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(中文)



(English)

## 1. 越剧《梁山伯与祝英台·十八相送》 - 波士顿越剧之家

Yue Opera “**The Butterfly Lovers · Eighteen Farewells**” Present by  
Boston Yue Opera House

Three years as classmates, our friendship deep as the sea; Shanbo cannot bear to part with Yingtai.

Side by side he escorts ‘his brother’ down the mountain, walking again toward the Qiantang road.

Zhu: In front of the study blooms a plum blossom; on the trees the birds chatter in pairs. Magpies chirp all over the branches, bringing good omens to you, Brother Liang.

Liang: Two brothers step outside, and even the magpies pair up before the door.

Magpies always bring good tidings — I wish my worthy younger brother a safe journey home.

Zhu: Leaving the city, passing the gate, we see only a woodcutter carrying his bundle.

Liang: Rising early and returning late — a hard life; gathering firewood is a difficult way to live.

Zhu: Brother Liang! For whom does he carry his wood? And for whom do you escort down the mountain?

Liang: He carries wood for wife and child; I escort you, my worthy brother, down the mountain.

Zhu: Green lotus leaves float in the clear pond; mandarin ducks swim together in pairs. Brother Liang! If Yingtai were a maiden, would you be willing to pair as mandarin ducks?

Liang: To pair as ducks? To pair as ducks? Alas, you are not a maiden in red attire.

Servants: Ahead lies a river; a pair of white geese drift by.

Zhu: The male swims in front; the female behind calls, “Brother!”

Liang: The geese make no sound; how could a female goose call to the male?

Zhu: Can’t you see the female goose smiling at you? She laughs that Brother Liang is like a silly goose.

Liang: Since I am a silly goose, do not call me Brother Liang anymore.

Zhu: Brother Liang, your younger brother spoke wrongly — yes, it won’t happen again.

Servant: There is a single-plank bridge ahead.

Zhu: My heart trembles; I am timid.

Liang: Let your foolish brother help you across.

Zhu: You and I are like the Cowherd and Weaving Maiden crossing the Magpie Bridge.

Zhu: Ahead is also a well — who knows how deep the water is?

Zhu: Look! Two reflections, a man and a woman smiling together.

Liang: I am clearly a man; why compare me to a woman?

Liang: Past the well is yet another hall — the Guanyin Hall lies ahead.

Zhu: Let Bodhisattva Guanyin be our matchmaker — Brother Liang, let us bow as bride and groom.

Liang: Younger brother, your words grow more absurd — how can two men marry? Let's go!

Chorus: Leaving the old temple, they walk on. A cow appears; a herdboy rides on its back, singing mountain songs to ease his troubles.

Zhu: Sadly, playing music to a cow, the cow won't understand — alas, Brother Liang is as dull as that cow.

Liang: It is not that I am angry — but you keep comparing me over and over!

Zhu: Brother Liang, please don't be angry — I apologize and admit my fault.

Liang: Enough — let's continue.

Chorus: Eighteen miles of escorting to the Long Pavilion, eighteen miles escorting to the Long Pavilion.

## 2. 京剧《大登殿·十三嗨》- 曹莉丽 | Lily Lee 廖方誼

Peking Opera “**Ascending the Throne · Thirteen High Notes**”, Performed by Cao Lili and Lily Lee

Princess Daizhan (spoken):

Héy— beat the mortar!

My country and yours are not the same.

Stepping forward again, I pay my respects.

Your Majesty, Empress Dowager, may you live a thousand years!

(spoken) I say héi, you all must be attentive!

Ma Da & Jiang Hai (spoken, together):

Attentive to what?

Princess Daizhan (continuing):

To whether your carriage is steady.

Wang Baochuan:

Lowering my head, I glance with my eyes —

Her attire is like that of a heavenly maiden.

No wonder my husband never returned;

She held him fast for eighteen years.

If I were a man,

I, too, would go live in her country for a few years.

Originally I should not have come to pay respects,

But she claims I, Wang Baochuan, lack proper manners.

So I step forward and take her hand.

(spoken) Dear younger sister — let me call you “worthy sister” — listen to my words:

My husband stayed in Xiliang, and you cared for him.

Thanks to you, he has survived these eighteen years.

Princess Daizhan (spoken):  
Elder sister, what do you mean, “care for him or not”?  
It is you I pity — suffering for eighteen years.

Wang Baochuan:  
Two sisters together ascend the golden hall.  
Wang Baochuan & Princess Daizhan (together):  
We bow before the king, asking about the nation’s affairs.

Xue Pinggui:  
I, the lonely king, gaze from the golden hall —  
Both of you dressed like heavenly maidens.  
Baochuan is enshrined at the Zhaoyang Court,  
Daizhan commands troops in the Western Palace.  
I grant you both the Dragon–Phoenix Swords,  
That the three of us may jointly rule the beautiful kingdom.

Wang Baochuan & Princess Daizhan (together):  
We thank Your Majesty!

Wang Baochuan:  
Kowtowing, I hastily thank the royal grace.  
Princess Daizhan:  
You are the primary wife; I am the secondary.

Wang Baochuan:  
What “primary” or “secondary”?  
As your elder sister, I married him first.  
Thus the three of us shall together oversee the Zhaoyang Court —  
(together)  
Like a pair of phoenix maidens serving by our lord’s side.

### 3. 京歌《将进酒李白》- 邢莉莉

Peking Opera Song “**Bring in the Wine – Li Bai**”, Performed by Xin Lili

Do you not see the Yellow River’s waters,  
rushing down from Heaven,  
surging toward the sea, never to return?  
Do you not see before the high hall’s bright mirror  
how white hair brings sorrow—  
black strands at dawn, turned to snow by dusk?  
In life, when fortune smiles, one must seize joy;  
let not a golden cup stand empty before the moon.

Heaven gave me talents for a purpose;  
if I spend a thousand pieces of gold, they will return again.  
Let us butcher sheep and cattle and make merry—  
we must drink at least three hundred cups in one sweep!  
Master Cen! Scholar Danqiu!  
Bring in the wine—do not let the cups stop!  
I will sing you a song,  
and I ask you to listen with all your heart.  
Bells and drums, fine dishes and jade—these are not worth cherishing;  
I only wish to stay drunk forever, never to awaken.  
Since ancient times the sages and wise men have all been lonely;  
only the drinkers have left their names behind.  
In the past, Prince Chen feasted at Ping Le Hall—  
a battle-drum's worth of wine, ten thousand coins a jar,  
and he gave himself wholly to delight.  
So why, my host, speak of lacking money?  
Simply go and buy more wine—ignore the scornful looks.  
My spotted horse, my fur coat worth a thousand gold—  
call the boy to take them and trade for fine wine,  
that we may together drown the sorrows of all eternity.

#### 4. 越剧《西厢记·望晴空冰轮乍涌》- 方云霞

Yue Opera “**Romance of the West Chamber · Gazing at the Sky as the Ice Moon Rises**”, Performed by Fang Yunxia

Yingying (spoken)  
Moon... oh moon... why have you come out again?  
Yingying (sung)  
I gaze at the clear sky—  
the icy disk of the moon suddenly rises.  
I step down the fragrant steps; the wind sweeps the fallen petals.  
The Cowherd and Weaver stars lie across the heavens,  
yet this full and perfect moon shines only on my lonely world.  
Hongniang (spoken)  
Miss, look—tonight the moon is dim at its edges.  
I fear tomorrow will bring wind!  
Yingying (sung)  
Alas, in this mortal world,  
a girl's beauty is locked behind embroidered curtains and tiny shoes.  
What I fear most  
is people stirring trouble.  
Why then is the palace of the Moon Goddess  
suddenly wrapped in clouds?  
Could it be  
that even Chang'e fears her own heart may waver?

Tonight the East Pavilion opens its splendid feast.  
I thought there would be harmony like paired phoenixes singing.  
The host—grateful and earnest—shows such favor,  
pressing me to raise jade cups with my green sleeves.  
Mother—  
since our family ranks among the noblest of the realm,  
why do you twist kindness into resentment  
and toy with me so?  
You say a lady should guard the precious pearl in her palm,  
yet it is you  
who ruined a good match and buried my happiness!  
Yingying (sung)  
From this day on,  
I am allowed only to dream of him in my heart.  
From this day on,  
he may visit me only in dreams.  
From this day on,  
he becomes my lover hidden in shadow.  
From this day on,  
I become the cherished beauty trapped within a painting.

## 5. 京剧《空城计》选段 - 朱惠元 | 陈英顺

Peking Opera Excerpt from “**Empty City Stratagem**”, Performed by Zhu Huiyuan and Chen Yingshun

Sima Yi  
Sitting on horseback, I issue a command:  
All officers and soldiers, hear me clearly—  
If anyone dares to rush into Xicheng,  
he shall be executed without mercy.

Zhuge Liang  
I am but a recluse of Wolong Ridge, living a life of leisure.  
Understanding Heaven and Earth as easily as turning my hand,  
I safeguard the balance of the realm.  
The late emperor came three times to my humble hut in Nanyang,  
seeking my counsel to secure the Han and divide the land in three.  
I was honored as Marquis of Wuxiang and entrusted with the marshal's seal,  
campaigning east and west, suppressing foes north and south,  
versed in the ancient and the modern.  
King Wen of Zhou sought out Jiang Ziya and revived the Zhou dynasty—  
how could Zhuge Liang compare with such a master of old?  
With nothing to do, I sit upon the enemy tower,  
letting the sound of my zither drift in the wind.

At my side, alas, I lack  
a true kindred spirit.

Sima Yi

Still seated on horseback, I look carefully—  
the one sitting atop the tower is Zhuge Kongming.  
A pair of young attendants flank him with wine in hand,  
while only old, weak, and crippled folk sweep the streets below.  
I ought to give the order and storm the city,  
but I fear falling into one of his cunning traps.  
Your schemes cannot deceive me—  
you've met your match today.

Zhuge Liang

As I sit atop the tower admiring the mountain view,  
my ears catch the turmoil outside the city walls.  
Banners flutter wildly, their shadows swirling—  
so it is the troops sent by Sima.  
I already sent men to inquire,  
and learned Sima leads his army westward.  
First, Ma Su lacks strategy and learning;  
second, the generals quarrel—thus my Jieting was lost.  
To have lost three cities and think it fortune,  
and now your greed demands my Xicheng as well!  
Here I sit on the tower, awaiting your arrival—  
waiting for you, Sima,  
so we may talk... talk... talk heart to heart.  
If you enter the city I have no grand gifts—  
only lamb and fine wine,  
fine wine and tender lamb,  
to reward your entire army.  
My two young musicians are here,  
with no ambush, no troops in hiding.  
Do not let wild thoughts unsettle your heart—  
come, come, come,  
come up the tower, Sima,  
and listen as I play my zither.

Sima Yi

I think left, I think right, yet my heart remains uneasy—  
there must be hidden troops within the city!

Zhuge Liang

People say Sima is a man of talent,  
yet you do not dare advance into Xicheng.  
It seems Heaven still favors my lord—

when Ma Su returns to camp,  
I shall discipline him according to military law.

## 6. 越剧《神王恋·我本是出世贵人私生养》 - Irene 雨

Yue Opera “**The Love of the Divine King · I Was Born a Noble Child Raised in Secrecy**”, Performed by Irene Zou

I was born a noble child, raised in secret,  
yet forced into lowly service within the palace walls.  
Only because my brows and eyes resemble Nina's,  
I was made the Supreme God-King's chief attendant.  
He wants me to play the substitute, borrow one bloom for another,  
to take her place and win his heart.  
I thought his tenderness would be like water on a quiet shore—  
wandering gently, flowing wherever it pleased.  
Who knew his noble affection would be like peaks hidden in the clouds—  
layer upon layer, yet never losing their direction.  
How rare, his steadfast love for Nina, sincere and unchanging,  
his first devotion never forgotten.  
How rare, his natural gift for poetry—  
words woven like brocade,  
his spirit bright, his writings fragrant with grace.  
How rare, his upright conduct and righteous heart, free of wicked thought,  
and how kindly he treated Huiqing this past year, like an elder brother.  
Deep within, I hold great respect for him—  
yet in my heart  
I cannot restrain the rising tides.

## 7. 京剧《大登殿·讲什么节孝两双全》 - Lily Lee 廖方誼

Peking Opera “**Ascending the Throne · What Loyalty and Virtue Should I Uphold**”, Performed by Lily Lee

What talk is this of both chastity and filial duty fulfilled?  
Mother, listen well to the root of the matter.  
Elder Sister was promised to Marshal Su,  
Second Sister was promised to Officer Wei Zuo.  
Only your daughter—only I—have suffered bitter fate:  
the embroidered ball fell to Xue Pingnan alone.  
Earlier I said he was merely a dashing young gentleman,  
but now—upright, dignified—he sits upon the Golden Throne itself.  
Come, come, come—  
follow your daughter to Jinling!  
Not only will he not execute my father—  
he will even promote him!

## 8. 越剧《沙漠王子·算命》- 柳儿

Yue Opera “**Prince of the Desert · Fortune Telling**”, Performed by LiuEr

(Roland)

With my hand on the zither, sorrow fills my heart—  
my own fate is mine to reckon.

Sitting before me is the one I love,  
yet pity me: I have eyes, but cannot see.

My lady! Let me speak, good lady—  
listen closely to the story of the prince's life.

He was a handsome, bright young man,  
a fine son of the Western Kingdom's royal house.

His parents cherished him like a treasure,  
even granting him a jade pendant as a token.

On the pendant were engraved four words:

*“Prince of the Desert”*—

to remain for a thousand generations.

Just when their days were filled with joy,  
a sudden disaster broke out from nowhere.

The traitor Anda rebelled, bringing misfortune—  
the whole family was torn apart.

A loyal nurse saved the prince,  
helping him escape from beneath the executioner's blade.

Time flows like water, swiftly passing—  
one season gone, then another.

The prince grew up, reaching seventeen,  
wandering like a lone ship upon the sea of people,

living as a stranger in foreign lands.

By chance, he met a princess—

a princess whose fragrant name  
was **Eli**.

## 9. 京剧《二进宫·怀抱着幼主爷把国执掌》- 朱惠元 | 陈英顺 | 曹莉丽

Peking Opera “**Second Entry to the Palace · Holding the Young Lord to Govern the Nation**”, Performed by Boston Peking Opera Studio, Zhu Huiyuan, Chen Yingshun and Cao Lili

Xu

I cradle the young lord and hold the reins of the state.

Yang

Why do you resent Heaven and curse the world, your cheeks lined with sorrow?

Li

It is not that I am filled with personal grief;

it is only because the court is unsettled and the realm lacks peace.



Yang

What calamity has descended upon the court from the heavens?

Xu

You should consult with the Grand Tutor and the ladies of his household.

Li

The Grand Tutor's heart is like Wang Mang's—

he aims to seize my imperial son and claim our prosperous realm.

Xu

The Grand Tutor is the emperor's kin, a father-in-law of the empress.

Yang

Not necessarily—if he turns ruthless, he may harbor designs of usurpation,  
yet the Grand Tutor has been loyal.

Li

Do you think he bears no ambition to usurp?

Why then seal off Zhaoyang?

Yang

On the 13th day of July, I submitted three memorials,  
yet the Empress Dowager insisted on giving way.

Xu

You claim that the Ming court needs no use of the two treacherous ministers, Xu and Yang.

You forced the Empress Dowager from the hall and declared yourself king.

Li

I ask you plainly, General of the Realm:

I listen carefully to your report—

you protect the young prince, ensuring he ascends the dragon throne,  
and I shall grant you the title of King, shoulder to shoulder with me.

Xu

This old servant is aged and cannot manage the realm alone;  
to safeguard the state, we still have the Minister of War.

Li

Elder Brother Xu is aged and cannot govern;

turn to the Minister of War—if you protect the Crown Prince to ascend the throne,  
your name will endure forever.

Yang

I am terrified, bowing my head and dare not look up,  
trembling as I report to Her Majesty:

Last night I submitted my resignation to the king;  
today I enter the palace to bid farewell to the Empress Dowager,  
hoping she will kindly release me  
so I may return to my hometown in safety.

Li

The two of them speak the same words,  
leaving me with no room to act.

Helpless, I cradle the Crown Prince and kneel before Zhaoyang.

Xu

The King of the Realm is terrified!

Yang

Minister of War!

Xu

Since the beginning of Pangu, when the empire was founded—

Yang

You, my lord, kneel before me—how could I accept?

Li

I do not kneel to you personally;

I kneel for my imperial son, and for our prosperous realm.

Xu

Prosperous realm, long may it prosper!

Yang

I have a memorial to present to the Empress Dowager.

Xu

In the past there was Li Wen and Li Guang—

Yang

Brothers who together safeguarded the court.

Xu

Li Wen fell at the Meridian Gate, pierced by arrows.

Yang

At the front of the imperial carriage, Li Gang was captured.

Xu

Capturing one general costs another injured.

Yang

Yet one general proves stronger than another.

Xu

In the end, the Crown Prince ascended the dragon throne,

Yang

but Li Guang, the loyal one, was executed at the law court!

Xu

These were all loyal ministers and brave generals of the previous dynasty—

Yang

which of the loyal men fared well in the end?

Li

Some met their fate, some did not. Listen well to my example:

In the past, there was Prime Minister Pan,

and Lady Li served the Empress Dowager;

within the Purple Bamboo Grove, a Crown Prince was born—

his name will endure for eternity.

Xu

The imprisoned dragon contemplates the waves of the Yangtze,

Yang

the tiger fallen on the plains dreams of fleeing to the hills.

Xu

At last, when we reflect on these events—

Yang  
who is loyal, and who is the traitor?  
Li  
The loyal ones were Xu and Yang,  
the traitor was my father, Li Liang.  
If you two ministers do not take control of the state,  
I shall kneel and die here in Zhaoyang!

## 10. 越剧《貂蝉·拜月》 - Emilie小艾

Yue Opera “**Diao Chan · Worshipping the Moon**”, Performed by Emilie Ying

A single incense stick burns in the censer,  
I kneel in the dust, praying to the gods.  
Diao Chan lost her parents when young,  
pitying her own drifting, lonely life.  
Fortunately, the Minister of Works took me in,  
showing endless care as if I were his own child.  
Yet misfortune came, and the state faced many hardships;  
in my dreams of song and dance, my heart cannot bear it.  
Recently, I often see my master with furrowed brows,  
sighing deeply, tears streaming down.  
Could it be because of Dong Zhuo's chaos in the court,  
leaving my master helpless, with no plan to remove the treacherous ministers?  
I wish to ease his sorrow and grief,  
yet as a mere girl, I cannot approach or inquire.  
My heart is anxious, my thoughts confused—  
helplessly, I confide my feelings alone to the bright moon.

## 11. 京剧《碰碑·叹杨家秉忠心大宋扶保》 - 赵为公

Peking Opera “**Striking the Stele · Lamenting How the Yang Family Loyally Supported the Song Dynasty**”, Performed by Zhao Weigong

(Slow Ban – Reversed Erhuang)  
Alas, the Yang family, loyal and true, supporting the Song,  
yet now they lie defeated, scattered in the wilderness.  
I curse the Northern nation—Xiao Yinzong—who brought battle upon us,  
seizing my lord and the splendid Dragon Court.  
The traitor Pan Hong hung his command seal in the Golden Hall,  
while my father and sons became mere heroes before the enemy's horses.  
At Jinsha Beach, the twin dragons met,  
only to be routed, blood flowing like rivers, ghosts and spirits wailing.

(Quick San Yan)

My eldest son gave all his loyalty for the Song,  
my second son fell by a short arrow, his life taken to the underworld.  
Yang Sanlang was trampled by horses, his fate unknown;  
Fourth and Eighth sons lost their posts in foreign lands,  
Yang Wulang studied Zen on Mount Wutai,  
Seventh son was struck by Pan Hong's arrows at the battlefield banner.  
Only Yang Yanzhao followed me in campaigns—  
pity him, loyal and filial, enduring all hardships.  
Blood stains the battlefield, horses never rest,  
yet my eight sons lost four...  
lost four! My children!

(Original Ban)

Alas, my entire family has no future.  
The treacherous minister Pan Hong schemes again,  
inviting my lord to roam freely on Mount Wutai.  
Who could have known it was a trap set by the villainous traitor?  
Enemies surround us like the tides of the sea,  
yet thanks to Yang Yanzhao, riding alone,  
his spear safeguards the imperial carriage, breaking through the prison.  
Once again, this old man charges the enemy's path,  
fighting east and west, left and right,  
like a tiger crashing into a flock of sheep, trapped between Twin Wolf Mountains.  
Inside, there is no grain; outside, no grass;  
we await reinforcements, but none arrive.  
Seeing this, I, old and feeble, fear I may never return to court. My sons!  
Hungry, we must slaughter our warhorses;  
cold, we must burn the camp to keep warm.  
The ornate bow cannot strike birds in the sky—  
if the bow breaks or the string snaps, what is it for?