

# Chinese Poems of the Tang and Sung Dynasties

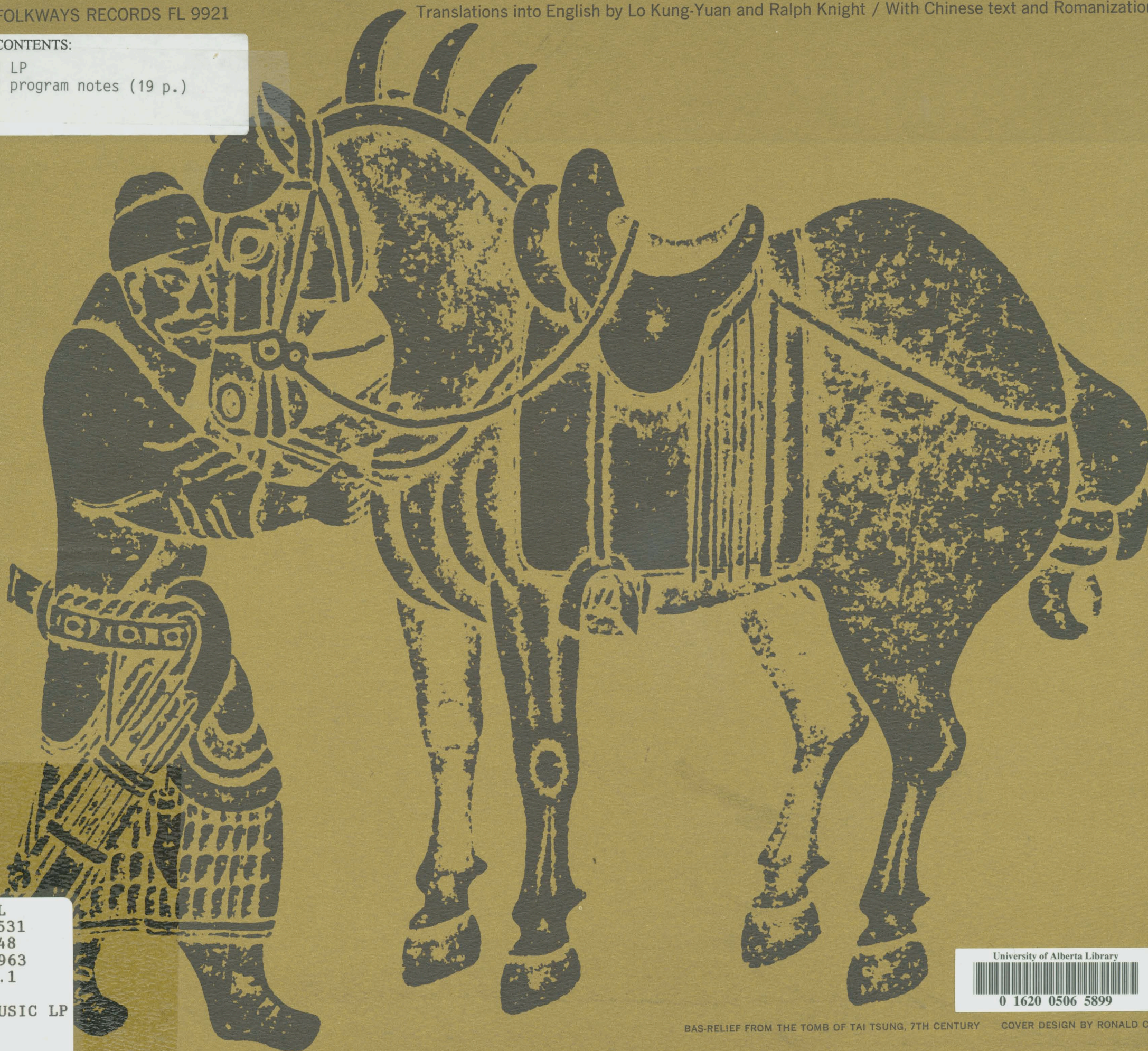
Read by Lo Kung-Yaun in Northern Chinese, Peking dialect

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9921

Translations into English by Lo Kung-Yuan and Ralph Knight / With Chinese text and Romanizations

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LI PO, NIGHT THOUGHTS

CHIA TAO, CALLING ON A SECURED SCHOLAR, BUT NOT MEETING HIM

WANG CH'EN, THE NEW BRIDE

PO-CHU-I, QUESTIONING MR. LIU

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TU FU, MY THATCHED HUT IS WRECKED BY THE AUTUMN WIND

LI PO, SONG OF CHANG-KAN

PO CHU-I, SONG OF EVERLASTING SORROW

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET



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## INTRODUCTION

In this recording, Lo Kung-yuan, a teacher of the Chinese language at St. John's University, New York, reads in the Peking dialect of Northern Chinese. With some five hundred million speakers, Northern Chinese, the principal language of modern China, is the native tongue of more people than any other language--its nearest rival, English, being spoken by approximately three hundred millions.

The poems Mr. Lo reads, with one or two exceptions, were written in the Tang Dynasty (618-907) or the Sung Dynasty (960-1279). Since those times the pronunciation of Chinese has altered to a degree that can only be estimated by linguists. "In today's Northern Chinese," Mr. Lo writes, "we find that the Tang and Sung rhymes cannot be maintained. In order to keep the rhyme and the Northern Chinese pronunciation, I have made compromises at many points."

He writes further: "The Chinese generally read their poems as chanting. However, chanting does not seem to fit in with the purpose of making this recording, which is to show the structures, the meanings, the approach and the dialect sound of each poem."

In the writing of Chinese, however, a remarkable phenomenon exists. While the spoken language has been altered in the continuous changes usual to living tongues, writing has remained much more stable. This is because written Chinese does not attempt to render spoken sounds. In the Chinese picto-ideographic system--as opposed to our own phonetic writing system--the written character represents words and is influenced only insignificantly and indirectly by the spoken sound.

While linguists consider the phonetic writing system superior in most ways, the picto-ideographic system undoubtedly offers a benefit in this: These poems, many more than a thousand years old, and all Chinese literature of any era, are almost fully understandable to the modern reader. Tu Fu and Li Po seem "contemporary"--or, better, timeless--to the Chinese in a degree almost incomprehensible to us, who read Middle English literature with dif-

iculty and Anglo-Saxon literature only as an acquired "foreign" language.

Making the translations into English, Mr. Lo and I have happily found ourselves in complete agreement as to aims. Mr. Lo has made the renderings into English. Then, together, we have gone over the words to seek more nearly perfect English equivalents. We have ignored the forms, the patterns of the original, except insofar as they may reveal themselves in line-for-line renderings, in the belief that forms are secondary to meaning and, further, that forms may be discerned in the readings. The result has been a careful and thoughtful attempt to bring over into English the pictures and concepts expressed in the Chinese.

In some instances we have found it impossible to use the literal expressions employed by the poet because these would be meaningless in English. A good example is in the second line of Tu Fu's marvelous poem, "To the Retired Scholar Wei Pa." Here the poet employed the Chinese names for the stars Orion and Antares for his brilliant figure that describes how "in life people don't often meet." To have been literal would have been inexact. The Chinese names, or even the English names, would not have produced the picture of wheeling stars created by Tu Fu. In his superb translations from Tu Fu, William Hung hit on the rendering "evening and morning stars"--picturesquely equivalent English--and we have followed Mr. Hung in this.

Nevertheless, such instances are few. For the most part we have tried to render literally, adding and subtracting nothing from the poet's meaning, even though this may occasionally present difficulties to the reader and, more often, seem crude. We ask forbearance for our inadequacies and invite critical comment from those who see how we can improve these versions. We earnestly hope that our small effort may help even more readers of English to a glimpse of the incredible riches of Chinese poetry, surely one of the greatest repositories of human genius in existence.

Ralph Knight



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

Ye Sz - Li Bai

Chwang chyan ming ywe gwang  
Yi shr di shang shwang  
Jyu tou wang ming ywe  
Di tou sz gu syang

NIGHT THOUGHTS  
by Li Po (701? - 762)

In front of my bed the moonlight falls.  
I wonder whether there's frost on the ground.  
I raise my head to look at the bright moon,  
Then lower my head, thinking of my native home.

雲 只 言 松  
深 在 師 下  
不 此 採 問  
知 山 藥 童  
處 中 去 子  
， ； 。

Syun Yin Je Bu Yu-Jya Dau

Sung sya wen tung dz  
Yan shr tsai yau chyu  
Jr dzai tsz shan jung  
Yun shen bu jr chu

CALLING ON A SECLUDED SCHOLAR,  
BUT NOT MEETING HIM  
by Chia Tao (779-841)

Of the little boy under the pines, I inquire for the scholar.  
He explains that his tutor has gone to gather medicinal herbs;  
He is nearby in this hill  
But, in the depth of the mists, he is not sure exactly where.

先 未 洗 三  
遣 請 手 日  
小 姑 作 入  
姑 食 羹 廚  
嘗 性 湯 下  
， ； 。

Syin Jya Nyang - Wang Jyan

San r ru chu sya  
Syi shou dzwo geng tang  
Wei an gu shr sying  
Syan chyan syau gu chang

THE NEW BRIDE  
by Wang Chien (circa 751-835)

After three days she goes to the kitchen  
And washes her hands to prepare the soup;  
Unfamiliar with her mother-in-law's taste,  
She asks the younger sister-in-law to sample it.

## side 1

能 晚 紅 綠  
飲 來 泥 螳  
一 天 小 新  
杯 欲 火 醅  
無 雪 鑪 酒  
， ； 。

Wen Lyou Shr Jyou - Bai Jyu Yi

Lyu yi syin pei jyou  
Hung ni syau hwo lu  
Wan lai tyan yu sywe  
Neng yin yi bei wu

QUESTIONING MR. LIU  
by Po-Chu-i (772-846)

I have newly brewed "green ant" wine  
And a little red clay stove.  
As evening arrives, the sky threatens snow.  
Shall we drink a cup or not?

寒 來 應 君  
梅 日 知 自  
著 綺 故 故  
花 窗 鄉 鄉  
未 前 事 來  
！ ； 。

Dza Shr - Wang Wei

Jyun dz gu syang lai  
Ying jr gu syang shr  
Lai r chi chwang chyan  
Han mei jwo hwa wei

FROM "MISCELLANEOUS POEMS"  
by Wang Wei (699-759)

You come from my native village  
And should know how things go there.  
In front of the silk-paned windows, when you left,  
Had the plum tree begun to bloom?

花 夜 處 春  
落 來 處 眠  
知 風 聞 不  
多 雨 啼 覺  
少 聲 鳥 曉  
， ； 。

Chwun Syau - Meng Hau Ran

Chwun myan bu jywe syau  
Chu chu wen ti nyau  
Ye lai feng yu sheng  
Hwa lwo jr dwo shau

SPRING MORNING  
by Men Hao-Jan (689-740)

Sooner than I knew, the spring dawn arrived in my sleep.  
Singing of birds was heard everywhere.  
In midst of the sounds of wind and rain last night,  
Who knows how many blossoms fell?



悔教夫婿覓封侯，  
忽見陌頭楊柳色，  
春日凝妝上翠樓，  
閨中少婦不知愁。

閨怨 無名氏

獨釣寒江雪，  
孤舟蓑笠翁，  
萬徑人蹤滅，  
千山鳥飛絕。

江雪 柳宗元

夜半鐘聲到客船，  
姑蘇城外寒山寺，  
江楓漁火對愁眠，  
月落烏啼霜滿天。

楓橋夜泊 張繼

笑問客從何處來，  
兒童相見不相識，  
鄉音無改鬢毛催，  
少小離家老大回。

回鄉偶書 賀知章

古來征戰幾人回，  
醉卧沙場君莫笑，  
欲飲琵琶馬上催，  
葡萄美酒夜光杯。

涼州詞 王翰

斜倚薰籠坐到明，  
紅顏未老思先斷，  
夜深前殿按歌聲，  
淚盡羅巾夢不成。

宮詞 白居易

Gwei Ywan - Wu Ming Shr

Gwei jung shau fu bu jr chou  
Chwun r ning jwang shang tswei lou  
Hu jyan mwo tou yang lyou se  
Hwei jyau fu syu mi feng hou

Jyang Sywe - Lyou Dzung Ywan

Chyan shan nyau fei jywe  
Wan jing ren dzung mye  
Gu jou swo li weng  
Du dyau han jyang sywe

Feng Chau Ye Bwo - Jang Ji

Ywe lwo wu ti shwang man tyan  
Jyang feng yu hwo dwei chou myan  
Gu su cheng wai han shan sz  
Ye ban jung sheng dau ke chwan

Hwei Syang Ou Shu - He Jr Jang

Shau syau li syang lau da hwei  
Syang yin wu gai bin mau tswei  
Er tung syang jyan bu syang shr  
Syau wen ke tsung he chu lai

Lyang Jou Tsz - Wang Han

Pu tau mei jyou ye gwang bei  
Yu yin pi ba ma shang tswei  
Dzwei wo sha chang jyun mwo syau  
Gu lai jeng jan ji ren hwei

Gung Tsz - Bai Jyu Yi

Lei jin lwo jin meng bu cheng  
Ye shen chyan dyan an ge sheng  
Hung yan wei lau en syan dwan  
Sye yi syun lung dzwo dau ming

A WOMAN'S GRIEF

(Anonymous)

The young woman in her deep chamber never knew  
what sorrow meant.  
In her beautiful dress she climbs the tower in the  
spring.  
Suddenly she sees the new green of the willows  
And regrets that she ever urged her husband to  
leave home to seek an official title.

SNOW ON THE RIVER

by Liu Tsung-yuan (773-819)

Over thousands of mountains no bird flies.  
Over thousands of paths there is no trace of  
footprints.  
On a lonely boat sits an old man with bamboo  
hat and cape,  
Fishing silently in the snowy river.

ANCHORING AT NIGHT BY THE MAPLE BRIDGE

by Chang Chi (circa 756)

The moon is setting, the crows crying and the  
dawn sky is frosty.  
The river maples and the fishing lamps are  
quiet in sorrow.  
The sound of the bell in Cold Mountain Temple  
outside Ku-Su City  
Arrives at the traveler's boat at midnight.

AFTER RETURNING HOME

by Ho Chia-Chang (659-744)

I left my native home in my youth and returned  
when I was old.  
My native accent had not changed, yet the hair  
at my temples was sparse.  
The children met, but did not recognize me.  
They asked smilingly where the guest came from.

SONG OF LIANG CHOW

by Wang Han (710 chin-shih)

The grape wine was beautiful in the glistening jade  
cups;  
As I was about to drink, the lute summoned me to  
mount my horse.  
Don't laugh at me if I fall drunk on the sandy  
battlefield.  
Since ancient times, how many soldiers could ever  
return home?

SORROW IN THE PALACE

by Po Chu-i (772-846)

Tears have drenched the whole handkerchief, but  
she is still awake.  
In the deep night, songs are sung in the front  
palace.  
The Emperor's love has ended before her beautiful  
face is old.  
In bed, she leans against the scented sachet, sitting  
until dawn.



近試上張水部  
洞房昨夜停紅燭，  
待曉堂前拜舅姑；  
妝罷低聲問夫婿，  
畫眉深淺入時無。

塞下曲  
月黑雁飛高，  
單于夜遁逃；  
欲將輕騎逐，  
大雪滿弓刀。

泊秦淮  
煙籠寒水月籠沙，  
夜泊秦淮近酒家；  
商女不知亡國恨，  
隔江猶唱後庭花。

贈別  
多情卻似總無情，  
唯覺尊前笑不成；  
蠟燭有心還惜別，  
替人垂淚到天明。

隴西行  
誓掃匈奴不顧身，  
可憐無定河邊骨，  
猶是深閨夢裏人。

春望  
國破山河在，城春草木深；  
感時花濺淚，恨別鳥驚心；  
烽火連三月，家書抵萬金；  
白頭搔更短，渾欲不勝簪。

Jin Shr Shang Jang Shwei Bu - Ju Ching Yu

Dung fang dzwo ye ting hung ju  
Dai syau tang chyan bai jyou gu  
Jwang ba di sheng wen fu syu  
Hwa mei shen chyan ru shr wu

Sai Sya Chyu - Lu Lwun

Ywe hei yan fei gau  
Shan yu ye dwun tau  
Yu jyang ching chi ju  
Da sywe man gung dau

Bwo Chin Hwai - Du Mu

Yan lung han shwei ywe lung sha  
Ye bwo chin hwai jin jyou jya  
Shang nyu bu jr wang gwo hen  
Ge jyang you chang hou ting hwa

Dzeng Bye - Du Mu

Dwo ching chywe sz dzung wu ching  
Wei jywe dzwun chyan syau bu cheng  
La ju you syin hwan syi bye  
Ti ren chwei lei dau tyan ming

Lung Syi Sying - Chen Tau

Shr sau syung nu bu gu shen  
Wu chyan dyau jin sang hu chen  
Ke lyan wu ding he byan gu  
You shr shen gwei meng li ren

Chwun Wang - Du Fu

Gwo pwo shan he dzai  
Cheng chwun tsau mu shen  
Gan shr hwa jyan lei  
Hen bye nyau jing syin  
Feng hwo lyan san ywe  
Jya shu di wan jin  
Bai tou sau geng dwan  
Hwun yu bu sheng dzan

TO MR. CHANG OF THE WATER DEPARTMENT  
by Chu Ching-yu (circa 825)

In the bridal chamber, the red candles were burning.  
She waited for dawn to pay her respect to the  
father-and mother-in-law in the parlor.  
After completing her toilette, she asks her husband,  
in a low voice,  
Whether her eyebrows are painted fashionably.

A SONG OF THE FRONTIER  
by Lu Lun

The moon is dark and the wild geese stream high.  
The Tartar chief slinks away at night.  
We send the lightly equipped cavalry in pursuit;  
The thick snow covers bows and swords.

ANCHORED AT CHING HUAI RIVER  
by Tu Mu (803-852)

Mist veils the cold water, moonlight veils the sand.  
I anchored at Ching Huai River at night, near the  
taverns.  
The dancing girls do not understand the bitterness  
of losing the country;  
They are still singing "The Flowers in the Garden"  
on the other side of the bank.

TO MY BELOVED ON PARTING  
by Tu Mu (803-852)

When love is deep, one always feels he doesn't love  
enough.  
I find it difficult to smile in front of you.  
Conscious of our separation, the wax candle feels  
our sorrow;  
It sheds tears for us up to the dawn.

THE BALLAD OF LUNG HSI  
by Chen Tao (circa 841)

Swearing they would sweep away the Hsi'ung-nu,  
reckless of their own lives,  
Five thousand men, clad in sable and silk, fell in  
the barbarian's desert.  
Alas, the bones strewn along the banks of the Wu-  
ting River  
Were still men in the dreams of the young women  
in their deep chambers in the spring.

VIEWING SPRING FROM A HEIGHT  
by Tu Fu (712-770)

The nation is shattered; hills and rivers remain.  
As spring arrives in the city, grasses and trees  
grow thicker.  
Sorrowing over the times, flowers shed tears;  
Disheartened by departure, birds feel their hearts  
frightened.  
Beacon fires of war have been burning for three  
months;  
A letter from home is worth ten thousand ounces  
of gold.  
My white hair becomes more scant as I scratch  
it;  
It can scarcely hold a hairpin.





羌村

杜甫

崢嶸赤雲西，日脚下平地。  
柴門鳥雀噪，歸客千里至。  
妻孥怪我在，驚定還拭淚。  
世亂遭飄蕩，生還偶然遂。  
鄰人滿牆頭，感歎亦歛歔。  
夜闌更秉燭，相對如夢寐。

聞蟲

白居易

聞蟲唧唧夜繚繚，  
況是秋陰欲雨天；  
猶恐愁人暫得睡，  
聲聲移近卧牀前。

遣悲懷

元稹

謝公最小偏憐女，  
自嫁黔婁百事乖；  
顧我無衣搜蠹篋，  
泥他沽酒拔金釵；  
野蔬充膳甘長藿，  
落葉添薪仰古槐；  
今日俸錢過十萬，  
與君營奠復營齋。

女冠子

韋莊

昨夜夜半，枕上分明夢見，  
語多時，依舊桃花面，頻低  
柳葉眉。半羞還半喜，欲去  
依依。覺來知是夢，不勝  
悲。



Chyang Tswun - Du Fu

Jeng rung chr yun syi  
R jyau sya ping di  
Chai men chywe nyau dzau  
Gwei ke chyan li jr  
Chi nu gwai wo dzai  
Jing ding hwan shr lei  
Shr lwan dzau pyau dang  
Sheng hwan ou ran swei  
Lin ren man chyang tou  
Gan tan yi syi syu  
Ye lan geng bing ju  
Syang dwei ru meng mei

Wen Chung - Bai Jyu Yi

Wen chung ji ji ye myan myan  
Kwang shr chyau yin yu yu tyan  
You kung chou ren jan de shwei  
Sheng sheng yi jin wo chwang chyan

Chyan Bei Hwai - Ywan Jen

Sye gung dzwei syau pyan lyan nyu  
Dz jya chyan lou bwo shr gwai  
Gu wo wu yi sou jin chye  
Ni ta gu jyau ba jin chai  
Ye shu chung shan gan chang hwo  
Lwo ye tyan syin yang gu hwai  
Jin r feng chyan gwo shr wan  
Yu jyun ying dyan fu ying jai

Nyu Gwan Dz - Wei Jwang

Dz wo ye ye ban  
Jen shang fen ming meng jyan  
Yu dwo shr  
Yi jyau tau hwa myan  
Pin di lyou ye mei  
Ban syou hwan ban syi  
Yu chyau you yi yi  
Jywe lai jr shr meng  
Bu sheng bei

RETURN TO CHIANG VILLAGE  
by Tu Fu (712-770)

Red clouds, shaped like cliffs, gleam in the west.  
The sun has fallen near to the earth.  
By the wooden gate the sparrows are twittering  
noisily.  
The traveler returns from thousands of lis away.  
Wife and children are startled when they see the  
stranger;  
After the first astonishment, they wipe their tears.  
In this troubled world, I was driven from place to  
place;  
It is mere chance that I return alive.  
Neighbors crowd over the fence to look; they sigh  
and sob.  
As night deepens, we light a candle;  
It's as though we're in a dream, seeing each other  
face to face.

CRICKETS  
by Po Chu-i (772-846)

I hear crickets singing and feel that night will  
never end,  
Especially since it is a cloudy autumn night,  
threatening rain.  
It seems as though the crickets are purposely trying  
to keep me awake in my sorrow;  
They seem to come closer to my bed after each  
chirp.

TO LAMENT THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE  
by Yuen Chen (779-831)

Of my wealthy father-in-law's children, he loved  
his youngest daughter the most.  
When she married a poor scholar, her troubles  
began.  
Pitying that I had no clothes, she searched her  
bamboo trunk.  
Because I asked her to buy wine, she pulled off  
her gold hairpins.  
We found contentment in eating wild vegetables;  
Looking up at the old locust trees, we hoped to  
gather fuel by collecting fallen leaves.  
Today my salary exceeds one hundred thousand;  
But the only way I can express my love is with a  
ceremonial offering.

WOMAN'S HEADRESS  
by Wei Chuang (855-920)

Last night at midnight, I, on my pillow, clearly  
saw you in my dream.  
We talked for a long while.  
Your face was still like a peach blossom, and  
repeatedly you knitted your willow-leaf  
eyebrows.  
Half shy and half happy,  
You were leaving and yet lingering on.  
When I woke and realized it was a dream,  
The sorrow was more than I could bear.



相見歡 李煜  
無言獨上西樓，月如鉤。  
寂寞梧桐深院鎖清秋。  
剪不斷，理還亂，是離愁。  
別有一番滋味在心头。

Yu Mei Ren Ting Yu - Jyang Jye

Shau nyan ting yu ge lou shang  
Hung ju hwun lwo jang  
Jwang nyan ting yu ke jou jung  
Jyang kwo yun di  
Dwan yan jyau syi feng  
Er jin ting yu seng lu sya  
Bin yi sying sying ye  
Bei hwan li he dzung wu ching  
Yi ren jye chyan di dyan dau tyan ming

虞美人

聽雨

蔣捷

少年聽雨歌樓上，紅燭昏羅帳。  
壯年聽雨客舟中，江濶雲低斷  
雁叫西風。而今聽雨僧廬下，鬢  
已星星也。悲歡離合總無情，一  
任階前滴點到天明。

醉花陰 李清照  
薄霧濃雲愁永晝，瑞腦銷金  
獸。佳節又重陽，玉枕紗幮，半  
夜涼初透。東籬把酒黃  
昏後，有暗香盈袖。莫道不消  
魂，簾捲西風，人比黃花瘦。

Ju Feng Sying - Du Fu

Jyun bu jyan  
Syau syang jr shan heng dzwei gau  
Shan dyan ju feng sheng au au  
Tse shen chang gu chyou chi chyun  
Chr chwei kou jin syin shen lau  
Sya min bwo nyau dzai lwo wang  
Hwang chywe dzwei syau you nan tau  
Ywan fen ju shr ji lou yi  
Jin shr chr syau syang nu hau

赤鳳行

杜甫

君不見，瀟湘之山，衡最高，  
山巔赤鳳聲嗷嗷。  
側身長顧求其群，  
翅垂口噤心甚勞。  
下悠百鳥在羅網，  
黃雀最小猶難逃。  
願分竹實及螻蟻，  
盡使鵲鳥相怒號。



Syang Jyan Hwan - Li Yu

Wu yan du shang syi lou  
Ywe ru gou  
Ji mwo wu tung shen ywan swo ching chyow

Jyan bu dwan  
Li hwan lwan  
Shr li chou  
Bye you yi fan dz wei dzai syin tou

TO THE TUNE OF "MEETING HAPPINESS"  
by Li Yu (936-978)

Silently and alone, I climb the West Tower.  
The moon is like a hook.  
The desolate wu-ting tree in the deep courtyard  
embraces the clear autumn.  
Cut with scissors, but not severed;  
Disentangled, but not unraveled:  
It is the sorrow of parting,  
A strange, painful feeling in my heart.

# LISTENING TO RAIN

by Chiang Chieh (1275 )

In my youth, listening to rain in the inn, the dim  
light of red candles shone on the silky  
bed curtains.  
In my years of strength, listening to rain while  
traveling on a boat, the river was wide,  
clouds low, and the lonely swan  
was crying in the west wind.  
Now I am listening to rain in a hermitage;  
My hair is already gray;  
I am indifferent to sorrow, happiness, parting  
and reunion.  
Let the rain fall in front of the steps clear through  
to the dawn.

Dzwei Hwa Yin - Li Ching Jau

Bwo wu nung yun chou yung jou  
Rei nau syau jin shou  
Jya jye you chung yang  
Yu jen sha chu  
Ban ye lyang chu tou  
Dung li ba jyou hwang hwun hou  
You an syang ying syou  
Mwo dau bu syau hwun  
Lyan jywan syi feng  
Ren bi hwang hwa shou

TO THE TUNE OF "INTOXICATED IN THE  
SHADOW OF FLOWERS"  
by Li Ching-Chao (1084-1144)

Thin mist, dense clouds and sorrow hang over  
the whole day.  
Incense is burning in the gold bowl of animal  
shape.  
Once again it is the happy festival of the ninth  
day of the ninth month.  
Now the chill of midnight permeates the jade  
pillow and silk screen.  
After the wine has been drunk over the east  
hedge in the dusk  
My sleeves are flooded with subtle fragrance.  
Do not tell me such things don't cast a spell  
of delight!  
The curtains blow in the west wind  
And I am even thinner than a yellow flower.

# RED PHOENIX

by Tu Fu (712-770)

Do you not see that, among the mountains of Hu-nan,  
Heng Mountain is the highest?  
On the peak a red phoenix cries.  
It turns its body to search the distance for its own  
kind.  
Its wings droop, its mouth is silent, its heart  
exhausted.  
Below, it sees and pities the hundreds of kinds of  
birds in the net,  
From which even the smallest, the yellow sparrow,  
cannot escape.  
It is willing to share its bamboo fruits down to the  
ants,  
Which causes all the owls to hoot angrily.





雨霖鈴 柳永

寒蟬淒切，對長亭晚，驟雨初歇。都門帳飲無緒，正留戀處，蘭舟催發。執手相看淚眼，竟無語，噎噎念去，去千里煙波，暮靄沈沈，楚天濶。多情自古傷離別，更那堪、冷落清秋節。今宵酒醒何處？楊柳岸、曉風殘月。此去經年，應是良辰好景虛設，便縱有、千種風情，更向何人說。

side 2

贈衛八處士 杜甫

人生不相見，動如參與商。今夕復何夕，共此燈燭光。少壯能幾時，鬢髮各已蒼。訪舊半為鬼，驚呼熱中腸。焉知二十載，重上君子堂。昔別君未婚，兒女忽成行。怡然敬父執，問我來何方。問答乃未已，兒女羅酒漿。夜雨剪春韭，新炊間黃粱。主稱會面難，一舉累十觴。十觴亦不醉，感子故意長。明日隔山岳，世事兩茫茫。



Yu Lin Ling - Lyou Yung

Han chan chi chye  
Dwei chang ting wan  
Dzou yu chu sye  
Du men jang yin wu syu  
Jeng lyou lyan chu  
Lan jou tswei fa  
Jr shou syang kan lei yan  
Jing wu yu yin ye  
Nyan chyu chyu chyan li yan pwo  
Mu ai chen chen chu tyan kwo  
Dwo ching dz gu shang li bye  
Geng na kan leng lwo ching chyou jye  
Jin syau jyou sying he chu  
Yang lyou an syau feng tsan ywe  
Tsz chyu jing nyan  
Ying shr lyang chen hau jing syu she  
Byan Dzung you chyan jung feng ching  
Geng, syang he ren shwo

TO THE TUNE OF "RAIN FALLS ON THE BELL"  
by Liu Yung (circa 1034)

The cicadas, in the chill, sing sadly,  
In the Long Pavilion,\* it grows dark.  
There is no cheerfulness in our farewell drinking.  
While we linger, the river boat is waiting to sail.  
Holding hands and gazing into one another's tear-  
filled eyes,  
We are speechless and feel choked with emotion.  
This trip will take me over one thousand lis of  
misty waves.  
The evening haze grows darker and the sky grows  
wider.

Since ancient times, people of deep feeling have  
felt sad about parting,  
Especially when autumn increases the feeling of  
loneliness and solitude.  
Where will I be when I wake up from my drunkenness?  
Near the willow-lined river bank, in the dawn breeze,  
under the fading moon.  
Since this departure will be for a year, happy hours  
and beautiful scenery in this place will, for  
me, be meaningless.  
Even if I had a thousand romantic feelings, whom I  
can I talk with?

Dzeng Wei Ba Chu Shr - Du Fu

Ren sheng bu syang jyan  
Dung ru sen yu shang  
Jin syi fu he syi  
Gung tsz deng ju gwang  
Syau jwang neng ji shr  
Byin fa ge yi sang  
Fang jyou ban wei gwei  
Jing hu re jung chang  
Yan jr er shr dzai  
Chung shang jyun dz tang  
Syi bye jyun wei hwun  
Er nyu hu cheng hang  
Yi ran jing fu jr  
Wen wo lai he fang  
Wen da nai wei yi  
Er nyu lwo jyou jyang  
Ye yu jyan chwun jyou  
Syin tswei jyan hwang lyang  
Ju cheng hwei myan nan  
Yi jyu lei shr shang  
Shr shang yi bu dzwei  
Gan dz gu yi chang  
Ming r ge shan ywe  
Shr shr lyang mang mang

TO THE RETIRED SCHOLAR WEI PA  
by Tu Fu (712-770)

In life people don't often meet,  
Moving like the evening and morning stars.  
What a night this is!  
We are together in the same candlelight.  
How long can one be young and strong?  
Our hair has turned gray;  
Visiting old friends, you find half of them already  
ghosts.  
We are amazed and feel warm to our innermost beings.  
How was I to know that after twenty years  
I would call upon you in your house?  
When we last parted, you were not yet married;  
Now, suddenly, your sons and daughters stand in a  
row.  
They courteously greet their father's friend  
And ask where I come from.  
Even before we are through with our greeting  
Your sons and daughters begin to bring wine to us.  
Spring scallions are cut in the evening rain;  
Rice is freshly cooked;  
And the host exclaims how rare it is that we meet.  
We lift our cups of wine and drink ten.  
Even ten cups do not make me drunk  
Because I am so deeply moved by your affection for  
an old friend.  
Tomorrow there will be mountains between us;  
The affairs of each will become hazy to the other.

\*Long pavilions were places located a few miles  
outside city walls, constructed for the purpose  
of drinking farewell toasts to departing friends.



茅屋為秋風所破歌 杜甫

八月秋高風怒號，卷我屋上  
三重茅。茅飛渡江灑江郊，高  
者挂罥長林梢，下者飄轉沉  
塘坳。南村羣童欺我老無力，  
忍能對面為盜賊。公然抱茅  
入竹去，唇焦口燥呼不得，歸  
來倚杖自嘆息。俄頃風定雲  
墨色，秋天漠漠向昏黑。布  
衾多年冷似鐵，嬌兒惡卧踏  
裏裂。牀頭屋漏無乾處，雨脚  
如麻未斷絕。自經喪亂少睡  
眠，長夜沾濕何由徹。安得廣  
廈千萬間，大庇天下寒士俱  
歡顏。風雨不動安如山，嗚呼！  
何時眼前突兀見此屋，吾廬  
獨破受凍死亦足。

Mau Wu Wei Chyou Feng Swo Pwo Ge - Du Fu

Ba ywe chyou gau feng nu hau  
Jywan wo wu shang san chung mau  
Mau fei du jyang sa jyang jyau  
Gau je gwa jywan chang lin shau  
Sya je pyau jwan chen tang au  
Nan tswun chyun tung chi wo lau wu li

Ren neng dwei myan wei dau dze  
Gung ran bau mau ru ju chyu  
Chwun jyau kou dzau hu bu de  
Gwei lai yi jang dz tan syi  
E ching feng ding yun mwo se  
Chyou tyan mwo mwo syang hwun he  
Bu chin dwo nyan leng sz tye  
Jyau er e wo ta li lye  
Chwang tou wu lou wu gan chu  
Yu jyau ru ma wei dwan jywe  
Dz jing seng lwan shau shwei myan  
Chang ye jan shr he you che  
An de gwang sya chyan wan jyan  
Da pyi tyan sya han shr jyu hwan yan  
Feng yu bu dung an ru shan  
Wu hu he shr yan chyan tu wu jyan tsz wu  
Wu lu du pwo shou dung sz yi dzu

MY THATCHED HUT IS WRECKED BY THE  
AUTUMN WIND  
by Tu Fu (712-770)

At high autumn, in September, an angrily howling  
wind  
Rolls the three layers of thatch from my roof.  
Flying across the river, it scatters along the bank.  
Some is entangled high in the tops of tall trees,  
Some flies and tumbles and sinks into the ponds.  
The boys of the southern village, finding me old  
and weak,  
Have the audacity to be thieves to my face;  
They boldly carry off the thatch into the bamboo  
woods.  
I shout at them until my lips are parched and my  
mouth dry  
Then I return to my hut, lean on my staff and sigh.  
In a while the wind subsides, the clouds grow  
black as ink,  
The autumn day drags on toward the dark.  
My old quilts are cold as iron;  
My beloved son thrashes about in his sleep and  
kicks through the rents,  
The roof is leaking, there's no dry place in the  
bed,  
And the rain pours in like unbroken hemp.  
Since the rebellion began, I have had little sleep.  
When will this long night of rain come to an end?  
How can I get a vast mansion of ten thousand  
rooms  
To shelter all the poor scholars of earth so they  
would be happy,  
That, secure as a mountain, would not be shaken  
in wind and rain?  
Alas, when shall I see such a mansion?  
If my hut were wrecked and I should die of cold, I  
would die content.



長干行 李白  
妾髮初覆額，折花門前劇。  
郎騎竹馬來，遠牀弄青梅。  
同居長干里，兩小無嫌猜。  
十四為君婦，羞顏未嘗開。  
低頭向暗壁，千喚不一迴。  
十五始展眉，願同塵與灰。  
常存抱柱信，豈上望夫臺。  
十六君遠行，瞿塘滢滢堆。  
五月不可觸，猿聲天上哀。  
門前遊行跡，一一生綠苔。  
苔深不能掃，落葉秋風早。  
八月蝴蝶黃，雙飛西園草。  
感此傷妾心，坐愁紅顏老。  
早晚下三巴，預將書報家。  
相迎不道遠，直至長風沙。

Chang Gan Sying - Li Bai

Chye fa chu fu e  
Je hwa men chyan jyu  
Lang chi ju ma lai  
Rau chwang nung ching mai  
Tung jyu chang gan li  
Lyang syau wu syan tsai  
Shr sz wei jyung fu  
Syou yan wei chang kai  
Di tou syang an bi  
Chyan hwan bu yi hwai  
Shr wu shr jan mei  
Ywan tung chen yu hwai  
Chang tswun bau ju syin  
Chi shang wang fu tai  
Shr lyou jyun ywan sying  
Chyu tang yan yu dwei  
Wu ywe bu ke chu  
Ywan sheng tyan shang ai  
Men chyan chr sying ji  
Yi yi sheng lyu tai  
Tai shen bu neng sau  
Lwo ye chyou feng dzau  
Ba ywe hu dye hwang  
Shwang fei syi ywan tsau  
Gan tsz shang chye syin  
Dzwo chou hung yan lau  
Dzau wan sya san ba  
Yu jyang shu bau ja  
Syang ying bu dau ywan  
Jr jr chang feng sha

SONG OF CHANG-KAN  
by Li Po (701? - 762)

When my hair was first long enough to cover my  
forehead  
I was plucking flowers, playing in front of the  
gate.  
You came along riding a bamboo stickhorse  
And we played games with green plums as prizes.  
We lived in the Chang-Kan Village  
And we two children were never quarrelsome.  
At fourteen I became your wife.  
I always felt shy;  
With my head down, I faced the shadowy wall  
And refused to answer though you called a thousand  
times.  
At fifteen I began to feel at ease and understand  
love.  
I was willing to become dust and ashes with you.  
Always trusting you deeply, there was no need for  
me to mount the mound.\*  
When I was sixteen, you went on a long journey.  
The waves in Chu-tang Gorge were broken on Yen-  
yu Rock.  
Those rapids are not passable in rainy May  
And the wails of the gibbons reecho to the sky.  
Before the gate you left your footprints  
And each one was overgrown with green moss  
So deep it can't be swept away  
And leaves fell in the early autumn wind.  
Then in September the yellow butterflies  
Hovered in pairs over the grass in the west garden.  
Touched by the sight, I feel heartbroken;  
Sitting sorrowfully, I feel my beauty fading.  
When, someday, you leave Three Pa district,  
Please write a letter home beforehand.  
To meet you, I am not afraid of the long distance,  
Even all the way to Long Wind Sands.

\*Outside the village, where the women went to  
watch for the return of their husbands.



漢皇重色思傾國，  
御宇多年求不得。  
楊家有女初長成，  
養在深閨人未識。  
天生麗質難自棄，  
一朝選在君王側。  
回眸一笑百媚生，  
六宮粉黛無顏色。  
春寒賜浴華清池，  
溫泉水滑洗凝脂。  
侍兒扶起嬌無力，  
始是新承恩澤時。  
雲鬢花顏金步搖，  
芙蓉帳暖度春宵。  
春宵苦短日高起，  
從此君王不早朝。

長恨歌

白居易

承歡侍宴無閒暇，  
春從春遊夜專夜。  
後宮佳麗三千人，  
三千寵愛在一身。  
金屋妝成嬌侍夜，  
玉樓宴罷醉和春。  
姊妹兄弟皆列土，  
可憐光彩生門戶。  
遂令天下父母心，  
不重生男重生女。  
驪宮高處入青雲，  
仙樂風飄處處聞。  
緩歌慢舞凝絲竹，  
盡日君王看不足。  
漁陽鞞鼓動地來，  
驚破霓裳羽衣曲。

Chang Hen Ge - Bai Jyu Yi

Han hwang chung se sz ching gwo  
Yu yu dwo nyan chyou bu de  
Yang jya you nyu chu jang cheng  
Yang dzai shen gwei ren wei shr  
Li jr tyan sheng nan dz chi  
Yi jau sywan dzai jyun wang tse  
Hwei tou yi syau bwo mei sheng  
Lyou gung fen dai wu yan se  
Chwun han tsz yu hwa ching chr  
Wen chywan shwei hwa syi ning jr  
Shr er fu chi jyau wu li  
Shr shr syin cheng en dze shr  
Yun bin hwa yan jin bu yau  
Fu rung jang nwan du chwun syau  
Chwun syau ku dwan r gau chi  
Tsung tsz jyun wang bu dzau chau

Cheng hwan shr yan wu syan sya  
Chwun tsung chwun you ye jwan ye  
Hou gung jya li san chyan ren  
San chyan chung ai dzai yi shen  
Jin wu jwang cheng jyau shr ye  
Yu lou yan ba dzwei he chwun  
Dz mei syung di jye lye tu  
Ke lyan kwang tsai sheng men hu  
Swei jyau tyan sya fu mu syin  
Bu jung sheng nan jung sheng nyu  
Li gung gau chu ru ching yun  
Syan ywe feng pyau chu chu wen  
Hwan ge man wu nying sz ju  
Jin r jyun wang kan bu dzu  
Yu yang pi gu dung di lai  
Jing pwo ni shang yu yi chyu





SONG OF EVERLASTING SORROW  
by Po Chu-i (772-846)

The Chinese emperor, infatuated with beauty,  
desired one whose beauty could cause a  
nation to collapse;  
In the imperial reign he sought her many years  
in vain.  
The Yang family had a daughter just reaching  
womanhood,  
Brought up in her deep chamber and unknown to  
outsiders.  
Heaven had given her beauty that she herself  
could not ignore.  
One day she was chosen to be presented to the  
emperor.  
When she turned her head and smiled, a hundred  
seductive charms arose,  
All the beautiful women of the six palaces paled by  
comparison.  
The emperor granted her the favor of bathing in  
Hwa-ching Pool in the cool spring.  
The warm spring water was soothing and clear,  
washing her skin white and smooth.  
The maidens helped the delicate, fragile one to  
get out.  
This was the beginning of possessing the Imperial  
favor.  
Her coiffure like a cloud, her face like a flower,  
her hair ornaments swinging,  
They spent the spring evenings behind the warm bed  
curtains embroidered with hibiscus flowers.  
The spring evenings were regretfully short and the  
sun rose too early on high.  
From that time on the emperor never gave an early  
audience.  
She received his favor and waited at his feasts with  
no time for herself;  
In the spring she followed him wherever he went and  
was always with him at the evening carousals.  
In the back palace there are three thousand beauties

But three thousand favors are given to one.  
In her gold house she made herself beautiful to  
attend him in the evening;  
In the jade tower when the feast ended they came  
together, intoxicated and in love.  
Her sisters and brothers were all given high titles.  
Alas, shining glories grew over her family house.  
These glories caused the parents of the world to  
change their hearts--  
They began to think more of daughters than sons.  
The palace of Li rose as high as the azure clouds.  
Fairy music, riding the breeze, was heard  
everywhere;  
Graceful singing and waving dancing were in harmony  
with the sound of the zither and flute.  
The emperor relished these things all day and his  
eyes were never satiated.  
From Yu-yang suddenly came the roll of drums,  
causing the earth to tremble,  
Breaking up "The Song of the Rainbow Skirt and the  
Coat of Feathers."  
Smoke and dust rose in the capital city;  
Thousands of chariots and horsemen went southwest;  
The emperor's kingfisher flag trembled forward and  
halted  
Westward out of the gate of the capital city some  
one hundred odd li.  
The six armies refused to go any further and there  
was no help for it.  
She knitted her moth-like eyebrows and killed herself  
in front of the horses.  
Her flower-like hair ornaments were thrown to the  
ground and no one picked them up--  
Kingfisher feather work, gold birds and hairpins of  
jade.  
The emperor could not save her but could only bury  
his face.  
He looked back toward her, tears mingled with  
blood.  
The yellow dust was blowing and the wind was cold  
and bleak;



九重城闕煙塵生，  
千乘萬騎西南行。  
翠華搖搖行復止，  
西出都門百餘里。  
六軍不發無奈何，  
宛轉蛾眉馬前死。  
花鈿委地無人收，  
翠翹金雀玉搔頭。  
君王掩面救不得，  
回看血淚相和流。  
黃埃散漫風蕭索，  
雲橫縈紆登劍閣。  
峨嵋山下少人行，  
旌旗無光日色薄。

蜀江水碧蜀山青，  
聖主朝朝暮暮情。  
行宮見月傷心色，  
夜雨聞鈴腸斷聲。  
天旋地轉迴龍馭，  
到此躊躇不能去。  
馬嵬坡下泥土中，  
不見玉顏空死處。  
君臣相顧盡霑衣，  
東望都門信馬歸。  
歸來池苑皆依舊，  
太液芙蓉未央柳。  
芙蓉如面柳如眉，  
對此如何不淚垂。

春風桃李花開日，  
秋雨梧桐葉落時。  
西宮南內多秋草，  
落葉滿階紅不埽。  
梨園子弟白髮新，  
椒房阿監青娥老。  
夕殿螢飛思悄然，  
孤燈挑盡未成眠。  
遲遲鐘鼓初長夜，  
耿耿星河欲曙天。  
鴛鴦瓦冷霜華重，  
翡翠衾寒誰與共。  
悠悠生死別經年，  
魂魄不曾來入夢。  
臨邛道士鴻都客，  
能以精誠致魂魄。  
為感君王輟轉思，  
遂教方士殷勤覓。



Jyou chung cheng chywe yan chen sheng  
Chyan cheng wan ji syi nan sying  
Tswei hwa yau yau sying fu jr  
Syi chu du men bwo yu li  
Lyou jyun bu fa wu nai he  
Wan jwan e mei ma chyan sz  
Hwa dyan wei di wu ren shou  
Tswei chyan jin chywe yu sau tou  
Jyun wang yan myan jyou bu de  
Hwei kan sywe lei syang he lyou  
Hwang ai san man feng syau swo  
Yun jan ying yu deng jyan ge  
E mei shan sya shau ren sying  
Jing chi wu kwang r se bwo

Shu jyang shwei bi shu shan ching  
Sheng ju jau jau mu mu ching  
Syng gung jyan ywe shang syin se  
Ye yu wen ling chang dwan sheng  
Tyan sywan di jwan hwei lung yu  
Dau tsz chou chu bu neng chyu  
Ma wei pwo sya ni tu jung  
Bu jyan yu yan kung sz chu  
Jyun chen syang gu jin jan yi  
Dung wang du men syin ma gwei  
Gwei lai chr ywan jye yi jyou  
Tai ye fu rung wei yang lyou  
Fu rung ru myan lyou ru mei  
Dwei tsz ru he bu lei chwei

Chwun feng tau li hwa kai r  
Chyou yu wu tung ye lwo shr  
Syi gung nan nei dwo chyou tsau  
Lwo ye man jye hung bu sau  
Li ywan dz di bwo fa syin  
Jyau fang a jyan ching e lau  
Syi dyan ying fei sz chyan ran  
Gu deng tyau jin wei cheng myan  
Chr chr jung gu chu chang ye  
Geng geng sying he yu shu tyan  
Ywan yang wa leng shwang hwa jung  
Fei tswei chin han shwei yu gung  
You you sheng sz bye jing nyan  
Hwun pwo bu tseng lai ru meng  
Lin chyung dau shr hung du ke  
Neng yi jing cheng jr hwun pwo  
Wei gan jyun wang jan jwan sz  
Swei jyau fang shr yin chin mi

Across bridges of boards and planks, the mountain  
path turned and wound up to the Sword Pass.  
Few walked under the shadow of Omei Mountain.  
The banners and flags were dull in the dim sunlight.  
The streams of Szechwan were green and the hills  
blue.  
The emperor was deep in sorrow for her morning  
and evening.  
In the traveling palace he saw the moon and was  
heartbroken;  
In the rain at night, the tinkling of bells twisted  
the entrails.  
Heaven and earth revolved, and the emperor's  
dragon chariot returned.  
When he arrived at the place of her death, he,  
hesitant and undecided, could not go any  
further.  
In the dust and mud of Ma-wei slope  
He could not find the place where the face of jade  
died.  
The emperor and his ministers looked at each other  
and their clothes were wet with tears.  
Eastward toward the gates of the capital they let  
their horses carry them home.  
Once returned, he found ponds and gardens as they  
were before;  
By the Tai-ye Lake, the hisbiscus and by the Wei-  
yang Palace the willows were unchanged.  
The hibiscus were like her face and the willow  
leaves were like her eyebrows.  
How could he restrain the tears, seeing all these?  
Peach and plum trees bloomed on the days when  
the spring breeze blew,  
The wu-ting trees shed their leaves at the time when  
the autumn rain fell.  
In the western and southern palaces the autumn  
grass was abundant;  
Fallen leaves covered the steps with red but no one  
cared to sweep them away.  
The actors of the Pear Garden had grown white-  
haired;  
The eunuchs and palace maidens of the Pepper Room  
had aged.  
At night, in the hall when the fireflies flit, he  
thought, silently;  
The wick of the lonely, single lamp was burned to  
the end, and yet sleep would not come.  
Throughout the long night the drums and the bells  
were marking the slowly passing hours;  
The bright stars gradually yielded to the daybreak.  
The mandarin-duck-shaped roof-tiles turned cold  
under the thick frost;  
The kingfisher colored quilts were chilly, and who  
was there to share them with him.  
Slowly and sadly a year had passed since dead and  
living were parted;  
Even her ghost had not come into his dreams.  
In Lin-chyung there was a Taoist monk, an archivist  
in Hung-tu,  
Who was able to communicate with spirits by his  
faith.  
To console the endless longing of the emperor  
The priest was asked to seek out the dead with all  
his power.  
Borne on the clouds and riding the wind, he rushed  
like lightning;  
He flew up to heaven and down to earth to seek  
everywhere;



排空馭氣奔如電，  
升天入地求之偏。  
上窮碧落下黃泉，  
兩處茫茫皆不見。  
忽聞海上有仙山，  
山在虛無縹緲間。  
樓閣玲瓏五雲起，  
其中綽約多仙子。  
中有一人字太真，  
雪膚花貌參差是。  
金闕西廂叩玉扃，  
轉教小玉報雙成。  
聞道漢家天子使，  
九華帳裏夢魂驚。

攬衣推枕起徘徊，  
珠箔銀屏遞迤開。  
雲髻半偏新睡覺，  
花冠不整下堂來。  
風吹仙袂飄飄舉，  
猶似霓裳羽衣舞。  
玉容寂寞淚闌干，  
梨花一枝春帶雨。  
含情凝睇謝君王，  
一別音容兩渺茫。  
昭陽殿裏恩愛絕，  
蓬萊宮中日月長。  
回頭下望人寰處，  
不見長安見塵霧。

唯將舊物表深情，  
鈿合金釵寄將去。  
釵留一股合一扇，  
釵擘黃金合分鈿。  
但教心似金鈿堅，  
天上人間會相見。  
臨別殷勤重寄辭，  
詞中有誓兩心知。  
七月七日長生殿，  
夜半無人私語時。  
在天願作比翼鳥，  
在地願為連理枝。  
天長地久有時盡，  
此恨綿綿無絕期。



Pai yun yu chi ben ru dyan  
 Sheng tyan ru di chyou jr byan  
 Shang chyang bi lwo sya hwang chywan  
 Lyang chu mang mang jye bu jyan  
 Hu wen hai shang you syan shan  
 Shan dzai syu wu pyau myau jyan  
 Lou ge ling lung wu yun chi  
 Chi jung jwo ywe dwo syan dz  
 Jung you yi ren dz tai jen  
 Sywe fu hwa mau tsen tsz shr  
 Jin chywe syi syang kou yu jyung  
 Jwan jyau syau yu bau shwang cheng  
 Wen dau han jya tyan dz shr  
 Jyou hwa jang li meng hwun jing

Lan yi twei jen chi pai hwai  
 Ju bwo yin ping yi li kai  
 Yun ji ban pyan syin shwei jywe  
 Hwa gwan bu jeng sya tang lai  
 Feng chwei syan mi pyau pyau jyu  
 You sz ni shang yu yi wu  
 Yu rung ji mwo lei lan gan  
 Li hwa yi jr chwun dai yu  
 Han ching ning ti sye jyun wang  
 Yi bye yin rung lyang myau mang  
 Jau yang dyan li en ai jywe  
 Peng lai gung jung r ywe chang  
 Hwei tou sya wang chen hwan chu  
 Bu jyan chang an jyan chen wu

Wei jyang jyou wu byau shen ching  
 Dyan he jin chai ji jyang chy  
 Chai lyou yi gu he yi shan  
 Chai pi hwang jin he fen dyan  
 Dan jyau syin sz jin dyan jyan  
 Tyan shang ren jyan hwei syang jyan  
 Lin bye yin chin chung ji tsz  
 Tsz jung you shr lyang syin jr  
 Chi ywe chi r chang sheng dyan  
 Ye ban wu ren sz yu shr  
 Dzai tyan ywan dzwo bi yi nyau  
 Dzai di ywan wei lyan li jr  
 Tyan chang di jyou you shr jin  
 Tsz hen myan myan wu jywe chi

He went to the end of the blue sky and down to the  
 nether world,  
 But in neither of these places could she be found.  
 Suddenly he heard that on the sea there was a fairy  
 island mountain,  
 A mountain engulfed with clouds and mist,  
 Where elegant palaces and towers rose up among  
 the colored clouds,  
 And there were many beautiful immortals.  
 Among them there was one by the name of Tai-chen  
 Whose snow-white skin and flowery face might be  
 hers.  
 He knocked at the jade gate of the west wing of the  
 gold palace  
 And asked Hsia-yu to inform Shuang-cheng.  
 Upon hearing of the arrival of the emperor's envoy,  
 She was startled and awakened behind the embroidered  
 bed curtains.  
 Putting on her clothing, she pushed the pillow aside  
 and walked and hesitated.  
 The pearl-studded curtains and the silver screens  
 were drawn open.  
 As she had just waked, the cloud-like coiffure was  
 disarranged;  
 The flowery headdress was in disarray as she came  
 down the hall.  
 Her sleeves rose and floated in the air as the breeze  
 blew;  
 It was as if she were still dancing to the tune of "The  
 Rainbow Skirt and the Coat of Feathers."  
 Her jade-like face was sad and drawn and her tears  
 fell profusely;  
 She looked as beautiful as a spray of pear blossoms  
 sprinkled with spring rain.  
 Subduing her emotion, with controlled gaze, she  
 thanked the emperor.  
 Since the parting, appearances and voices had grown  
 indistinct;  
 His love and benevolence in the Chao-yang Hall had  
 ended.  
 The days and nights in the fairy Peng-lai Palace  
 were so long.  
 Turning around, she looked down at the world of men;  
 Chang-an city could not be seen, but only the dust and  
 haze.  
 She could only express her deep love with the old  
 keepsakes;  
 Inlaid case and the gold hairpin would be sent over;  
 Of the pin she reserved half and of the box she kept  
 the lid.  
 The yellow gold of the pin was broken and the flower  
 work of the box was divided.  
 If the hearts endure as the gold and metal  
 There would someday be a meeting again in the world  
 of heaven.  
 When the Taoist was parting, she confided an  
 imploring message.  
 In the message was an oath which only the two lovers  
 knew.  
 Spoken on the seventh day of the seventh month in the  
 palace of Chang-sheng,  
 Whispered at midnight while no one was present.  
 "In the sky we wanted to be birds with wings flying  
 together;  
 On the earth we wanted to be trees with branches  
 intertwined.  
 Heaven and earth will pass away someday;  
 This sorrow will last forever without end."