

有的人

——纪念鲁迅有感

臧克家

1949年11月

有的人活着
他已经死了；
有的人死了
他还活着。

有的人
骑在人民头上：
“啊，我多伟大！”

有的人
俯下身子给人民当牛马。

有的人
把名字刻在石头上想“不朽”
有的人
情愿作野草，
等着地下的火烧。

有的人
他活着别人就不能活；
有的人
他活着为了多数人更好地活。

骑在人民头上的
人民把他摔垮；
给人民作牛马的

Some and Others

—*In Memory of Lu Xun*

Zang Kejia

November 1949 庞秉钧、闵福德、高尔登（译）

Some live,
When they are already dead;
Others have died,
But are still alive.

Some
Ride on the backs of the people and cry,
“How grand am I!”

Others
Silently bend to draw the people’s plough.

Some
Inscribe their names on stone;
Others
Choose to be wild grass,
Await an eruption of fire.

The lives of some
Make life impossible for others.
The lives of others
Enable the majority to live better.

Those who ride on the backs of the people
Will be thrown to the ground;
Those who plough for them

人民永远记住他！

Will be cherished in their memory for ever.

把名字刻在石头上的
名字比尸首烂得更早；
只要春风吹到的地方
到处是青青的野草。

The names inscribed on stone
Will rot sooner than their namesake flesh.
Wherever the spring wind reaches,
There will be green grass.

他活着别人就不能活的人，
他的下场可以看到；
他活着为了多数人更好地活着的人
群众把他抬举得很高，很高。

Lives that preclude others' lives
Come to a predictable end.
Lives that create better lives
Will be deeply revered.

雨巷

戴望舒

撑着油纸伞，独自
彷徨在悠长、悠长
又寂寥的雨巷，
我希望逢着
一个丁香一样地
结着愁怨的姑娘。

她是有
丁香一样的颜色，
丁香一样的芬芳，
丁香一样的忧愁，
在雨中哀怨，
哀怨又彷徨；

她彷徨在寂寥的雨巷，
撑着油纸伞
像我一样，
像我一样地
默默彳亍着
冷漠，凄清，又惆怅。

她默默地走近，
走近，又投出
太息一般的眼光
她飘过
像梦一般地，
像梦一般地凄婉迷茫。

A Lane in the Rain

Dai Wangshu 杨宪益、戴乃迭 (译)

Alone holding an oil-paper umbrella,
I wander along a long
Solitary lane in the rain,
Hoping to encounter
A girl like a bouquet of lilacs
Gnawed by anxiety and resentment.

A girl
The colour of lilacs,
The fragrance of lilacs,
With the worries of lilacs,
Feeling melancholy in the rain,
Plaintive and hesitating.

She wanders along the solitary lane in the rain,
Holding an oil-paper umbrella
Just as I do,
Just like me,
Walking slowly in silence,
Aloof, sad and melancholy.

Silently she comes closer,
Closer, giving me
A glance like a sigh;
Then she floats past
Like a dream,
Dreary and blank like a dream.

像梦中飘过
一枝丁香地，
我身旁飘过这个女郎；
她静默地远了，远了，
到了颓圮的篱墙，
走尽这雨巷。

Like a lilac
Floating past in a dream,
The girl floats past me;
Silently she goes further and further,
To the crumbling wall,
Out of the lane in the rain.

在雨的哀曲里，
消了她的颜色，
散了她的芬芳，
消散了，甚至她的
太息般的眼光
丁香般的惆怅。

In the mournful melody of the rain,
Her colour has faded,
Her fragrance has disappeared,
Vanished into the void;
Even her glance like a sigh,
Melancholy like lilacs.

撑着油纸伞，独自
彷徨在悠长、悠长
又寂寥的雨巷，
我希望飘过
一个丁香一样地
结着愁怨的姑娘。

Alone, holding an oil-paper umbrella,
I wander along a long
Solitary lane in the rain,
Hoping to pass
A girl like a bouquet of lilacs
Gnawed by anxiety and resentment.

再别康桥

徐志摩 Roger Mason (译)

轻轻的我走了，正如我轻轻的来；

我轻轻的招手，作别西天的云彩。

Lightly, lightly I came here, and leave lightly saying goodbye;

Waving my hand lightly to the clouds in the western sky.

那河畔的金柳，是夕阳中的新娘；

波光里的艳影，在我的心头荡漾。

Golden on the riverbank willows glow like the setting sun's bride;

Light glistens from the ripples, my heart and soul quiver inside.

软泥上的青荇，油油的在水底招摇；

在康河的柔波里，我甘心做一条水草。

From soft mud under oily water green weeds beckon as I pass;

Would I sway in the sweet River Cam as a strand of water grass!

那树荫下的一潭，不是清泉，是天上虹，

揉碎在浮藻间，沉淀着彩虹似的梦。

This elm-shaded pool is no clear spring, the eroding stream

Washes algae up from the sediment, creating a rainbow dream.

寻梦？撑一支长篙，向青草更青处漫溯，

满载一船星辉，在星辉斑斓里放歌。

What dream? A punt pole points my thoughts back to the stream's rushy bed,

The passing punt raises a starburst. The stars decay: there's singing instead.

然而，我不能放歌，悄悄是别离的笙箫；

夏虫也为我沉默，沉默是今晚的康桥！

I'm not the one who's singing. Softly, a dismal tune plays on a flute,

The water runs quiet through the Cambridge tonight and summer insects are mute.

悄悄的我走了，正如我悄悄的来；

我挥一挥衣袖，不带走一片云彩。

Softly, softly I came here, and leave softly saying goodbye;

Shaking my sleeves so I take not a wisp of the bright clouds in the sky.

热爱生命 Loving Life

汪国真 Wang Guozhen 蒋隆国（译）

我不去想是否能够成功 I don't want to consider if I'll be able to succeed.

既然选择了远方 Since I've decided to go to a distant place,

便只顾风雨兼程 I'll try my best to make the trip.

我不去想能否赢得爱情 I don't want to consider if I'll be able to obtain love.

既然钟情于玫瑰 Since I'm deep in love with roses,

就勇敢地吐露真诚 I'll show my sincerity boldly.

我不去想身后会不会袭来寒风冷雨 I don't want to consider if I'll meet with the cold
wind and rain.

既然目标是地平线 Since my destination is the horizon,

留给世界的只能是背影 I'll leave a deep impression on the Earth.

我不去想未来是平坦还是泥泞 I don't want to consider if my future will be smooth
or bumpy.

只要热爱生命 If only I love my life,

一切，都在意料中 Everything is to be expected.

世界上最遥远的距离

The Furthest Distance in the World

世界上最遥远的距离
不是生与死的距离，
而是我站在你面前，你却不知道我爱你；

The furthest distance in the world
Is not between life and death,
But when I stand in front of you, and you don't know I love you;

世界上最遥远的距离
不是我站在你面前，你却不知道我爱你，
而是爱到痴迷，却不能说我爱你；

The furthest distance in the world
Is not when I stand in front of you, and you don't know I love you,
But when love becomes an obsession, yet I cannot say "I love you";

世界上最遥远的距离
不是爱到痴迷，却不能说我爱你，
而是想你痛彻心脾，却只能深埋心底；

The furthest distance in the world
Is not when love becomes an obsession, yet I cannot say "I love you",
But when I long for you to my very bones, yet can only bury it deep inside;

世界上最遥远的距离
不是想你痛彻心脾，却只能深埋心底，
而是彼此相爱，却不能够在一起；

The furthest distance in the world
Is not when I long for you to my very bones, yet can only bury it deep inside,
But when we both love each other, yet cannot be together;

世界上最遥远的距离
不是彼此相爱，却不能够在一起，
而是明明无法抵挡这一股气息，却还得装作毫不在意；

The furthest distance in the world
Is not when we both love each other, yet cannot be together,

But when I can't resist this feeling, yet must act like I don't care;

世界上最遥远的距离

不是明明无法抵挡这股气息，却还得装作毫不在意，

而是用一颗冷漠的心，

在你和爱你的人之间，

掘一条无法跨越的沟渠；

The furthest distance in the world

Is not when I can't resist this feeling, yet must act like I don't care,

But when I use a heart of indifference,

To dig a trench between you and the one who loves you;

世界上最遥远的距离

不是树与树之间的距离，

而是同根生长的树枝，却无法相依；

The furthest distance in the world

Is not between tree and tree,

But when branches from the same root cannot intertwine;

世界上最遥远的距离

不是树枝无法相依，

而是相互了望的星星，却没有交汇的轨迹；

The furthest distance in the world

Is not when branches from the same root cannot intertwine,

But when stars look at each other, yet have no crossing orbits;

世界上最遥远的距离

不是星星之间没有交汇的轨迹，

而是纵然轨迹交汇，却在转瞬间无处寻觅；

The furthest distance in the world

Is not when stars have no crossing orbits,

But even if they do, they can't be found in an instant;

世界上最遥远的距离

不是瞬间便无处寻觅，

而是尚未相遇，便注定无法相聚；

The furthest distance in the world
Is not when they can't be found in an instant,
But when they're destined not to meet, even before they do;

世界上最遥远的距离
是鱼与飞鸟的距离，
一个在天，一个却深潜海底。

The furthest distance in the world
Is the distance between a fish and a bird,
One in the sky, one deep in the sea.

少年中国说（节选）

梁启超

故今日之责任，不在他人，而全在我少年。少年智则国智，少年富则国富；少年强则国强。少年独立则国独立；少年自由则国自由，少年进步则国进步；少年胜于欧洲则国胜于欧洲，少年雄于地球则国雄于地球。红日初升，其道大光。河出伏流，一泻汪洋。潜龙腾渊，鳞爪飞扬。乳虎啸谷，百兽震惶。鹰隼试翼，风尘吸张。奇花初胎，矞矞皇皇。干将发硎，有作其芒。天戴其苍，地履其黄。纵有千古，横有八荒。前途似海，来日方长。美哉我少年中国，与天不老！壮哉我中国少年，与国无疆！

China's Youths (Excerpt)

Liang Qichao

Therefore, the responsibility bestowed by the times falls on nobody but us youth. If we are intelligent, China will be intelligent; if we are wealthy, China will be wealthy; if we are strong, China will be strong; if we are independent, China will be independent; if we are free, China will be free; if we are progressive, China will be progressive; if we are superior to young Europeans, China will be superior to Europe; if we are the best in the world, China will be the best in the world. The morning sun is rising in the sky, bright and brilliant; the Yellow River is running to the sea, mighty and magnificent. A hidden dragon leaps out of a deep pool and fishes flee; a tiger cub roars in the hollow valley and beasts creep; a proud eagle springs off the vast land and dust reels exotic buds are bursting in the trees, pretty and vigorous; double-edged swords are sharpened on the stones, icy and glorious. Blue heaven over our heads, yellow earth below our feet, profound history in our hearts, and extended roads before our eyes, we look forward to our future as wide as ocean, great and grand. So majestic is our young China, forever with the universe; so robust are our Chinese youth, eternal with our motherland!

蜀道难

噫吁嚱，危乎高哉！蜀道之难，难于上青天。

蚕丛及鱼凫，开国何茫然。尔来四万八千岁，不与秦塞通人烟。西当太白有鸟道。可以横绝峨眉颠。地崩山摧壮士死，然后天梯石栈相钩连。上有六龙回日之高标，下有冲波逆折之回川。黄鹤之飞尚不得过，猿猱欲度愁攀援。青泥何盘盘，百步九折萦岩峦。扞参历井仰胁息，以手抚膺坐长叹。问君西游何时还？畏途巉岩不可攀。但见悲鸟号古木，雄飞雌从绕林间。又闻子规啼夜月，愁空山。蜀道之难，难于上青天，使人听此凋朱颜。

连峰去天不盈尺，枯松倒挂倚绝壁。飞湍瀑流争喧逐，砢涯转石万壑雷。其险也若此，嗟尔远道之人胡为乎来哉！剑阁峥嵘而崔嵬，一夫当关，万夫莫开。所守或匪亲，化为狼与豺。朝避猛虎，夕避长蛇，磨牙吮血，杀人如麻。锦城虽云乐，不如早还家。蜀道之难，难于上青天，侧身西望长咨嗟！

The Sichuan Road

What heights!

It is easier to climb Heaven

Than take the Sichuan Road.

Long ago Can Cong and Yu Fu founded the kingdom of Shu;

Forty-eight thousand years went by,

Yet no road linked it with the land of Qin.

Westward from Taibai Mountain only birds

Wander to the summit of Mount Emei

But not until brave men had perished in the great landslide

Were bridges hooked together in the air

And a path hacked through the rocks.

Above, high peaks turn back the sun's chariot drawn by six dragons;

Below, the charging waves are caught in whirlpools;

Not even yellow cranes dare fly this way,

Monkeys cannot leap those gorges.

At Green Mud Ridge the path winds back and forth,
With nine twists for every hundred steps.
Touching the stars, the traveller looks up and gasps,
Then sinks down , clutching his heart ,to groan aloud.
Friend, when will you return from this westward journey?
This is a fearful way.
You cannot cross these cliffs.
The only living things are birds crying in ancient trees,
Male wooing female up and down the woods,
And the cuckoo, weary of empty hills,
Singing to the moon.
It is easier to climb to heaven
Than take the Sichuan Road.
The mere telling of its perils blanches youthful cheeks.
Peak follows peak, each but a hand's breadth from the sky;
Dead pine trees hang head down into the chasms,
Torrents and waterfalls out roar over rocks,
Booming like thunder through a thousand caverns.
What takes you, traveller, this long, weary way
So filled with danger?
Sword Pass is steep and narrow,
One man could hold this pass against ten thousand;
And sometimes its defenders
Are not mortal men but wolves and jackals.
By day we dread the savage tiger ,by night the serpent,
Sharp-fanged sucker of blood
Who chops men down like stalks of hemp.
The City of Brocade may be a pleasant place,
But it is best to seek you home.
For it is easier to climb to heaven
Than take the Sichuan Road.
I gaze into the west, and sigh.

关雎

关关雎鸠，在河之洲。
窈窕淑女，君子好逑。
参差荇菜，左右流之。
窈窕淑女，寤寐求之。
求之不得，寤寐思服。
悠哉悠哉，辗转反侧。
参差荇菜，左右采之。
窈窕淑女，琴瑟友之。
参差荇菜，左右芼之。
窈窕淑女，钟鼓乐之。

Crying Ospreys

Merrily the ospreys cry,
On the islet in the stream.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
A fit wife for the gentleman.
Short and long the floating water plants,
Left and right you may pluck them .
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
Awake he longs for her and in his dreams.
When the courtship has failed,
Awake he thinks of her and in his dreams.
Filled with sorrowful thoughts,
He tosses about unable to sleep.
Short and long the floating water plants,
Left and right you may gather them.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
He'd like to wed her, the qin and se playing.
Short and long the floating water plants,

Left and right you may collect them.
Gentle and graceful is the girl,
He'd like to marry her, bells and drums beating.

短歌行

曹操

对酒当歌，人生几何？
譬如朝露，去日苦多。
慨当以慷，幽思难忘。
何以解忧？唯有杜康。
青青子衿，悠悠我心。
但为君故，沉吟至今。
呦呦鹿鸣，食野之苹。
我有嘉宾，鼓瑟吹笙。
明明如月，何时可掇？
忧从中来，不可断绝。
越陌度阡，枉用相存。
契阔谈燕，心念旧恩。
月明星稀，乌鹊南飞，
山不厌高，海不厌深。
周公吐哺，天下归心。

A Short Song

Cao Cao

许渊冲（译）

We should sing before wine.
For how long can life last?

Like dew on morning fine,
So many days have passed.
How can we be unbound
By grief which weighs us down?
Grief can only be drowned
In wine of good renown.

Talents with collars blue,
For you I pine away;
So much I long for you,
My heart aches night and day.
How gaily call the deer
While grazing in the shade!
When I have talents here,
Let lute and lyre be played!

Bright as the moon on high,
How can I bring it down?
Grief from within comes nigh;
Ceaselessly it flows on.
Across the fields and lanes,
You are kind to come here.
Talking of far-off plains,
You cherish friendship dear.

The moon's bright and stars nice,
The crows in southward flight
They circle the trees thrice;
There's no branch to alight.
With crags high mountain rise;
With water the sea's deep.
With the help of the wise,
An ordered world we'll keep.

A Song

杨宪益、戴乃迭（译）

Wine before us, sing a song.
How long does life last?
It is like the morning dew;
Sad so many days have past.

Sing hey, sing ho!
Deep within my heart I pine.
Nothing can dispel my woe,
Save Du Kang, the god of wine.

Blue, blue the scholar's robe;
Long, long for him I ache.
Preoccupied with you, my lord,
Heavy thoughts for your sake.

To each other cry the deer,
Nibbling grass upon the plain.
When a good friend visits me,
We'll play the lyre once again.

In the sky, the moon is bright;
Yet I can reach it never.
In my heart such sorrow dwells;
Remaining with me ever.

In the fields, our paths crossed;
Your visit was so kind.
Together after our long parting,
Your favours come to mind.

Clear the moon, few the stars;
The crows in southward flight.
Circling three times round the tree,
No branch where to alight.

What if the mountain is high,
Or how deep the sea?
When the Duke of Zhou greeted a guest,
In his service all wished to be.

虞美人

李煜

春花秋月何时了？往事知多少！小楼昨夜又东风，故国不堪回首月明中。
雕栏玉砌应犹在，只是朱颜改。问君能有几多愁？恰似一江春水向东流。

To the Tune of Yu Mei Ren

There is no end to moonlit autumns or flowery springs,
And I have known so very many things.
From my turret the wind was in the east again last night.
A lost land was too much to bear: I turned from the moonlight.
The carven rail and jade work wall are as they were before:
Those rosy cheeks alone are there no more.
Tell me, what is the uttermost extent of pain, you say?
Mine is a river swollen in spring and welling east away.

雨霖玲

柳永

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

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

To the Tune of Yu Lin Ling

Mournfully chirr the ciadas,
As the shower of rain stops
And we face the roadside pavilion at dusk.
We drink without cheer in the tent outside the city gate;
It is the moment when we are loath to part
But the magnolia-wood boat beckons me on.
Hands clasped together we see our tears,
So overcome, unable to utter a single word.
Ahead lies a journey a thousand li of misty waves
And the vast sky of Chu hangs with heavy evening haze.
Since time immemorial, loves have grieved at parting
Made more poignant in the fallow season of autumn.
What is this place where I have sobered from my drunken stupor?
The riverside is strewn with willow trees,
The morning breeze wafts in with a waning moon.
Our parting will last for years,
Fine hours and scenes of beauty have no appeal
Even though my heart is filled with tender feelings,
But, with whom can I share them?

锦瑟

锦瑟无端五十弦，一弦一柱思华年。
庄生晓梦迷蝴蝶，望帝春心托杜鹃。
沧海月明珠有泪，蓝田日暖玉生烟。
此情可待成追忆，只是当时已惘然。

The Gorgeous Zither

For no reason the gorgeous zither has fifty strings,
Each string, each fret, recalls a youthful year.
Master Zhuang woke from a dream puzzled by a butterfly,
Emperor Wang reposed his amorous heart to the cuckoo.
The moon shines on the sea, pearls look like tears,
The sun is warm at Lantian, the jade emits mist.
This feeling might have become a memory to recall,
But, even then, it was already suggestive of sorrows.

念奴娇 赤壁怀古

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

遥想公瑾当年，小乔初嫁了，雄姿英发。羽扇纶巾，谈笑间、檣櫓灰飞烟灭。故国神游，多情应笑我，早生华发。人生如梦，一樽还酹江月。

To the Tune of Nian Nu Jiao

East flows the mighty river,
Sweeping away the heroes of times past;
This ancient rampart on its western shore
Is Zhou Yu's Red Cliff of Three Kingdoms's fame;
Here jagged boulders pound the clouds,
Huge waves tear banks apart,
And foam piles up a thousand drifts of snow;
A scene fair as a painting,
Countless the brave men here in time gone by!
I dream of Marshal Zhou Yu in his day
With his new bride, the Lord Qiao's younger daughter,
Dashing and debonair,
Silk-capped, with feather fan,
He laughed and jested
While the dread enemy fleet was burned to ashes!
In fancy through those scenes of old I range,
My heart overflowing, surely a figure of fun.
A man grey before his time.
Ah, this life is a dream,
Let me drink to the moon on the river!

水调歌头

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，有恐琼楼玉宇，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。

To the Tune of Shui Diao Ge Tou

Bright moon, when was your birth?
Winecup in hand, I ask the deep blue sky;
Not knowing what year it is tonight
In those celestial palaces on high.
I long to fly back on the wind,
Yet dread those crystal towers, those courts of jade,
Freezing to death among those icy heights!
Instead I rise to dance with my pale shadow;
Better off, after all, in the world of men.
Rounding the red pavilion,
Stooping to look through gauze windows,
She shines on the sleepless.
The moon should know no sadness;
Why, then, is she always full when dear ones are parted?
For men the grief of parting, joy of reunion,
Just as the moon wanes and waxes, is bright or dim:
Always some flaw—and so it has been since of old.
My one wish for you, then, is long life
And a share in this loveliness far, far away!

一棵开花的树

席慕容

A Blooming Tree

如何让你遇见我

在我最美丽的时刻

为这——

我已在佛前 求了五百年

求它让我们结一段尘缘

May Buddha let us meet

in my most beautiful hours,

I have prayed for it

for five hundred years

佛于是把我化做一棵树

长在你必经的路旁

阳光下慎重地开满了花

朵朵都是我前世的盼望

Buddha made me a tree

by the path you may take,

In full blossoms I'm waiting in the sun

every flower carrying my previous hope

当你走近 请你细听

那颤抖的叶是我等待的热情

As you are near, listen carefully

the quivering leaves are my waiting zeal,

而当你终于无视地走过

在你身后落了一地的

朋友啊 那不是花瓣

是我凋零的心

As you pass by the tree

without noticing me,

My friend, upon the ground behind you

is not the fallen petals but my withered heart

感谢磨难

汪国真

Thank Hardship

感谢磨难

Thank hardship,

它有一双慧眼

Whose great insight

帮助想成功的人了却心愿

Helps those who want to succeed to realize their dreams.

磨难给予你坚强

Hardship has made you staunch,

磨难给予你勇敢

Hardship has made you courageous;

磨难给予你沉着

Hardship has made you steady;

磨难给予你不凡

Hardship has made you outstanding.

在很高很高的山的下面

At the bottom of a very high mountain,

你还是个孩子

You are still a child;

在很高很高的上面

On the top of a very high mountain,

你已是一个顶天立地的男子汉

You are already a dauntless man.

乡愁

余光中

Nostalgia

When I was young, 小时候
Nostalgia was a tiny, tiny **stamp**,
乡愁是一枚小小的邮票
Me on this side, 我在这头
Mother on the other side.
母亲在那头
When I grew up, 长大后
Nostalgia was a narrow boat ticket,
乡愁是一张窄窄的船票
Me on this side, 我在这头
Bride on the other side.
新娘在那头
But later on, 后来啊
Nostalgia was a lowly **grave**,
乡愁是一方矮矮的坟墓
Me on the outside,
我在外头
Mother on the inside.
母亲在里头
And at present, 而现在
Nostalgia becomes a shallow strait,
乡愁是一湾浅浅的海峡
Me on this side,
我在这头
Mainland on the other side.
大陆在那头

长恨歌

The Everlasting Regret

白居易 Bai Juyi 许渊冲 (译)

汉皇重色思倾国，御宇多年求不得。杨家有女初长成，养在深闺人未识。

The beauty-loving monarch longed year after year
To find a beautiful lady without peer.
A maiden of the Yangs* to womanhood just grown,
In inner chambers bred, to the world was unknown.

*Yang Yu-huan was the favourite mistress of Emperor Xuan Zong of the Tang Dynasty.

天生丽质难自弃，一朝选在君王侧。回眸一笑百媚生，六宫粉黛无颜色。

Endowed with natural beauty too hard to hide,
One day she stood selected for the monarch's side.
Turning her head, she smiled so sweet and full of grace
That she outshone in six palaces the fairest face.

春寒赐浴华清池，温泉水滑洗凝脂。

She bathed in glassy water of warm-fountain pool,
Which laved and smoothed her creamy skin when spring was cool.

侍儿扶起娇无力，始是新承恩泽时。

Up borne by her attendants, she rose too faint to move,
And this was when she first received the monarch's love.

云鬓花颜金步摇，芙蓉帐暖度春宵。

Flowerlike face and cloudlike hair, golden-head dressed,
In lotus-flower curtain she spent the night blessed.

春宵苦短日高起，从此君王不早朝。

She slept till sun rose high, for the blessed night was short,
From then on the monarch held no longer morning court.

承欢侍宴无闲暇，春从春游夜专夜。

In revels as in feasts she shared her lord's delight,
His companion on trips and his mistress at night.

后宫佳丽三千人，三千宠爱在一身。

In inner palace dwelt three thousand ladies fair;
On her alone was lavished royal love and care.

金星妆成娇侍夜，玉楼宴罢醉和春。

Her beauty served the night when dressed in Golden Bower
Or drunk with wine and spring at banquet in Jade Tower.

姊妹弟兄皆列土，可怜光彩生门户。遂令天下父母心，不重生男重生女。

All her sisters and brothers received rank and fief
And honours showered on her household, to the grief
Of the fathers and mothers who'd rather give birth
To a fair maiden than any son on earth.

骊宫高处入青云，仙乐风飘处处闻。缓歌慢舞凝丝竹，尽日君王看不足。

The lofty palace towered high into blue cloud,
With wind-borne music so divine the air was loud.
Seeing slow dance and hearing fluted or stringed song,
The emperor was never tired the whole day long.

渔阳鞞鼓动地来，惊破霓裳羽衣曲。

But rebels** beat their war drums, making the earth quake
And “Song of Rainbow Skirt and Coat of Feathers” break.

** The revolt broke out in 755 and forced the emperor to flee from the capital.

九重城阙烟尘生，千乘万骑西南行。

A cloud of dust was raised o'er city walls nine-fold;
Thousands of chariots and horsemen southwestward rolled.

翠华摇摇行复止，西出都门百馀里。

Imperial flags moved slowly now and halted then,
And thirty miles from Western Gate they stopped again.

六军不发无奈何，宛转蛾眉马前死。

Six armies would not march — what could be done — with speed
Until the Lady Yang was killed before the steed.

花钿委地无人收，翠翘金雀玉搔头。

None would pick up her hairpin fallen to the ground
Or golden bird and comb with which her head was crowned.

君王掩面救不得，回看血泪相和流。

The monarch could not save her and hid his face in fear;

Turning his head, he saw her blood mix with his tear.

黄埃散漫风萧索，云栈萦纆登剑阁。

The yellow dust spread wide, the wind blew desolate;
A serpentine plank path led to cloud-capped Sword Gate.

峨嵋山下少人行，旌旗无光日色薄。

Below the Eyebrow Mountains wayfarers were few;
In fading sunlight royal standards lost their hue.

蜀江水碧蜀山青，圣主朝朝暮暮情。

On western waters blue and western mountains green
The monarch's heart was daily gnawed by sorrow keen.

行宫见月伤心色，夜雨闻铃肠断声。

The moon viewed from his tent shed a soul-searing light,
The bells heard in night rain made a heart-rending sound.

天旋地转回龙驭，到此踌躇不能去。马嵬坡下泥土中，不见玉颜空死处。

Suddenly turned the tide. Returning from his flight,
The monarch could not tear himself away from the ground
Where 'mid the clods beneath the slope he couldn't forget
The fair-faced Lady Yang, who was unfairly slain.

君臣相顾尽沾衣，东望都门信马归。

He looked at ministers, with tears his robe was wet;
They rode east to the capital, but with loose rein.

归来池苑皆依旧，太液芙蓉未央柳。

Back, he found her pond and garden in the old place,
With lotus in the lake and willows by the hall.

芙蓉如面柳如眉，对此如何不泪垂！春风桃李花开日，秋雨梧桐叶落时。

Willow leaves like her brows and lotus like her face;
At the sight of all these, how could his tears not fall
Or when in vernal breeze were peach and plum full-blown
Or when in autumn rain parasol leaves were shed?

西宫南内多秋草，落叶满阶红不扫。

In western as in southern court was grass over-grown;
With fallen leaves unswept the marble steps turned red.

梨园子弟白发新，椒房阿监青娥老。

Actors, although still young, began to have hair grey;
Eunuchs and waiting maids looked old in palace deep.

夕殿萤飞思悄然，孤灯挑尽未成眠。迟迟钟鼓初长夜，耿耿星河欲曙天。

Fireflies flitting the hall, mutely he pined away;
The lonely lampwick burned out; still he could not sleep.
Slowly beat drums and rang bells; night began to grow long;
Bright shone the Milky Way; daybreak seemed to come late.

鸳鸯瓦冷霜华重，翡翠衾寒谁与共？悠悠生死别经年，魂魄不曾来入梦。

The lovebird tiles grew chilly with hoar frost so strong,
And his kingfisher quilt was cold, not shared by a mate.
One long, long year the dead and the living were parted;
Her soul came not in dreams to see the brokenhearted.

临邛道士鸿都客，能以精诚致魂魄。

A Taoist sorcerer came to the palace door,
Skilled to summon the spirit from the other shore.

为感君王辗转思，遂教方士殷勤觅。

Moved by the monarch's yearning for the departed fair,
He was ordered to seek for her everywhere.

排空驭气奔如电，升天入地求之遍。上穷碧落下黄泉，两处茫茫皆不见。

Borne on the air, like flash of lightning he flew;
In heaven and on earth he searched through and through.
Up to the azure vault and down to deepest place,
Nor above nor below could he ever find her trace.

忽闻海上有仙山，山在虚无缥缈间。楼阁玲珑五云起，其中绰约多仙子。

He learned that on the sea were fairy mountains proud
That now appeared, now disappeared amid the cloud
Of rainbow colours where rose magnificent bowers
And dwelt so many fairies as graceful as flowers.

中有一人字太真，雪肤花貌参差是。

Among them was a queen whose name was Ever True;
Her snow-white skin and sweet face might afford a clue.

金阙西厢叩玉扃，转教小玉报双成。

Knocking at western gate of palace hall, he bade
The porter fair to inform the queen's waiting maid.

闻道汉家天子使，九华帐里梦魂惊。

When she heard there came the monarch's embassy,
The queen was startled out of dreams in her canopy.

揽衣推枕起徘徊，珠箔银屏迤迳开。云鬓半偏新睡觉，花冠不整下堂来。

Pushing aside the pillow, she rose and got dressed,
Passing through silver screen and pearl shade to meet the guest.
Her cloudlike hair awry, not full awake at all,
Her flowery cap slanted, she came into the hall.

风吹仙袂飘飘举，犹似霓裳羽衣舞。

The wind blew up her fairy sleeves and made them float
As if she danced the "Rainbow Skirt and Feathered Coat."

玉容寂寞泪阑干，梨花一枝春带雨。

Her jade-white face crisscrossed with tears in lonely world
Like a spray of pear blossoms in spring rain impearled.

含情凝睇谢君王，一别音容两渺茫。

She bade him thank her lord, lovesick and broken-hearted;
They knew nothing of each other after they parted.

昭阳殿里恩爱绝，蓬莱宫中日月长。

Love and happiness long ended within palace walls;
Days and months appeared long in the fairyland halls.

回头下望人寰处，不见长安见尘雾。

Turning her head and fixing on the earth her gaze,
She saw no capital 'mid clouds of dust and haze.

唯将旧物表深情，钿合金钗寄将去。

To show her love was deep, she took out keepsakes old
For him to carry back, hairpin and case of gold.

钗留一股合一扇，钗擘黄金合分钿。

Keeping one side of the case and one wing of the pin,
She sent to her dear lord the other half of the twin.

但教心似金钿坚，天上人间会相见。

If our two hearts as firm as the gold should remain.

In heaven or on earth we'll sometime meet again.

临别殷勤重寄词，词中有誓两心知。

At parting she confided to the messenger

A secret vow known only to her lord and her.

七月七日长生殿，夜半无人私语时。

On seventh day of seventh moon when none was near,

At midnight in Long Life Hall he whispered in her ear,

在天愿作比翼鸟，在地愿为连理枝。

On high, we'd be two lovebirds flying wing to wing;

On earth, two trees with branches twined from spring to spring.

天长地久有时尽，此恨绵绵无绝期！

The boundless sky and endless earth may pass away,

But this vow unfulfilled will be regretted for aye.

《葬花吟》

花谢花飞飞满天，红消香断有谁怜？
游丝软系飘春榭，落絮轻粘扑绣帘。
一年三百六十日，风刀霜剑严相逼，
明媚鲜妍能几时，一朝漂泊难寻觅。
花开易见落难寻，阶前愁煞葬花人，
独把花锄偷洒泪，洒上空枝见血痕。
愿依此日生双翼，随花飞到天尽头。
天尽头！何处有香丘？
未若锦囊收艳骨，一杯净土掩风流，
质本洁来还洁去，强于污淖陷渠沟。
尔今死去侬收葬，未卜侬身何日丧？
侬今葬花人笑痴，他年葬侬知是谁？
天尽头！何处有香丘？
试看春残花渐落，便是红颜老死时。
一朝春尽红颜老，花落人亡两不知！

Flowers fade and fly,
and flying fill the sky;
Their bloom departs, their perfume gone,
yet who stands pitying by?
And wandering threads of gossamer
on the summer-house are seen,
And falling catkins lightly dew-steeped
strike the embroidered screen.
A girl within the inner rooms,
I mourn that spring is done,
A veil of sorrow binds my heart,
and solace there is none.
I pass into the garden,
and I turn to use my hoe,

Treading over fallen glories
as I lightly come and go.
There are willow-sprays and flowers of elm,
and these have scent enough.
I care not if the peach and plum,
are stripped from every bough.
The peach-tree and the plum-tree too
next year may bloom again,
But next year, in the inner rooms,
tell me, shall I remain?
By the third moon new fragrant nests
shall see the light of day,
New swallows fly among the beams,
each on its thoughtless way.
Next year once more they'll seek their food
among the painted flowers,
But I may go, and beams may go,
and with them swallow bowers.
Three hundred days and sixty make
a year, and therein lurk
Daggers of wind and swords of frost
to do their cruel work.
How long will last the fair fresh flower
which bright and brighter glows?
One morning its petals float away,
but to where no-one knows.
Gay blooming buds attract the eye,
faded they're lost to sight;
Oh, let me sadly bury them
beside these steps tonight.
Alone, unseen, I seize my hoe,
with many a bitter tear;
They fall upon the naked stem
and stains of blood appear.

The night-jar now has ceased to mourn,
the dawn comes on apace,
I seize my hoe and close the gates,
leaving the burying-place;
But not until sunbeams dot the wall
does slumber soothe my care,
The cold rain pattering on the pane
as I lie shivering there.
You wonder that with flowing tears
my youthful cheek is wet;
They partly rise from angry thoughts,
and partly from regret.
Regret that spring comes suddenly;
and anger that it cannot last.
No sound to announce its approach,
or warn us when it's passed.
Last night within the garden
sad songs were faintly heard,
Sung, as I knew, by spirits,
spirits of flower and bird.
We cannot keep them here with us,
these much-loved birds and flowers,
They sing but for a season's space,
and bloom a few short hours.
If only I on a feathered wing
might soar aloft and fly,
With flower spirits I would seek
the rooms within the sky.
But high in the air
What grave is there?
No, give me an embroidered bag
within to lay their charms,
And Mother Earth, pure Mother Earth,
shall hide them in her arms.

Thus those sweet forms which spotless came
shall spotless go again,
Nor pass dirty with mud and filth
along some filthy drain.
Farewell, dear flowes, forever now,
thus buried as was best,
I have not yet divined when I
with you shall sink to rest.
I who can bury flowers like this
a laughing-stock shall be;
I cannot say in days to come
what hands shall bury me.
See how when spring begins to fail
each opening flower fades;
So too there is a time of age
and death for beautiful maids;
And when the fleeting spring is gone,
and days of beauty over,
Flowers fall, and lovely maidens die,
and both are known no more.