfair,
Happy times rare.
In my heart sad thoughts throng;
We've been separated for years long.
Wrong, wrong, wrong!

Spring is as green,
In vain she's lean.
Her kerchief soaked with tears and red with stains unclean.
Peach blossoms fall
Near deserted hall.
Our oath is still there. Lo!
No words to her can go.
No, no, no! (许渊冲 新译)

Chai Tou Feng (1)

Red soft hand,
Yellow-seal wine(2).
A townful of spring
And willows over palatial walls.
East wind ill,
Joy of love cut short.
A lapful of sorrows,
And years of separation and solitude.
Wrong, wrong, wrong.

Spring as of old,
She looked lost and thin.
Tears drenched the mermaid-kerchief(3) red.
Peach blossoms fell,
Pavilions and Ponds deserted.
Oath of marriage still there,
But hard to post brocaded words(4).
No, no, no!

1) Lu You married Tang wan, his cousin, when he was about 20 years of age. The young couple loved each other

dearly. But Lu You's mother could not stand her daughter-in-law and forced her son to divorce her. It was a typical tragedy resulting from an arranged marriage. Several years later, Lu You accidentally ran into his ex-wife in Shenyuan Garden, a private garden located in Shaoxin City, Zhejiang Province. Tang Wan by then had remarried. It was said that during this encounter, Tang wan and Lu You talked to each other, and the latter even wrote a ci Chai Tou Feng to express his pain about the divorce. And Tang Wan is said to have written a ci to the same tune in response, which is also included here. Soon after this, Tang died of depression.

2) Yellow-seal wine is a kind of state-brewed wine, with a yellow seal on the jar.

3) Mermaid-kerchief is kerchiefs made of yarn said to be spun by mermaids.

4) "Bracaded words" usually refer to love letters.

(任治稷 余正 译)

陆游 • 《渔家傲 • 寄仲高》英译

东望山阴何处是？往来一万三千里。写得家书空满纸。流清泪，书回已是明年事。
寄词红桥桥下水，扁舟何日寻兄弟？行遍天涯真老矣。愁无寐，鬓丝几缕茶烟里。

Pride of Fishermen

For My Elder Cousin

Lu You

I gaze eastward: where is my native land?
I see but thousands of rivers and mountains stand.
I've written letter on letter but in vain
Having shed tear on tear,
I can receive no reply till next year.

I ask the running water under the bridge red
When my boat can go to find you at river's head.
I'm growing old by roaming to the end of the sky,
Sleepless I sigh,
Amid the tea and smoke only grey hairs remain.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

陆游 • 《双头莲》英译

华鬓星星，惊壮志成虚，此身如寄。萧条病骥。向暗里。消尽当年豪气。梦断故国山川，隔重重烟水。身万里。旧社凋零，青门俊游谁记。尽道锦里繁华，叹官闲昼永，柴荆添睡。清愁自醉。念此际、付与何人心事。纵有楚桡吴檣，知何时东逝？空怅望，鲈美菰香，秋风又起。

Double Lotus

For Fan Chengda

Lu You

My forehead dotted with sparks white,
I start to find my ambition hard to fulfill,
My life as parasite.
Like a steed drear and ill,
Swallowing up my pride of bygone years, I sigh
To find my native land only in dreams,
Severed by mountains and misty streams.
I'm far away,
Few friends still stay.
Who can remember the prime of our day gone by?

Though flourishing is the Silk Town,
I have few things to do early or late,
But sleep within closed gate.
I can but drink to drown
My grief, for now in whom can I confide?
Though there's east-going boat on boat,
When can my ship begin to float?
I long in vain
For fish and food of native land by riverside,
For the west wind rises again.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

陆游 • 《水调歌头 • 多景楼》英译

江左占形胜，最数古徐州。连山如画，佳处缥缈著危楼。鼓角临风悲壮，烽火连空明灭，往事忆孙刘。
千里曜(yào)戈甲，万灶宿貔貅(pí)貅(xiū)。
露沾草，风落木，岁方秋。使君宏放，谈笑洗尽古今愁。不见襄阳登览，磨灭游人无数，遗恨黯难收。
叔子独千载，名与汉江流。

Prelude to Water Melody

The Multi-Viewed Tower

Lu You

Of scenic spots on eastern riverside,
None's better than Xu State so far and wide.
Hill on hill like a scroll,
A frowning tower overlooks where the waves roll.
Drums beat and horns blow long in the breeze sad and strong.
The beacon fire now dim now bright kindles the sky.
How can I not remember generals of fame high?
For miles and miles they wielded spears;
In open air slept brave compeers.

Grass wet with dew,
Leaves fall in breeze
Of autumn hue.
Your spirits high
In laughter wash away all sorrow old and new.
I see not heroes of the days gone by.
What can today's visitors do?
It is a lasting regret hard to appease.
But you alone can leave a thousand years' name;
As long as rivers flow will last your fame.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

陆游 • 《鹊桥仙 • 夜闻杜鹃》英译

茅檐人静，蓬窗灯暗，春晚连江风雨。林莺巢燕总无声，但月夜、常啼杜宇。
催成清泪，惊残孤梦，又拣深枝飞去。故山犹自不堪听，况半世、飘然羁旅！

Immortal at the Magpie Bridge

Lu You

Under the thatched eaves all's still at night;
By the straw window flickers candlelight,
While wind and rain o'erspread the river in late spring.
Nor orioles nor swallows in their nests will sing,
But I hear the cuckoos' cry
Oft rend the moonlit sky.

Urging clear tears to stream
And startling me from lonely dream.
Away to deep-hidden branch they fly.
Even in native hills I could not stand their song,
Let alone after half my life drifting along.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

陆游 • 《蝶恋花》英译

桐叶晨飘蛩夜语。旅思秋光，黯黯长安路。忽记横戈盘马处，散关清渭应如故。
江海轻舟今已具，一卷兵书，叹息无人付。早信此生终不遇，当年悔草《长杨赋》。

Butterflies in Love with Flowers

Lu You

The plane's leaves fall at dawn and crickets chirp at night

In dreary autumn light.

Leaving for capital, I make my gloomy way,

Remembering the day

When I rode on my horse and wielded my spear.

The Western Pass should stand still and the stream as clear.

I would float on the sea as I wished before.

To whom can I confide my book on the art of war?

If I had known I'd meet in life no connoisseur.

Why should I have advised in vain the emperor?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

陆游 • 《木兰花 • 立春日作》英译

三年流落巴山道，破尽青衫尘满帽。身如西瀼渡头云，愁抵瞿塘关上草。
春盘春酒年年好，试戴银幡判醉倒。今朝一岁大家添，不是人间偏我老。

Magnolia Flower

Spring Day

Lu You

A roamer from the east to the west for three years,
Worn out in my blue gown, dusty my hat appears.
Like floating cloud over the ferry of west stream,
Or grass overgrown in Three Gorges, my grief would seem.

From year to year spring plate is as good as spring wine;
We vie to be drunk adorned with ribbons fine.
All of us have grown older by one year today;
I'm not the only one to olden in my way.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

陆游 • 《临江仙 • 离果州作》英译

鸠雨催成新绿，燕泥收尽残红。春光还与美人同：论心空眷眷，分袂却匆匆。
只道真情易写，那知怨句难工。水流云散各西东。半廊花院月，一帽柳桥风。

Riverside Daffodils

Leaving Guozhou

Lu You

The drizzling rain hastens grass to green the place;

Swallows peck clods blended with fallen red.

Spring is as beautiful as a rosy face;

With a lingering heart

She's unwilling to part.

I thought true feeling easy to paint;

But know not it's hard to voice a complaint.

Water flows east or west and clouds wide spread,

Flowers in the yard steeped in moonlight,

On willowy bridge my hat is filled with breeze light.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

陆游 • 《谢池春》英译

壮岁从戎，曾是气吞残虏。阵云高、狼烽夜举。朱颜青鬓，拥雕戈西戍。笑儒冠，自来多误。
功名梦断，却泛扁舟吴楚。漫悲歌、伤怀吊古。烟波无际，望秦关何处？叹流年又成虚度。

Spring on the Pool

Lu You

Adult, I served in the army long ago,
The breath I exhaled would swallow the beaten foe.
War clouds rose higher,
At night burned beacon fire.
With reddened face, black hair and sharpened spear,
We marched to the west frontier.
But my scholar's habit has hindered my career.

Awake from my wild dream,
I float my leaflike boat on Southern stream.
Singing the plaintive lays,
I think of heroes of bygone days.
On boundless misty waves, alas!
Where can I find the ancient Pass?
In vain I've passed another year.
(许渊冲、许明 译)

陆游 • 《夜游宫 • 记梦寄师伯浑》英译

雪晓清笳乱起，梦游处、不知何地。铁骑无声望似水。想关河：雁门西，青海际。

睡觉寒灯里，漏声断、月斜窗纸。自许封侯在万里。有谁知，鬓虽残，心未死！

Palace Visited at Night

A Dream

On snowy morning I hear flute on flute pell-mell

Where did I dream? I know not well.

I seemed to see a flood of silent cavaliers

On the northern frontiers,

West of the Wild Geese Pass

By desert-side, alas!

Awake, I only find cold candlelight,

The water clock no longer goes,

At my paper window peeps the slanting moonlight.

I promised to win victory far away.

But, O, who knows?

My hope sinks dead, my hair turns grey.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

陆游 • 《卜算子 • 咏梅》英译

驿外断桥边，寂寞开无主。已是黄昏独自愁，更著风和雨。
无意苦争春，一任群芳妒。零落成泥碾作尘，只有香如故。

Ode to the Plum Blossom—to the tune of Bu Suan Zi

by Lu You

Outside the post-house, beside the broken bridge,
Alone, deserted, a flower blooms.
Saddened by her solitude in the falling dusk,
She is assailed by wind and rain.

Let other flowers be envious!
She craves not Spring for herself alone.
Her petals may be ground in the mud,
But her fragrance will endure.

陆游 • 《诉衷情》英译

当年万里觅封侯，匹马戍梁州。关河梦断何处？尘暗旧貂裘。
胡未灭，鬓先秋，泪空流。此生谁料，心在天山，身老沧洲！

Tune: "Telling of Innermost Feelings"

by Lu You

Years ago I travelled ten thousand miles in search of honour;
Riding alone, I guarded the Liangzhou frontier.
Where are my broken dreams of mountain passes and rivers?
Dust has darkened my old stable coat.

The Tartars have not been defeated,
My hair has turned grey first.
My tears flow in vain.
Who would have thought that in this life
My heart should be with the Tian Mountains
And my body grow old by the seashore!

Tr. James J. Y. Liu

辛弃疾 • 《鹧鸪天 • 送人》英译

唱彻《阳关》泪未干，
功名馀事且加餐。
浮天水送无穷树，
带雨云埋一半山。

今古恨，几千般，
只应离合是悲欢？
江头未是风波恶，
别有人间行路难。

Partridges in the Sky
Farewell to a Friend
Xin Qiji

Tears are not dried after the songs of adieu.
Take meals and let no cares worry you.
The boundless water flows along endless trees high,
Half of the mountains buried in the cloudy sky.

Weal and woe, old and new,
Joy to meet, grief to part, all come in view.
Not only waves will rise by riverside,
The way of the world is hard far and wide.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

辛弃疾 • 《最高楼》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

吾拟乞归，犬子以田产未置止我，赋此骂之。

吾衰矣，须富贵何时？富贵是危机。暂忘设醴抽身去，未曾得米弃官归。穆先生，陶县令，是吾师。

待葺个园儿名“佚”老。更作个亭儿名“亦好”。闲饮酒，醉吟诗。千年田换八百主，一人口插几张匙？

便休休，更说甚，是和非！

The Highest Tower

Xin Qiji

I am old now.

Do I care for wealth and rank the world prizes?

Wealth and rank would lead to crisis

Mu left the king who neglected to serve him wine,

And Tao would not bow for his stipend but resign.

Master Mu,

Prefect Tao

I'll learn from you.

I'll build a garden called "Recluse"

And a pavilion where I may do what I choose.

I'll drink at leisure.

And chant with pleasure.

Land changes hands from year to year in north and south.

How many spoonfuls could one put at once in his mouth?

Stop your old song!

Do not tell me what's right or wrong!

辛弃疾 • 《贺新郎》英译

同父见和，再用韵答之，老大那堪说。似而今、元龙臭味，孟公瓜葛。我病君来高歌饮，惊散楼头飞雪。
笑富贵千钧如发。硬语盘空谁来听？重进酒，换鸣瑟。
事无两样人心别。问渠侬：神州毕竟，几番离合？汗血盐车无人顾，千里空收骏骨。正目断关河路绝。
我最怜君中宵舞，道“男儿到死心如铁”。看试手，补天裂。

Congratulations to the Bridegroom

Xin Qiji

In Reply to Chen Liang

What shall I say with my old age in view?

I have but close relations and friendship with you.

Ill when you came, I rose and crooned, we drank by day;

The startled snow on the roof flew away.

We laughed at rank and wealth as light as hair.

Who would listen to our brave words in the air?

I remember when night was deep,

Only the moon into my west window would peep.

We drank our wine again and played on lute in vain.

Minds differ on one and the same thing.

I would ask them an answer to bring.

How many times has our sacred land been united

Or divided?

A fast steed used as a draft horse would lose its breath.

Should its value be unknown till its death?

I stretch my eyes to find the broken way

And admire you dancing before the break of day.

A hero should not fear to look death in the eye.

See how we try

To mend the sky!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《西江月 • 夜行黄沙道中》英译

明月别枝惊鹊，清风半夜鸣蝉。稻花香里说丰年，听取蛙声一片。七八个星天外，两三点雨山前。旧时茅店社林边，路转溪桥忽见。

The Moon over the West River

Xin Qiji

Startled by magpies leaving the branch in moonlight,

I hear cicadas shrill in the breeze at midnight.

The ricefields' sweet smell promises a bumper year;

Listen, how frogs' croaks please the ear!

Beyond the clouds seven or eight stars twinkle;

Before the hills two or three raindrops sprinkle.

There is an inn beside the village temple. Look!

The winding path leads to the hut beside the brook.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《千年调》英译

开山径得石壁，因名曰苍壁。事出望外，意天之所赐邪，喜而赋。

左手把青霓，右手挟明月。吾使丰隆前导，叫开阊阖。周游上下，径入寥天一。览县圃，万斛泉，千丈石。

钧天广乐，燕我瑶之席。帝饮予觞甚乐，赐汝苍壁。嶙峋突兀，正在一丘壑。余马怀，仆夫悲，下恍惚。

Song of a Thousand Years

The Green Rock

Xin Qiji

In my left hand I hold the rainbow bright

And I bring down the moon with my right.

I order the Thunder God to go before

To open for me the celestial door.

I go up and down, far and nigh,

Become one with the only and lonely sky.

I see the hanging mountain

And the inexhaustible fountain,

And the green rock of a thousand feet high.

Hearing heavenly music played,

I'm feasted by the Pool of jade.

Our Lord invites me to wine

And gives me a mini-cliff divine.

Rugged and steep,

It epitomizes mountain high and valley deep.

My horse won't leave,

My servant seems to grieve.

Awake, I don't believe.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《清平乐 • 村居》英译

茅檐低小，溪上青青草。醉里吴音相媚好，白发谁家翁媪。

大儿锄豆溪东，中儿正织鸡笼；最喜小儿无赖，溪头卧剥莲蓬。

Pure Serene Music

Xin Qiji

The thatched roof slants low,

Beside the brook green grasses grow.

Who talks with drunken Southern voice to please?

White-haired man and wife at their ease.

East of the brook their eldest son is hoeing weeds;

Their second son now makes a cage for hens he feeds.

How pleasant to see their spoiled youngest son who heeds

Nothing but lies by brookside and pods lotus seeds!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《清平乐 • 检校山园书所见》英译

连云松竹，万事从今足。拄杖东家分社肉，白酒床头初熟。

西风梨枣山园，儿童偷把长竿。莫遣旁人惊去，老夫静处闲看。

Pure Serene Music

Hillside Garden

Bamboos and pines extend to the clouds far and wide:

From now on, with all I am satisfied

Cane in hand, I go east to take my share of meat:

At the head of my bed the first brew of wine sweet.

The west wind ripens pears and dates in hillside land:

Children come stealthily long pole in hand.

Do not scare them out of their pleasure!

I will sit quietly at leisure.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《鹧鸪天 • 壮岁旌旗拥万夫》英译

有客慨然谈功名，因追念少年时事，戏作。

壮岁旌旗拥万夫，锦檐突骑渡江初。燕兵夜娖银胡簋，汉箭朝飞金仆姑。

追往事，叹今吾，春风不染白髭须。却将万字平戎策，换得东家种树书。

Partridges in the Sky

While young, beneath my flag I had ten thousand knights;

With these outfitted cavaliers I crossed the river.

The foe prepared their silver shafts during the nights;

During the days we shot arrows from golden quiver.

I can't call those days back

But sigh over my plight;

The vernal wind can't change my hair from white to black.

Since thwarted in my plan to recover the lost land,

I'd learn from neighbors how to plant fruit trees by hand.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾·《贺新郎》英译

陈同父自东阳来过余，留十日。与之同游鹅湖，且会朱晦庵于紫溪，不至，飘然东归。既别之明日，余意中殊恋恋，复欲追路。至鹭鸶林，则雪深泥滑，不得前矣。独饮方村，怅然久之，颇恨挽留之正是遂也。夜半投宿吴氏泉湖四望楼，闻邻笛悲甚，为赋《贺新郎》以见意。又五日，同父书来索词，心所同然者如此，可发千里一笑。

把酒长亭说。

看渊明、风流酷似，

卧龙诸葛。

何处飞来林间鹊，

蹙踏松梢微雪。

要破帽多添华发。

剩水残山无态度，

被疏梅料理成风月。

两三雁，也萧瑟。

佳人重约还轻别。

怅清江、天寒不渡，

水深冰合。

路断车轮生四角，

此地行人销骨。

问谁使、君来愁绝？

铸就而今相思错，

料当初、费尽人间铁。

长夜笛，莫吹裂。

Congratulations to the Bridegroom

Written for Chen Liang

Xin Qiji

Wine cup in hand, at Long Pavilion I say

About poet Tao's style and way

Like the premier's of ancient day.

From where comes the magpie in flight,

Treading on the tip of pine covered with snow slight,

Which falls on my cap worn and adds to my hair white?

The hills and rills desolate appear,

Only sparse mume blossoms blow in the breeze

And shiver in moonlight.

Two or three wild geese

Look also sad and drear.

Of parting and not meeting we made light,

I regret on river clear I was lost,
In weather cold it can't be crossed.
For water deep-frozen into ice won't flow.
The road is broken and no wheels can forward go;
Coming back, I'm frozen to the bone.
Saddened why should I have come alone?
My yearning is so strong,
Can I for you not long?
Now hearing at night the flute song,
I fear our parting might be wrong.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《阮郎归》英译

耒阳道中为张处父推官赋

山前灯火欲黄昏，

山头来去云。

鹧鸪声里数家村，

潇湘逢故人。

挥羽扇，整纶巾，

少年鞍马尘。

如今憔悴赋招魂，

儒冠多误身。

The Lovers' Return--Meeting a Friend on My Way to Luoyang

At the foot of the hills lamplights hasten nightfall;

Over the hills clouds come and go like a pall.

Passing the village, I hear the partridge's homesick song,

I'm glad to meet an old friend on my journey long.

Head cover with silk hood, a feather fan in hand,

While young, our steeds raised dust on the land.

Now languid, we're in spirits low,

The scholar's habit has brought us woe.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《破阵子》英译

醉里挑灯看剑，
梦回吹角连营。
八百里分麾下炙，
五十弦翻塞外声，
沙场秋点兵。

马作的卢飞快，
弓如霹雳弦惊。
了却君王天下事，
赢得生前身后名。
可怜白发生！

Dance of the Cavalry

Xin Qiji

Though drunk, we lit the lamp to see the glaive;
Sober, we heard the horns from tent to tent.
Under the flags, beef grilled
Was eaten by our warriors brave
And martial airs were played by fifty instruments:
'T was an autumn maneuver in the field.

On gallant steed,
Running full speed,
We'd shoot with twanging bows
Recovering the lost land for the sovereign,
'Tis everlasting fame that we would win.
But alas! White hair grows!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《卜算子 • 漫兴》 英译

千古李将军，
夺得胡儿马。
李蔡为人在下中，
却是封侯者。
芸草去陈根，
笕竹添新瓦。
万一朝家举力田，
舍我其谁也？

Song of Divination

Random Thoughts

Xin Qiji

Long, long ago General Li was famed for his force,
Captive, he escaped by taking a Tartar horse.
Another Li was a man of common clay,
Yet he became minister ennobled in his day.

I mow the root of grass wet with dew,
And cleave bamboo to make tiles new.
If the court needed men to till the land,
I would be the best hand.

许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾·《永遇乐·京口北固亭怀古》英译

千古江山，英雄无觅，孙仲谋处。舞榭歌台，风流总被，雨打风吹去。斜阳草树，寻常巷陌，人道寄奴曾住。想当年，金戈铁马，气吞万里如虎。
元嘉草草，封狼居胥，赢得仓皇北顾。四十三年，望中犹记，烽火扬州路。可堪回首，佛狸祠下，一片神鸦社鼓。凭谁问：廉颇老矣，尚能饭否？

Joy of Eternal Union

Xin Qiji

The land is boundless as of yore,
But nowhere can be found
A hero like the king defending southern shore.
The singing hall, the dancing ground,
All gallant deeds now sent away
By driving wind and blinding rain!
The slanting sun sheds its departing ray
O'er tree-shaded and grassy lane
Where lived the Cowherd King retaking the lost land.
In bygone years,
Leading armed cavaliers,
With golden spear in hand,
Tigerlike, he had slain
The foe on the thousand-mile Central Plain.

His son launched in haste a northern campaign;
Defeated at Mount Wolf, he shed his tears in vain.
I still remember three and forty years ago
The thriving town destroyed in flames by the foe.
How can I bear
To see the chief aggressor's shrine
Worshipped 'mid crows and drumbeats as divine?
Who would still care
If an old general
Is strong enough to take back the lost capital?
Where is the Central Plain?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《清平乐 • 忆吴江赏木樨》 英译

少年痛饮，
忆向吴江醒。
明月团团高树影，
十里水沉烟冷。
大都一点宫黄，
人间直恁芬芳。
怕是秋天风露，
染教世界都香。

Pure Serene Music

To Laurel Flowers Enjoyed at Wujiang

While young, I drank till drunk, awake from dream,
I remember I found in face the Southern Stream.
The full moon cast your shadow all around
On mist-veiled water deep, flowing without a sound.

Only a yellow dot of mirth
Spreads so much fragrance on earth.
Dyed in autumn breeze and dew,
You would give the whole world a perfume new.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《丑奴儿 • 书博山道中壁》 英译

少年不识愁滋味，
爱上层楼。
爱上层楼，
为赋新词强说愁。

而今识得愁滋味，
欲说还休。
欲说还休，
却道天凉好个秋。

Song of Ugly Slave

While young, I knew no grief I could not bear;
I'd like to go upstairs.
I'd like to go upstairs
To write new verses with a false despair.

I know what grief is now that I am old;
I would not have it told.
I would not have it told,
But only say I'm glad that autumn's cold.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《鹧鸪天 • 壮岁旌旗拥万夫》英译

有客慨然谈功名，因追念少年时事，戏作。

壮岁旌旗拥万夫，锦檐突骑渡江初。燕兵夜娖银胡篥，汉箭朝飞金仆姑。

追往事，叹今吾，春风不染白髭须。却将万字平戎策，换得东家种树书。

Partridges in the Sky

While young, beneath my flag I had ten thousand knights;

With these outfitted cavaliers I crossed the river.

The foe prepared their silver shafts during the nights;

During the days we shot arrows from golden quiver.

I can't call those days back

But sigh over my plight;

The vernal wind can't change my hair from white to black.

Since thwarted in my plan to recover the lost land,

I'd learn from neighbors how to plant fruit trees by hand.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《鹧鸪天》英译

游鹅湖，醉书酒家壁，春入平原荠菜花，新耕雨后落群鸦。多情白发春无奈，晚日青帘酒易赊。
闲意态，细生涯，牛栏西畔有桑麻。青裙缟袂谁家女，去趁蚕生看外家。

Partridges in the Sky

Written on the Wall of a Wine Shop

Spring comes to the plain with shepherd's purse in flower,
A flock of crows fly down on new-tilled fields after shower.
What could an old man with young heart do no days fine?
At dusk he drinks on credit in the shop of wine.
People with ease
Do what they please.
West of the cattle pen there're hems and mulberries.
Why should the newly-wet in black skirt and white coat run
To see her parents before cocoons are spun?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《清平乐 • 独宿博山王氏庵》英译

绕床饥鼠，蝙蝠翻灯舞。屋上松风吹急雨，破纸窗间自语。

平生塞北江南，归来华发苍颜。布被秋宵梦觉，眼前万里江山。

Pure Serene Music

Around the bed run hungry rats;

In lamplight to and fro fly bats.

On pine-shaded roof the wind and showed rattle;

The window paper scraps are heard to prattle.

I roam from north to south, from place to place,

And come back with grey hair and wrinkled face.

I woke up in thin quilt on autumn night;

The boundless land I dreamed of still remains in sight.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《八声甘州》英译

夜读《李广传》，不能寐。因念晁楚老、杨民瞻约同居山间，戏用李广事，赋以寄之。
故将军饮罢夜归来，长亭解雕鞍。恨灞陵醉尉，匆匆未识，桃李无言。射虎山横一骑，
裂石响惊弦。落托封侯事，岁晚田间。

谁向桑麻杜曲，要短衣匹马，移住南山？看风流慷慨，谈笑过残年。汉开边、功名万里，甚当时、健者
也曾闲？纱窗外、斜风细雨，一阵轻寒。

Eight Beats of Ganzhou Song

On Reading General Li Guang's Biography

The flying General was famed for his force.

When drunk, he came back at night,

At Long Pavilion unsaddled his horse.

But the officer drunk knew not the hero bright,

So the general stood without speech

Like plum or peach.

His galloping steed

Crossed the mountain in speed,

Taking a cock for a tiger, he twanged his string tight

And pieced the stone.

Not ennobled late in years, unknown,

He lived in countryside, alone.

Who would live in the fields with wine,

In short coat or on a horse fine,

And move to the foot of the southern hill?

Valiant and fervent still,

I'd pass in laughter the rest of my years.

On the thousand-mile-long frontiers,

How many generals won a name!

But the strongest was not ennobled with his fame.

Out of my window screen the slanting breeze

And drizzling rain would freeze.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾 • 《南乡子 • 望京口北固亭有怀》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

何处望神州？满眼风光北固楼。千古兴亡多少事？悠悠，不尽长江滚滚流。
年少万兜鍪，坐断东南战未休。天下英雄谁敌手？曹刘。生子当如孙仲谋！

Song of the Southern Country

Xin Qiji

I gaze beyond the Northern Tower in vain.
It has seen dynasties fall and rise
As time flies
Or as the endless river rolls before my eyes.

While young,
Sun had ten thousand men at his command;
Steeled in battles, he defended the southeastern land.
Among his equals in the world, who were heroer true
But Cao and Liu?
And even
Cao would have a son like Sun Zhongmou.

辛弃疾·《水龙吟 登建康赏心亭》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

楚天千里清秋，水随天去秋无际。遥岑远目，献愁供恨，玉簪螺髻。落日楼头，断鸿声里，江南游子。
把吴钩看了，栏杆拍遍，无人会，登临意。

休说鲈鱼堪脍，尽西风、季鹰归未？求田问舍，怕应羞见，刘郎才气。可惜流年，忧愁风雨，树犹如此！
倩何人唤取红巾翠袖，搵英雄泪？

Water Dragon's Chant

Xin Qiji

The southern sky for miles and miles in autumn dye
And boundless autumn water spread to meet the sky,
I gaze on far-off northern hills
Like spiral shells or hair décor of jade,
Which grief or hatred overfills.
Leaning at sunset on balustrade
And hearing a lonely swan's song,
A wanderer on southern land,
I look at my precious sword long
And pound all the railings with my hand,
But nobody knows why
I climb the tower high.

Don't say for food The peach is good!
When west winds blow,
Why don't I homeward go?
I'd be ashamed to see the patriot,
Should I retire to seek for land and cot.
I sigh for passing years I can't retain;
In driving wind and blinding rain
Even an old tree grieves.
To whom then may I say
To wipe my tears away
With her pink handkerchief or her green sleeves?

辛弃疾 • 《鹧鸪天》英译

陌上柔桑破嫩芽，
东邻蚕种已生些。
平岗细草鸣黄犊，
斜日寒林点暮鸦。

山远近，路横斜，
青旗沽酒有人家。
城中桃李愁风雨，
春在溪头荠菜花。

Partridges in the Sky
Xin Qiji

The tender twigs begin to spout along the lane;
The silkworm's eggs of my east neighbor have come out.
The yellow calves grazing fine grass bawl on the plain;
At sunset in the cold forest crows fly about.

The mountains extend far and near;
Lanes crisscross there and here.
Blue streamers fly where wine shops appear.
Peach and plum blossoms in the town fear wind and showers,
But spring dwells by the creekside where blossom wildflowers.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

辛弃疾·《青玉案·元宵》英译

东风夜放花千树，
更吹落，星如雨。
宝马雕车香满路。
凤箫声动，
玉壶光转，
一夜鱼龙舞。

蛾儿雪柳黄金缕，
笑语盈盈暗香去。
众里寻他千百度，
蓦然回首，
那人却在，
灯火阑珊处。

Green Jade Cup

Lantern Festival

Xin Qi-ji

One night's east wind adorns a thousand trees with flowers
And blows down stars in showers.
Fine steeds and carved cabs spread fragrance en route;
Music vibrates from the flute;
The moon sheds its full light,
While fish and dragon lanterns dance all night.

In gold-thread dress, with moth or willow ornaments,
Giggling, they melt into the throng with trails of scents.
But in the crowd once and again
I look for her in vain.
When all at once I turn my head,
I find her there where lantern light is dimly shed.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

史达祖·《东风第一枝·咏春雪》英译

巧沁兰心，偷粘草甲，东风欲障新暖。漫疑碧瓦难留，信知暮寒轻浅。行天入境，做弄出、轻松纤软。料故园、不卷重帘，误了乍来双燕。

青未了、柳回白眼，红欲断、杏开素面。旧游忆着山阴，后盟遂妨上苑。寒炉重熨，便放慢、春衫针线。恐凤靴挑菜归来，万一灞桥相见。

The First Branch in the Eastern Breeze

To Spring Snow

Shi Dazhu

Penetrating with art

Into the orchid's heart,

And clinging like a lass

To the leaves of grass,

The eastern breeze brings new warmth you try to delay.

Congeaed on green tiles, you cannot long stay;

Coming late, we know you are thin and light.

Flying up or down to the mirror of the sky,

You seem to be soft and sly.

Seeing the undrawn screen in my hometown,

The swallows coming back would take it for place unknown.

The grass still green,

Willows turn whitee;

Apricot's rosy face

Is veiled with grace.

You beautify the friends' journey at night,

And delay poet's visit to garden scene.

The stove rekindled for you,

We may put off the ewing of spring garment new.

I fear I cannot meet

The beauty coming with vegetables sweet,

Then how could I seek my etrical feet?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

史达祖 • 《双双燕》英译

过春社了，度帘幕中间，去年尘冷。差池欲住，试入旧巢相并。还相雕梁藻井，又软语商量不定。飘然快拂花梢，翠尾分开红影。

芳径，芹泥雨润。爱贴地争飞，竞夸轻俊。红楼归晚，看足柳昏花暝。应自栖香正稳，便忘了、天涯芳信。愁损翠黛双蛾，日日画阑独凭。

A Pair of Swallows

Shi Dazu

Spring's growing old,

Between the curtain and the screen

The dust in last year's nest is cold.

A pair of swallows bank and halt to see

If they can perch there side by side.

Looking at painted ceiling and carved beams

And Twittering, they can't decide,

It seems.

Clipping the tips of blooming tree,

They shed

The shadow of their forked tails so green

And cleave their way through flowers red.

Along the fragrant way

Where rain has wetted clods of clay,

They like to skim over the ground,

Striving to be fleet in flight.

Returning late to mansion sweet,

They've gazed their fill, till in twilight

Dim willows are drowned,

And flowers fall asleep.

Now they'd be perching deep

In fragrant nest,

Forgetting to bring message from the end of the sky.

Grieved, with eyebrows knit, the lady's seen to rest

Her elbow on the painted balustrade and sigh.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

史达祖·《齐天乐·白发》英译

秋风早入潘郎鬓，斑斑遽惊如许。暖雪侵梳，晴丝拂领，栽满悉城深处。瑶簪谩妒。便羞插宫花，自怜衰暮。尚想春情，旧吟凄断茂陵女。

人间公道唯此！叹朱颜也恁，容易堕去。涅不重缁，搔来更短，方悔风流相误。郎潜几缕。渐疏了铜驼，俊游俦侣。纵有黦黦奈何诗思苦。

Universal Joy

My White Hair

Shi Dazu

Early has the autumn breeze whitened my forehead,

I am surprised to find grey thread on thread.

My comb seems invaded by snow white,

My collar caressed by sunbeams bright,

My heart overgrown with grief will fade.

Envy my hairpin of jade,

I would feel shy to be adorned with palace flowers,

And I pity my decrepit hours.

Recalling love of yore, an old song has denied

A new bride.

Will white hair do justice then alike to all men?

I sigh:

A rosy face will lose its dye.

Dyed black, my hair will turn white again;

Scratched, it will shorter remain.

I regret to have misused my youth in gallantry.

A few wreaths alienate

My friends early and late.

Though still I have a few hairs black,

Could bitter verse to my young days turn me back?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

史达祖·《留春令·咏梅花》英译

故人溪上，挂悉无奈，烟梢月树。一涓春月点黄昏，便没顿、相思处。

曾把芳心深相许。故梦劳诗苦。闻说东风亦多情，被竹外、香留住。

Retaining Spring

To Mume Flowers

Shi Dazu

Strolling along your stream,

What can I do but hang my grief and dream

On moonlit mist-veiled tree?

The vernal water threads through the twilight.

Of longing for you can I be free?

You have confided your love to me,

So I've lost labor in dreaming of verse bright.

It is said spring's as sentimental as you,

Retained by fragrance beyond the bamboo.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

史达祖·《绮罗香·春雨》英译

做冷欺花，将烟困柳，千里偷催春暮。尽日冥迷，愁里欲飞还住。惊粉重、蝶宿西园，喜泥润、燕归南浦。最妨它、佳约风流，钿车不到杜陵路。

沉沉江上望极，还被春潮晚急，难寻官渡。隐约遥峰，和泪谢娘眉妩。临断岸、新绿生时，是落红、带愁流处。记当日、门掩梨花，翦灯深夜语。

Perfume of Silk Dress

Shi Dazhu

You breathe the cold to chill the flower's heart,
And shroud the willows in mist grey;
Silent for miles and miles, you hasten spring to part.
You grizzle all the day;
Your grief won't fly but stay.
Surprised to find their pollen heavy,
The butterflies won't leave the garden in the west;
The moistened clods of clay make happy
The swallows building on the southern pool their nest.
But what is morn, you prevent the gallant to meet
In golden cab his mistress sweet.

With straining eyes I gaze on the stream vast and dim,
With springtime flood at dusk its waters overbrim,
The ferry can hardly be found.
Half-hidden peaks like Beauty's brows in tears are drowned.
On broken bank where new green grows,
The fallen red with saddened water flows.
I still remember how outdoors you beat
On the pear blossoms hite,
I trimmed lamp-wick and whispered to my sweet
At the dead of a night.

（许渊冲、许明 译）

文天祥·《酹江月》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

乾坤能大，算蛟龙、元不是池中物。风雨牢愁无著处，那更寒虫四壁。横槊题诗，登楼作赋，万事空中雪。江流如此，方来还有英杰。

堪笑一叶漂零，重来淮水，正凉风新发。镜里朱颜都变尽，只有丹心难灭。去去龙沙，江山回首，一线青如发。故人应念，杜鹃枝上残月。

Drinking to the Moon on the River

Wen Tianxiang

Immense is the universe.

Could dragons be imprisoned in pools so small?

How can we stay in wind and rain,

In grief and pain?

How can we bear

Cold crickets' chirp at the foot of the wall?

Where is the hero, spear in hand, crooning his verse?

And where's the talents' owner? All

Has vanished like snow in the air.

Seeing the river

Running forever,

We need not fear

No hero would appear.

Alas! Like wafting leaves, you and I,

We come again to River Huai,

When the cold breeze begins to blow.

In the mirror we find a face aged in woe,

But still unchanged is our loyal heart.

Now for the northern desert we start;

Turning our head,

We see a hairlike stretch of land outspread.

If my old friend should think of me.

Listen to the wailing cuckoo on the moonlit tree!

文天祥 • 《沁园春 • 题潮阳张许二公庙》英译

许渊冲、许明 译

为子死孝，为臣死忠，死又何妨。自光岳气分，君臣义缺，谁负刚肠。骂贼睢阳，爱君许远，留取声名万古香。后来者，无二公之操，百炼之钢。

人生翕歔云亡。好烈烈轰轰做一场。使当时卖国，甘心降虏，受人唾骂，安得留芳。古庙幽沉，仪容俨雅，枯木寒鸦几夕阳。邮亭下，有奸雄过此，仔细思量。

Spring in a Pleasure Garden

Written in the Temple of Zhang Xun and Xu Yuan

Wen Tianxiang

If sons should die for filial piety

And ministers for loyalty,

What matters for us to be dead?

Our sacred land is torn in shreds,

No patriot could feel at ease,

Have loyal subjects done what they ought to?

How could my righteous wrath appease?

Zhang Xun, whom the rebels could not subdue,

And Xu Yuan were loyal to the crown;

They've left an undying renown.

Those who come after them should feel

The lack of their loyal zeal,

And they should be hardened into steel.

Life will soon pass away like a flickering flame;

A man should work, shine or rain,

With all his might and main.

If Zhang and Xu had fallen to the foe,

They would have borne the blame,

And down in history their names could never go.

Their temple gloomy at the forest's side,

Their statues, awe-inspiring, dignified,

How many times have they been worshipped when crows fly

Over old trees and the setting sun kindles the sky!

Should a traitor pass by,

Let him open his eye!

贺铸 • 《踏莎行》英译

杨柳回塘，鸳鸯别浦，绿萍涨断莲舟路。断无蜂蝶慕幽香，红衣脱尽芳心苦。
返照迎潮，行云带雨，依依似与骚人语。当年不肯嫁春风，无端却被秋风误。

Treading on Grass

To Lotus

He Zhu

On winding pool with willows dim,
At narrow strait the lovebirds swim.
Green duckweeds float,
Barring the way of lotus-picking boat.
Nor butterflies nor bees
Love fragrance from the withered trees.
When her red petals fall apart,
The lotus bloom's bitter at heart.

The setting sun greets rising tide,
The floating clouds bring rain.
The swaying lotus seems to confide
Her sorrow to the poet in vain.
Then she would not be wed to vernal breeze.
What could she do now autumn drives away wild geese?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

贺铸 • 《琴调相思引 • 终日怀归翻送客》英译

送范殿监赴黄岗

终日怀归翻送客，春风祖席南城陌。便莫惜离觞频卷白。动管色，催行色；动管色，催行色。

何处投鞍风雨夕？临水驿，空山驿；临水驿，空山驿。纵明月相思千里隔。梦咫尺，勤书尺；梦咫尺，勤书尺。

Lovesick Song of the Lute

Parting with a Friend

He Zhu

Homesick all the day long, I see my friend going down;

We bid adieu in vernal breeze south of the town.

Let us drink our cups dry!

The flute will blow and hasten you to go.

The flute will blow and hasten you to go.

Where will you take shelter on windy and rainy night,

By waterside or mountainside?

By waterside or mountainside?

Though miles apart, we can see the same moonlight.

In dreams we're nigh. Write by and by!

In dreams we're nigh. Write by and by!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

贺铸·《将进酒》英译

小梅花

城下路，凄风露，今人犁田古人墓。岸头沙，带蒹葭，漫漫昔时流水今人家。黄埃赤日长安道，倦客无浆马无草。开函关，千古如何不见一人闲？

六国扰，三秦扫，初谓商山遗四老。驰单车，致缄书，裂荷焚芰曳长裾。高流端得酒中趣，深入醉乡安稳处。生忘形，死忘名，谁论二豪初不数刘伶？

Invitation to Wine

The wind and dew so drear

Bring the buried no cheer.

We till the ground where were the graves of olden days.

Reed and rush grow

By rivershore,

Houses are built where flowed rivers of yore.

Yellow dust is raised under the sun on the way

To the capital town

Tired wayfarers have no drink and horses no hay.

The passage closed down Opens again;

As of old we see but passengers come and go.

Six States no more, began Qin's reign.

Where are the loyal hermits then?

Driving cabs on the way

And sending letters away,

They burned old things and put on robes in display.

Wise men enjoy delight in wine;

Drunk, they will find the country fine.

Neglecting health And fame and wealth,

Why should I care for what the lords and hermits say?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

贺铸 • 《台城游》英译

南国本潇洒，六代浸豪奢。台城游冶，襞笺能赋属宫娃。云观登临清夏，璧月留连长夜，吟醉送年华。
回首飞鸳瓦。却羡井中蛙。
访乌衣，成白社。不容车。旧时王谢。堂前双燕过谁家？楼外河横斗挂，淮上潮平霜下，墙影落寒沙。
商女篷窗罅，犹唱后庭花。

The Terrace Wall

Gallant the Southern land far and side,
Six Dynasties in opulence vied.
Wine, woman and song on Terrace Wall,
Eight beauties wrote verse in palace hall.
In summer clear they mounted the cloud-scraping height,
Under the jadelike moon they loitered in long night,
They drank and crooned the years away.
Leaving the lovebirds tiles pell-mell
They tried to hide like frogs in a well.

On street of mansions overgrown with grass
No cabs could pass.
The swallows in the mansions of bygone days.
In whose hall now do they stay?
Over the tower the Silver River bars the sky,
The Plough hangs high.
The tide runs up and down on frosty River Huai.
The shadow of townwalls on cold sand falls.
Through the window gap of the bower
I see the songstress sing the "Backyard Flower."

(许渊冲、许明 译)

贺铸·《凌歊·控沧江》英译

铜人捧露盘引

控沧江，排青嶂，燕台凉。驻彩仗、乐未渠央。岩花蹬蔓，妒千门珠翠倚新妆。舞闲歌悄，恨风流不管余香。

繁华梦，惊俄顷；佳丽地，指苍茫。寄一笑、何与兴亡！量船载酒，赖使君相对两胡床。缓调清管，更为侬三弄斜阳。

Scraping the Sky

Song of the Yellow Mountains

He Zhu

The reinless stream goes through

The steep cliff blue

Under the Peak scraping the sky.

Colored flags flew,

The king made merry far and nigh.

Flowers and vine

Would envy ladies' attire so fine.

Nor dance nor song,

However gallant, could last long.

The splendid dream

Soon fades away,

Fair land and stream

Turn pale and grey.

I see in laughter

The rise and fall before and after.

I'd sail with wine,

You in your place and I in mine.

Playing on the flute, will you

Sing for me to the setting sun adieu?

(许渊冲、许明 译)

贺铸·《六州歌头》英译

少年侠气，交结五都雄。肝胆洞，毛发耸。立谈中，死生同。一诺千金重。推翘勇，矜豪纵。轻盖拥，联飞鞍，斗城东。轰饮酒垆，春色浮寒瓮，吸海垂虹。间呼鹰犬，白羽摘雕弓，狡穴俄空。乐匆匆。似黄梁梦。辞丹凤，明月共，漾孤篷。官冗从，怀倥偬，落尘笼。簿书丛，鹖弁如云众，共粗用，忽奇功。笳鼓动，渔阳弄，思悲翁。不清长缨，系取天骄种，剑吼西风。恨登山临水，手寄七弦桐，目送归鸿。

Prelude to the Song of Six States

A gallant young man calls
For heroes from five capitals.
He would see through heart and soul true.
While talking in wrath, his hair
Would stand on end, he'd share
The fate of life and death with friends bold,
And keep his word as dear as gold.
They vie in bravery and gallantry.
In eastern town they go in carriage light
And ride on horse side by side as if in flight.
They drink and bring to the jar cold
The hue of spring as rainbow on the sea.
Their eagles and dogs pursue their preys which flee.
They bend their bows and shoot arrows of feathers white.
Leaving the empty cave,
They are so brave.

Since I left the capital town,
Life has passed like a dream with ups and downs.
I sail a boat alone,
Accompanied but by the moon.
A petty officer like me,
How can I wish to kill the foe?
Fallen in dusty world, can I be free from woe?
The officers in crowd
Only follow like loud
How can they ride their steeds and do great deeds?
Hearing the horn and drumbeats,
How can I do in war great feats?
I can't bind with a long rope the proud enemy,
Leaving my sword in vain sigh,
I will not climb the mountain high,

But play my lute of seven strings in western breeze,
And gaze on flying wild geese.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

贺铸·《行路难》英译

缚虎手，悬河口，车如鸡栖马如狗。白纶巾，扑黄尘，不知我辈可是蓬蒿人！衰兰送客咸阳道，天若有情天亦老。作雷颠，不论钱，谁问旗亭，美酒斗十千？

酌大斗，更为寿，青鬓常青古无有。笑嫣然，舞蹁跹，当垆秦女十五语如弦。遗音能记秋风曲，事去千年犹恨促。揽流光，系扶桑，争奈愁来一日却为长。

Hard is the Way

Binding a tiger with bare hands,
Speaking as flowing water expands
I ride in a cagelike cab, on a doglike steed.
Putting on silk hood white,
Raising yellow dust light,
Who knows we country men can do great deed?
The withered orchids see me off on homeward way,
If heaven had a heart, he would grow old today.
I'd play a madman old
And would not care for gold.
I'd spend ten thousand coins to buy good wine
And write in high pavilion verses fine.

Let's fill our brimful cup,
To old age let's live up!
No man can grow old with black hair since days of yore.
A smiling face
Dances with grace,
The western songstress at fifteen would speak and sing
As a musical string.
She sings the song of autumn breeze,
Which, sung long ago, could still please.
A thousand years have passed like one day and no more.
Stop time that flies
And bind sunrise!
But when sorrow comes near,
One day seems as long as a year.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

贺铸 • 《青玉案》英译

凌波不过横塘路，但目送、芳尘去。锦瑟华年谁与度？月桥花院，琐窗朱户，只有春知处。
飞云冉冉蘅皋暮，彩笔新题断肠句。若问闲情都几许？一川烟草，满城风絮，梅子黄时雨！

Green Jade Cup

He Zhu

Never again will she tread on the lakeside lane.
I follow with my eyes
The fragrant dusts that rise.
With whom is she now spending her delightful hours,
Playing on zither string,
On a crescent-shaped bridge, in a yard full of flowers,
Or in a vermeil bower only known to spring?

At dusk the floating cloud leaves the grass-fragrant plain;
With blooming brush I write heart-broken verse again.
If you ask me how deep and wide I am lovesick,
Just see a misty plain where grass grows thick,
A townful of willow down wafting on the breeze,
Or drizzling rain yellowing all mume-trees!

(许渊冲、许明 译)

贺铸 • 《梦江南》英译

九曲池头三月三，柳毵毵。香尘扑马喷金衔，浣春衫。

苦笋鲋鱼乡味美，梦江南。阊门烟水晚风恬，落归帆。

Dreaming of the South

He Zhu

By winding streaming with pools in third moon on third day,

The willow branches sway.

Fragrant dust is raised by spitting steeds with golden bit

And vernal dress is stained with spit.

I dream of the south.

How delicious are fish and bamboo shoots to the mouth!

The evening breeze calms misty waves before the town,

Returning sails lowered down.

(许渊冲、许明 译)

贺铸·《行路难》英译

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(许渊冲、许明 译)

元好问·《摸鱼儿》英译

太和五年乙丑岁，赴试并州，道逢捕雁者云：“今日获一雁杀之亦，其一脱网者悲鸣不能去，竟自投于地而死。”予因买得之，葬于汾水之上，累石为识，号曰雁丘。时同行者多为赋诗，予亦有《雁丘词》。问世间，情为何物？直教生死相许！南地北双飞客，老翅几回寒暑。欢乐趣，别离苦，就中更有痴儿女。君应有语，渺万里层云，千山暮雪，只影向谁去？

横汾路，寂寞当年箫鼓，荒烟依旧平楚。招魂楚些何嗟及，山鬼暗啼风雨。天也妒，未信与，莺儿燕子俱黄土。千秋万古，为留待骚人，狂歌痛饮，来访雁丘处。

In the 5th year of Taihe, I went to Bingzhou for the imperial examination and met a wild-goose catcher who said: "This morning, I got a wild goose and killed it. Its partner who slipped through the net cried sadly. Refusing to go away, it dashed to the ground and died." I bought the goose, buried it by the Fenshui River, piled the grave with stones and named it "Goose Mound". Meanwhile, many of my fellow travelers wrote poems over it, and among them was my Wild Goose.

Mo Yu Er

Ask the world,
What is this thing called love
That even promises life and death to each other?
From the south sky to the north pole,
This airy duet,
By their aging wings,
Many a summer and winter logged.
The joy of togetherness
And the sad parting.
Between these,
The infatuate lovers.
You must have something to say,
Braving boundless walls of clouds,
And a thousand peaks in the twilight snow,
Solitary speck, who are you going to?

Crossing the Fenshui River on the way,
Quiet where used to be noisy flutes and drums.
Desolate mist, as of old, hovering flat over the woods,
This pitiable attempt to recall the soul is sadly inadequate,
So's the somber wailing for wind and rain by the mountain ghosts.
Even Heaven is jealous.
Never dismiss it lightly
Like any oriole or swallow to the loess gone.
This story of eternity,

Be left to men of letters,
Who will come rhapsodizing and boozing,
To visit the wild goose mound.
(任治稷、余正 译)

To the Tune Groping for Fish

Affection, oh, of what is affection comprised?
Where from and how has it got the power like that
To impel you to live and die just side by side?
Though travelers flying across those terrains wide,
What lots of summers and winters you've spent in flight,
While going thro' common pleasures, parting plight!
No wonder abiding couples are found thereby.
Alone, what the idea: "No point those troubles taking,
Laboring 'gaissant clouds unending, o'er mountains dark'ning,
So lonely, a single shadow alongside casting."

On the site where Emperor Hanwu crossed the Fen,
No more are there his barges and music of his band.
Remaining dismal woods by a dim mist screened.
"Come back, you spirits!" we call again and again,
While lonely Maid Yao crying 'mid winds and rains.
With devotion envied by God, you're not she same
As oriole and swallows mortal, bound to decay.
In order that future poets raise their drinks to you,
The Mound I build here, a memorial to love so true!
(刘国善、王治江、徐树娟等 编译)

萨都刺 • 《满江红 • 金陵怀古》英译

六代繁华，春去也，更无消息。空怅望，山川形胜，已非畴昔。王谢堂前双燕子，乌衣巷口曾相识。听夜深、寂寞打孤城，春潮急。

思往事，愁如织；怀故国，空陈迹。但荒烟衰草，乱鸦斜日。《玉树》歌残秋露冷，胭脂井坏寒蜃泣。到如今，唯有蒋山青，秦淮碧。

Meditations Over Jingling Ruins

(To the tune River All Red)

Gone are all of the Southern Dynasties' dandy days!
Gone as spring is, nowhere to be seen again or traced.
Grandiose sites, the land, the shores, now desolate,
Not in the least resemble those of the bygone age.
Only pairs of swallows seem acquaintances of yore,
Flying out of the lane possessed by former lords.
Deep in the night, you hear the spring tide ceaseless striking,
Rash and rude, at the walls of the City lonely, declining.

Woe does weigh me down, with doleful events in thought.
Debris's drear, where royal riches are past recall.
Withering weeds enveloped in mists o'er mounds and knolls.
Swarms of hovering crows at sunset crying coarse.

"Backyard Flowers" is sung no more 'mid autumn frost.
Rouge-Wall Well in ruins, with cicadas whining in remorse.
See, just Wooded Hills are still so stately, serene;
Calm and cool, remains the Qinhuai River as green.

(刘国善、王治江、徐树娟等 编译)

To the Tune of Manjinaghong

Remembering the ancient city of Jinling(1)

Sadula

The capital of the Six Dynasties: glorious
And vanished, like springtime
Sweeping suddenly away.
The earth looks just as it did,
Its rulers have changed.
Oh how life swings
First this way, then that!
Could swallows, my old acquaintances
That used to nest, once,

In old noblemen's houses
Tell what happened to them?
The city has been silenced by darkness.
Nothing moans but rushing spring rivers.

Recall the past events.
Grief grows deep.
Only ruins still stand,
Still remind you of the old states:
Useless to stare, to think.
Only flying crows ever turn their heads and look
Over withered grass and faint smoke,
And the sun sinking into the west.
The Song of The Jade Trees
Is heard no more.
And no more is the broken well
Where the Chen Emperor hid,
The old lesson of his downfall
Is forgotten, all forgotten.
Only the sad crickets.
Sing now.
What remains
Is wooded Jiang Mountain
And the green Qinhuai River.

(1) Jinling, present-day Nanjing

(丁祖馨 译)

Manjianghong--Nanjing: a reminiscence

The Six Dynasties have gone, as spring has.
Their pomp and glory are a passing scene.
No news of any kind could come from them.
Our disappointment! How vain it has been!

Hills and streams; scenic spots; historic sites —
Are not what they were in their former days.
The swallows in the Wang and Xie's (1) mansions —
Have preferred the commoners with their ways.

Deep night hears the Yangzi beating its banks.

Spring tide rises, bringing the past to mind.
It is grievous to think of past regimes —
Not leaving anything worthwhile behind.

Before me is drear mist and withered grass.
The sight of flying crows is quickly lost.
I seem to hear the echoes of the song,
"Backyard Flowers" amidst autumnal frost.

In ruin is the well where Chen and Zhang (2) plunged,
To them, chilled cicadas alone are true.
Until now, only the Jiangshan (3) is green.
As before, the Qinghuaihe remains blue.

(1)Wang and Xie: two noble families of the Eastern Jin Dynasty (317-420)

(2)Chen and Zhang: Emperor Chen of the late Chen Dynasty (557-589) and Zhang Lihua, the emperor's concubine

(3)Jiangshan: today's Zijin in Nanjing, Jiangsu Province

(4)Qinghuaihe: a river that runs through Nanjing

(徐忠杰 译)

To the Tune of Man Jiang Hong

Sadula

The splendor of the Six Dynasties (1)
Gone with the passing of spring,
And no more heard of again.
In vain I look with regret at the mountains and rivers
And all the well-known places,
But they are no longer as in the past.
Two swallows play before the former houses of Wang and Xie,(2)
In the Lane of Black Uniformed Guardsmen,(3)
And look familiar.
Late at night I hear the rising tide
Surging still against the lonely citadel.

When I think of the past
My mind is beset by many sorrows.
Only traces left of those former kingdoms
In ruins amid the mist and withered grass.
The sun sets and crows fly in confusion;
No more the song about jade trees and flowers in the back court.(4)

Only the autumn dew grow chill,
Only the ruins of the Rouge Well,(5)
As the cold insects chirp and weep.
But the Jiang Mountain remains green,
The Qinhuai River remains azure and serene.

(1)Between the third and the sixth centuries, the Wu, Eastern Jin, Song, Qi, Liang and Chen Kingdoms made Nanjing their capital.

(2)Two powerful families, that of Wang Dao and Xie An, had their houses in Nanjing.

(3)The Lane of Black Uniformed Guardsmen was where these two powerful houses of Wang and Xie were situated.

(4)The king of Chen had a favourite song sung by his favourite concubine Zhang Lihua.

(5)When the Kingdom of Chen fell, the king and his concubine hid themselves in this well, but were discovered.

（杨宪益、戴乃迭 译）

萨都刺·《念奴娇·登石头城》英译

石头城上，望天低吴楚，眼空无物。指点六朝形胜地，唯有青山如壁。蔽日旌旗，连云檣櫓，白骨纷如雪。一江南北，消磨多少豪杰？

寂寞避暑离宫，东风辇路，芳草年年发。落日无人松径里，鬼火高低明灭。歌舞樽前，繁华镜里，暗换青青发。伤心千古，秦淮一片明月！

Niannujiao

Above the city walls of Nanjing

A look from atop walls of Nanjing,

At the middle reaches of the Yangzi,

Shows a boundless stretch of low-ceilinged sky.

Nothing else can the keen observer see.

The capital of the Six Dynasties (1)!

What reflections it calls forth in one's mind!

The green hills are still there like heavy walls.

Strategic worth is what the Dynasts find.

War banners must have blotted out the sun;

Galleys, in close formation, well deployed.

Powered bleached bones — like so much fallen snow.

Numberless heroes, wars must have destroyed!

A summer palace was constructed here,

To relieve the tedium of the Throne.

Where royal carriages wore out the road,

Fragrant grass each year has luxuriant grown.

In the quiet paths below the pine trees,

When the sun was down with no one about,

Jack-o'-lantern gave and shut off light.

Will-o'-the-wisp ghastly rolled in and out.

For all the sensual pleasures of high life,

One's hair turns white from what was black as jet.

The moon o'er the Qinghuaihe must have seen —

Too much not to be filled with long regret.

(1)Six Dynasties, referring to Wu (222-280), Eastern Jin (317-420), Song, Qi, Liang and Chen (420-589) Dynasties whose capital was Nanjing, then called Jiankang (徐忠杰 译)

纳兰性德 • 《蝶恋花 • 今古山河无定据》英译

今古山河无定据，
画角声中，
牧马频来去。
满目荒凉谁可语？
西风吹老丹枫树。

从前幽怨应无数。
铁马金戈，
青冢黄昏路。
一往情深深几许？
深山夕照深秋雨。

Die Lian Hua
(Qing) Nalan Xing De

From of old to the present
There are no certain boundaries:
Amid the sound of painted bugles,
The nomads' horses swept back and forth.
A wasteland as far as the eye can see —
Who can you talk to?
The west wind has aged the maple tree.

Cases of past suffering would be numerous:
Metal spears and iron horses;
New graves by dusky roads.
Loving-feelings running deep — how deep do they go?
Like the evening glow, deep in the mountains —
And like late, late autumn rain.

(龚景浩 译)

纳兰性德 • 《长相思》英译

山一程，
水一程，
身向榆关那畔行，
夜深千帐灯。

风一更，
雪一更，
聒碎乡心梦不成，
故园无此声。

To the Tune of Chang Xiang Si
Nalan Xingde

Over mountains, over rivers
We plod to the Shanhai Pass.
A myriad of fires light the night
From our camp on the river bank.
The shrieking snowstorm breaks my dream
Of my peaceful, tranquil home.

（杨宪益、戴乃迭 译）

纳兰性德 • 《相见欢》 英译

落花如梦凄迷，
麝烟微，
又是夕阳潜下小楼西。

愁无限，
消瘦尽，
有谁知？
闲教玉笼鹦鹉念郎诗。

Tune: "Joy at Meeting"

Fallen petals are like a dream and mist,
— sad and blurred.
Again the sun is setting on the Western tower.
Inside the chamber filling the air is some musk .
Too much gloom has made me thin down,
But who knows my sorrow?
Idling away the hours
I turn to teaching the parrot
To read aloud poems sent by my love.
(唐正秋 译)

纳兰性德 • 《蝶恋花 • 又到绿杨曾折处》英译

又到绿杨曾折处，
不语垂鞭，
踏遍清秋路。
衰草连天无意绪，
雁声远向萧关去。

不恨天涯行役苦，
只恨西风，
吹梦成今古。
明日客程还几许，
沾衣况是新寒雨。

Tune: "Butterflies in Love with Flowers"

Here where we parted and did break
Green poplar sprigs that each should take
For true love's sake,
—Wordless, riding-crop limp trailing,
Again those well-remembered ways
I tread, in the clear autumn rays;
Fronting a world of blear grass, feeling failing:
And far unto the Frontier Pass wild geese are wailing.

'Tis not the bitterness of ever wending
On pilgrimage unending:
No, 'tis the West Wind's moaning makes me sorrow,
Which all our dreams must blow
Into the nothingness of Evermore.
Yet farther, ever farther, on the morrow
The wanderer must go,
Dress drenched, afresh to face wet winter frore. Tr. John Tuner

纳兰性德 • 《忆王孙》 英译

西风一夜剪芭蕉，
倦眼经秋耐寂寥。
强把心情付浊醪。
读《离骚》，
愁似湘江日夜潮。

Tune: "Remembering the Prince"

(Yi Wang-sun)

By Nalan Singde

All night the west wind cuts the banana leaves;
through the autumn, wearied eyes have endured the loneliness.
Grudgingly, I give myself up to the unstrained wine.
While reading the Li Sao,
my sorrow resembles,
day after day, night after night,
the Xiang River tides.

Tr. Wihiam Golightly

From Sunflower Splendor

纳兰性德 • 《蝶恋花 • 辛苦最怜天上月》英译

纳兰性德 (1655-1685)

辛苦最怜天上月，
一夕如环，
夕夕都成玦。
若似月轮终皎洁，
不辞冰雪为卿热。

无那尘缘容易绝，
燕子依然，
软踏帘钩说。
唱罢秋坟愁未歇，
春丛认取双栖蝶。

Nalan Xinde (1655-1685)

Piteous the Moon

(To the Tune of Dielanhua)

So piteous the moon seems:
a full circle keeps waning,
waning into half a circle, and then
all over again, night after night.
If only you could recover likewise,
from the half to the full,
your body, cold as ice, as snow,
would be brought to life
by the warmth of mine.
Irrecoverably, you left me.
The swallows twitter lovingly, as before,
on the soft valance hooks.
It does not alleviate my agony
to sing through the "Autumn Elegies."
Oh that we could be a pair of butterflies
flying amidst the spring flowers,
in the next life.

(裘小龙 译)

纳兰性德·《金缕曲·慰西溟》英译

何事添凄咽？但由他、天公簸弄，莫教磨涅。失意每多如意少，终古几人称屈。须知道、福因才折。独卧藜床看北斗，背高城、玉笛吹成血。听谯鼓，二更彻。

丈夫未肯因人热。且乘闲、五湖料理，扁舟一叶。泪似秋霖挥不尽，洒向野田黄蝶。须不羨、承明班列。马迹车尘忙未了，任西风、吹冷长安月。又萧寺，花如雪。

Grieve Not

Na-lan Xing-de

Why make misery more miserable? Let the gods do what they will, adamant we are, unsullied we shall remain.

Life is for us almost perpetual frustration. And no wonder. To show intelligence is to lose grace; it's been so from time immemorial. Many — like us — were denied justice. How many, who knows?

Here I am all alone, stretched on a rude couch but still with an eye to the stars. Somewhere below the city walls some flutist is pouring out his heart in a torrent of agonizing music. Now I hear the watchtower drum booming out the hour: the dark night is not half way through.

Who would be a man shall seek no patronage. Better get ready a boat while we can, that we may leave these shores and lose ourselves in the watery wastes.

There's no stanching my tears, copious as the autumn rain. Any living creatures take notice? Perhaps a few butterflies in the deserted fields.

Not that I envy those at court. A dizzy whirl, and then, when the west wind hits the capital, when even the moon shudders — what then?

Yet the cloistered flowers are chaste as virgin snow.

(翁显良 译)

纳兰性德 • 《如梦令》英译

万帐穹庐人醉，
星影摇摇欲坠。
归梦隔狼河，
又被河声搅碎。
还睡，
还睡，
解道醒来无味。

To the Tune-title "As in a Dream, a Short Lyric"

by Nalan Singde

Ten thousand felted tents filled with exhausted men;
Flicker and fade of stars about to set.
I was travelling home and trapped by the Wolf-River—that dream;
And again the river's clamour has broken it!
Let me sleep on,
Let me sleep on;
Awake, I know the savour of life will be gone.
Tr. A. Ayling & D. Mackintosh

To the Tune of Ru Meng Ling

Nalan Xingde

The vast encampment is locked in drunken slumber.
The stars whirl and whirl, as if to crash to earth.
Dreams of return blocked and crashed by the Bailang River.
Sleep on! Sleep on!
To wake would be too doleful and too drear.
(杨宪益、戴乃迭 译)

纳兰性德 • 《蝶恋花 • 今古山河无定据》英译

今古山河无定据，
画角声中，
牧马频来去。
满目荒凉谁可语？
西风吹老丹枫树。

从前幽怨应无数。
铁马金戈，
青冢黄昏路。
一往情深深几许？
深山夕照深秋雨。

Die Lian Hua
(Qing) Nalan Xing De

From of old to the present
There are no certain boundaries:
Amid the sound of painted bugles,
The nomads' horses swept back and forth.
A wasteland as far as the eye can see —
Who can you talk to?
The west wind has aged the maple tree.

Cases of past suffering would be numerous:
Metal spears and iron horses;
New graves by dusky roads.
Loving-feelings running deep — how deep do they go?
Like the evening glow, deep in the mountains —
And like late, late autumn rain.

(龚景浩 译)

王国维·《点绛唇》英译

屏却相思，
近来知道都无益。
不成抛掷，
梦里终相觅。

醒后楼台，
与梦俱明灭。
西窗白，
纷纷凉月，
一院丁香雪。

Dian Jiang Chun
(Qing) Wang Guo Wei
Suppressing my lovesick pining?
Lately I learnt 'tis no good.
Should I then cast it overboard?
But I would still be looking for it in my dreams.

The halls and terraces after I awake
Fade away and reappear with my dreams.
The west casement shines white,
Lit by a desolate cool moon.
Outside lies a yard full of white lilacs like snow.
(龚景浩 译)