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Chinese-English

苏轼诗词选

Selected Poems of Su Shi



许渊冲 英译

Translated into English by Xu Yuanchong

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总 序

杨牧之

《大中华文库》终于出版了。我们为之高兴，为之鼓舞，但也倍感压力。

当此之际，我们愿将郁积在我们心底的话，向读者倾诉。

—

中华民族有着悠久的历史 and 灿烂的文化，系统、准确地将中华民族的文化经典翻译成外文，编辑出版，介绍给全世界，是几代中国人的愿望。早在几十年前，西方一位学者翻译《红楼梦》，将书名译成《一个红楼上的梦》，将林黛玉译为“黑色的玉”。我们一方面对国外学者将中国的名著介绍到世界上去表示由衷的感谢，一方面为祖国的名著还不被完全认识，甚至受到曲解，而感到深深的遗憾。还有西方学者翻译《金瓶梅》，专门摘选其中自然主义描述最为突出的篇章加以译介。一时间，西方学者好像发现了奇迹，掀起了《金瓶梅》热，说中国是“性开放的源头”，公开地在报刊上鼓吹中国要“发扬开放之传统”。还有许多资深、友善的汉学家译介中国古代的哲学著作，在把中华民族文化介绍给全世界的工作方面作出了重大贡献，但或囿于理解有误，或缘于对中国文字认识的局限，质量上乘的并不多，常常是隔靴搔痒，说不到点子上。大哲学家黑格尔曾经说过：中国有



最完备的国史。但他认为中国古代没有真正意义上的哲学，还处在哲学史前状态。这么了不起的哲学家竟然作出这样大失水准的评论，何其不幸。正如任何哲学家都要受时间、地点、条件的制约一样，黑格尔也离不开这一规律。当时他也只能从上述水平的汉学家译过去的文字去分析、理解，所以，黑格尔先生对中国古代社会的认识水平是什么状态，也就不难想象了。

中国离不开世界，世界也缺少不了中国。中国文化摄取外域的新成分，丰富了自己，又以自己的新成就输送给别人，贡献于世界。从公元5世纪开始到公元15世纪，大约有一千年，中国走在世界的前列。在这一千多年的时间里，她的光辉照耀全世界。人类要前进，怎么能不全面认识中国，怎么能不认真研究中国的历史呢？

二

中华民族是伟大的，曾经辉煌过，蓝天、白云、阳光灿烂，和平而兴旺；也有过黑暗的、想起来就让人战栗的日子，但中华民族从来是充满理想，不断追求，不断学习，渴望和平与友谊的。

中国古代伟大的思想家孔子曾经说过：“三人行，必有我师焉。择其善者而从之，其不善者而改之。”孔子的话就是要人们向别人学习。这段话正是概括了整个中华民族与人交往的原则。人与人之间交往如此，在与周边的国家交往中也是如此。

秦始皇第一个统一了中国，可惜在位只有十几年，来不及做更多的事情。汉朝继秦而继续强大，便开始走出去，了



解自己周边的世界。公元前 138 年，汉武帝派张骞出使西域。他带着一万头牛羊，总值一万万钱的金帛货物，作为礼物，开始西行，最远到过“安息”（即波斯）。公元前 36 年，班超又率 36 人出使西域。36 个人按今天的话说，也只有一个排，显然是为了拜访未曾见过面的邻居，是去交朋友。到了西域，班超派遣甘英作为使者继续西行，往更远处的大秦国（即罗马）去访问，“乃抵条支而历安息，临西海以望大秦”（《后汉书·西域传》）。“条支”在“安息”以西，即今天的伊拉克、叙利亚一带，“西海”应是今天的地中海。也就是说甘英已经到达地中海边上，与罗马帝国隔海相望，“临大海欲渡”，却被人劝阻而未成行，这在历史上留下了遗恨。可以想见班超、甘英沟通友谊的无比勇气和强烈愿望。接下来是唐代的玄奘，历经千难万险，到“西天”印度取经，带回了南亚国家的古老文化。归国后，他把带回的佛教经典组织人翻译，到后来很多经典印度失传了，但中国却保存完好，以至于今天，没有玄奘的《大唐西域记》，印度人很难编写印度古代史。明代郑和“七下西洋”，把中华文化传到东南亚一带。鸦片战争以后，一代又一代先进的中国人，为了振兴中华，又前赴后继，向西方国家学习先进的科学思想和文明成果。这中间有我们的领导人朱德、周恩来、邓小平；有许许多多大科学家、文学家、艺术家，如郭沫若、李四光、钱学森、冼星海、徐悲鸿等。他们的追求、奋斗，他们的博大胸怀，兼收并蓄的精神、为人类社会增添了光彩。

中国文化的形成和发展过程，就是一个以众为师、以各国人民为师，不断学习和创造的过程。中华民族曾经向周边国家和民族学习过许多东西，假如没有这些学习，中华民族绝不可能创造出昔日的辉煌。回顾历史，我们怎么能够不对



伟大的古埃及文明、古希腊文明、古印度文明满怀深深的感激?怎么能够不对伟大的欧洲文明、非洲文明、美洲文明、澳洲文明,以及中国周围的亚洲文明充满温情与敬意?

中华民族为人类社会曾作出过独特的贡献。在15世纪以前,中国的科学技术一直处于世界遥遥领先的地位。英国科学家李约瑟说:“中国在公元3世纪到13世纪之间,保持着一个西方所望尘莫及的科学知识水平。”美国耶鲁大学教授、《大国的兴衰》的作者保罗·肯尼迪坦言:“在近代以前时期的所有文明中,没有一个国家的文明比中国更发达,更先进。”

世界各国的有识之士千里迢迢来中国观光、学习。在这个过程中,中国唐朝的长安城渐渐发展成为国际大都市。西方的波斯、东罗马,东亚的高丽、新罗、百济、南天竺、北天竺,频繁前来。外国的王侯、留学生,在长安供职的外国官员,商贾、乐工和舞士,总有几十个国家,几万人之多。日本派出的“遣唐使”更是一批接一批。传为美谈的日本人阿部仲麻吕(晁衡)在长安留学的故事,很能说明外国人与中国的交往。晁衡学成仕于唐朝,前后历时五十余年。晁衡与中国的知识分子结下了深厚的友情。他归国时,传说在海中遇难身亡。大诗人李白作诗哭悼:“日本晁卿辞帝都,征帆一片绕蓬壶。明月不归沉碧海,白云愁色满苍梧。”晁衡遇险是误传,但由此可见中外学者之间在中国长安交往的情谊。

后来,不断有外国人到中国来探寻秘密,所见所闻,常常让他们目瞪口呆。《希腊纪事》(希腊人波桑尼阿著)记载公元2世纪时,希腊人在中国的见闻。书中写道:“赛里斯人用小米和青芦喂一种类似蜘蛛的昆虫,喂到第五年,虫肚子胀裂开,便从里面取出丝来。”从这段对中国古代养蚕技术的



描述，可见当时欧洲人与中国人的差距。公元9世纪中叶，阿拉伯人来到中国。一位阿拉伯作家在他所著的《中国印度见闻录》中记载了曾旅居中国的阿拉伯商人的见闻：

——一天，一个外商去拜见驻守广州的中国官吏。会见时，外商总盯着官吏的胸部，官吏很奇怪，便问：“你好像总盯着我的胸，这是怎么回事？”那位外商回答说：“透过你穿的丝绸衣服，我隐约看到你胸口上长着一个黑痣，这是什么丝绸，我感到十分惊奇。”官吏听后，失声大笑，伸出胳膊，说：“请你数数吧，看我穿了几件衣服。”那商人数过，竟然穿了五件之多，黑痣正是透过这五层丝绸衣服显现出来的。外商惊得目瞪口呆，官吏说：“我穿的丝绸还不算是最好的，总督穿的要更精美。”

——书中关于茶(他们叫干草叶子)的记载，可见阿拉伯国家当时还没有喝茶的习惯。书中记述：“中国国王本人的收入主要靠盐税和泡开水喝的一种干草税。在各个城市里，这种干草叶售价都很高，中国人称这种草叶叫‘茶’，这种干草叶比苜蓿的叶子还多，也略比它香，稍有苦味，用开水冲喝，治百病。”

——他们对中国的医疗条件十分羡慕，书中记载道：“中国人医疗条件很好，穷人可以从国库中得到药费。”还说：“城市里，很多地方立一石碑，高10肘，上面刻有各种疾病和药物，写明某种病用某种药医治。”

——关于当时中国的京城，书中作了生动的描述：中国的京城很大，人口众多，一条宽阔的长街把全城分为两半，大街右边的东区，住着皇帝、宰相、禁军及皇家的总管、奴婢。在这个区域，沿街开凿了小河，流水潺潺；路旁，葱茏的树木整然有序，一幢幢宅邸鳞次栉比。大街左边的西区，



住着庶民和商人。这里有货栈和商店，每当清晨，人们可以看到，皇室的总管、宫廷的仆役，或骑马或步行，到这里来采购。

此后的史籍对西人来华的记载，渐渐多了起来。13世纪意大利旅行家马可·波罗，尽管有人对他是否真的到过中国持怀疑态度，但他留下一部记述元代事件的《马可·波罗游记》却是确凿无疑的。这部游记中的一些关于当时中国的描述使得西方人认为是“天方夜谭”。总之，从中西文化交流史来说，这以前的时期还是一个想象和臆测的时代，相互之间充满了好奇与幻想。

从16世纪末开始，由于航海技术的发展，东西方航路的开通，随着一批批传教士来华，中国与西方开始了直接的交流。沟通中西的使命在意大利传教士利玛窦那里有了充分的体现。利玛窦于1582年来华，1610年病逝于北京，在华二十余年。除了传教以外，做了两件具有历史象征意义的事，一是1594年前后在韶州用拉丁文翻译《四书》，并作了注释；二是与明代学者徐光启合作，用中文翻译了《几何原本》。

西方传教士对《四书》等中国经典的粗略翻译，以及杜赫德的《中华帝国志》等书对中国的介绍，在西方读者的眼前展现了一个异域文明，在当时及稍后一段时期引起了一场“中国热”，许多西方大思想家都曾注目于中国文化。有的推崇中华文明，如莱布尼兹、伏尔泰、魁奈等，有的对中华文明持批评态度，如孟德斯鸠、黑格尔等。莱布尼兹认识到中国文化的某些思想与他的观念相近，如周易的卦象与他发明的二进制相契合，对中国文化给予了热情的礼赞；黑格尔则从他整个哲学体系的推演出发，认为中国没有真正意义上的哲学，还处在哲学史前的状态。但是，不论是推崇还是批



评，是吸纳还是排斥，中西文化的交流产生了巨大的影响。随着先进的中国科学技术的西传，特别是中国的造纸、火药、印刷术和指南针四大发明的问世，大大改变了世界的面貌。马克思说：“中国的火药把骑士阶层炸得粉碎，指南针打开了世界市场并建立了殖民地，而印刷术则变成了新教的工具，变成对精神发展创造必要前提的最强大的杠杆。”英国的哲学家培根说：中国的四大发明“改变了全世界的面貌和一切事物的状态”。

三

大千世界，潮起潮落。云散云聚，万象更新。中国古代产生了无数伟大的科学家：祖冲之、李时珍、孙思邈、张衡、沈括、毕昇……产生了无数科技成果：《齐民要术》、《九章算术》、《伤寒杂病论》、《本草纲目》……以及保存至今的世界奇迹：浑天仪、地动仪、都江堰、敦煌石窟、大运河、万里长城……但从15世纪下半叶起，风水似乎从东方转到了西方，落后的欧洲只经过400年便成为世界瞩目的文明中心。英国的牛顿、波兰的哥白尼、德国的伦琴、法国的居里、德国的爱因斯坦、意大利的伽利略、俄国的门捷列夫、美国的费米和爱迪生……光芒四射，令人敬仰。

中华民族开始思考了。潮起潮落究竟是什么原因？中国人发明的火药，传到欧洲，转眼之间反成为欧洲列强轰击中国大门的炮弹，又是因为什么？

鸦片战争终于催醒了中国人沉睡的迷梦，最先“睁眼看世界”的一代精英林则徐、魏源迈出了威武雄壮的一步。曾国藩、李鸿章搞起了洋务运动。中国的知识分子喊出“民主



与科学”的口号。中国是落后了，中国的志士仁人在苦苦探索。但落后中饱含着变革的动力，探索中孕育着崛起的希望。“向科学进军”，中华民族终于又迎来了科学的春天。

今天，世界毕竟来到了 21 世纪的门槛。分散隔绝的世界，逐渐变成联系为一体的世界。现在，全球一体化趋势日益明显，人类历史也就在愈来愈大的程度上成为全世界的历史。当今，任何一种文化的发展都离不开对其它优秀文化的汲取，都以其它优秀文化的发展为前提。在近现代，西方文化汲取中国文化，不仅是中国文化的传播，更是西方文化自身的创新和发展；正如中国文化对西方文化的汲取一样，既是西方文化在中国的传播，同时也是中国文化在近代的转型和发展。地球上所有的人类文化，都是我们共同的宝贵遗产。既然我们生活的各个大陆，在地球史上曾经是连成一气的“泛大陆”，或者说是一个完整的“地球村”，那么，我们同样可以在这个以知识和学习为特征的网络时代，走上相互学习、共同发展的大路，建设和开拓我们人类崭新的“地球村”。

西学仍在东渐，中学也将西传。各国人民的优秀文化正日益迅速地为中国文化所汲取，而无论西方和东方，也都需要从中国文化中汲取养分。正是基于这一认识，我们组织出版汉英对照版《大中华文库》，全面系统地翻译介绍中国传统文化典籍。我们试图通过《大中华文库》，向全世界展示，中华民族五千年的追求，五千年的梦想，正在新的历史时期重放光芒。中国人民就像火后的凤凰，万众一心，迎接新世纪文明的太阳。

1999 年 8 月 北京

PREFACE TO THE *LIBRARY OF CHINESE CLASSICS*

Yang Muzhi

The publication of the *Library of Chinese Classics* is a matter of great satisfaction to all of us who have been involved in the production of this monumental work. At the same time, we feel a weighty sense of responsibility, and take this opportunity to explain to our readers the motivation for undertaking this cross-century task.

1

The Chinese nation has a long history and a glorious culture, and it has been the aspiration of several generations of Chinese scholars to translate, edit and publish the whole corpus of the Chinese literary classics so that the nation's greatest cultural achievements can be introduced to people all over the world. There have been many translations of the Chinese classics done by foreign scholars. A few dozen years ago, a Western scholar translated the title of *A Dream of Red Mansions* into "A Dream of Red Chambers" and Lin Daiyu, the heroine in the novel, into "Black Jade." But while their endeavours have been laudable, the results of their labours have been less than satisfactory. Lack of knowledge of Chinese culture and an inadequate grasp of the Chinese written language have led the translators into many errors. As a consequence, not only are Chinese classical writings widely misunderstood in the rest of the world, in some cases their content has actually been distorted. At one time, there was a "Jin Ping Mei craze" among Western scholars, who thought that they had uncovered a miraculous phenomenon, and published theories claiming that China was the "fountainhead of eroticism," and that a Chinese "tradition of permissiveness" was about to be laid bare. This distorted view came about due to the translators of the *Jin Ping Mei* (*Plum in the Golden Vase*) putting one-sided stress on the





raw elements in that novel, to the neglect of its overall literary value. Meanwhile, there have been many distinguished and well-intentioned Sinologists who have attempted to make the culture of the Chinese nation more widely known by translating works of ancient Chinese philosophy. However, the quality of such work, in many cases, is unsatisfactory, often missing the point entirely. The great philosopher Hegel considered that ancient China had no philosophy in the real sense of the word, being stuck in philosophical "prehistory." For such an eminent authority to make such a colossal error of judgment is truly regrettable. But, of course, Hegel was just as subject to the constraints of time, space and other objective conditions as anyone else, and since he had to rely for his knowledge of Chinese philosophy on inadequate translations it is not difficult to imagine why he went so far off the mark.

China cannot be separated from the rest of the world; and the rest of the world cannot ignore China. Throughout its history, Chinese civilization has enriched itself by absorbing new elements from the outside world, and in turn has contributed to the progress of world civilization as a whole by transmitting to other peoples its own cultural achievements. From the 5th to the 15th centuries, China marched in the front ranks of world civilization. If mankind wishes to advance, how can it afford to ignore China? How can it afford not to make a thoroughgoing study of its history?

2

Despite the ups and downs in their fortunes, the Chinese people have always been idealistic, and have never ceased to forge ahead and learn from others, eager to strengthen ties of peace and friendship.

The great ancient Chinese philosopher Confucius once said, "Whenever three persons come together, one of them will surely be able to teach me something. I will pick out his good points and emulate them; his bad points I will reform." Confucius meant by this that we should always be ready to learn from others. This maxim encapsulates the principle the Chinese people have always followed in their dealings with other peoples, not only on an individual basis but also at the level of state-to-state relations.

After generations of internecine strife, China was unified by Emperor



Qin Shi Huang (the First Emperor of the Qin Dynasty) in 221 B.C. The Han Dynasty, which succeeded that of the short-lived Qin, waxed powerful, and for the first time brought China into contact with the outside world. In 138 B.C., Emperor Wu dispatched Zhang Qian to the western regions, i.e. Central Asia. Zhang, who traveled as far as what is now Iran, took with him as presents for the rulers he visited on the way 10,000 head of sheep and cattle, as well as gold and silks worth a fabulous amount. In 36 B.C., Ban Chao headed a 36-man legation to the western regions. These were missions of friendship to visit neighbours the Chinese people had never met before and to learn from them. Ban Chao sent Gan Ying to explore further toward the west. According to the "Western Regions Section" in the *Book of Later Han*, Gan Ying traveled across the territories of present-day Iraq and Syria, and reached the Mediterranean Sea, an expedition which brought him within the confines of the Roman Empire. Later, during the Tang Dynasty, the monk Xuan Zang made a journey fraught with danger to reach India and seek the knowledge of that land. Upon his return, he organized a team of scholars to translate the Buddhist scriptures, which he had brought back with him. As a result, many of these scriptural classics which were later lost in India have been preserved in China. In fact, it would have been difficult for the people of India to reconstruct their own ancient history if it had not been for Xuan Zang's *A Record of a Journey to the West in the Time of the Great Tang Dynasty*. In the Ming Dynasty, Zheng He transmitted Chinese culture to Southeast Asia during his seven voyages. Following the Opium Wars in the mid-19th century, progressive Chinese, generation after generation, went to study the advanced scientific thought and cultural achievements of the Western countries. Their aim was to revive the fortunes of their own country. Among them were people who were later to become leaders of China, including Zhu De, Zhou Enlai and Deng Xiaoping. In addition, there were people who were to become leading scientists, literary figures and artists, such as Guo Moruo, Li Siguang, Qian Xuesen, Xian Xinghai and Xu Beihong. Their spirit of ambition, their struggles and their breadth of vision were an inspiration not only to the Chinese people but to people all over the world.

Indeed, it is true that if the Chinese people had not learned many



things from the surrounding countries they would never have been able to produce the splendid achievements of former days. When we look back upon history, how can we not feel profoundly grateful for the legacies of the civilizations of ancient Egypt, Greece and India? How can we not feel fondness and respect for the cultures of Europe, Africa, America and Oceania?

The Chinese nation, in turn, has made unique contributions to the community of mankind. Prior to the 15th century, China led the world in science and technology. The British scientist Joseph Needham once said, "From the third century A.D. to the 13th century A.D. China was far ahead of the West in the level of its scientific knowledge." Paul Kennedy, of Yale University in the U.S., author of *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, said, "Of all the civilizations of the pre-modern period, none was as well-developed or as progressive as that of China."

Foreigners who came to China were often astonished at what they saw and heard. The Greek geographer Pausanias in the second century A.D. gave the first account in the West of the technique of silk production in China: "The Chinese feed a spider-like insect with millet and reeds. After five years the insect's stomach splits open, and silk is extracted therefrom." From this extract, we can see that the Europeans at that time did not know the art of silk manufacture. In the middle of the 9th century A.D., an Arabian writer includes the following anecdote in his *Account of China and India*:

"One day, an Arabian merchant called upon the military governor of Guangzhou. Throughout the meeting, the visitor could not keep his eyes off the governor's chest. Noticing this, the latter asked the Arab merchant what he was staring at. The merchant replied, "Through the silk robe you are wearing, I can faintly see a black mole on your chest. Your robe must be made out of very fine silk indeed!" The governor burst out laughing, and holding out his sleeve invited the merchant to count how many garments he was wearing. The merchant did so, and discovered that the governor was actually wearing five silk robes, one on top of the other, and they were made of such fine material that a tiny mole could be seen through them all! Moreover, the governor explained that the robes he was wearing were not made of the finest silk at all; silk of the highest



grade was reserved for the garments worn by the provincial governor.”

The references to tea in this book (the author calls it “dried grass”) reveal that the custom of drinking tea was unknown in the Arab countries at that time: “The king of China’s revenue comes mainly from taxes on salt and the dry leaves of a kind of grass which is drunk after boiled water is poured on it. This dried grass is sold at a high price in every city in the country. The Chinese call it ‘cha.’ The bush is like alfalfa, except that it bears more leaves, which are also more fragrant than alfalfa. It has a slightly bitter taste, and when it is infused in boiling water it is said to have medicinal properties.”

Foreign visitors showed especial admiration for Chinese medicine. One wrote, “China has very good medical conditions. Poor people are given money to buy medicines by the government.”

In this period, when Chinese culture was in full bloom, scholars flocked from all over the world to China for sightseeing and for study. Chang’an, the capital of the Tang Dynasty was host to visitors from as far away as the Byzantine Empire, not to mention the neighboring countries of Asia. Chang’an, at that time the world’s greatest metropolis, was packed with thousands of foreign dignitaries, students, diplomats, merchants, artisans and entertainers. Japan especially sent contingent after contingent of envoys to the Tang court. Worthy of note are the accounts of life in Chang’an written by Abeno Nakamaro, a Japanese scholar who studied in China and had close friendships with ministers of the Tang court and many Chinese scholars in a period of over 50 years. The description throws light on the exchanges between Chinese and foreigners in this period. When Abeno was supposedly lost at sea on his way back home, the leading poet of the time, Li Bai, wrote a eulogy for him.

The following centuries saw a steady increase in the accounts of China written by Western visitors. The Italian Marco Polo described conditions in China during the Yuan Dynasty in his *Travels*. However, until advances in the science of navigation led to the opening of east-west shipping routes at the beginning of the 16th century Sino-Western cultural exchanges were coloured by fantasy and conjecture. Concrete progress was made when a contingent of religious missionaries, men well versed in Western science and technology, made their way to China, ushering in an era of



direct contacts between China and the West. The experience of this era was embodied in the career of the Italian Jesuit Matteo Ricci. Arriving in China in 1582, Ricci died in Beijing in 1610. Apart from his missionary work, Ricci accomplished two historically symbolic tasks — one was the translation into Latin of the “Four Books,” together with annotations, in 1594; the other was the translation into Chinese of Euclid’s *Elements*.

The rough translations of the “Four Books” and other Chinese classical works by Western missionaries, and the publication of Père du Halde’s *Description Geographique, Historique, Chronologique, Politique, et Physique de l’Empire de la Chine* revealed an exotic culture to Western readers, and sparked a “China fever,” during which the eyes of many Western intellectuals were fixed on China. Some of these intellectuals, including Leibniz, held China in high esteem; others, such as Hegel, nursed a critical attitude toward Chinese culture. Leibniz considered that some aspects of Chinese thought were close to his own views, such as the philosophy of the *Book of Changes* and his own binary system. Hegel, on the other hand, as mentioned above, considered that China had developed no proper philosophy of its own. Nevertheless, no matter whether the reaction was one of admiration, criticism, acceptance or rejection, Sino-Western exchanges were of great significance. The transmission of advanced Chinese science and technology to the West, especially the Chinese inventions of paper-making, gunpowder, printing and the compass, greatly changed the face of the whole world. Karl Marx said, “Chinese gunpowder blew the feudal class of knights to smithereens; the compass opened up world markets and built colonies; and printing became an implement of Protestantism and the most powerful lever and necessary precondition for intellectual development and creation.” The English philosopher Roger Bacon said that China’s four great inventions had “changed the face of the whole world and the state of affairs of everything.”

3

Ancient China gave birth to a large number of eminent scientists, such as Zu Chongzhi, Li Shizhen, Sun Simiao, Zhang Heng, Shen Kuo and Bi



Sheng. They produced numerous treatises on scientific subjects, including *The Manual of Important Arts for the People's Welfare*, *Nine Chapters on the Mathematical Art*, *A Treatise on Febrile Diseases* and *Compendium of Materia Medica*. Their accomplishments included ones whose influence has been felt right down to modern times, such as the armillary sphere, seismograph, Dujiangyan water conservancy project, Dunhuang Grottoes, Grand Canal and Great Wall. But from the latter part of the 15th century, and for the next 400 years, Europe gradually became the cultural centre upon which the world's eyes were fixed. The world's most outstanding scientists then were England's Isaac Newton, Poland's Copernicus, France's Marie Curie, Germany's Rontgen and Einstein, Italy's Galileo, Russia's Mendeleev and America's Edison.

The Chinese people then began to think: What is the cause of the rise and fall of nations? Moreover, how did it happen that gunpowder, invented in China and transmitted to the West, in no time at all made Europe powerful enough to batter down the gates of China herself?

It took the Opium War to wake China from its reverie. The first generation to make the bold step of "turning our eyes once again to the rest of the world" was represented by Lin Zexu and Wei Yuan. Zeng Guofan and Li Hongzhang started the Westernization Movement, and later intellectuals raised the slogan of "Democracy and Science." Noble-minded patriots, realizing that China had fallen behind in the race for modernization, set out on a painful quest. But in backwardness lay the motivation for change, and the quest produced the embryo of a towering hope, and the Chinese people finally gathered under a banner proclaiming a "March Toward Science."

On the threshold of the 21st century, the world is moving in the direction of becoming an integrated entity. This trend is becoming clearer by the day. In fact, the history of the various peoples of the world is also becoming the history of mankind as a whole. Today, it is impossible for any nation's culture to develop without absorbing the excellent aspects of the cultures of other peoples. When Western culture absorbs aspects of Chinese culture, this is not just because it has come into contact with Chinese culture, but also because of the active creativity and development of Western culture itself; and vice versa. The various cultures of



the world's peoples are a precious heritage which we all share. Mankind no longer lives on different continents, but on one big continent, or in a "global village." And so, in this era characterized by an all-encompassing network of knowledge and information we should learn from each other and march in step along the highway of development to construct a brand-new "global village."

Western learning is still being transmitted to the East, and vice versa. China is accelerating its pace of absorption of the best parts of the cultures of other countries, and there is no doubt that both the West and the East need the nourishment of Chinese culture. Based on this recognition, we have edited and published the *Library of Chinese Classics* in a Chinese-English format as an introduction to the corpus of traditional Chinese culture in a comprehensive and systematic translation. Through this collection, our aim is to reveal to the world the aspirations and dreams of the Chinese people over the past 5,000 years and the splendour of the new historical era in China. Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, the Chinese people in unison are welcoming the cultural sunrise of the new century.

August 1999



前 言

苏轼（1037—1101），别号东坡（东坡居士），是我国宋代最著名的诗人。林语堂在《苏东坡传》序言中说：像苏东坡这样富有创造力，这样刚正不阿，这样放任不羁，这样令人万分倾倒而又望尘莫及的高士，是人间不可无一、难得有二。苏东坡有其迷人的魅力，犹如魅力之在女人，美丽芬芳之在花朵。苏东坡的人品，具有一个多才多艺的天才的深厚、广博，有高度的智力，有天真烂漫的赤子之心——正如耶稣所说“具有蛇的智慧，还兼有鸽子的温柔敦厚”。在这些方面，其他诗人是不能望其项背的。这些品质汇聚于一身，是天地间的凤毛麟角，不可能多见的。他保持天真纯朴，终身不渝。他的诗词文章，都是自然流露，顺乎天性，正如他所说的“春鸟秋虫之声”。从他的笔端，我们能听到人类情感之弦的振动，有喜悦，有愉快，有梦幻的觉醒，有顺从的忍受。苏东坡会因事发怒，但是他却不会恨人。因为恨别人，是自己无能的表现。苏东坡并非才不如人，因此也从不恨人。他的一生是载歌载舞，深得其乐，忧患来临，一笑置之。从佛教的否定人生，儒家的正视人生，道家的简化人生，这位诗人在心灵识见中产生了他混合的人生观。这一生，他只是永恒在刹那的一个微粒，他究竟是哪一个微粒，有何关乎重要？生命毕竟是不朽的、美好的。所以他尽情享



受人生。这就是林语堂眼中的旷古奇才苏东坡。

宋仁宗景祐三年（1036）十二月十九日，苏轼生于四川眉山，按公历算，应该是1037年1月8日。他从小在家中受到父母教养。1056年，他随父亲苏洵（1009—1066）进京（汴梁，今开封，当时是全世界最大的都市），和弟弟苏辙（子由，1039—1112）一同应试开封举人，兄弟二人同中其选。第二年应礼部试，苏轼得到欧阳修的赏识，名列第二。苏辙也同时进士及第，父子兄弟名扬京师，人称“三苏”。1061年苏轼任凤翔判官，后来又任各地任职，所以他的踪迹遍及大江南北。

1056年，东坡同子由进京时经过澠池，住在一座古庙中，曾和老僧谈禅，兄弟两人都在墙壁上题写了诗句。五年后东坡再经过澠池去凤翔，又在庙中借宿，但是老僧已死，墙壁已坏，诗句也无踪影。东坡不禁感慨系之，就写了著名的《和子由澠池怀旧》：

人生到处知何似？应似飞鸿踏雪泥。

泥上偶然留指爪，鸿飞那复计东西！

他把人生比作鸿爪在白雪和污泥上留下的印痕，白雪指光明的一面，污泥指阴暗的一面。老僧谈禅，古庙题诗，这是人生的乐事；物是人非，壁坏诗毁，不免令人感慨。但是新塔已成，正是佛家圆寂轮回的体现；旧诗更新，更是生生不息的象征。因此对于人生的新旧更替，应该像飞鸿对雪泥一样，随遇而安。从此以后，雪泥鸿爪就成了常用的习语，飞鸿也成了苏东坡的形象，正如大鹏成了李白的象征一样。而在西方，则有华兹华斯的杜鹃，拜伦的雄鹰，雪莱的云雀，



济慈的夜莺。可见东西方诗人都有相类似的形象，苏轼能像飞鸿一样不计东西，正如林语堂在序言中所说：他的肉体虽然会死，他的精神则可成为天上的星，地上的河，可以闪亮照明，可以滋润营养，因而维持众生万物。这就是说，他和众生万物合而为一，回归永恒了。老僧建成新塔，就是回归永生，就是佛家所说的圆寂轮回，道家庄子所说的“其分也，成也；其成也，毁也。凡物无成与毁，复通为一”。从此可以看出年轻诗人的哲学思想，在24岁时已经生根萌芽了。

1069年，苏轼回到京师任职，但和王安石政见不合，自请外调。1071年，出京到杭州任通判。次年除夕在审案时，他发现被捕的人多是违犯了王安石过激措施的良民，特别是盐犯，就对新法作出了激烈的批评，表现了他蛇一般的智慧，又写了《除夜直都厅，囚系皆满，日暮不得返舍，因题一诗于壁》。诗中说“执笔对之泣，哀此系中囚”，流露了他对人民的同情，这又表现了他鸽子一般的温柔敦厚。他在杭州最著名的作品是：

水光潋滟晴方好，山色空濛雨亦奇。

欲把西湖比西子，淡妆浓抹总相宜。

前半写他的所见所感，后半写他的所思所想。无论晴雨，他都感到愉快，因为他既能欣赏天晴时大自然的光明面，又能欣赏下雨时大自然的幽暗面，人与自然同呼吸，共欢乐，可以说是天人合一了。后半把美景和美人相比，天晴好比美人艳装，天雨犹如美人素妆，无论艳装素妆，美人都是一样美丽的。如果再把美景和诗人相比呢，那可以说，天晴时诗人可以达则兼善天下，天雨时可以穷则独善其身，无论穷达，

诗人都可尽其在我，随遇而安，自得其乐。因此虽然多次升迁贬黜，从京师迁到杭州湖畔，又从杭州迁到密州的穷乡僻壤；或从京师贬到黄州江边的东坡，再贬到天涯海角的惠州，他都无怨无悔，安身立命，成了一个历经忧患的乐天派。这就构成了苏东坡与众不同的魅力，无怪乎林语堂要说：苏东坡这样的人物，是人间不可无一、难得有二的了。

1074年，东坡去密州时，写了一首《沁园春》寄给弟弟子由，其中有几句诗概括了儒家的人世思想和道家的出世思想：

有笔头千字，胸中万卷，
致君尧舜，此事何难？
用舍由时，行藏在我，
袖手何妨闲处看？

这就是说，他们兄弟二人读书万卷，下笔千言，如果皇帝能够知人善任，不难成为明君贤臣，治理朝政，造成太平盛世。这就是儒家的人世思想，也就是说：用我则行其道。如果不用我呢？那就只好舍我则藏其身，隐居山林，做个闲人，尽情享受田园风光，自然美景，有江上之清风，与山间之明月，用之而不尽，取之而不竭。这就是道家遗世独立的思想。由此可以看出东坡的人生哲学、处世态度。因为他经历过朝中的风风雨雨，体验过升迁荣辱，所以能够做到达则兼善天下，穷则独善其身。他在密州不但解决了荣辱观的问题，还进一步闯过了生死关，写了一首《江城子》悼亡辞，悼念他梦中见到的、十年前去世的妻子王弗。词的前三句和后三句是：

十年生死两茫茫，
不思量，自难忘。



.....

料得年年肠断处，
明月夜，短松冈。

为了悼念这难忘的、27岁去世的妻子，东坡在墓地种植了四季常青的松树，来寄托自己的哀思；并且幻想每逢月明之夜，断肠的诗人可以化为明月，去照看短松冈上断肠的亡魂。这就是天人合一，使哀思化为明月青松，使亡妻永垂不朽了。

明月不但可以寄托对死者的悼念，还可以缓解生离的相思。最著名的例子是东坡在密州写的《水调歌头》中秋词，说中秋月：

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！

从这首词中，又可以看出天人合一的思想。天上的月亮有圆时，也有缺时，不可能只圆不缺；人间的夫妻兄弟也有聚有散，不可能只有相聚，没有分离。月圆时天空明亮，月缺时天色幽暗，不可能夜夜月色如昼，没有浮云遮月。人生也不可能只有欢乐，没有痛苦。明白这个道理，就应该顺应自然，尽量享受欢乐的时刻，节制生离死别的悲哀。即使天上的圆月照着人间的远别，也不该增加不必要的烦恼，因为自古以来，天下就没有不散的宴席，没有毫无缺憾的事情。兄弟两人虽然远隔千里，天各一方，但是只要人还健在，并不会妨碍两人对月色的欣赏。即使夫妻生死隔绝，诗人的哀思也可借明月的寒光浸润长青的松树，使亡妻的英灵像永不凋谢的松柏一

样，永远活在诗人心里，减少人死不能复生的痛苦。就像佛家的古寺新塔可以轮回转生，消灭死亡，儒家的人世思想可以振奋人生，道家的“齐物论”可以齐生死、化忧乐一样。

诗人寄情青松明月，热爱自然之美，可以天人合一，不但缩短了兄弟之间的距离，甚至可以消除生死的界限，弥补古今的缺陷。1076年苏轼任徐州太守，1078年夜宿燕子楼，梦见唐代名妓关盼盼。盼盼是张尚书的爱姬，尚书死后，她誓不改嫁，独居燕子楼十多年，写了三首著名的《燕子楼》绝句，第一首是：

楼上残灯伴晓霜，独眠人起合欢床。
相思一夜情多少，地角天涯未是长。

美人的哀思寄托在残灯晓霜、独眠相思、地角天涯之中。东坡梦醒之后，写了一首《永遇乐》来歌颂盼盼的生死恋：

明月如霜，好风如水，
清景无限

……

黯黯梦云惊断。
夜茫茫，重寻无处，
觉来小园行遍。

……

古今如梦，何曾梦觉？
但有旧欢新怨。

……

东坡在词中也用了晓霜沉夜等没有时代限制的视觉形象，来表达他几百年后的哀思。更有甚者，他把想象和现实、历史





和当代都融合起来，似乎是谈盼盼对尚书的思念，又仿佛是他自己对盼盼的同情。总之，这首词把外部世界的现实转化为内心世界的情感，在睡梦中，他使暂时的、特殊的事实拥有了永恒的、普遍的价值。这就是说，东坡词取得了超越时空的性质。

词人对时空的超越表现得最特出的，是在《念奴娇·赤壁怀古》一词中。如果说《永遇乐》结合的是历史事实和诗人的柔情，那么《念奴娇》融合的却是英雄的业绩和豪放不羁的气概。东坡诗词的一个特点，是把自己内在的情感移植到其他入或物的身上，使自己和其他人物都得到了超越。例如：

大江东去，
浪淘尽，
千古风流人物。

.....

故国神游，
多情应笑我，早生华发。

.....

大江东去，象征着词人对自由的向往，也就是说，词人把自己的向往移植到大江波涛之中，这既使得大江具有了千古风流人物的气概，又使词人心潮汹涌，犹如江涛澎湃，这样，人和江都超越了自己，双双得到提高。正如美国耶鲁大学孙康宜教授在她的博士论文中所说，词人试图从一个比现实生活更宏大的角度来看问题。1082年，词人被贬到长江之滨的黄州，现实中充满了忧患和限制，而滔滔江水却可以冲破一切堤防，解放自己。所以使外部世界的江流和内部世界的心

潮合而为一，这是对空间的超越。此外，词人写周郎和小乔等千古风流人物神游故国，并且笑他不必为不可避免的命运自寻烦恼。英雄美人对他的同情，减少了他内心的苦闷，可算他在与古人同命运共呼吸，这是对时间的超越。超越时空，使这首《赤壁怀古》成了不朽名作。

如果说词人心目中的英雄是大破曹兵八十万，“谈笑间、檣櫓灰飞烟灭”的周瑜，那他笔下的才女，则有蜀亡降宋的花蕊夫人。她当着宋太祖的面即席赋诗：

君王城上竖降旗，妾在深宫哪得知？

十四万人齐解甲，更无一个是男儿！

义正词严，巾帼不让须眉。东坡在他补足蜀主孟昶的《洞仙歌》时，说花蕊夫人“冰肌玉骨”，并不是说她涂脂抹粉，而是说她冰清玉洁。“水殿风来暗香满”，暗香指的当然不是宫女的脂粉香味，而是沁人心脾的幽香。“一点明月窥人”，广寒宫的清凉气息也会带来一点仙气，这就使花蕊夫人超凡脱俗了。甚至“时见疏星渡河汉”，借牛郎织女鹊桥会来暗示爱情，使人间的恩爱也升华为神仙情侣了。

东坡爱美，并不限于才子佳人，对于榴花柳絮，也是一样怜香惜玉。如在《贺新郎》中，他就把石榴比作美人：

石榴半吐红巾蹙，

……

芳心千重似束。

把石榴比作半吐千颗珠玉的红唇，真是形神兼似。他还把石榴花和孤眠的美人相提并论：

帘外谁来推绣户？



枉教人，梦断瑶台曲。

又却是，风敲竹。

绣户中的美人等待负心人回来，听见风吹竹动，以为是人来了，结果又是失望，只好说：“若待得君来向此，花前对酒不忍触。共粉泪，两簌簌。”等到花谢花飞，人已憔悴，就只有流泪眼对流泪眼了。这里美人空待，可能影射词人等待朝廷召回，就像《江城子·密州出猎》中所说：

持节云中，何日遣冯唐？

会挽雕弓如满月，西北望，射天狼。

《贺新郎》词中美人“晚凉新浴，手弄生绡白团扇，扇手一时似玉”。团扇到了秋凉时不再有用，所以成了失宠的象征，这就暗示词人不再得到朝廷重用。于是美人只好在梦中寻求安慰，不幸又被西风惊醒，亏得石榴花在“浮花浪蕊都尽”时，却“秾艳一枝”，“伴君幽独”，这也暗示着词人刚正不阿，特立独行，不受反面影响，只在自然美中自得其乐。正如《行香子·别意》中所说的，“有湖中月，江边柳，陇头云”，也就可以自慰了。

苏东坡是一个不可多得的乐观派。即使在苦难中，人不堪其忧，他却不改其乐。例如他在流放到天涯海角时，居然写了两首妙不可言的《纵笔》，其中后两句是：

(一) 报道先生春睡美，道人轻打五更钟。

(二) 小儿误喜朱颜在，一笑那知是酒红？

他的政敌听说他流放时睡得很美，道人打钟都怕惊醒了他，就把他从惠州流放到了海边。不料他依然饮酒如故，连他儿子都误以为他脸色红润了。他怎么能这样遗世独立，把个人

得失置之度外呢？我们在《念奴娇·赤壁怀古》中看到，他能和大江明月打成一片，让天地和他分忧，又能和古代英雄同悲喜，这样超越时空的胸怀，超凡脱俗的向往，放荡不羁的性格，使他心怀宽广，能够转化悲喜。正如他在《行香子·述怀》中所说的：

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。

他的文章显示了蛇的智慧，他的天真又显示了鸽子的温厚。他是一个多才多艺的文人，琴棋书画，无一不精。他的面目犹如《题西林壁》中描写的庐山：

横看成岭侧成峰，远近高低各不同。

不识庐山真面目，只缘身在此山中。

他的胸怀宽广，因为他能从远近高低各个不同的角度看人论事，又能从正面和反面看问题，所以既能理解，又能宽恕。

苏东坡曾写信对朋友说：“我一生之至乐在执笔为文之时，心中错综复杂之情思，我笔皆能畅达之。我自谓人生之乐，未有过于此者也。”（见林语堂《苏东坡传》第13页）在写作时，他能移情万物，人如盼盼和花蕊夫人，物如榴花杨花。这种移情使他超越了个人世界，具有了普遍的，甚至永恒的价值。所以说他的诗文超越了时空。

他的写作，除了自得其乐之外，没有别的理由；读者喜欢他的作品，没有别的理由，只是因为他写得好。他的诗词有的自然亲切，有的形象生动。自然亲切的如徐州石潭谢雨

途中写的五首《浣溪沙》，写出了官民的鱼水之情，人性的纯朴善良。东坡能使日常用语富有抒情意味，如第四首下片：

酒困路长惟欲睡，
日高人渴漫思茶。
敲门试问野人家。

粗茶淡酒，上下对比，就写出了人人心中都有的真情实感，使散文具有诗味了。至于形象生动的诗句，可以看《六月二十七日望湖楼醉书》中的头两句：

黑云翻墨未遮山，
白雨跳珠乱入船。

把黑云比作打翻了的墨汁，把急雨比作乱跳的珠子，真使人如闻其声，如见其形了。东坡形象化的语言不但用于描绘景色，而且用于写人叙事，例如《守岁》中说：

欲知垂尽岁，有似赴壑蛇，
修鳞半已没，去意谁能遮？

把抽象的岁末比作具体的蛇进洞，真是出人意外。甚至在发议论时，东坡也能巧用比喻，如《书鄱陵王主簿所画折枝》就把书画作了比较：

论画以形似，见与儿童邻。
赋诗必此诗，定非知诗人。
诗画本一律，天工与清新。

由此可以看出东坡的风格：清新自然，形象生动，无论写景，叙事，议论，都是如此。

关于写诗绘画的理论，也可以应用于翻译。在我看来，译诗的艺术也像绘画，而不像照相。正如东坡在《水龙吟》





中说的，柳絮“似花还似非花”，译文也应该既似原文，又不似原文。当原文的言（形式）与意（内容）统一的时候，译文可以形似；当言与意有矛盾时，那就只能意似或者神似。总而言之，翻译苏东坡的诗词，译者应该自问：假如东坡是当代的英美人，他会怎样用英文来写他自己的诗？那才可以译出东坡的“春鸟秋虫之声”。

苏东坡的诗词包括四千多首诗和三百多首词。他被认为是中国 11 世纪最伟大的独一无二的诗人。他作品的第一个英译本是勒葛克拉克博士的《苏东坡赋》，1935 年由伦敦克甘保罗公司出版，1964 年纽约帕拉贡公司再版。《清华周刊》第 36 期发表了钱鍾书的书评，说勒葛克拉克夫人美丽的版画插图为本书增光添彩，巧妙地用不同的媒介来再现苏赋的精神，使人不忍错过阅读的机会，与其批评，不如赞扬。1947 年，纽约让德公司出版了林语堂的《乐观的天才》，其实是一本苏东坡的评传，本书前言从该书序中多有摘引。1965 年纽约哥伦比亚大学出版社出版了伯顿·华逊英译的《宋代诗人苏东坡诗词选》，把古诗词译成分行散文。1982 年香港商务印书馆出版了许渊冲《苏东坡诗词新译》，其中共选诗词一百首。本书就是在香港《新译》的基础上，共选苏诗 85 首、苏词 55 首。希望英语读者对这位人间不可无一、难得有二的才子，能够有所了解。

许渊冲

2006 年 9 月 26 日

于北京大学畅春园

Preface

Su Shi (1037 — 1101) is better known under the name of Su Dongpo (Master of the Eastern Slope). He was, said Lin Yutang in *The Gay Genius*, a man with great charm, originality and integrity of purpose. It is easy to feel his charm as to feel it in women and to feel beauty and fragrance in flowers. There had to be one Su Dongpo, but there could not be two. His personality had the richness and variety of a many-sided genius, possessing a combination described by Jesus as the wisdom of the serpent and the gentleness of the dove. All through his life he retained a perfect naturalness and honesty with himself. His poems were the natural outpourings of his heart, instinctive and impetuous, like the bird's song in spring and the cricket's chirp in autumn. He wrote purely to express what he felt in his heart, for no other reason than that he enjoyed writing. He felt strongly, thought clearly, wrote beautifully, and acted with high courage. From his pen we hear a chord reflecting all the human emotions of joy, delight, disillusionment and resignation. He hated evil, but the evil-doers did not interest him. Since hatred is an expression of incompetence, he never knew personal hatred, because he did not know incompetence. Out of the Buddhist faith to annihilate life, the Confucian faith to live it, and the Taoist faith to simplify it, a new amalgam was formed in the crucible of the poet's mind and perceptions. Of this living, he was only a particle in a temporary manifestation of the eternal, and it really did not matter very much which particle he happened to be. Life was after all





eternal and good, and he enjoyed it. Such is Su Dongpo as Lin Yutang sees him.

Born at Meishan in present-day Sichuan, he was educated at home by his mother and his father Su Xun (1009—1066). In 1056 he came with his younger brother Su Zhe (Ziyou 1039—1112) to the capital of Northern Song dynasty, the largest city in the world at that time, to take the government civil service examination, and both of them passed it with distinction in 1057. The father and the two sons all became outstanding writers of their age and were well known as the Three Sus. Then Su Shi as a provincial administrator or magistrate moved about from place to place, from office to office, which is why so much of his poetry deals with journeys and scenic splendors.

In 1061 he passed by Mianchi and lodged in a temple where he and Ziyou had written verses on the wall in 1056, but now the wall fell in decay and their verses left no trace, so he wrote *Recalling the Old Days at Mianchi in the Same Rhyme as Ziyou's Poem*, in which he compares life to a swan's traces on mud or on snow, that is to say, life has its sunny side as well as its shady one, and man should care for it no more than a flying swan does for its claw and nail prints on the dirty mud or on the pure snow. Since then the flying swan has become symbolic of Su Shi just as the roc is symbolic of Li Bai, the cuckoo of Wordsworth, the eagle of Byron, the skylark of Shelley, the nightingale of Keats. Su Shi could be carefree because he thought clearly, just as Lin Yutang put it, his body might die, but his spirit would become a star in the heaven, or a river on the earth, to shine, to nourish, and to sustain all living. So every moment of life was good while it lasted, and he enjoyed it to the full. The old monk is dead, indeed, but what matters? A new dagoba appears to delight the eye and to nourish the spirit. The Buddhist faith is to annihilate



life so as to quicken a new birth. A dagoba is the monk's body metamorphosed into art which might triumph over death, just as the verse written on the wall would outlast the wall in ruin and win immortality. Thus we see the philosophical spirit of the young poet budding at the age of twenty-four.

Su Shi's political career was marred by a series of defeats and banishments primarily due to his opposition to Wang Anshi who carried out radical reforms, which he criticized with acerbity, and which at one time brought about his imprisonment. That is the reason why Lin Yutang said Su Shi had the wisdom of the serpent. On official duty at Fengxiang in 1069, he wrote *Seeing Prisoners on New Year's Eve*, in which he says he is like the prisoners he sees, and which accredits him the gentleness of the dove. In 1073 when he was an administrator at Hangzhou, he wrote his best known quatrain on the West Lake:

*The brimming waves delight the eye on sunny days;
The dimming hills give a rare view in rainy haze.
The West Lake looks like the fair lady at her best;
Whether she is richly adorned or plainly dressed.*

The first couplet describes what he saw and felt, the second what he thought. Rain or shine, he felt happy alike, for he could enjoy the delightful scene of the sunny side as well as the rare view of the shady side. Here we see his communion with nature. The second couplet shows that he can appreciate a richly adorned beauty just as a plainly dressed one. This accounts for his equanimity in prosperity as well as in adversity. Though transferred many times from the lakeside Hangzhou to the hillside Mizhou, then banished to the riverside Huangzhou and at last to the seaside Huizhou, he was still the incorrigible optimist. Here lies his great charm, and that is the reason why Lin Yutang said there had to be one Su



Dongpo, but there could not be two.

On his way to Mizhou in 1074, he wrote *Spring in a Pleasure Garden* for his brother Ziyou, in which we find six lines epitomizing his Confucian faith to live his life and his Taoist faith to simplify or transform it:

*A fluent pen combined
With a widely-read mind,
Why could we not have helped the Crown
To attain great renown?
As times require,
I advance or retire,
...*

When he was imperial secretary to issue orders for the emperor, he advanced in his political career; when he was imprisoned and then banished, he would enjoy the beauty of nature and the delights of life. That is the continuation of his philosophical attitude towards life's sunny and shady sides, for he had witnessed the ups and downs in the court. In Mizhou he wrote a lyric to the tune of *Riverside Town* about a dream of his deceased wife, which reveals his regret of losing his love before enjoying life to the full, and which ends in a description of her graveyard, which is an outpouring of his heart.

*For ten long years the living of the dead knows nought.
Should the dead be forgot
And to mind never brought?
...*

*When I am woken, I fancy her heart-broken
On the mound clad with pines,
Where only the moon shines.*

The poet fancies his wife heart-broken to show his own broken heart, her



graveyard clad in evergreen pines to show her memory evergreen in his bosom, and the lonely moon symbolic of the lonely poet keeping watch over her.

Another important lyric written in Mizhou is *Prelude to Water Melody Sent to Ziyou on Mid-Autumn Festival in 1076*, which shows the poet's philosophical attitude towards life:

*Against man she should not have any spite.
Why then when people part is she oft full and bright?
Men have sorrow and joy, they part and meet again;
The moon may be bright or dim, she may wax or wane.
There has been nothing perfect since olden days.
So let us wish that man live as long as he can!
Though miles apart, we'll share the beauty she displays.*

Here again we find the communion between man and nature. People may meet or part just as the moon waxes and wanes; they have joy and sorrow just as the moon may be bright or dim. There is no sunny side without a shady one. So the best of all ways is to lengthen our joy and to shorten our sorrow as much as we can. Though the poet and his brother were far apart, they might enjoy the same beautiful moonlight together. Though his wife cannot revive to share his delight, his heart would shed a tender light to drown her soul in deep love. Thus we see the combination of Buddhist faith to annihilate life, Confucian faith to live it and Taoist faith to transform it.

The poet's love of beauty can not only shorten the distance between him and his brother, but also between life and death, and so between the ancient and the modern. When he was governor of Pengcheng (modern Xuzhou) in 1078, one night he lodged at the Pavilion of Swallows built for the beautiful Panpan (c. 800) of the Tang dynasty, who refused to remarry

after the death of her dear lord and wrote the following quatrain:

*Upstairs the dying lamp flickers with morning frost;
The lonely widow rises from her nuptial bed.
Sleepless the whole night long, in mournful thoughts she's lost;
The night seems endless as the boundless sky overhead.*

The poetess' mournful thoughts can be felt by various objects, the flickering, dying lamp, the cold morning frost, the lonely nuptial bed, and the boundless empty sky. After dreaming of the poetess, Su Shi wrote a lyric to the tune of *Joy of Eternal Union*, singing of her eternal union with her lord though they were separated in life but they were reunited by death.

*The bright moonlight is like frost white,
...
That gloomy, I awake from my dream of the Cloud.
Under the boundless pall of night.
Nowhere again can she be found
Though in the small garden I have walked around.
...
Both the past and the present are like dreams,
From which we have ne'er been awake, it seems.
...*

Su Shi has also made use of these timeless visionary images such as cold frost, boundless sky and endless night to show his personal emotion. What is more, he has combined the real and the imaginative, reality and history, so that his poem represents a lyrical version of external reality. In his dreams he has created a metaphorical relation between external objects and universal human feelings, so his lyric becomes transcendental in time and in space.

Su Shi's art of writing reaches its apex in *The Red Cliff* composed to





the tune of *Charm of a Maiden Singer*. If *The Pavilion of Swallows* is a combination of historical facts and the poet's tender emotion, then *The Red Cliff* is one of heroic feats and his transcendental feeling. His poetry is characterized by an implicit transference of feeling, for he often imagines what other persons or things would feel in the particular poetic situation he creates, for instance,

*The endless River eastwards flows,
With its huge waves are gone all those
Gallant heroes of bygone years.*

...

*Should their souls revisit the land,
Sentimental, his bride would laugh to say:
Younger than they, I have my hair turned grey.*

Here we see the river and waves symbolize the poet's love of freedom. He attempts to capture a vision larger than life, as says Kang-i Sun of Yale University. If reality in life is one of cares and constraints, it is the flowing river that will free the self from this world. Thus we can see the external scene and the internal emotion unified. As this lyric was written in 1082 when the poet was banished to the riverside Huangzhou, his life was full of cares and under constraints. If he could merge his cares with the waves of the river, he could be transcendental in space. He fancied if General Zhou and his bride revisited the battlefield at the Red Cliff, they would laugh away his cares and grief over the inevitable reality. If he could merge himself with the heroes who had won victory at the Red Cliff, he would be transcendental in time. That is the reason why this lyric is considered as the best of his poetry.

If we find in General Zhou the poet's ideal of a victorious hero who *destroyed the enemy fleet like castles in the air / while laughing and*



jesting with his bride so fair, we may find his ideal of a beautiful lady in Madame Pistil described in his Song of a Fairy in the Cave, who is well known for her quatrain composed impromptu before the first emperor of Song dynasty:

My lord erected "surrender flag" on city wall.

How could a woman living deep in palace know?

They were disarmed, one hundred forty thousand men in all;

Not one of them was man enough to fight the foe.

Madame Pistil in Su's Song is not a beautiful lady with powdered face and rouged cheeks. Her *jadelike bones and icelike skin* refer not so much to her external beauty as to her internal purity and the *unperceivable fragrance* is different from the vulgar perfume of a palace lady. The moon peeping at her seems to bathe her jadelike bones and icelike skin in celestial light and purify her soul. Even the love-making between her and her lord, set off by such fragrance and purity, is sublimated and becomes celestial.

Su's love of beauty is not confined to woman only, but he also compares flowers to beautiful women and personifies them. For instance, in *Congratulations to the Bridegroom*:

The pomegranate flower opens half her lips

Which look like wrinkled crimson strips;

...

How charming is her blooming branch, behold!

Her fragrant heart seems wrapped a thousand fold.

The pomegranate is the symbol of the lonely beauty who *falls asleep with lonely sigh*.

Who's knocking at the curtained door

That she can dream sweet dreams no more?

*It's again the breeze who
Is swaying green bamboo.*

The beautiful lady who, waiting for her lord, mistakes the swaying bamboo for a knock at the door, is a symbol of the banished poet waiting in vain for an imperial order to recall him, as is described in *Hunting at Mizhou* written to the tune of *Riverside Town*:

*When will the imperial court send
Me as envoy with flags and banners? Then I'll bend
My bow like a full moon, and aiming northwest, I
Will shoot down the Wolf from the sky,*

The lonely lady who *flirts a round fan of silk made*, which is a symbol of disfavor in autumn, seems to have lost the favor of her lord just as the poet has lost imperial favor. In her solitude the disillusioned beauty can do nothing but seek the lost favor in her dream. Awakened by the fickle breeze, she regains her strength on seeing the pomegranate which blooms while all the other fickle flowers fade. The flower is also a symbol of the poet who stands upright, invulnerable to evil-doers for he is strengthened by his love of beauty and communion with nature. For instance, we may read the following lines from his *Song of Pilgrimage*:

*The moon which on the lake shines,
The lakeside willow trees,
The cloud and breeze.*

Su Shi was an incorrigible optimist. He could be happy even in distress.

This can be seen in his *Impromptu Verse Written in Exile*:

- (1) *Knowing that I am sleeping a sweet sleep in spring,
The Taoist priest takes care morning bells softly ring.*
- (2) *Seeing my crimson face, my son is glad I'm fine,
I laugh for he does not know that I have drunk wine.*





How could he stand aloof, careless alike of personal gain and loss? In *The Red Cliff* we can find the poet merged not only in the moonlit and wave-washed scenery but also in the history of great heroes. He was transcendental in space and in time. His unworldly aspiration and upright personality broadened his mind to transform sorrow into joy. This can be seen in his *Reflections* written to the tune of *Song of Pilgrimage*:

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;

Fine before wine; / And proud as cloud.

His writing shows his wisdom of the serpent; his enjoyment like a boy shows his gentleness of the dove. He was a many-sided man who loved writing and painting, enjoyed wine and music, delighted in nature and in beauty. His many-sided view can be illustrated by his quatrain *Written on the Wall of the West Forest Temple*:

It's a range viewed in face and peaks viewed from the side,

Assuming different shapes viewed from far and wide.

Of Mountains Lu we cannot make out the true face,

For we are lost in the heart of the very place.

He was many-sided because he could view everything far and near, see its sunny side as well as its shady one, understand all and pardon all.

The happiest thing in his life was to write down what he felt in the heart and thought in the mind, and he thought there was nothing happier than that in human life. While writing, he would project his personal feeling into the person (Madame Pistil) or thing (pomegranate) he described, and this projection reflects a personal wish to move beyond the individual world and embrace universal values, that is to say, he would transcend



time and space.

No matter what he wrote, he wrote well. His style is on the one hand spontaneous or natural and on the other imagistic. His five lyrics written on his way to the Rocky Pool are typical of his spontaneity: we find in them his genuine love for the simplicity of human nature and his ability to transform a common expression into a lyrical contest, for instance,

*Wine-drowsy when the road is long, I yawn for bed;
Throat parched when the sun is high, I long for tea.
I knock at farmer's door to see what he'll treat me.*

On the other hand, his style is full of rhetoric devices, for example, we may read the imagery used in *The Lake View Pavilion*:

*Like spilt ink dark clouds spread o'er the hills as a pall;
Like bouncing pearls the raindrops in the boat run riot.*

Imagery is not only used in description of natural scenery but also of human beings, not only in description but also in narration, for instance, the poet wrote on a lunar New Year's Eve:

*The end of the year is drawing near
As a snake crawls back to its hole.
We see half its body disappear,
And soon we'll lose sight of the whole.*

Even in argument, he would use comparisons, and *comparaison devient raison*.

In his verse written on a painting by Secretary Wang of Yanling, he says,

*To overstress resemblance of form
In painting is a childish view.
Who thinks in verse there is a norm,
To poetry he's got no clew.
In painting as in poetry,
We like what's natural and new.*



Such is Su Shi's style, natural and imagistic in description, narration and argumentation.

What is true of poetry and painting is also true of translation. I think verse translation is more like the art of painting than that of photographing. As Su Shi says of willow catkins in *Water Dragon's Chant: They seem to be but are not flowers*, the translated verse should be like and unlike the original, like it in spirit and unlike it in letter, like it when there is unity between letter and spirit and unlike it when there is contradiction between them. In short, Su's poems and lyrics should be translated in the same spirit in which they are written.

Su Shi's works include over four thousand poems and over three hundred compositions in the lyric meter. He is considered as the greatest Chinese writer of the 11th century. The first English translation of his works is *The Prose-Poetry of Su Tungpo* translated by Dr. Cyril Le Gros Clark, published by Kegan Paul, London, in 1935 and reprinted by Paragon, New York, in 1964. *Tsinghua Weekly XXXVI* published a *Book Note* written by Qian Zhongshu, saying The charm of this book is much enhanced by the beautiful engravings of Mrs. Le Gros Clark. They so ingeniously reproduce the spirit of Su's "prose-poem" in a different medium that to praise them is better than to criticize them, and to look at them is better than otherwise. In 1947 John Day, New York, published Lin Yutang's *The Gay Genius*, which is a critical biography of Su Dongpo, and from which the author has profited much. In 1965 Columbia University Press, New York, published *Su Tungpo: Selections from a Sung Dynasty Poet* translated by Burton Watson. In 1982 the Commercial Press, Hong Kong, published *Su Dongpo — a New Translation*, including 100 poems and lyrics translated by Xu Yuan Zhong. This new edition is an amplified version of the *New Translation*, including 85 poems and

55 lyrics, from which I wish the Western reader may catch a glimpse of the greatest Chinese writer of the 11th century.

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September 26, 2006



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於是飲酒樂甚扣舷而
歌之歌曰桂棹兮蘭槳
擊空明兮泝流光渺兮
余懷望美人兮天一方客有
吹洞簫者倚歌而和之其

苏轼墨迹（藏故宫博物院）



辛丑十一月十九日，
既与子由别于郑州西门之外，
马上赋诗一篇寄之

(1061)

不饮胡为醉兀兀？
此心已逐归鞍发。
归人犹自念庭闱，
今我何以慰寂寞？
登高回首坡垅隔，
惟见乌帽出复没。
苦寒念尔衣裳薄，
独骑瘦马踏残月。
路人行歌居人乐，
童仆怪我苦凄恻。
亦知人生要有别，
但恐岁月去飘忽。
寒灯相对记畴昔，
夜雨何时听萧瑟？
君知此意不可忘，
慎勿苦爱高官职！



**A Poem to My Brother Ziyou, Composed on
Horseback after Parting with Him at the Western
Gate of the Capital on the 19th Day of the
11th Lunar Month^①**

(1061)

Why do I look so drunken without drinking wine?

My heart is going back with your home-going steed.
Your thoughts turn to our parents and ancestral shrine.

How can I be consoled with the lonely life I'll lead?
Ascending a height, I look back and feel so sad

To see your black cap now appear, now disappear.
It is now biting cold and you are thinly clad,

Riding a lean nag 'neath the waning moon so drear.
Wayfarers sing abroad, people are glad at home,

My houseboy wonders why alone I'm desolate.
I know people may meet or part, settle down or roam,

But I dread to think how quickly years evaporate.
Facing a cold lamp, I relive the bygone days.

When may we listen to bleak wind on rainy night?
You know what I mean and must bear in mind always:

Don't outstay your office of which you should make light.

① Having seen the poet on his way to Fengxiang, where he was to be assistant magistrate, his brother started back.



和子由澠池怀旧

(1061)

人生到处知何似？
应似飞鸿踏雪泥。
泥上偶然留指爪，
鸿飞那复计东西！
老僧已死成新塔，
坏壁无由见旧题。
往日崎岖还记否？
路长人困蹇驴嘶。

**Recalling the Old Days at Mianchi^①
in the Same Rhymes as Ziyou's Poem**

(1061)

What do you think is human life like here or there?
 It seems like a swan's traces on mud or on snow.
 See the claw and nail prints by chance mud and snow bear.
 Will the flying swan care what it has left below?
 The old monk, dead, has left but a dagoba new;
 The verse we wrote was gone with the wall in decay.
 What I remember of the journey made with you
 Is a weary long way and the lame donkey's bray.



① The poet and his brother had stayed in the temple at Mianchi during a previous journey and written poems on a wall.

石 鼻 城

(1062)

平时战国今无在，
陌上征夫自不闲。
北客初来试新险，
蜀人从此送残山。
独穿暗月朦胧里，
愁渡奔河苍茫间。
渐入西南风景变：
道旁修竹水潺潺。



The Stone-nose Town

(1062)

Where are the belligerent states of bygone days?

Wayfarers are trudging on their way without cheer.

New-come Northerners on the peril fix their gaze;

The mountaineers part with their last steep mountain here.

Alone, I make my way dimly lit by moonlight;

Saddened, I cross the river shrouded in the haze.

The Southwest land affords a quite different sight:

The ripples whisper with roadside bamboo they graze.



别 岁

(1062)

故人适千里，
临别尚迟迟。
人行犹可复，
岁行那可追。
问岁安所之？
远在天一涯。
已逐东流水，
赴海归无时。
东邻酒初熟，
西舍彘亦肥。
且为一日欢，
慰此穷年悲。
勿嗟旧岁别，
行与新岁辞。
去去勿回顾，
还君老与衰。



Farewell to the Old Year

(1062)

When an old friend is to go far away,
 Long, long will he linger before he parts.
 Though gone away, he may come back some day.
 Where can we find the old year once it departs?
 May I ask whither the old year has passed?
 At the end of the earth it leaves no track.
 It is gone with the water flowing fast
 To the East Sea and will never come back.
 Wine is warmed by our neighbors on the east
 And the pork of those on the west is fat.
 I'd like to have one happy day at least
 So that the lean year may not be grieved at.
 Do not sigh for the departing old year!
 Soon we shall say goodbye to New Year's Day.
 Do not look back but let them disappear.
 Man will grow old and his powers decay.





守 岁

(1062)

欲知垂尽岁，
有似赴壑蛇。
修鳞半已没，
去意谁能遮？
况欲系其尾，
虽勤知奈何！
儿童强不睡，
相守夜喧哗。
晨鸡且勿唱，
更鼓畏添挝。
坐久灯烬落，
起看北斗斜。
明年岂无年，
心事恐蹉跎。
努力尽今夕，
少年犹可夸。

Staying up All Night on New Year's Eve

(1062)

The end of the year is drawing near
 As a snake crawls back to its hole.
 We see half its body disappear
 And soon we'll lose sight of the whole.
 If we try to tie down its tail,
 We can't succeed whate'er we do.
 Children will stay up and regale
 Themselves with feast the whole night through.
 Cocks, wake not the dawn with your song;
 Drums, do not boom out the hour now!
 The wick is burned as I sit long,
 I rise to see the slanting Plough.
 Will there be no New Year's Eve next year?
 I am afraid time waits for none.
 Let us enjoy tonight with cheer
 So that childhood will longer run.





和子由“踏青”

(1063)

东风陌上惊微尘，
游人初乐岁华新。
人闲正好路旁饮，
麦短未怕游车轮。
城中居人厌城郭，
喧阗晓出空四邻。
歌鼓惊山草木动，
箎瓢散野乌鸢驯。
何人聚众称道人？
遮道卖符色怒嗔。
宜蚕使汝茧如瓮，
宜畜使汝羊如麋。
路人未必信此语，
强为买服禳新春。
道人得钱径沽酒，
醉倒自谓吾符神！



Rhyming with Ziyou's "Treading the Green"

(1063)

The east wind raises a fine dust on the pathways,
 Excursionists are glad to enjoy new year's pleasure.
 People may drink by the roadside as they have leisure,
 Short wheat are not afraid of the wheels of the chaise.
 Townsfolk are tired of living within city wall,
 They make much noise on leaving their house in the morn.
 Songs and drums jar the hills and shake trees, grass and thorn;
 Picnic baskets invite tame birds, crows, kites and all.
 Who is there drawing round a crowd, barring the ways?
 It is a Taoist priest who sells his charms and says:
 "Buy my charms and your cocoon will sure grow as big
 As a jar and your sheep as a pig."
 Passers-by may not believe in his words so fine,
 They buy charms anyway to consecrate the spring.
 The priest gets money and goes to a shop of wine,
 Drunken, he boasts his charms are wonder-working thing.

十二月十四日夜微雪，
明日早往南溪小酌至晚

(1063)

南溪得雪真无价，
走马来看及未消。
独自披榛寻履迹，
最先犯晓过朱桥。
谁怜破屋眠无处？
坐觉村饥语不嚣。
惟有暮鸦知客意，
惊飞千片落寒条。

**It Snowed on the Night of the 14th Day of the
12th Lunar Month. I Went to the Southern Valley
on the Next Morning and Drank There Till Dusk**

(1063)

The snow in Southern Valley is priceless indeed,
 I come there on horseback before it melts away.
 Alone, I follow the trail in a cloak of reed,
 First to cross the ochre bridge at the break of day.
 Who pities the homeless who have nowhere to sleep?
 I find villagers hungry whose voices are low.
 Only the crows at dusk know why I'm thinking deep,
 Startled, they fly and shed a thousand flakes of snow.



春 夜

春宵一刻值千金，
花有清香月有阴。
歌管楼台声细细，
秋千院落夜沉沉。



Spring Night

A moment of spring night is worth its length of gold,
When flowers spread on moonlight and shade fragrance cold.
The slender flute from the bower plays music slender;
The tender night on garden swing casts shadow tender.



虞 姬 墓

(1070)

帐下佳人拭泪痕，
门前壮士气如云。
仓黄不负君王意，
只有虞姬与郑君。



Lady Yu's Tomb^①**(1070)**

In the tent fair ladies wiped away their tears;
At the door brave men gathered like a mass of cloud.
Who justified the king's trust in critical years?
Of Lady Yu and General Zheng he could be proud.



① Lady Yu was the favorite consort of King Xiang Yu who fought for the throne against Liu Bang, the founder of Han dynasty. Xiang lost the decisive battle and killed himself on the Black River in 206 B.C. Lady Yu killed herself before Xiang Yu and General Zheng did not submit to Liu Bang after his king's death.



游金山寺

(1070)

我家江水初发源，
宦游直送江入海。
闻道潮头一丈高，
天寒尚有沙痕在。
中泠南畔石盘陀，
古来出没随涛波。
试登绝顶望乡国，
江南江北青山多。
羈愁畏晚寻归楫，
山僧苦留看落日。
微风万顷靴文细，
断霞半空鱼尾赤。
是时江月初生魄，
二更月落天深黑。
江心似有炬火明，
飞焰照山栖鸟惊。
怅然归卧心莫识，
非鬼非人竟何物。
江山如此不归山，
江神见怪警我顽。
我谢江神岂得已，
有田不归如江水！



Visiting the Temple of Golden Hill

(1070)

My native town lies where the River takes its source,
 As official I go downstream to the seaside.
 'Tis said white-crested waves rise ten feet high at full tide,
 On this cold day the sand bears traces of their force.
 There stands a massive boulder south of Central Fountain,
 Emerging or submerged as the tides fall or rise.
 I climb atop to see where my native town lies,
 But find by riverside green mountain on green mountain.
 Home-sick, I will go back by boat lest I be late,
 But the monk begs me to stay and view the setting sun.
 The breeze ripples the water and fine webs are spun;
 Rosy clouds in mid-air like fish-tails undulate.
 Then the moon on the river sheds her new-born light,
 By second watch she sinks into the darkened skies.
 From the heart of the river a torch seems to rise,
 Its flames light up the mountains and the crows take flight.
 Bewildered, I come back and go to bed, lost in thought:
 It's not a work of man or ghost. Then what is it?
 It must be the River God's warning for me to quit
 And go to my home-town, which I can't set at nought.
 Thanking the God, I say I'm reluctant to stay,
 If I won't go home, like these waves I'll pass away!

自金山放船至焦山

(1070)

金山楼观何眈眈，
撞钟击鼓闻淮南。
焦山何有有修竹，
采薪汲水僧两三。
云霾浪打人迹绝，
时有沙户祈春蚕。
我来金山更留宿，
而此不到心怀惭。
同游兴尽决独往，
赋命穷薄轻江潭。
清晨无风浪自湧，
中流歌啸倚半酣。
老僧下山惊客至，
迎笑喜作巴人谈。
自言久客忘乡井，
只有弥勒为同龕。
困眠得就纸帐暖，
饱食未厌山蔬甘。
山林饥卧古亦有，
无田不退宁非贪？
展禽虽未三见黜，
叔夜自知七不堪。
行当投劾谢簪组，
为我佳处留茅庵。





Boating from the Golden Hill to the Hermit's Hill

(1070)

How gaudy does the Temple of Golden Hill glare!
 To Huainan spread its beating drum and ringing bell.
 What has the Hermit's Hill but bamboo here and there
 And two or three monks drawing water from the well?
 On its deserted shore veiled in dim mist waves beat,
 Only to seek silk-worms in spring will peasants come.
 In Golden Hill I stayed o'ernight to rest my feet.
 Without seeing Hermit's Hill, how sorry I'd become!
 My companions were disinclined to come with me.
 Disfavored man alone of whirlpool risk make light.
 Waves surge although the morning of the wind is free,
 Half drunken, I sing in mid-stream with sweet delight.
 The old monk comes downhill, surprised to see a guest,
 And glad to greet his compatriot with a smile.
 He says he has forgotten his home-town in the west,
 Living together with Maitreya on this isle.
 He sleeps in a warm paper curtain when tired and cold;
 Hungry, he likes to eat mountain vegetables sweet.
 The mountaineers have suffered hunger since days old;
 Not greedy, the landless should make good their retreat.
 Although I have not been dismissed from office thrice,
 Yet I know there are seven things I cannot bear.
 Soon I will resign for I am not free from vice,
 I wish to live in thatched temple free from care.

腊日游孤山访惠勤惠思二僧

(1070)

天欲雪，
云满湖，
楼台明灭山有无。
水清出石鱼可数，
林深无人鸟相呼。
腊日不归对妻孥，
名寻道人实自娱。
道人之居在何许？
宝云山前路盘纡。
孤山孤绝谁肯庐，
道人有道山不孤。
纸窗竹屋深自暖，
拥褐坐睡依团蒲。
天寒路远愁仆夫，
整驾催归及未晡。
出山回望云木合，
但见野鹤盘浮图。
兹游淡泊欢有馀，
到家恍如梦蘧蘧。
作诗火急追亡逋，
清景一失后难摹。





**Visiting in Winter the Two Learned Monks
in the Lonely Hill**

(1070)

It seems that snow will fall
 On a cloud-covered lake,
 Hills loom and fade, towers appear and disappear.
 Fish can be count'd among the rocks in water clear;
 Birds call back and forth in the deep woods men forsake.
 I cannot go home on this lonely winter day,
 So I visit the monks to while my time away.
 Who can show me the way which leads to their door-sill?
 Follow the winding path to the foot of the hill.
 The Lonely Hill is so lonesome. Who will dwell there?
 Strong in faith, there's no loneliness but they can bear.
 Paper windows keep them warm in bamboo cottage deep;
 Sitting in their coarse robes, on round rush mats they sleep.
 My lackeys grumble at cold weather and long road,
 They hurry me to go before dusk to my abode.
 Leaving the hill, I look back and see woods and cloud
 Mingled and wild birds circling the pagoda proud.
 This trip has not tired me but left an aftertaste,
 Come back, I seem to see in dreams the scene retraced.
 I hasten to write down in verse what I saw then,
 For the scene lost to sight can't be revived again.



戏子由

(1070)

宛邱先生长如丘，
宛邱学舍小如舟。
常时低头诵经史，
忽然欠伸屋打头。
斜风吹帷雨注面，
先生不愧旁人羞。
任从饱死笑方朔，
肯为雨立求秦优！
眼前勃蹊何足道，
处置六凿须天游。
读书万卷不读律，
致君尧舜知无术。
劝农冠盖闹如云，
送老蠶盐甘似蜜。
门前万事不挂眼，
头虽长低气不屈！
余杭别驾无功劳，
画堂五丈容旂旄。
重楼跨空雨声远，



Written to Ziyou in Joke

(1070)

My brother's tall as Confucius is said to be,
 But his room in the schoolhouse looks like a boat small.
 He bends his head while reading classics and history,
 Suddenly he yawns, his head bumps against the wall.
 The wind blows screens aside and raindrops into his face,
 The onlookers feel sorry but he does not care.
 The starving may be jeered at by well-fed men base,
 He won't beg for shelter though rain drenches his hair.
 He cares not for the discomforts before the eye,
 If he can let his six spirits soar in the sky.
 He's read ten thousand books without reading the law.
 How could he serve a sovereign without a flaw!
 The inspectors of agriculture come in throng,
 Honey-like vegetables are given to the old.
 Nothing at the door will remain in his eyes for long,
 Though his head oft bends low, his spirit is still bold.
 Official of Hangzhou, I've done no worthy deed,
 My painted hall is so large that flags can be displayed.
 My mansion stands high and from noise of rain is freed,

屋多人少风骚骚。
平生所惭今不耻，
坐对疲氓重鞭箠。
道逢阳虎呼与言，
心知其非口诺唯。
居高志下真何益，
气节消缩今无几。
文章小技安足程！
先生别驾旧齐名。
如今衰老俱无用，
付与时人分重轻！



With rooms uninhabited souging winds invade.
I'm no longer ashamed of what I used to be,
And punish with flogging the accused before me.
I greet those I dislike when we meet on the way,
Though I know they are wrong, yet I say only "Aye".
What is the use of a high literary fame
When ebbs our moral courage and lowers our aim?
The trifling art of writing is of no avail,
You and I, while young, we attained the same renown.
We become worthless now we're decrepit and frail.
Let our contemporaries play us up or down!





除夜直都厅，囚系皆满，
日暮不得返舍，因题一诗于壁

(1071)

除日当早归，
官事乃见留。
执笔对之泣，
哀此系中囚：
小人营糗粮，
堕网不知羞。
我亦恋薄禄，
因循失归休。
不须论贤愚，
均是为食谋。
谁能暂纵遣？
闵默愧前修。

Seeing Prisoners on New Year's Eve

(1071)

I should go back early on New Year's Eve,
But my official duty detains me.
Holding my writing brush in hand, I grieve
For I am like these prisoners I see.
They cannot earn an honest livelihood,
And feel no shame at committing a crime.
I won't resign my office which I should,
And get into a rut and lose my time.
Don't ask who is foolish or who is wise.
All of us alike must scheme for a meal.
Who can be carefree from his fall and rise?
Silent before the sage, what shame I feel!



雨中游天竺灵感观音院

(1072)

蚕欲老，
麦半黄，
前山后山雨浪浪。
农夫辍耒女废筐，
白衣仙人在高堂。



**Visiting the Temple of the Compassionate God
of Mercy on a Rainy Day**

(1072)

Silkworms grow old,
Wheat turns half gold.

On both sides of the hill the rain is pouring its fill.
Women can't weave baskets nor can men till the ground,
But high in the hall sits the immortal white-gowned.



六月二十七日望湖楼醉书三首

(1072)

一

黑云翻墨未遮山，
白雨跳珠乱入船。
卷地风来忽吹散，
望湖楼下水如天。

二

放生鱼鳖逐人来，
无主荷花到处开。
水枕能令山俯仰，
风船解与月徘徊。

三

未成小隐聊中隐，
可得长闲胜暂闲。
我本无家更安往？
故乡无此好湖山。

**Written While Drunken in the Lake View Pavilion
on the 27th Day of the 6th Lunar Month**

(1072)

I

Like spilt ink dark clouds spread o'er the hills as a pall;
 Like bouncing pearls the raindrops in the boat run riot.
 A sudden rolling gale comes and dispels them all,
 Below Lake View Pavilion sky-mirrored water's quiet.

II

Captive fish and turtles set free swim after men,
 Here and there in full bloom are lotuses unowned.
 Pillowed on the waves, we see hills rise now, fall then;
 Boating in the wind, the moon seems to whirl around.

III

Not yet secluded, in official life I seek pleasure;
 Free for some time, I long to enjoy longer leisure.
 Homeless as I might have been, where may I go then? Where?
 The lakes and hills in my home-town are not so fair.





望海楼晚景三首

(1072)

一

海上涛头一线来，
楼前指顾雪成堆。
从今潮上君须上，
更看银山二十回。

二

横风吹雨入楼斜，
壮观应须好句夸。
雨过潮平江海碧，
电光时掣紫金蛇。

三

青山断处塔层层，
隔岸人家唤欲膺。
江上秋风晚来急，
为传钟鼓列西兴。



Evening Views from the Seaside Pavilion

(1072)

I

The rising tide comes in from the sea in a row,
 Below the Pavilion in a twinkling heaps up snow.
 From now on you should come with the coming tidal bore
 And you can see silver mountains twenty times more.

II

The wind blows rain into the Pavilion slant-wise,
 Fine verse should be composed in praise of the grand view.
 After the rain the sea turns green, no tide will rise,
 The lightening flashes like a snake of golden hue.

III

Where blue hills sever, there stands a pagoda tall,
 People on either shore answer each other's call.
 The strong wind in an autumn evening will bring
 The sound of ringing bells and beating drums to Xixing.



催试官考较戏作

(1072)

八月十五夜，
月色随处好。
不择茅檐与市楼，
况我官居似蓬岛。
凤味堂前野橘香，
剑潭桥畔秋荷老。
八月十八潮，
壮观天下无。
鲲鹏水击三千里，
组练长驱十万夫。
红旗青盖互明灭，
黑沙白浪相吞屠。
人生会合古难必，
此景此行那两得！
愿君闻此添蜡烛，
门外白袍如立鹄。

Written to Examiners in Joke

(1072)

On the mid-autumn night
 Everywhere the moon is bright,
 Over the thatched roof, over the city hall,
 Over my mansion which looks like a fairy-land,
 O'er the Sword Pool where lotus blooms grow old in the fall,
 O'er the Phoenix Beak where wild oranges fragrant stand.
 On the eighteenth of the eighth moon,
 Incomparable high tide at noon:
 Like water spouted three thousand miles high by whales
 Or the march of ten myriads of armored men.
 Red flags and blue canopies furl and unfurl like sails;
 Black sand and white waves swallow each other now and then.
 'Tis hard for men to get together as of old,
 Candidates would regret not to see such a scene.
 I hope you will burn more candles as you are told,
 For outdoors candidates craning their necks can be seen.



冬至日独游吉祥寺

(1072)

井底微阳回未回，
萧萧寒雨湿枯荻。
何人更似苏夫子：
不是花时肯独来。



**Visiting Alone the Temple of Auspicious Fortune
on Winter Solstice**

(1072)

In the depth of the well warmth has not yet come back,
Showers of cold rain have wetted withered grass root.
No one would come to visit the Temple for there lack
Flowers in full bloom, but alone I come on foot.





吴中田妇叹

今午粳稻熟苦迟，
庶见霜风来几时。
霜风来时雨如泻，
杷头出茵镰生衣。
眼枯泪尽雨不尽，
忍见黄穗卧青泥！
茅苫一月陇上宿，
天晴获稻随车归。
汗流肩赭载入市，
价贱乞与如糠粃。
卖牛纳税拆屋炊，
虑浅不及明年饥。
官今要钱不要米，
西北万里招羌儿。
龚黄满朝人更苦，
不如却作河伯妇！



**Lament of a Peasant Woman
Living in the South of the River**

To our sorrow the rice ripens so late this year,
 And soon we will see the frosty autumn wind blow.
 Before the frosty wind the rain pours far and near,
 The sickles rust and on the rake's teeth mold will grow.
 Can we bear to see golden stalks flat in mud deep?
 Though we weep our eyes dry, yet the rain never stops.
 In a straw shelter by the fields one month we sleep,
 Once it clears, our cart comes back loaded with our crops.
 Sweaty, we carry them on our shoulders chafed red
 To the market where at the price of chaff they're sold.
 To pay the tax we sell the ox and pull down the shed
 For fuel and next year's hunger can be foretold.
 In cash instead of in kind the tax should be paid
 So that tribesmen be bought o'er on northwest frontier.
 The peasants suffer more for wise reforms just made,
 They would rather be drowned than live in such a year.



法惠寺横翠阁

(1073)

朝见吴山横，
暮见吴山纵。
吴山故多态，
转折为君容。
幽人起朱阁，
空洞更无物。
惟有千步冈，
东西作帘额。
春来故国归无期，
人言秋悲春更悲。
已泛平湖思濯锦，
更看横翠忆峨眉。
雕栏能得几时好，
不独凭栏人易老。
百年兴废更堪哀，
悬知草莽化池台。
游人寻我旧游处，
但觅吴山横处来。

The Recumbent Green Pavilion of Fahui Temple^①

(1073)

At dawn I see the hills recumbent lie;
 At dusk I see them towering high.
 It is true these green hills are full of grace,
 Trying to please you by changing their face.
 A recluse has built a pavilion here,
 With nothing round but solitude far and near
 And this ridge with its thousand-pace-high crest
 Extending curtain-like from east to west.

Spring comes but brings for me not a home-coming dream;
 If autumn is sad, then spring is much sadder still.

On the lake I recall the Brocade-washing Stream^②;
 And of Mount Brows^③ reminds me the recumbent hill.
 How long can the carved railings be good to behold?
 The man who leans on them will easily grow old.
 More lamentable is dynastic rise and fall!
 We can foretell briars will grow in this painted hall.
 If a rambler looks for the place where have rambled I,
 He'll but find the recumbent hills before his eye.

① Fahui Temple was in Hangzhou.
 ② The river at Chengdu.
 ③ The mountains in Sichuan.



饮湖上初晴后雨

(1073)

水光潋滟晴方好，
山色空濛雨亦奇。
欲把西湖比西子：
淡妆浓抹总相宜。



Drinking at the Lake
First in Sunny and then in Rainy Weather

(1073)

The brimming waves delight the eye on sunny days;
The dimming hills give a rare view in rainy haze.
The West Lake looks like the fair lady at her best;
Whether she is richly adorned or plainly dressed.



新城道中

(1073)

东风知我欲山行，
吹断檐间积雨声。
岭上晴云披絮帽，
树头初日挂铜钲。
野桃含笑竹篱短，
溪柳自摇沙水清。
西崦人家应最乐，
煮葵烧笋饷春耕。



On My Way to New Town

(1073)

The eastern wind foresees I will go to the wood;
It blows off endless songs sung by rain on the eaves.
The mountain's crowned with rainbow cloud like silken hood;
The rising sun like a brass gong hangs o'er the leaves.
Peach blossoms smile o'er the bamboo fence not tall;
Willow trees by the clear sand-paved brook sway and swing.
Folks in the Western Hills should be happiest of all;
They send well-cooked food to those who till in spring.



於潜女

(1073)

青裙缟袂於潜女，
两足如霜不穿屨，
簪沙鬓发丝穿杼，
蓬沓障前走风雨。
老嫖宫妆传父祖，
至今遗民悲故主。
苕溪杨柳初飞絮，
照溪画眉渡谿去。
逢郎樵归相媚妩，
不信姬姜有齐鲁。



A Country-woman of Yuqian

(1073)

A country-woman in farm dress and skirt blue
Reveals her frost-white bare feet for she wears no shoe.

A silver hairpin passing through her tousled hair,
Like shuttle in a loom she wades in wind and rain.

Hers is the dress that ancient palace maids did wear:
People cannot forget their former master's reign.

Willow catkins begin to fly beside the brook
Which sees her pass across with her pencilled eyebrows.

The woodman comes back, they exchange an amorous look
And won't believe on earth there is a happier spouse.



有美堂暴雨

(1073)

游人脚底一声雷，
满座顽云拨不开。
天外黑风吹海立，
浙东飞雨过江来。
十分潋滟金樽凸，
千丈敲铿羯鼓催。
唤起谪仙泉洒面，
倒倾蛟室泻琼瑰。



Tempest at the Scenic Hall^①**(1073)**

Sight-seers hear from below a sudden thunder roars;
 A skyful of storm-clouds cannot be dissipated.
 The dark wind from on high raises a sea agitated;
 The flying rain from the east crosses river shores.
 Like wine o'erflowing golden cup full to the brim
 And thousands of sticks beating the drum of sheepskin.
 Heaven pours water on the poet's face and chin^②
 That he might write with dragon's scales and pearls a hymn.



① Built on Mount Wu or the recumbent green hill in 1057, it was the subject of poems by many writers.

② An allusion to an occasion when Emperor Xuan-zong of the Tang dynasty had the poet Li Bai sprinkled with cold water to sober him up.



行香子
过七里濂

(1073)

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。



Song of Pilgrimage
Passing the Seven-league Shallows^①

(1073)

A leaf-like boat goes light,
At dripping oars wild geese take fright.
Under a sky serene
Clear shadows float on calm waves green.
Among the mirrored water grass fish play
And egrets dot the riverbank mist-gray.
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 dishevelled
And dawn-lit hills so green.

① The place where Yan Guang fished as a hermit because he wished to refuse the offer of a high post from his former schoolmate, who became the first emperor of the Eastern Han dynasty.



行香子 丹阳寄述古

携手江村，
梅雪飘裙。
情何限？
处处销魂！
故人不見，
旧曲重聞。
向望湖樓，
孤山寺，
涌金門。

尋常行處，
題詩千首，
綉羅衫、
與拂紅塵。
別來相憶，
知是何人？
有湖中月，
江邊柳，
隴頭雲。

Song of Pilgrimage
Reminiscence

We visited riverside village hand in hand,
 Letting snowlike mume flowers on silk dress fall.
 How can I stand
 The soul-consuming fairy land!
 Now severed 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 overflow?

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.



*This lyric describes the poet's friendship with a friend in Hangzhou.



行香子
述怀

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
Reflections

Stainless in 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;
Fine before wine;
And proud as cloud.

*The poet compares time to a steed, a spark, a dream, and would be free, mute and proud.



江城子 湖上

(1073)

凤凰山下雨初晴。
水风清。
晚霞明。
一朵芙蓉、开过尚盈盈。
何处飞来双白鹭？
如有意，
慕娉婷。

忽闻江上弄哀筝。
苦含情。
遣谁听？
烟敛云收、依约是湘灵。
欲待曲终寻取问，
人不见，
数峰青。



Riverside Town
On the Lake

(1073)

It turns fine after rain below the Phoenix Hill,
 Waves and wind light,
 Rainbow clouds bright.
 A lotus flower past full bloom beams with smile still.
 Where comes in flight
 A pair of egrets white
 As if inclined to care
 For maidens fair.

Suddenly on the stream music comes to the ear.
 Who would not hear
 Such feeling dear?
 Away clouds and mist clear;
 The Spirit of River Xiang seems to appear.
 When music ends, I would inquire for the lutist dear.
 She seems to disappear,
 Only leaving peaks clear.

书双竹湛师房

(1073)

暮鼓朝钟自击撞，
闭门孤枕对残缸。
白灰旋拨通红火，
卧听萧萧雪打窗。



**Written for the Meditation Room of the Abbot
of the Double Bamboo Monastery^①**

(1073)

You beat your evening drum and ring your morning bell,
Doors closed, a pillow facing a lamp, you rest well.
After poking among gray ashes embers red,
You hear snow-flakes fall shower by shower while abed.



① The Double Bamboo Monastery, a popular name for the Temple of Compassionate God of Mercy, was in Hangzhou.



昭君怨

(1073)

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。

Lament of a Fair Lady

(1073)

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.
Afraid flowers and willow down will fall tomorrow.
How could the stream not eastward flow?
Let willow down follow your boat laden with sorrow!



八月十五日看潮五绝

(1073)

一

定知玉兔十分圆，
已作霜风九月寒。
寄语重门休上钥，
夜潮留向月中看。

二

万人鼓噪慑吴侬，
犹是浮江老阿童。
欲识潮头高几许，
越山浑在浪花中。

三

江边身世两悠悠，
久与沧波共白头。
造物亦知人易老，
故教江水向西流。





Watching the Tidal Bore on Mid-autumn Festival

(1073)

I

The moon with jade-rabbit must be full to behold,
As in ninth month, the wind is blowing frosty cold.
Tell the Moon Goddess not to lock her door tonight,
'Tis best to watch the tidal bore in the moonlight.

II

The Southerners are scared at ten thousand men's roar
As if downstream came conquerors' warships and glaives.
If you want to know how high is the tidal bore,
See the Southern hills mingle with white-crested waves.

III

As water's flowing east, life is passing away,
Long since man has white hair and waves have their white crest.
The Creator fears lest our hair should too soon turn gray,
He orders the river to flow back to the west.

四

吴儿生长狎涛渊，
冒利轻生不自怜。
东海若知明主意，
应教斥卤变桑田。

五

江神河伯两醯鸡，
海若东来气吐霓。
安得夫差水犀手，
三千强弩射潮低！

IV

The Southerners from birth are fond of playing with waves,
They make light of their lives for profits and for gains.
If the East Sea knew what our sage sovereign craves,
The salt water would change into ricefields and plains.

V

The two Gods of the River vie to raise the tide,
From the westward-rolling billows rainbows will spout.
Where could we find three thousand Wu archers to chide
The billows with arrows so that the tide flow out?



瑞 鷺 鸪
观 潮

(1073)

碧山影里小红旗，
依是江南踏浪儿。
拍手欲嘲山简醉，
齐声争唱浪婆词。

西兴渡口帆初落，
渔浦山头日未欹。
依欲送潮歌底曲，
樽前还唱使君诗。

Auspicious Partridge
Watching the Tidal Bore

(1073)

In the shade of blue hills small red flags undulate,
You are sons of the Southerners treading waves green.
Clapping your hands, you laugh at the drunk magistrate;
In unison, you vie to sing "Goddess Marine".

Sails have just lowered down in the Ferry Xixing;
Atop Yupu hills the sun begins to decline.
If you want to see the tide fall, what will you sing?
It's your magistrate's song before a cup of wine.





陌上花三首

(1073)

游九仙山，闻里中儿歌《陌上花》，父老云：吴越王妃每岁春必归临安，王以书遗妃，曰“陌上花开，可缓缓归矣”。吴人用其语为歌，含思宛转，听之凄然。而其词鄙野，为易之云：

一

陌上花开蝴蝶飞，
江山犹是昔人非。
遗民几度垂垂老，
游女长歌缓缓归。

二

陌上山花无数开，
路人争看翠辇来。
若为留得堂堂去，
且更从教缓缓回。

三

生前富贵草头露，
身后风流陌上花。
已作迟迟君去鲁，
犹歌缓缓妾还家。

Flowers by the Pathway**(1073)**

On a visit to the Mountain of Nine Immortals, I heard the folksong "Flowers by the Pathway". It is said that the Queen of Wuyue went home to Lin'an every year when spring came. When the King of Wuyue surrendered to the Emperor of Song, he wrote a note to his wife, saying, "As flowers blossom by the pathway, now you may go home slowly." Ballad singers made a doleful melody for this note, which touched me to the heart. But the wording was indelicate, so I improved it.

I

Butterflies dance amid flowers by the pathway,
The land is still the same but men have passed away.
Survivors of old dynasties age by and by;
Fair maidens come back slowly, giving sigh for sigh.

II

Countless mountain flowers blossom by the pathway,
Passers-by throng to see the cab emerald-green.
If the King had gone in a dignified array,
The Queen should come slowly with a majestic mien.

III

Both wealth and rank will pass like the dew on the grass;
Beauty and charm will fade like flowers by the pathway.
It was late for the King to leave the land, alas!
Still we sing of the Queen slow on her homeward way.





虞美人
有美堂赠述古

(1074)

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 Chen Xiang at the Scenic Hall

(1074)

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

By Sandy River Pond 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 waves.





少年游
代人寄远

(1074)

去年相送，
余杭门外，
飞雪似杨花。
今年春尽，
杨花似雪，
犹不见还家。

对酒卷帘邀明月，
风露透窗纱。
恰似姮娥怜双燕，
分明照、画梁斜。



Wandering Youth
Written for a Friend

(1074)

Last year we bade adieu
Outside the town;
Snow flew like willow down.
This year spring dies,
Like snow willow down flies,
But I can't come back to see you.

The screen uprolled, to wine I invite the moon bright;
Through the window the breeze brings in dew.
The Moon Goddess seems to care
For the swallows in pair.
She sheds her light
Into their dream on painted beam.

醉 落 魄
离京口作

(1074)

轻云微月，
二更酒醒船初发。
孤城回望苍烟合。
记得歌时，
不记归时节。

巾偏扇坠藤床滑，
觉来幽梦无人说。
此生飘零何时歇？
家在西南，
常作东南别。



Drunk with Soul Lost
Leaving the Riverside Town

(1074)

The crescent moon veiled by cloud light,
I wake from wine when my boat sets sail at midnight.
Turning my head toward the mist-veiled lonely town,
I only remember the farewell song,
But not when from the wineshop I got down.

Hood wry, fan dropped, I slipped from wicker bed.
Whom can I tell the dreary dream I dread?
When from this floating life may I take rest?
My hometown in southwest,
Why do I oft in southeast bid adieu as guest?

醉 落 魄
苏州阊门留别

(1074)

苍颜华发，
故山归计何时决？
旧交新贵音书绝。
唯有佳人，
犹作殷勤别。

离亭欲去歌声咽，
潇潇细雨凉吹颊。
泪珠不用罗巾裹。
弹在罗衫，
图得见时说。





Drunk with Soul Lost
Farewell at the Gate of Suzhou

(1074)

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 to wipe your tears away!
Let them fall on your silken sleeves!
When we meet again, I know how it grieves.

*The poet writes this lyric for a songstress who sheds tears when they part.



南乡子
送述古

(1074)

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 Southern Country
Farewell to a Friend

(1074)

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?





南乡子
梅花词和杨元素

(1074)

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。
一点微霜已著枝。

Song of Southern Country
Mume Blossoms for Yang Gongsu

(1074)

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 felt fine.
Wine cup dried up, spring comes with fallen flower.
Leave here! The branch has felt a little sour.





南乡子 集句

怅望送春杯，（杜牧）
渐老逢春能几回？（杜甫）
花满楚城愁远别，（许浑）
伤怀，
何况清丝急管催？（刘禹锡）

吟断望乡台，（李商隐）
万里归心独上来。（许浑）
景物登临闲始见，（杜牧）
徘徊，
一寸相思一寸灰。（李商隐）



Song of Southern Country

Wine cup in hand, I see spring off in vain.(Du Mu)

How many times can I, oldened, see spring again? (Du Fu)

The town in bloom, I'm grieved to be far, far away.(Xu Hun)

Can I be gay?

The pipes and strings do hasten spring not to delay.(Liu Yuxi)

I croon and gaze from Homesick Terrace high; (Li Shangyin)

Coming for miles and miles, alone I mount and sigh.(Xu Hun)

Things can be best enjoyed in a leisurely way; (Du Mu)

For long I stay,

And inch by inch my heart burns into ashes grey.(Li Shangyin)

*The poet banished to Huangzhou grieves for the departing spring and his heart burned into ashes. This is a poem comprising verses of Tang-dynasty poets.



沁园春

赴密州，早行，马上寄子由

(1074)

孤馆灯青，
野店鸡号，
旅枕梦残。
渐月华收练，
晨霜耿耿；
云山摘锦，
朝露沍沍。
世路无穷，
劳生有限，
似此区区长鲜欢。
微吟罢，
凭征鞍无语，
往事千端。

当时共客长安，
似二陆初来俱少年。
有笔头千字，

Spring in a Pleasure Garden
Written to Ziyou on My Way to Mizhou^①

(1074)

The lamp burns with green flames in an inn's lonely hall,
The wayfarer's dream is broken by the cock's call.
Slowly the blooming moon rolls up her silk dress white,
The frost begins to shimmer in the soft daylight;
The cloud-crowned hills outspread their brocade
And morning dews glitter like pearls displayed.

As the way of the world is long,
But our toilsome life short,
So, for a man like me, joyless is oft my sort.

After humming this song,
Silent, on my saddle I lean,
Brooding over the past scene after scene.

Together then to the capital we came,
Like the two Brothers Lu of literary fame.
A fluent pen combined

① Mizhou was a poor district where officials under a cloud were sent.



胸中万卷；
致君尧舜，
此事何难！
用舍由时，
行藏在我，
袖手何妨闲处看。
身长健，
但优游卒岁，
且斗樽前。



With a widely-read mind,
Why could we not have helped the Crown
To attain great renown?
As times require,
I advance or retire,
 With folded arms I may stand by.
If we keep fit,
We may enjoy life before we lose it.
 So drink the wine-cup dry!





更漏子
送孙巨源

(1074)

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

(1074)

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 autumn cold?

* The poet writes this lyric for Sun Juyuan who left the capital together with him but went back before him.



永遇乐
寄孙巨源

(1074)

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，
冷落同谁共醉？
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
For Sun Juyuan

(1074)

I long remember when we bade goodbye
On Northeast 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?

*The poet writes this lyric for a friend with whom he parted on a moonlit night.





江城子
孤山竹阁送述古

(1074)

翠蛾羞黛怯人看，
掩霜纨，
泪偷弹。
且尽一尊，
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，
曲栏杆，
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

(1074)

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.

*The poet writes this lyric for a songstress to bid adieu to the governor of Hangzhou.

江城子
乙卯正月二十日夜记梦

(1075)

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，
唯有泪千行。
料得年年肠断处：
明月夜，
短松冈。



Riverside Town
**Dreaming of My Deceased Wife on the Night
 of the 20th Day of the 1st Month^①**

(1075)

For ten long years the living of the dead knows nought.

Should the dead be forgot
 And to mind never brought?

Her lonely grave is a thousand miles away.

To whom can I my grief convey?

Revived e'en 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's making up her face
 At the window with grace.

We gazed at each other hushed,

But tears from our eyes gushed.

When I am woken, I fancy her heart-broken

On the mound clad with pines,
 Where only the moon shines.

① Written at Mizhou. The poet dreamed of his first wife, Wang Fu, whom he married in 1054, when she was fifteen. She died in 1065, and the following year, when the poet's father died, he carried her remains back to his old home in Sichuan and buried them in the family plot, planting a number of little pines around the grave mound.



江城子 密州出猎

(1075)

老夫聊发少年狂，
左牵黄，
右擎苍。
锦帽貂裘，
千骑卷平岗。
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。



Riverside Town
Hunting at Mizhou

(1075)

Rejuvenated, my fiery zeal I display:

Left hand leashing a yellow hound,

On the right wrist a falcon gray.

A thousand silk-capped and sable-coated horsemen sweep

Across the rising ground

And hillocks steep.

Townspeople come out of the city gate

To watch the tiger-hunting magistrate.

Heart gladdened with strong wine, who cares

For a few frosted hairs?

When will the imperial court send

Me as envoy with flags and banners? Then I'll bend

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

Will shoot down the Wolf from the sky.^①

① The Wolf stands here for the Jiang tribesmen then fighting with the Hans.



蝶恋花
密州上元

(1075)

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，
击鼓吹笙，
却入农桑社。
火冷灯稀霜露下，
昏昏雪意云垂野。



Butterfly in Love with Flower
Lantern Festival at Mizhou

(1075)

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.

* The Lantern Festival falls on the fifteenth day of the first lunar month.

水调歌头

(1076)

丙辰中秋，欢饮达旦，大醉，作此篇，兼怀子由。

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
Sent to Ziyou on Mid-autumn Festival

(1076)

On the mid-autumn festival, I drank happily till dawn and wrote
this in my cups while thinking of Ziyou.

When did the bright moon first appear?

Wine-cup in hand, I ask the blue sky.

I do not know what time of year

It would be tonight in the palace on high.

Riding the wind, there I would fly,

But I'm afraid the crystalline palace would be

Too high and too 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

With gauze windows to shed

Her light upon the sleepless bed.

Against man she should not have any spite.

Why then when people part is she oft full and bright?

Men have sorrow and joy, they part and meet again;

The moon may be bright or dim, she may wax or wane.

There has been nothing perfect since olden days.

So let us wish that man live as long as he can!

Though miles apart, we'll share the beauty she displays.



除夜大雪留潍州，
元日早晴，遂行，中途雪复作

(1077)

除夜雪相留，
元日晴相送。
东风吹宿酒，
瘦马兀残梦。
葱昽晓光开，
旋转馀花弄。
下马成野酌，
佳哉谁与共！
须臾晚云合，
乱洒无缺空。
鹅毛垂马鬣，
自怪骑白凤。
三年东方旱，
逃户连敲栋；
老农释耒叹，
泪入饥肠痛。
春雪虽云晚，
春麦犹可种。
敢怨行役劳，
助尔歌饭瓮。



Snow on New Year's Day

(1077)

I was detained by a heavy snow at Weizhou on New Year's Eve, but on the morning of the first day it cleared and I resumed my journey. Along the way, it started to snow again.

Detained by snow on New Year's Eve,
 On fine New Year's Day I take leave.
 The east wind sobers me, though drunk deep,
 My lean horse jerks me out of sleep.
 Faintly and softly the day breaks,
 From branches whirl down last snowflakes.
 I dismount afield to take wine,
 But none partake my drink divine.
 Suddenly dark clouds gather quick,
 And heavy snow falls fast and thick.
 Like goose feathers it hangs down my horse's mane.
 Am I on a phoenix without stain?
 For three years the east saw drought rage
 And the poor desert their village.
 A peasant lays aside his plow and sighs,
 His starving guts ache with tears from his eyes.
 Although spring snow comes rather late,
 Wheat can be sown at any rate.
 Of hard journey can I complain?
 —I write this to allay your pain.

阳 关 曲
中 秋 作

(1077)

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
The Mid-autumn Moon

(1077)

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 a silver moon so bright?



续丽人行并引

(1078)

李仲谋家有周昉画背面欠伸内人，极精，戏作此诗。

深宫无人春日长，
沉香亭北百花香。
美人睡起薄梳洗，
燕舞莺啼空断肠。
画工欲画无穷意，
背立东风初破睡。
若教回首却嫣然，
阳城下蔡俱风靡。
杜陵饥客眼长寒，
蹇驴破帽随金鞍。
隔花临水时一见，
只许腰肢背后看。
心醉归来茅屋底，
方信人间有西子。
君不见孟光举案与眉齐，
何曾背面伤春啼！



Song of a Fair Lady

(1078)

I saw an excellent picture drawn by Zhou Fan of a yawning lady singer viewed from the back, and I wrote this poem in joke as a companion poem of Du Fu's.

In the lonely deep palace the spring days were long.
 North of the Fragrance Pavilion flowers smelt sweet.
 The lightly-dressed fair lady got up at the song
 Of orioles, her heart broke to see swallows fleet.
 The painter tried to retain her infinite charm
 And paint'd her back when, awake, she stood in the east wind.
 If she turned her head with a smile, she would disarm
 A besieging army, however disciplined.
 The hungry poet Du Fu with a longing eye,
 In shabby hat and on lame ass, followed a horse.
 Sometime across the flowery stream he passed by,
 He saw but from the back her slender waist and torse.
 Fascinated, he came back to his thatched cot,
 And then believed on earth there was a lady fair.
 Don't you know man and wife were happy with their lot?
 Why should she turn her back and weep with a love-sick air?

浣溪沙
徐门石潭谢雨道上作五首

(1078)

一

照日深红暖见鱼，
连村绿暗晚藏乌。
黄童白叟聚睢盱。

麋鹿逢人虽未惯，
猿猱闻鼓不须呼。
归来说与采桑姑。

二

旋抹红妆看使君，
三三五五棘篱门。
相排踏破茜罗裙。

老幼扶携收麦社，
乌鸢翔舞赛神村。
道逢醉叟卧黄昏。





Silk-washing Stream
Thanks for Rain at Stony Pool

(1078)

I

In warm sunlight the Pool turns red where fish can be seen,
And trees can shelter crows at dusk with shades dark green.

With eyes wide open, old and young come out to see me.

Like deer the kids are not accustomed strangers to meet;

Like monkeys they appear unbidden as drums beat.

Back, they tell sisters picking leaves of mulberry.

II

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 my way.



三

麻叶层层繖叶光，
谁家煮茧一村香？
隔篱娇语络丝娘。

垂白杖藜抬醉眼，
捋青捣麩软饥肠。
问言豆叶几时黄？

四

簌簌衣巾落枣花，
村南村北响缱车。
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。

五

软草平莎过雨新，
轻沙走马路无尘。
何时收拾耦耕身？

日暖桑麻光似泼，
风来蒿艾气如薰。
使君元是此中人。

III

The leaves of jute and hemp are thick and lush in this land;
 The scent of boiling cocoons in the village spreads.
 Across the fence young maidens prate while reeling threads.

An old man raises dim-sighted eyes, cane in hand;
 He picks new wheat so that his hunger he may ease.
 I wonder when will yellow the leaves of green peas.

IV

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 'neath 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 farmer's door to see to what he'll treat me.

V

After rain the paddy fields look fresh as soft grass;
 No dust is raised on sandy roads where horses pass.
 When can I come to till the ground with household mine?

Hemp and mulberry glint as if steeped in sunshine;
 Mugwort and moxa spread a sweet scent in the breeze.
 I remember I was companion of all these.



浣溪沙

(1078)

惭愧今年二麦丰，
千歧细浪舞晴空。
化工馀力染天红。

归去山公应倒载，
阑街拍手笑儿童。
甚时名作锦薰笼？



Silk-washing Stream
Written in the Garden of Spring, Xuzhou

(1078)

Luckily wheat and barley yields this year are high,
The corn fields undulate and dance beneath the bright sky,
With power to spare Providence dyes flowers red.

The drunken magistrate's carried back heels o'er head,
The children laugh and clap their hands, barring the street,
The daphne looks like brocade and smells so sweet.





浣溪沙

山色横侵蘸晕霞，
湘川风静吐寒花。
远林屋散尚啼鸦。

梦到故园多少路？
酒醒南望隔天涯。
月明千里照平沙。

Silk-washing Stream

The sky is barred with mountains steeped in flushing cloud;
The windless Southern Stream exhales cold blossoms proud;
Cottages in far-off woods with crying crows are still loud.

How far away in dreams, oh! is my native land!
Awake from wine, I find sky-scraping mountains stand;
For miles and miles the moon shines on the plain of sand.





浣溪沙

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。
此情唯有落花知。

Silk-washing Stream

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 geese's song;
Partridges among bamboos seem to call me go home;
Only fallen blooms know the heart of those who roam.



浣溪沙
咏橘

菊暗荷枯一夜霜，
新苞绿叶照林光。
竹篱茅舍出青黄。

香雾噀人惊半破，
清泉流齿怯初尝。
吴姬三日口犹香。



Silk-washing Stream
The Tangerine

After one night of frost
Chrysanthemums are darkened and lotus flowers lost.
The wood is brightened by leaves green and buds new,
The thatched cot and fence would grow yellow and blue.

Her mouth half open, she smells the fragrance sweet;
She's timid to drink the fountain her teeth meet.
Her hand still fragrant stays for three long days.



李思训画长江绝岛图

(1078)

山苍苍，
水茫茫，
大孤小孤江中央。
崖崩路绝猿鸟去，
惟有乔木搀天长。
客舟何处来？
棹歌中流声抑扬。
沙平风软望不到，
孤山久与船低昂。
峨峨两烟鬟，
晓镜开新妆。
舟中贾客莫漫狂，
小姑前年嫁彭郎。



**Two Lonely Isles in the
Yangzi River
—Written on a Picture
Drawn by Li Sixun**

(1078)

Below the mountains green
Water runs till unseen;
In the midst of the stream two lonely isles stand high.
Fallen crags bar the way;
Birds and apes cannot stay;
Only the giant trees tower into the sky.
From where comes a sail white?
In mid-stream rises oarsmen's undulating song.
Sand bar is flat, the wind is weak, no boat in sight,
The Lonely Isles sink and swim with the sail for long,
Like mist-veiled tresses of a pretty lass
Using the river as her looking glass.
O merchant in the boat, don't go mad for the fair!
The Lonely Isle and Gallant Hill are a well-matched pair.^①



① The legend went that the God of Gallant Hill and the Goddess of the Lonely Isles were man and wife.

百步洪并引 二首选一

(1078)

王定国访余于彭城，一日，棹小舟，与颜长道携盼、英、卿三子游泗水，北上圣女山，南下百步洪，吹笛饮酒，乘月而归。余时以事不得往，夜着羽衣，伫立于黄楼上，相视而笑，以为李太白死，世间无此乐三百余年矣。定国既去，逾月，余复与参寥师放舟洪下，追怀曩游，已为陈迹，喟然而叹！故作二诗，一以遗参寥，一以寄定国，且示颜长道、舒尧文，邀同赋云。

长洪陡落生跳波，
轻舟南下如投梭。
水师绝叫鳧雁起，
乱石一线争磋磨。
有如兔走鹰隼落，
骏马下注千丈坡。
断弦离柱箭脱手，
飞电过隙珠翻荷。
四山眩转风掠耳，
但见流沫生千涡。
嶮中得乐虽一快，



The Hundred-pace Rapids

(1078)

When Wang Dingguo was visiting me at Pengcheng (Xuzhou), he went one day with Yan Fu in a small boat, accompanied by three singing girls, for an outing on the River Si. To the north they climbed Holy Woman Hill, southward they poled down the Hundred-Pace Rapids, playing flutes, drinking wine, and returning home by moonlight. I had business to attend to and could not go with them, but when evening came and I had changed into informal Taoist robes, I stood at the top of the Yellow Tower and gazed in the direction they had gone, laughing and thinking to myself that not since the poet Li Bai died some three hundred years ago had there been such a merry expedition. Wang Dingguo went away, and the following month Abbot Canliao and I poled down those same rapids, thinking of that earlier outing, which now seemed like an event of the distant past. Sighing to myself, I made these two poems^①. One I gave to Abbot Canliao the other I sent to Wang Dingguo.

Leaping waves grow where the long rapids steeply fall,
 A light boat shoots south like a plunging shuttle. Lo!
 Waterbirds fly up at the boatman's desperate call.
 Among jagged rocks it strives to thread its way and go
 As a hare darts away, an eagle dives below,
 A gallant steed gallops down a slope beyond control,
 A string snaps from a lute, an arrow from a bow,
 Lightning cleaves clouds or off lotus leaves raindrops roll.
 The mountains whirl around, the wind sweeps by the ear,
 I see the current boil in a thousand whirlpools.
 At the risk of life I feel a joy without peer,
 Unlike the god who boasts of the river he rules.

① Only one is chosen for this collection.



何异水伯夸秋河。
我生乘化日夜逝，
坐觉一念逾新罗。
纷纷争夺醉梦里，
岂信荆棘埋铜驼。
觉来俯仰失千劫，
回视此水殊委蛇。
君看岸边苍石上，
古来篙眼如蜂窠。
但应此心无所住，
造物虽驶如吾何！
回船上马各归去，
多言哢哢师所呵。

I give in to changes that take place day and night,
My thoughts can wander far away though I sit here.
Many people in drunken dreams contend and fight.
Do they know palaces 'mid weeds will disappear?
Awakened, they'd regret to have lost a thousand days;
Coming here, they will find the river freely rolls.
If on the riverside rocks you just turn your gaze,
You will see they are honeycombed by the punt-poles.
If your mind from earthly things is detached and freed,
Although nature may change, you'll never be care-worn.
Let us go back or in a boat or on a steed.
Our Abbot will hold this vain argument in scorn.





永遇乐

(1078)

夜宿燕子楼，梦盼盼，因作此词。

明月如霜，
好风如水，
清景无限。
曲港跳鱼，
圆荷泻露，
寂寞无人见。
摐如三鼓，
铿然一叶，
黯黯梦云惊断。
夜茫茫，
重寻无处，
觉来小园行遍。

天涯倦客，
山中归路，
望断故园心眼。



Joy of Eternal Union
The Pavilion of Swallows ①

(1078)

I lodged at the Pavilion of Swallows in Pengcheng, dreamed of the fair lady Panpan, and wrote the following poem.

The bright moonlight is like frost white,
The gentle breeze like water clean:
Far and wide extends the night scene.

In the haven fish leap
And dew-drops roll down lotus leaves
In solitude no man perceives.

Drums beat thrice in the night so deep,
A leaf falls with a tinkling sound so loud
That gloomy, I awake from my dream of the Cloud.

Under the boundless pall of night,
Nowhere again can she be found
Though in the small garden I have walked around.

A tired wayfarer far from home.
In the mountains may roam,
His native land from view is blocked.

① The Pavilion of Swallows in Pengcheng (present-day Xuzhou) was the place where the fair lady Pan-pan, famous singer and dancer of the Tang dynasty, lived alone for more than ten years, refusing to remarry after the death of her beloved lord.

燕子楼空，
佳人何在？
空锁楼中燕。
古今如梦，
何曾梦觉？
但有旧欢新怨。
异时对、黄楼夜景，
为余浩叹！



The Pavilion of Swallows is empty. Where
Is the lady so fair?

In the Pavilion only swallows' nest is locked.
Both the past and the present are like dreams,
From which we have ne'er been awake, it seems.

We have but joys and sorrows old and new.

Some other day others will come to view
The Yellow Tower's night scenery,
Then they would sigh for me!





舟中夜起

(1079)

微风萧萧吹菰蒲，
开门看雨月满湖。
舟人水鸟两同梦，
大鱼惊窜如奔狐。
夜深人物不相管，
我独形影相嬉娱。
暗潮生渚吊寒蚓，
落月挂柳看悬蛛。
此生忽忽忧患里，
清境过眼能须臾！
鸡鸣钟动百鸟散，
船头击鼓还相呼。

Getting up at Night While in a Boat^①**(1079)**

I take for rain the breeze which rustles through the reed,
 Opening the hatch, I find a lake full of moonbeams.
 Boatmen and waterbirds share alike the same dreams;
 Like scurrying foxes, startled fish away speed.
 Man and nature forget each other when night is deep,
 Playing alone with my shadow amuses me.
 The setting moon like spider hangs from willow tree;
 Dark tides creeping over the flats for earthworms weep.
 Our life laden with care and spent in worry fleets,
 A pure vision before the eyes cannot last long.
 Flocks of birds scatter at ringing bells and cock's song,
 You'll hear from the prow but boatmen's shout and drumbeats.



① Written when the poet was en route to a new post as magistrate of Huzhou in Zhejiang north of Hangzhou.

南歌子
湖州作

(1079)

山雨潇潇过，
溪桥浏浏清。
小园幽榭枕蘋汀。
门外月华如水、
彩舟横。

茗岸霜花尽，
江湖雪阵平。
两山遥指海门青。
回首水云何处、
觅孤城？



A Southern Song
Written at Lakeside County

(1079)

Shower on shower passes o'er the hills,
Clear, clear water flows 'neath bridges in the rills.
A garden pillows its bower amid the weed.
Outdoors in liquid moonlight lies afloat
A painted boat.

Frost cleared away on rivershore,
By waterside snow lingering no more.
Afar stands the blue gate to which two mountains lead.
Looking back, I find cloud and water up and down.
Where is the lonely town?



端午遍游诸寺得禅字

(1079)

肩輿任所适，
遇胜辄流连。
焚香引幽步，
酌茗开净筵。
微雨止还作，
小窗幽更妍。
盆山不见日，
草木自苍然。
忽登最高塔，
眼界穷大千。
卞峰照城郭，
震泽浮云天。
深沉既可喜，
旷荡亦所便。
幽寻未云毕，
墟落生晚烟。
归来记所历，
耿耿清不眠。
道人亦未寝，
孤灯同夜禅。





Visiting Temples on the Dragon Boat Festival

(1079)

I go sight-seeing in my sedan-chair
 And stop where there's a scenic spot to see.
 Burning incense attracts me to go where
 I may have vegetable feast and tea.
 The gentle rain stops and then starts again,
 The little window looks gloomy and clean.
 Shut out from sunlight by the hills, the plain
 Is overspread with grass and trees so green.
 When I ascend the peak'd pagoda, all
 The boundless land extends before my eyes.
 The Northern Peak o'erlooks the city wall;
 On the Lake Zhenze float the cloudy skies.
 A quiet place affords me keen delight;
 In space immense I feel under no yoke.
 Still looking for some more secluded sight,
 I see from villages rise evening smoke.
 Come back, I write down my impression deep,
 Musing o'er it, I pass a sleepless night.
 Nor do the devoted monks take their sleep,
 They sit in meditation by lamplight.



陈季常所蓄朱陈村嫁娶图二首

(1080)

一

何年顾陆丹青手，
画作朱陈嫁娶图。
闻道一村惟两姓，
不将门户买崔卢。

二

我是朱陈旧使君，
劝农曾入杏花村。
而今风物那堪画：
县吏催钱夜打门。

A Picture of Wedding in Zhu-Chen Village

(1080)

I

A great master of ancient days like Gu or Lu
Painted this picture of wedding of Chen and Zhu.
'Tis said the villagers bear only these two names,
They would not change their household for Cui's and Lu's fames.

II

I came among apricot trees to advocate
Farming in their village when I was magistrate.
But now you can find such picturesque scene no more,
For tax-collectors will nightly knock at the door.





雨晴后，步至四望亭下渔池上，
遂自乾明寺前东冈上归二首

(1080)

一

雨过浮萍合，
蛙声满四邻。
海棠真一梦，
梅子欲尝新。
拄杖闲挑菜，
秋千不见人。
殷勤木芍药，
独自殿余春。

二

高亭废已久，
下有种鱼塘。
暮色千山入，
春风百草香。
市桥人寂寂，
古寺竹苍苍。
鹤鹤来何处？
号鸣满夕阳！

The Four-view Pavilion

(1080)

I

Duckweeds meet after the showers,
 Frogs are croaking far and near.
 Like dreams fade crab-apple flowers,
 Yet we may taste fresh plums here.
 I carry vegetables, cane in hand,
 And see no maiden on the swing.
 But pleasing peonies there stand,
 Alone they crown departing spring.

II

The high pavilion lies ruined for long,
 But below there still remains a fish pond.
 In the dusk a thousand hills are drowned;
 The spring breeze is sweet with herbs in throng.
 The market place appears forlorn;
 The old temple with bamboo is green.
 Stork and crane come to enliven the scene,
 The setting sun is o'erflowed with their horn.



西江月

(1080)

世事一场大梦，
人生几度新凉。
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 on the West River

(1080)

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?
 Wine cup in hand, northward I look only.





正月二十日与潘、郭二生出郊寻春，
忽记去年是日同至女王城作诗，
乃和前韵

(1082)

东风未肯入东门，
走马还寻去岁村。
人似秋鸿来有信，
事如春梦了无痕。
江城白酒三杯酹，
野老苍颜一笑温。
已约年年为此会，
故人不用赋招魂。

Seeking Spring

(1082)

Seeking spring with two friends on the 20th day of the 1st lunar month reminded me of the poem written on the same day last year, and I wrote these lines in the same rhymes.

The east wind will not enter the east gate with glee,
 I ride to seek the village visited last year.
 Old friends still ask autumn swans to bring word to me;
 The bygones like spring dreams have left no traces here.
 Three cups of strong wine by riverside keep us late;
 A smile of the grey-haired countryman warms my heart.
 Each year we will meet here on an appointed date,
 It's useless for my friends to hasten my depart.



红 梅

(1082)

怕愁贪睡独开迟，
自恐冰容不入时。
故作小红桃杏色，
尚馀孤瘦雪霜姿。
寒心未肯随春态，
酒晕无端上玉肌。
诗老不知梅格在，
更看绿叶与青枝。



Red Mume Blossom

(1082)

Enjoying sleep and shunning sadness, she blossoms late,
Afraid an icy look might not be up to date.
Like peach and apricot she rouges her fair face;
Like snow and frost she has her lonely, slender grace.
Her heart is cold and will not seek to please as spring;
Her skin like jade is tinged with the hue wine would bring.
How can she be described? An old poet knows not
But says she's leafless peach and green-boughed apricot.





寒食雨二首

(1082)

一

自我来黄州，
已过三寒食，
年年欲惜春，
春去不容惜。
今年又苦雨，
两月秋萧瑟，
卧闻海棠花，
泥污燕脂雪。
暗中偷负去，
夜半真有力。
何殊病少年，
病起头已白。

二

春江欲入户，
雨势来不已，
小屋如渔舟，



Rain at the Cold-food Festival^①

(1082)

I

Since I came to Huangzhou, I've passed
 Three Cold-food days devot'd to fast.
 Each year I wish fair spring to stay,
 But spring will go without delay.
 This year again we suffer from rains,
 For two months dreary autumn reigns.
 Lying in bed, I smell crab-apple flowers,
 Upon whose rouge and snow mud showers.
 The rouge has taken stealthy flight,
 Borne away by the Strong at midnight.
 The snow is like a sick youth's head
 Turning white when he's up from his bed.

II

Spring flood is coming up to my gate,
 My small cot looks like a fishing boat.
 The pouring rain will not abate,

① The Cold-food Festival marked the end of the three-day period when families refrained from starting cooking-fires at home. It was also the season when Chinese families visited their ancestral burial mounds. Hence, the reference in the second poem to money paper, which was usually burned on such occasions.

濛濛水云里。
空庖煮寒菜，
破灶烧湿苇。
那知是寒食？
但见乌衔纸。
君门深九重，
坟墓在万里。
也拟哭途穷，
死灰吹不起！



My cot on misty waves will float.
I cook food in a kitchen in decay
And burn wet reeds in a cracked stove.
Who can tell 'tis the Cold-food day
But for the money-paper burned above?
The royal palace has gate on gate;
My household graves far away lie.
At the road's end I'd lament my fate,
But dead ashes blown up cannot fly.



西江月

(1082)

春夜，行蕲山水中，过酒家。饮酒醉，乘月至一溪桥上，解鞍曲肱少休。及觉，已晓。乱山葱茏，不谓人世也。书此词桥柱上。

照野潏潏浅浪，
横空隐隐层霄。
障泥未解玉骢骄，
我欲醉眠芳草。

可惜一溪明月，
莫教踏碎琼瑶。
解鞍敲枕绿杨桥，
杜宇一声春晓。

The Moon on the West River^①
Lines Written on a Bridge

(1082)

Wave on wave glimmers by the river shores;
Sphere on sphere dimly appears in the sky.
Though unsaddled is my white-jade-like horse,
Drunken, asleep in the sweet grass I'll lie.

My horse's hoofs may break, I'm afraid,
The breeze-rippled brook paved by the moon with white jade.
I tether my horse to a green willow
On the bridge and I pillow
My head on my arm till the cuckoo's songs awake
A spring daybreak.



① Written at Huangzhou on a spring night when the poet passed a wine-shop, drank there and then rode by moonlight to a bridge where he lay down and slept till dawn.



定风波

(1082)

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
Caught in Rain on My Way to the Sandy Lake

(1082)

On the 7th day of the 3rd month we were caught in rain on our way to the Sandy Lake. The umbrellas had gone ahead, my companions were quite downhearted, but I took no notice.

It soon cleared, and I wrote this.

Listen not to the rain beating against the trees.
I had better walk slowly while chanting at ease.
Better than a saddle I like sandals and cane.

I'd fain,
In a straw cloak, spend my life in mist and rain.

Drunken, I am sobered by the 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 rain or shine, I'll have my own will.



浣溪沙

(1082)

游薪水清泉寺，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
**Visit to the Temple of Clear Fountain
on the West-flowing Stream of Orchid**

(1082)

In the brook below the hill is drowned short orchid bud;
On the sandy path between pine-trees there's no mud.
Shower by shower falls the rain while cuckoos sing.

Who says a man cannot be restored to his spring?
In front of the temple the water still flows west.
Why can't the cock crow at dawn though with a white crest?





洞仙歌 花蕊夫人

(1082)

余七岁时，见眉州老尼，姓朱，忘其名，年九十岁。自言尝随其师入蜀主孟昶宫中。一日大热，蜀主与花蕊夫人夜纳凉摩诃池上，作一词。朱具能记之。今四十年，朱已死久矣，人无知此词者。但记其首两句。暇日寻味，岂洞仙歌令乎？乃为足之云。

冰肌玉骨，
自清凉无汗。
水殿风来暗香满。
绣帘开、一点明月窥人。
人未寝，
欹枕钗横鬓乱。

起来携素手，
庭户无声，
时见疏星渡河汉。
试问夜如何？
夜已三更，



Song of a Fairy in the Cave
Madame Pistil

(1082)

When I was seven, a ninety-year-old nun told me that she had visited the palace of King Meng Chang, where she saw, on a sweltering hot night, the king and his favorite wife Madame Pistil sitting in the shade by a big pool, writing a poem, which she could still recite. Now forty years have passed. As the nun died long ago, nobody knows that poem now. I still remember the first two lines and think it is perhaps written to the tune of the "Song of a Fairy in the Cave". So I complete Meng Chang's poem as follows:

Your jade-like bones and ice-like skin
 Are naturally sweatless, fresh and cool.
 The breeze brings the unperceivable fragrance in
 And fills the bower by the pool.
 The embroidered screen rolled up lets in
 A bright spot of a moon which peeps at you there
 Leaning on the pillow, not asleep, a hairpin
 Across your dishevelled hair.

We two rise hand in hand,
 Silent in the courtyard we stand.
 At times we see shooting stars stray
 Across the Milky Way.
 How old has night become?
 The watchmen thrice have beaten the drum.

金波淡、玉绳低转。
但屈指、西风几时来，
又不道流年，
暗中偷换。





The golden moonbeams begin to fade,
Low is the Big Dipper's string of jade.
We count on our fingers when the west wind will blow.
What can we do with years which drift as rivers flow?



洞仙歌 咏柳

江南腊尽，
早梅开后，
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，
无个是、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
The Willow Tree

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

Along the way
There are no sight-seers 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.





念奴娇 赤壁怀古

(1082)

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。
乱石崩云，
惊涛裂岸，
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，
早生华髮。
人间如梦，
一尊还酹江月。



The Charm of a Maiden Singer
The Red Cliff^①

(1082)

The great river eastward flows;
With its 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 Kingdoms 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.
O Moon, I drink to you who have seen them on the stream.

① Scene of the battle in 208 A.D. when General Zhou Yu defeated the enemy advancing forces.



临江仙
夜归临皋

(1082)

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，
江海寄余生。

Riverside Daffodils
Returning to Lingao by Night^①

(1082)

Drinking at Eastern Slope by night,
I sober, then get drunk again.
When I come back, it seems to be mid-night.
I hear the thunder of my houseboy's snore,
I knock but none 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 the 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.

① Because of the last two lines, it is said, a rumour spread around that the poet had actually gotten into a boat in the night and disappeared. The governor of Huangzhou, who was responsible for seeing that Su Dongpo did not leave the district, rushed in alarm to the poet's house, to find him in bed snoring. Word of his supposed escape even reached the Emperor in the capital.



卜算子
黄州定惠院寓居作

(1082)

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
Written at Dinghui Abbey in Huangzhou

(1082)

From a sparse plane tree hangs the waning moon,
The waterclock is still and hushed is man.
Who sees a hermit pacing up and down alone?
Is it the shadow of a fugitive 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.

琴 诗

(1082)

若言琴上有琴声，
放在匣中何不鸣？
若言声在指头上，
何不于君指上听？





Song of the Lute

(1082)

If you say music from the lute does rise,
 Why in its case will not vibrate its string?
If you say the sound in the fingers lies,
 Why have we never heard the fingers sing?



减字木兰花 琴

神闲意定，
万籁收声天地静。
玉指冰弦，
未动宫商意已传。

悲风流水，
写出寥寥千古意。
归去无眠，
一夜馀音在耳边。

Shortened Form of Magnolia Flower
The Lute

Leisurely and tranquil,
When all voices are hushed, the sky and earth seem still.
Before a tune is played
By fingers and lute of jade, its feeling is conveyed.

The breeze saddens the stream,
The lute exhales an unfulfilled eternal dream.
Sleepless when back, I hear
Its music lingering all night long in the ear.



南乡子
重九涵辉楼呈徐君猷

(1082)

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，
但把清樽断送秋。
万事到头都是梦，
休休，
明日黄花蝶也愁。





Song of Southern Country
To Governor Xu on Mountain-climbing Day

(1082)

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.

* This lyric is written after the poet's banishment to Huangzhou.



南堂五首选二

(1083)

—

江上西山半隐堤，
此邦台馆一时西。
南堂独有西南向，
卧看千帆落浅溪。

二

扫地焚香闭阁眠，
簟纹如水帐如烟。
客来梦觉知何处？
挂起西窗浪接天。

The Southern Hall^①**(1083)****I**

The western hills are half hidden by river banks,
 All the pavilions of this country face the west.
 The Southern Hall has windows on the south and west flanks,
 Abed, I see a thousand sails and waves with white crest.

II

Floor swept, incense burning and doors closed, I lie flat
 In a mist-like curtain on a ripple-marked mat.
 When a guest comes, I wake and wonder where am I,
 West windows propp'd open, I see waves meet the sky.



① In 1082, a friend travelling through Huangzhou on official business had had a little three-room addition built onto the poet's house at Lingao, which overlooked the Yangzi River, in order to make him more comfortable. It was called Southern Hall.

海棠

(1083)

东风嫋嫋泛崇光，
香雾空濛月转廊。
只恐夜深花睡去，
故烧高烛照红妆。



Crab-apple Flower

(1083)

The flower in east wind exhales a tender light
And spreads a fragrant mist when the moon turns away.
I am afraid she'd fall asleep at dead of night;
A candle's lit to make her look fair as by day.





鹧 鸪 天

(1083)

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，古城傍。
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
One More Fresh Day

(1083)

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 lake-side exude fragrance spare.

Beyond the cots,
Near the old 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.



调笑令

(1083)

渔父，
渔父，
江上微风细雨。
青蓑黄箬裳衣，
红酒白鱼暮归。
归暮，
归暮，
长笛一声何处？



Song of Flirtation

(1083)

Fisherman,
Fisherman,
On the river in gentle wind and rain,
In blue straw cloak, broad-brimmed hat on the head,
He comes back late at dusk with fish white and wine red.
Come late with ease,
Come late with ease,
He plays his flute, but who knows where he is?



满庭芳

(1083)

有王长官者，弃官三十三年，黄人谓之王先生。因送陈慥来过余，因赋此。

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

(1083)

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
 Standing by 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.



* The poet writes this farewell poem for his friend Chen Jichang.



满庭芳

蜗角虚名，
蝇头微利，
算来著甚干忙？
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，
千盅美酒，
一曲满庭芳。

Courtyard Full of Fragrance

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.



* The poet talks about his attitude toward fame and wealth, his detached, transcendental way of living.



满庭芳 留别雪堂

(1084)

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、吴语楚歌。
山中友，
鸡豚社酒，
相劝老东坡。

云何？
当此去，
人生底事，
来去如梭。
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
Leaving My Hall of Snow

(1084)

Why not go home?
Where shall I go today?
My home in Eyebrow Mountain is 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 straw cloak and fishing net!



题西林壁

(1084)

横看成岭侧成峰，
远近高低各不同。
不识庐山真面目，
只缘身在此山中。



Written on the Wall at West Forest Temple^①**(1084)**

It's a range viewed in face and peaks viewed from the side,
Assuming different shapes viewed from far and wide.
Of Mountain Lu we cannot make out the true face,
For we are lost in the heart of the very place.



① In the third month of this year, the poet was ordered to move to Ruzhou in Henan, an indication that his sentence had been lightened and he was free to move beyond the confines of Huangzhou. Before proceeding to Ruzhou, he crossed the Yangzi River and travelled south to visit his brother.

虞美人

(1084)

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，
酝酿一场烦恼、送人来！



The Beautiful Lady Yu

(1084)

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?



* The poet tells Qin Guan what happens to him after Qin's departure.

次荆公韵

(1084)

骑驴渺渺入荒陂，
想见先生未病时。
劝我试求三亩宅，
从公已觉十年迟。



Reply to Wang Anshi, Former Prime Minister

(1084)

Riding an ass, I come from afar to visit you,
Still imagining you as healthy as I knew.
You advise me to buy a house at your next gate,
I'd like to follow you, but it is ten years late.



春 日

鸣鸠乳燕寂无声，
日射西窗泼眼明。
午醉醒来无一事，
只将春睡赏春晴。



Spring Day

Cooing pigeons and nursling swallows weave no cries,
Sunlight piercing western windows dazzles the eyes.
Awakened from noonday torpor, indolent I stay,
And enjoy in my spring sleep a sunny spring day.



归宜兴留题竹西寺

(1085)

此生已觉都无事，
今岁仍逢大有年。
山寺归来闻好语，
野花啼鸟亦欣然。





**Written in Zhuxi Temple
on My Way Back to Yixing^①**

(1085)

The crop still bears a plentiful harvest this year,
I feel myself already free from worldly care.
On my way back from the Temple good news I hear,
Even wild flowers and song birds have a cheerful air.

① This poem was written at Yangzhou when the old emperor died and the new emperor ascended the throne. The poet was again exiled for the third line of this poem.



渔父四首

(1085)

一

渔父饮，
谁家去？
鱼蟹一时分付。
酒无多少醉为期，
彼此不论钱数。

二

渔父醉，
蓑衣舞。
醉里却寻归路。
轻舟短棹任横斜，
醒后不知何处。

三

渔父醒，
春江午。
梦断落花飞絮。
酒醒还醉醉还醒，
一笑人间今古。



The Fisherman

(1085)

I

The fisherman will drink,
 And you know where he goes.
 All at once of his fish and crabs he will dispose.
 Then he will drink his fill and will not stop
 Till drunk: he need not pay nor be paid by the wineshop.

II

The fisherman is drunk,
 His straw cloak seems to dance.
 He looks for his way back as if in a trance.
 His light boat drifts with its short oars slanting sideways,
 Woke up, he knows not where he is carried away.

III

The fisherman wakes up
 At noon on the spring stream.
 Falling flowers and catkins fly into his dream.
 Woke up, he is still dreaming; drunk, he wakes at last,
 Laughing at the human world both present and past.

四

渔父笑，
轻鸥举。
漠漠一江风雨。
江边骑马是官人，
借我孤舟南渡。



IV

The fisherman laughs
And light gulls will plane
On the silent river o'erspread with wind and rain.
— A busy horseman on the bank opens his mouth,
Asking me for my small boat to ferry him south.

惠崇春江晚景二首

(1085)

—

竹外桃花三两枝，
春江水暖鸭先知。
蒌蒿满地芦芽短，
正是河豚欲上时。

二

两两归鸿欲破群，
依依还似北归人。
遥知朔漠多风雪，
更待江南半月春。





River Scenes on a Spring Evening

Written to Accompany Two Pictures Drawn by Monk Huichong

(1085)

I

Behind bamboo two or three sprays of peach-tree grow,
 When spring has warmed the stream, ducks are the first to know.
 The land o'verrun by weeds and water studd'd with reeds,
 It is time when globefish to swim upstream preceeds.

II

Returning wild geese from the flock would break away,
 North-going wayfarers are reluctant to go.
 Knowing from afar the desert's still covered with snow,
 For half a month more in the South they would fain stay.

书李世南所画秋景

(1087)

野水参差涨落痕，
疏林欹倒出霜根。
扁舟一棹归何处？
家在江南黄叶村。



Autumn Scene

Written to Accompany a Picture Drawn by Li Shinan

(1087)

Creeks crisscross the meadow, banks scarred where water rose;
Sparse trees slant and let their frost-bitten roots stick out.
Do you know where the single-oared, leaf-like boat goes?
To the village of yellow leaves or thereabout.





书鄢陵王主簿所画折枝二首

(1087)

一

论画以形似，
见与儿童邻。
赋诗必此诗，
定非知诗人。
诗画本一律，
天工与清新。
边鸾雀写生，
赵昌花传神。
何如此两幅，
疏淡含精匀！
谁言一点红，
解寄无边春！

二

瘦竹如幽人，
幽花如处女。
低昂枝上雀，
摇荡花间雨。

Flowering Branches
Written on Paintings by Secretary Wang of Yanling

(1087)

I

To overstress resemblance of form
 In painting is a childish view.
 Who thinks in verse there is a norm,
 To poetry he's got no clew.
 In painting as in poetry,
 We like what's natural and new.
 Bian Luan painted birds vividly;
 Zhao Chang's flowers to nature were true.
 But these two pictures surpass them:
 They're fairer and more elaborate.
 We won't believe from a red stem
 The beauty of spring can radiate.

II

Slender bamboos look like recluse;
 Like maidens blossom lonely flowers.
 Birds bend the branch which they let loose,
 And shaken flowers fall in showers.



双翎决将起，
众叶纷自举。
可怜采花蜂，
清蜜寄两股。
若人富天巧，
春色入毫楮。
悬知君能诗，
寄声求妙语。



They flap their wings and up they fly,
And stir all the leaves of the trees.
With nectar gathered on the thigh,
Busy are the laborious bees.
This painter has a gift for art,
His brush preserves the beauty of spring.
I think he is a poet at heart,
And wait for a reply this verse will bring.



水龙吟
次韵章质夫杨花词

(1087)

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，





Water Dragon's Chant
Willow Catkins

(1087)

After Zhang Zhifu's lyric on willow catkins, using the same rhyming words.

They seem to be and not to be flowers,
None pity them when they fall in showers:
 Deserting home,
 By the roadside they roam;
I think they have no feeling to impart,
 But they must have thoughts deep.
Grief numbs their tender heart,
 Their wistful eyes heavy with sleep,
About to open, yet closed again.
 They dream of going with the wind for long,
Long miles to find a tender-hearted man,
 But are aroused by the orioles' song.

I do not grieve willow catkins have flown away,
 But that in Western Garden the fallen red
Cannot be gathered. When dawns the day
And rain is o'er, we cannot find their traces
 But a pond with broken duckweeds o'erspread.^①
Of spring's three graces,

^① Su Dongpo's own note reads, "It is said that when willow catkins fall into the water, they turn into duckweeds. I have tested it and found it true."

一分流水。
细看来，
不是杨花点点，
是离人泪。



Two have gone with the roadside dust,
And one with the waves. If you just
Take a close look, you will never
Find catkins but tears of those who sever,
Which drop by drop
Fall without stop.





贺新郎

乳燕飞华屋。
悄无人、桐阴转午。
晚凉新浴。
手弄生绡白团扇，
扇手一时似玉。
渐困倚、孤眠清熟。
帘外谁来推绣户？
枉教人、梦断瑶台曲。
又却是，
风敲竹。

石榴半吐红巾蹙。
待浮花、浪蕊都尽，
伴君幽独。
秾艳一枝细看取，
芳心千重似束。
又恐被、秋风惊绿。
若待得君来向此，
花前对酒不忍触。
共粉泪，
两簌簌。



Congratulations to the Bridegroom
The Beauty and the Pomegranate Flower

Young swallows fly along the painted eave,
Which none perceive.
The shade of plane trees keeps away
The hot noonday
And brings an evening fresh and cool
For the bathing lady beautiful.
She flirts a round fan of silk made,
Both fan and hand as white as jade.
Tired by and by,
She falls asleep with lonely sigh.
Who's knocking at the curtained door
That she can dream sweet dreams no more?
It's again the breeze who
Is swaying green bamboo.

The pomegranate flower opens half her lips
Which look like wrinkled crimson strips;
When all the wanton flowers fade,
Alone she'll be the beauty's maid.
How charming is her blooming branch, behold!
Her fragrant heart seems wrapped a thousand fold.
But she's afraid to be surprised by western breeze
Which withers all the green leaves on the trees.
The beauty comes to drink to the flower fair;
To see her withered too she cannot bear.
Then tears and flowers
Would fall in showers.

点绛唇

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。



Rouged Lips

Drunk, I let my light boat
Along the river float,
Seduced to the depth of the flowers.
Not freed from worldly care,
I cannot stay long there.

The mist-veiled hill and rill
Are steeped for miles and miles in the sun's parting ray.
From hill to hill
The reds are falling in showers.
I can't remember my homeward way.



鹊桥仙
七夕送陈令举

缙山仙子，
高情云渺，
不学痴女呆牛。
风箫声断月明中，
举手谢、时人欲去。

客槎曾犯，
银河波浪，
尚带天风海雨。
相逢一醉是前缘，
风雨散、飘然何处？



Immortal at the Magpie 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 blow 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?



* According to Chinese myth, the Cowherd and the Weaving Maid are two lover-stars separated by the Milky Way, who would meet once every year on the eve of the seventh day of the seventh moon. But this lyric is a farewell poem of two friends on that eve.

赠刘景文

(1090)

荷尽已无擎雨盖，
菊残犹有傲霜枝。
一年好景君须记：
最是橙黄橘绿时。





To Liu Jingwen^①

(1090)

Lotuses put up no umbrellas to the rain;
Yet frost-proof branches of chrysanthemum remain.
Do not forget of a year the loveliest scene:
When oranges are yellow and tangerines are green.

① Written at Hangzhou, where the poet had been appointed governor the year before. Liu Jingwen (1033-1092) was an elderly official whom the poet came to know in Hangzhou.



八声甘州
寄参寥子

(1091)

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，
正春山好处，
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

(1091)

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.



* This lyric describes the poet's friendship with a Buddhist.



临江仙 送钱穆父

(1091)

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，
有节是青云。

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

(1091)

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.



* The poet thinks life is like a journey.

上元侍饮楼上三首呈同列三首选一

(元祐八年正月作，1093年)

淡月疏星绕建章，
仙风吹下御炉香。
侍臣鹄立通明殿，
一朵红云捧玉皇。



Royal Banquet on Lantern Festival

The morning moon and stars shed light on palace hall;
Celestial breeze spreads royal incense over all.
The ministers attend the banquet like cranes proud,
The emperor seems to reign from the rosy cloud.



慈湖夹阻风五首选三

(1094)

一

捍索桅竿立啸空，
篙师酣寝浪花中。
故应菅蒯知心腹，
弱缆能争万里风。

二

此生归路愈茫然，
无数青山水拍天。
犹有小船来卖饼，
喜闻墟落在山前。

三

卧看落月横千丈，
起唤清风得半帆。
且并水村欹侧过，
人间何处不巉岩！



**Held up by Head Winds
on the Gorge of the Kind Lake^①**

(1094)

I

The mast with stretched ropes stands sighing in the air,
The punter soundly sleeps by the white-crested waves.
You should repose your trust in these hemp ropes, howe'er:
Weak as they seem, they can stand a strong wind which raves.

II

When can I come back to my hometown? I'm at a loss.
Beyond countless blue hills waves rise into the sky.
As cakes are sold in a small boat we come across,
We are glad to find there is a village nearby.

III

Abed, I see the setting moon shine far and wide;
Rising, I call the wind and it fills half the sail.
Let us go round the village by the waterside.
How can we in our life encounter no adverse gale?

① In the previous year the poet had been assigned to the post of governor of Dingzhou in the far northeast. This year an order came for his exile to the region of Guangzhou; once more his enemies were in power at court. He left Dingzhou, visited his brother on the way, and passed Nanjing on the Yangzi River when his boat was detained by adverse winds in the Gorge of the Kind Lake, a tributary of the Yangzi River. Three poems out of five are chosen for this collection.





归朝欢
和苏坚伯固

(1094)

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。
此生长接浙，
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，
澧阳兰芷无颜色。
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 Jian

(1094)

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?



* The poet writes this lyric for an old friend whom he has not seen for years. Qu Yuan (340-278 BC) is the author of the long poem *Sorrow after Departure*.



蝶恋花

(1095)

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。

Butterfly in Love with Flower
Red Flowers Fade

(1095)

Red flowers fade and green apricots are still small
When swallows pass
Over blue water which surrounds the garden wall.
Most willow catkins have been blown away, alas!
But there is no place where will not grow sweet green grass.

Without the wall there's a path within there's a swing.
A passer-by
Hears the fair maiden's laughter in the garden ring.
As the ringing laughter dies away by and by,
For the enchantress the enchant'd can only sigh.



西江月 梅

(1096)

玉骨那愁瘴雾？
冰姿自有仙风。
海仙时遣探芳丛，
倒挂绿毛么凤。

素面常嫌粉浣，
洗妆不褪唇红。
高情已逐晓云空，
不与梨花同梦。



The Moon on the West River
To the Fairy of Mume Flower

(1096)

Your bones of jade defy miasmal death;
Your flesh of snow exhales immortal breath.
The sea sprite among flowers often sends to you
A golden-eyed, green-feathered cockatoo.

Powder would spoil your face;
Your lips need no rouge cream.
As high as morning cloud you rise with grace;
With pear flower you won't share your dream.



纵 笔

(1097)

白头萧散满霜风，
小阁藤床寄病容。
报道先生春睡美，
道人轻打五更钟。



An Impromptu Verse Written in Exile

(1097)

Dishevelled white hair flows in the wind like frost spread,
In my small study I lie ill in a wicker bed.
Knowing that I am sleeping a sweet sleep in spring,^①
The Taoist priest takes care morning bells softly ring.



① The poet was exiled farther south for the 3rd line.

被酒独行，遍至子云、威、
徽、先觉四黎之舍三首选二

(1099)

一

半醒半醉问诸黎，
竹刺藤梢步步迷。
但寻牛矢觅归路，
家在牛栏西复西。

二

总角黎家三小童，
口吹葱叶送迎翁。
莫作天涯万里意，
溪边自有舞雩风。



Drunken, I Walk Alone to Visit the Four Lis^①**(1099)****I**

Half drunk, half sober, I ask my way to the four Lis,
Bamboo spikes and rattan creepers tangle before me.
I can but follow the way where cow turds are spread,
And find their houses farther west of cattle shed.

II

Three or four children of the Lis with their hair tressed,
Blowing green onion pipes, welcome me the old guest.
Do not seek happiness to the end of the earth!
By the side of the brook you'll find genuine mirth.



① Written in exile on Hainan Island. Two poems out of three are chosen for this collection.

纵笔三首选一

(1099)

寂寂东坡一病翁，
白须萧散满霜风。
小儿误喜朱颜在，
一笑那知是酒红！



An Impromptu Verse Written by the Seaside^①

(1099)

The lonely Master of Eastern Slope lies ill in bed,
Dishevelled white hair flows in the wind like frost spread.
Seeing my crimson face, my son is glad I'm fine,
I laugh for he does not know that I have drunk wine.



① One poem out of three is chosen for this collection.

澄迈驿通潮阁二首

(1100)

一

倦客愁闻归路遥，
眼明飞阁俯长桥。
贪观白鹭横秋浦，
不觉青林没晚潮。

二

馀生欲老海南村，
帝遣巫阳招我魂。
杳杳天低鹧没处，
青山一发是中原。

The Tide Pavilion at Chengmai Post^①**(1100)****I**

A tired wayfarer's sad his home is far away,
 Seeing a pavilion o'er a bridge on his way.
 I admire white egrets crossing autumn riverside,
 Unaware the green woods are drowned in evening tide.

II

I'd end my life in the village by the South Sea,
 The Celestial Court sends a witch to recall me.
 Far, far away birds vanish into the low skies,
 Beyond a stretch of blue hills the Central Plain lies.



① Written in Hainan Island when the poet was about to take the boat for the mainland.

过 岭

(1101)

七年来往我何堪！
又试曹溪一勺甘。
梦里似曾迁海外，
醉中不觉到江南。
波生濯足鸣空涧，
雾绕征衣滴翠岚。
谁遣山鸡忽惊起，
半岩花雨落毵毵。



Passing the Ridge

(1101)

How could I bear journeys to and fro for seven years!
 Again I taste sweet water in the Crooked Stream.
 With drunken eyes I see the Southern land appears;
 My exile by the seaside seems but like a dream.
 Waves roaring in the gully can still wash my feet;
 Mist dripping like green drops moistens a wayfarer's frock.
 As I pass by, a pheasant startled flies so fleet
 That flowers fall in showers over half the rock.

