



Vol. 2 No. 2 June 2013

VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guanghui

VERSE  **VERSION**
Vol. 2 No. 2 June 2013



LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD

ISSN 2051-526X

Verse Version

Vol.2 No.2 June 2013

Chief Editor

Zhang Guangkui

Sponsored by

Guangdong University of Finance & Economics

LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD

SUITE 108 CHASE BUSINESS CENTRE-CHD 39-41 CHASE SIDE LONDON

N14 5BP UNITED KINGDOM

Copyright (c) 2013, Published by LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD. All rights reserved; no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise without the written permission of the Publishers.

Any violation of a copyright is the sole responsibility of its author or translator.

Publisher: LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD: SUITE 108 CHASE BUSINESS CENTRE-CHD 39-41 CHASE SIDE LONDON N14 5BP UNITED KINGDOM

License to Publish: It is a condition of publication in the journal that authors or translators grant License to Publish to The Board of Editors of *Verse Version*. This ensures that requests from third parties to reproduce poems, translation, or articles are handled efficiently and consistently and will also allow the poems, translation or articles to be as widely disseminated as possible. In granting this, authors or translators may use their own material in other publications provided that *Verse Version* is acknowledged as the original place of publication, and is notified in writing and in advance.

Editorial Email Address: VerseVersion@163.com

Website: [http:// www.verseversion.com](http://www.verseversion.com)

Institutional Subscribers: GBP £ 6.00 per single number, postage not included.

Private Subscribers: All entitled to a reduced rate, with students to an extra reduction.

Adviser: Ou Hong

VERSE VERSION

Chief Editor

Zhang Guangkui

Deputy Chief Editor

Zhao Gu

Editorial Board

(in alphabetical order by family names)

Ding Ting, Churchill College, Cambridge University, UK

Lin Funa, poet, critic, China

Tang Yaqi, Guangdong University of Finance & Economics, China

Yunte Huang, UC Santa Barbara, U.S.A.

Contents

English-Chinese Version

1. Come Away, Come Away, Death.....William Shakespeare (1-2)
2. Death.....George Herbert (3-4)
3. When I Consider How My Light Is Spent.....John Milton (5-6)
4. The Sick Rose.....William Blake (7-8)
5. Bright Star.....John Keats (9-10)
6. I Look Into My Glass.....Thomas Hardy (11-12)
7. Fare Well.....Walter de la Mare (13-14)
8. Hot Sun, Cool Fire.....George Peele (15-16)
9. Song.....John Donne (17-18)
10. The Funeral.....John Donne (19-20)
11. Meeting at Night.....Robert Browning (21-22)
12. Moon Cold.....Zhang Guangkui (23-24)

Chinese-English Version

1. Drink Alone Under the Moon.....Li Po(25-26)
2. Grass.....Bai Juyi (27-28)
3. Tune: Confiding Love Softly.....Ouyang Xiu (29-30)
4. Tune: Catching Fish.....Xin Qiji(31-32)
5. Buds.....Guo Moruo(33-34)
6. Calamity of the Game..... Wen Yiduo (35-36)
7. The Silent Summer Night.....Zhu Xiang(37-38)
8. Recollecting Our Simple Story.....Li Jinfa(39-40)
9. Croaking.....Xin Di(41-42)
10. History.....Zhao Gu(43-44)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Introduction.....	(45)
1. Epigrams I	(47-48)
2. Epigrams II.....	(49-50)
3. Epigrams III.....	(51-52)
4. Sonnets IV.....	(53-54)
5. Sonnets V.....	(55-56)
6. Sonnets VI.....	(57-58)
7. Sonnets VII.....	(59-60)
8. Rondeaux.....	(61-62)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Qu Yuan

Introduction.....	(63)
1. Leave Sores: Ode I	(65-66)
2. Leave Sores: Ode II.....	(67-68)
3. Leave Sores: Ode III.....	(69-70)
4. Leave Sores: Ode IV.....	(71-72)
5. Leave Sores: Ode V.....	(73-74)
6. Leave Sores: Ode VI.....	(75-78)

**To our honourable readers,
translators and poetry enthusiasts**

English-Chinese Version

Come Away, Come Away, Death¹

William Shakespeare²

Come away, come away, death,

And in sad cypress let me be laid.

Fly away, fly away, breath;

I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,

O, prepare it!

My part of death, no one so true

Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,

On my black coffin let there be strown.

Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,

Lay me, O, where

Sad true lover never find my grave,

To weep there!

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 246.

² William Shakespeare (1564-1616), the most famous and most brilliant poet and playwright in England. Author of at least 36 plays and 154 sonnets, Shakespeare created the most influential and lasting body of work in the English language, an extraordinary exploration of human nature.

Translation:

走吧，死神

威廉·莎士比亞

走吧，死神，走吧，

讓我安睡在憂傷的柏叢。

逝吧，聲息，逝吧，

我死於那無情豔婦之手。

我的雪白葬衣沾滿紫杉，

噢，行將就木！

我已將死，無人可如此，

真切地感受。

無需，無需鮮花，

蜜般撒落我黝黑的棺木。

不必，不必朋友，

致敬我冰冷的殘軀枯骨。

不要長籲短歎聲聲不已，

讓我安息於此，

勿讓悲傷的情人尋到墳塚，

在此低徊啜泣！

（趙嘏 譯）

Death¹

George Herbert²

Death, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
 Nothing but bones,
 The sad effect of sadder groans:
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we considered thee as at some six
 Or ten years hence,
 After the loss of life and sense,
Flesh being turned to dust, and bones to sticks.

We looked on this side of thee, shooting short;
 Where we did find
 The shells of fledged souls left behind,
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Savior's death did put some blood
 Into thy face,
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
 As at Doomsday;
 When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down, or dust.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 346.

² George Herbert (1593-1633) was a Welsh-born English poet, orator and Anglican priest.

Translation:

死亡

喬治·赫伯特

死亡，你曾粗鄙醜陋，
 僅餘枯骨殘留，
 悲吟之悲切；
你張嘴，卻無法歌頌。

猜想你六年
 或十年後，
 生命感官烏有，
條狀的屍骨，化塵的血肉。

一彈指頃瞥見你此面，
 竟發現，
 剝落了豐滿靈魂的軀殼，
乾涸的塵土，不再落淚，卻會索要。

但救世者之死，
 將你面龐濺上鮮血，
 你變得煥發風姿，
愈發渴求，愈發嬌豔。

此刻你歡欣雀躍，
 似末日上演
 魂靈披上嶄新的華衣，
裹纏的屍骨婀娜綽約。

而我們會死去如長眠，
 將信將疑，
 葬于忠實安心的墓穴，
枕於絨羽，或塵屑。

(唐亞琪 譯)

When I Consider How My Light Is Spent¹

John Milton²

When I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,

And that one talent which is death to hide

Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present

My true account, lest he returning chide;

“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?”

I fondly ask; but Patience to prevent

That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need

Either man’s work or his own gifts; who best

Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state

Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed

And post o’er land and ocean without rest;

They also serve who only stand and wait.”

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 378.

² John Milton (1608-1674) was an English poet, polemicist, man of letters, and a civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell. He wrote at a time of religious flux and political upheaval, and is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost* (1667), written in blank verse.

Translation:

當我思考如何使用光明時

約翰·彌爾頓

當我思考如何使用光明時
未過半生就已處茫茫黑暗中
只有死亡將要埋藏的天賦
陷我於無用之地，儘管心靈
愈發效忠造物主，表忠
我的心機，唯恐他斥之責備；
“難道上帝只允許白日勞作，光明被拒？”
我天真質問。然“容忍”煩
我之低吟，即刻回應，“上帝不需要
你的勞作和天賦；誰最能
忍受上帝溫和的束縛，誰就是最好的侍從。其姿態
宛如君王。萬千人馬聽從調遣
穿梭于陸地海洋，不停不息；
站立等候者亦為上帝之臣。

(陳小紅 譯)

The Sick Rose¹

William Blake²

O Rose, thou art sick.

The invisible worm

That flies in the night

In the howling storm

Has found out thy bed

Of crimson joy,

And his dark secret love

Does thy life destroy.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fourth Edition)*. London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 680.

² William Blake (1757-1827) was an English poet, engraver, and painter. A boldly imaginative rebel in both his thought and art, he combined poetic and pictorial genius to explore important issues in politics, religion, and psychology.

Translation:

病玫瑰

威廉·布萊克

嬌豔玫瑰染病。

隱形飛蟲入侵

趁著黑夜襲近

風暴怒吼不停

鑽入血紅花心

覓得溫存歡欣，

夜闌幽幽偷情

誤了卿卿性命。

（傅霞 譯）

Bright Star¹

John Keats²

Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art—

Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night

And watching, with eternal lids apart,

Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task

Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,

Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask

Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—

No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,

Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,

To feel forever its soft fall and swell,

Awake forever in a sweet unrest,

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,

And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 850.

² John Keats (1795-821), an English Romantic poet, was one of the main figures of the second generation of Romantic poets along with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, despite his work only having been in publication for four years before his death.

Translation:

燦爛的星

約翰·濟慈

燦爛的星，我願如你般堅定——
但不願獨自高懸夜空獨自明
如不眠的苦修隱士，極耐心，
睜著一雙永遠不閉合的眼睛，
凝望著滔滔海水將塵岸滌淨
如神父用聖水沐浴人的魂靈，
或注視著初降白雪空靈輕盈
如面紗覆蓋群山和曠野萬頃——
不——我不改初衷，仍堅定，
惟願枕臥在愛人酥軟的胸房，
永遠感受它輕柔地起伏蕩漾，
永遠在甜蜜的激蕩中悠悠醒，
不停，不停地將她溫柔的呼吸聆聽，
永遠這樣活著——或在昏醉中不醒。

（傅霞 譯）

I Look into My Glass¹

Thomas Hardy²

I look into my glass,
And view my wasting skin,
And say, "Would God it came to pass
My heart had shrunk as thin!"

For then, I, undistrest
By hearts grown cold to me,
Could lonely wait my endless rest
With equanimity.

But Time, to make me grieve,
Part steals, lets part abide;
And shakes this fragile frame at eve
With throbbings of noontide.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 1050.

² Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) was an English novelist and poet, a Victorian realist. Initially he gained fame as the author of such novels as *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891), and *Jude the Obscure* (1895). Then, since the 1950s, Hardy has been recognized as a major poet, and had a significant influence on The Movement poets of the 1950s and 1960s.

Translation:

我對著鏡子端詳

湯瑪斯·哈代

我對著鏡子端詳，
把自己乾癟的肌膚打量，
喟然感歎，“老天爺您開恩吧，
讓我的內心亦如是枯槁！”

於是我將不再牽掛
那已然冷漠的人心，
我將可以泰然自若
孤身等待我的長眠。

無奈歲月把人捉弄，
部分盜走，部分存留，
把這黃昏時的老朽軀殼
用正午的盎然生機晃動。

（張錦文 譯）

Fare Well¹

Walter de la Mare²

When I lie where shades of darkness
Shall no more assail mine eyes,
Nor the rain make lamentation
 When the wind sighs;
How will fare the world whose wonder
Was the very proof of me?
Memory fades, must the remembered
 Perishing be?

Oh, when this my dust surrenders
Hand, foot, lip, to dust again,
May these loved and loving faces
 Please other men!
May the rusting harvest hedgerow
Still the Traveller's Joy entwine,
And as happy children gather
 Posies once mine.

Look thy last on all things lovely,
Every hour. Let no night
Seal thy sense in deathly slumber
 Till to delight
Thou have paid thy utmost blessing;
Since that all things thou wouldst praise
Beauty took from those who loved them
 In other days.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 1121.

² Walter John de la Mare (1873-1956) was an English poet, short storywriter and novelist. He is probably best remembered for his works for children and for his poem "The Listeners".

Translation:

惜別

沃爾特·德拉·梅爾

當我長眠不醒，黑暗的陰鬱
將不再灼傷我的雙目，
當輕風嗚咽，細雨
 將不再使我傷憂；
世間的奇跡正是我曾在之明證
可它明天又會怎樣？
記憶衰退，難道
 記取的也終將幻滅？

呵，當這一切化為埃塵，
手，足，唇也將歸於塵。
願那些摯愛的容顏，
 也讓他人喜笑顏開！
願那繁茂的綠籬，
依然牽引遊人的歡喜，
願曾為我綻放的花束，
 快樂一如幼兒的歡聚。

讓我最後再注視萬物的姣美，
分分秒秒不舍不離。莫讓死寂之夜
麻痹你的神經
 直至萬種風情的歡愉
聽到你至上的福音；
你所讚美的萬物嬌麗，
正是源自，
 昔日的愛心。

（趙嘏 譯）

Hot Sun, Cool Fire¹

George Peele²

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair.
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me.
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning;
Make not my glad cause cause of mourning.

Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lighty.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 205.

² George Peele (1556-1596) was an English dramatist. Among his occasional poems are *The Honour of the Garter*, which has a prologue containing Peele's judgments on his contemporaries, and *Polyhymnia* (1590), a blank verse description of the ceremonies attending the retirement of the queens' champion, Sir Henry Lee.

Translation:

火熱的太陽，冰冷的火焰

喬治·皮爾

火熱的太陽，冰冷的火焰，空氣裏發酵的甜蜜，
陰鬱的樹蔭，美麗的護士，遮蔽我雪白的發線。
照耀，太陽；燃燒，火焰；呼吸，空氣；讓我展顏；
陰鬱的樹蔭，美麗的護士，將我圍繞，予我喜悅。
陰影，我的可人兒啊，它護我不被灼燒；
莫讓開心之源化作傷心之由。

勿讓佳人兒的焰火，
點燃我湧動的欲望；
更勿明眸脈脈，
讓我反側輾轉。

（趙嘏 譯）

Song¹

John Donne²

Go and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
 Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou beest born to strange sights,
 Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me,
All strange wonders that befell thee,
 And swear,
 Nowhere
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
 Though at next door we might meet,
Though she were true, when you met her,
And last, till you write your letter,
 Yet she
 Will be
False, ere I come, to two, or three.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 264.

² John Donne (1572-1631), English poet. As the greatest of the English Metaphysical poets, he is noted for his love lyrics, religious verse and treatises, and sermons.

Translation:

歌

約翰·多恩

去追逐一顆隕落的流星，
讓曼陀羅根孕育生命，
告訴我流年藏著哪里，
抑或誰折斷惡魔之蹄，
教我如何傾聽美人魚的歌聲，
或是逃離妒火的侵襲
去追尋
一陣風
來昇華誠赤的心

如你生來覺異，
能看到隱形的風景，
騎行千萬晝夜
雙鬢斑白都不惜，
當你歸來，述與我聽，
你經歷的所有光怪陸離
並發誓，
絕沒有
一個女人既忠誠，又美麗。

如你找到，告訴我聽，
此次漫旅是如此甜蜜
如沒有，我決不前去，
雖然我們可能會轉角相遇，
雖然當遇見你她仍可能忠誠，
然而她
可能會
在我到來前夕背叛兩三個男人。

(唐亞琪 譯)

The Funeral¹

John Donne

Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
 Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair which crowns my arm;
The mystery, the sign you must not touch,
 For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which then to heaven being gone,
 Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, her provinces, from dissolution.

For if the sinewy thread my brain lets fall
 Through every part
Can tie those parts and make me one of all;
These hairs, which upward grew, and strength and art
 Have from a better brain,
Can better do't; except she meant that I
 By this should know my pain,
As prisoners then are manacled, when they're condemned to die.

Whate'er she meant by 'it, bury it with me,
 For since I am
Love's martyr, it might breed idolatry,
If into other's hands these relics came;
 As 'twas humility
To'afford to it all that a soul can do,
 So 'tis some bravery,
That since you would save none of me, I bury some of you.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 278.

Translation:

致葬禮

約翰·多恩

誰欲為吾穿葬衣，
切勿傷吾亦勿疑，
精美發環冠手臂；
神秘標誌君莫觸，
吾之靈魂其中隱，
今且由它來管控，
他日必定歸天國，
殘軀留，免亡消。

倘若顱中千萬緒，
紛紛墜落連成形，
安吾肢體得原神；
發自顱生朝天長，
雄才偉略慧根來；
除卻她所意之處，
唯獨本原知己痛，
狀若囚，即赴死。

休論她所意何物，
伴吾真愛永長眠，
恐若閒人無意得，
奉為圭璋盲信從；
實為無奇普通物，
僅容魂魄在其內，
且具些許真無畏，
汝棄吾，吾葬汝。

（趙嘏 譯）

Meeting at Night¹

Robert Browning²

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
Tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2009: 41.

² Robert Browning (1818-1898) was an English poet and playwright whose mastery of dramatic verse, especially dramatic monologues, made him one of the foremost Victorian poets.

Translation:

共話月上時

羅伯特·勃朗寧

深海濛濛，長天幽幽，
鏤月鎔金，碧空西垂；
細浪驚夢，乍起雀躍，
明月如環，流光四溢；
輕舟如梭，載我入岬，
細沙長灘，移船就岸。

暖香海灘，伴我相行，
數田輕過，農舍忽現；
窗櫺輕叩，清響傳來，
火柴輕劃，藍光閃爍；
細語輕喚，且喜且懼，
兩心相印，音和韻洽。

(趙嘏 譯)

Moon Cold

Zhang Guangkui¹

Cam bridge and River Cam; houseboat and coal smokes.

Jesus Green and moon cold; stars of sky and our God.

Silver light and frost white; tender grass and mallard ducks.

Naked twigs and metal bars; but No One by No Bod.

¹ Zhang Guangkui (張廣奎, 1967-), a poet, translator and Professor of Literature at Guangdong University of Finance and Economics.

Translation:

月冷

張廣奎

劍橋遊船劍河水煙。

耶穌草坪冷月星繁。

銀光白霜嫩草野鴨。

裸枝鐵欄無人與伴。

(張廣奎 譯)

Chinese-English Version

月下獨酌¹

李白²

花間一壺酒，
獨酌無相親。
舉杯邀明月，
對影成三人。
月既不解飲，
影徒隨我身。
暫伴月將影，
行樂須及春。
我歌月徘徊，
我舞影零亂。
醒時同交歡，
醉後各分散。
永結無情遊，
相期邈雲漢。

¹ 董軍. 唐詩大鑒賞. 北京: 外文出版社, 2012: 84.

² Li Po (李白, 701-762), one of the most popular Chinese poets, was noted for his romantic songs on wine, women, and nature. His writings reflect the grandeur of the Tang Dynasty at the height of its prosperity.

Translation:

Drink Alone under the Moon

Li Po

A kettle of wine in the crowd of flowers,
I drink alone without any companions.
Raising the cup I invite the moon to join me free,
Then my shadow appears to make us a party of three.
The goddess is unable to relieve my loneliness miles away,
My shadow follows me wherever I enjoy in a lively, happy way.
I just take the moon and shadow as my precious friends,
To indulge myself while it is a good time with fluids.
As I sing the moon paces up and down,
As I dance my shadow waves along.
We cheer in delight when being awake,
Our ally falls apart after we getting drunk.
Wandering without disturbance below the moon,
We will meet alongside the Milky Way soon.

(Trans. Wang Wen)

草¹

白居易²

離離原上草，
一歲一枯榮。
野火燒不盡，
春風吹又生。
遠芳侵古道，
晴翠接荒城。
又送王孫去，
萋萋滿別情。

¹ 顾青. 唐诗三百首. 北京: 中华书局, 2005: 273.

² Bai Juyi (白居易, 772-846) was a Chinese poet best known for his ballads and satirical poems. He held the view that good poetry should be readily understood by the common people and exemplified it in poems noted for simple diction, natural style, and social content.

Translation:

Grass

Bai Juyi

In the wild plain grows abundant grass,
And every year it flourishes and dies.
Though by wildfire burned off,
With spring breeze it comes to life.
Far away, in the way of old alley it stands,
In sunshine, greenness stretches to the waste city.
Again, I wave goodbye to my official friend,
And, grass is full of sadness of departure.

(Trans. Chen Xiaohong)

訴衷情¹

歐陽修²

清晨簾幕卷輕霜，

呵手試梅妝。

都緣自有離恨，

故畫作，遠山長。

思往事，惜流芳。

易成傷。

擬歌先斂，欲笑還顰，

最斷人腸。

¹ 上彊村民. 宋詞三百首. 濟南: 齊魯出版社, 1998: 30.

² Ouyang Xiu (歐陽修, 1007-1072) was one of most famous Chinese poet of the Song Dynasty, born in Lulin (now Ji'an, Jiangxi).

Translation:

Tune: Confiding Love Softly¹

Ouyang Xiu

Curtain rolls light frost at dawn,

I exhale hands warm and try making up of plum.

Brewed from grief of parting,

I draw my eyebrow, as long as mountains.

Recall the past, sigh the time flitting pitifully,

Vulnerable to melancholy.

Restrained before singing, intend to smile but can't help frowning.

It's the most heartbreaking.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

¹ “Tune: Confiding Love Softly” is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

摸魚兒¹

辛棄疾²

更能消、幾番風雨，
匆匆春又歸去。
惜春長怕花開早，
何況落紅無數。
春且住，見說到，
天涯芳草無歸路。
怨春不語。
算只有殷勤，
畫簷蛛網，
盡日惹風絮。

長門事，
准擬佳期又誤。
蛾眉曾有人妒。
千金縱買相如賦，
脈脈此情誰訴？
君莫舞，
君不見、玉環飛燕皆塵土！
閒愁最苦。
休去倚危欄，
斜陽正在，
煙柳斷腸處。

¹ 上彊村民. 宋詞三百首. 濟南: 齊魯出版社, 1998: 239.

² Xin Qiji(辛棄疾, 1140-1207) was one of most famous Chinese poet of the South Song Dynasty, born in Licheng of Shandong Province.

Translation:

Tune: Catching Fish¹

Xin Qiji

How can it bear, so much wind and rain,
Hastily, the Spring comes and leaves again.
Treasuring spring I'd not prefer an early bloom,
Let alone for fear of flying petals in the wind roam.
Ah Spring, please stay! Since
I've heard grass has grown everywhere,
So you can find your home way nowhere.
I complain for Spring's silence.
Only the busy spiders are weaving under painted eaves,
Teasing the drifting catkins from mornings to eves.

The forsaken empress
Was disappointed at every delayed date.
Her beauty ensued with envies and hate.
Even if gold could buy brilliant writing,
To whom can she outpour this affectionate feeling?
Do not dance, then
Have you not seen once favored concubines became dust?
Bitterest grief is the idling sentiment
Do not lean on high handrails,
As the setting sun is hiding behind
Just the sad willows in the mist.

(Trans. Wang Wen)

¹ "Tune: Catching Fish" is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

新芽¹

郭沫若²

新芽！嫩綠的新芽！

比我拇指還大的新芽！

一尺以上的新芽！

你是今年春天的紀念碑呀！

生的躍進喲！

春的沉醉喲！

哦，我！

我是個無機體嗎？

¹王文英. 海上文學百家文庫——郭沫若卷. 上海: 上海文藝出版社, 2010: 104.

² Guo Moruo (郭沫若, 1892-1978), was one of the major cultural figures of modern China. He wrote prolifically in every genre, including poetry, fiction, plays, nine autobiographical volumes, translations of Western works, and historical and philosophical treatises, including a monumental study of ancient inscriptions.

Translation:

Buds

Guo Moruo

Buds! The verdant new-birth!
Long as my thumb thou are!
Close to one foot thou are!
The spring's masterwork thou are!
The booming life, whee!
The indulging spring, whee!
Oh, me!
Am I inorganic?

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

遊戲之禍¹

聞一多²

我酌上蜜酒，燒起沉檀，
遊戲著你：
沉檀燒地太狂了，
我心拿蜜酒來澆他；
誰知越澆越烈，
竟惹了焚身之禍呢！

¹ 聞一多. 紅燭. 北京: 華夏出版社, 2010: 80.

² Wen Yiduo (聞一多, 1899-1946) was a Chinese poet and scholar. He was born in Xishui County, Hubei. In 1922, he traveled to the United States to study fine arts and literature at the Art Institute of Chicago. It was during this time that his first collection of poetry, *Red Candle*, was published. In 1928, his second collection, *Dead Water*, was published. His poetry was influenced by Western models.

Translation:

Calamity of the Game

Wen Yiduo

I emptied a cup of mead, firing rosewood,
Then worshiped you playfully:
It was burning too madly,
Then on it I dumped my mead;
The more I poured, the more blazing it turned.
Finally, the calamity of burning myself I incurred.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

寧靜的夏晚¹

朱湘²

黑樹影靜立在灰色晚天的前面，
啞啞爭樹的鳥啼已經倦的低下去了。
炊煙爐香似的筆直升入空際，
遠田邊農夫的黑影扛著鋤頭回來了。

這時候詩人虔誠的走到效外，
來接受靜默賜給他的詩思；
伊們是些跳動的珠形小白環，
他慢慢的將伊們繡在晚天的黑色薄紗上了。

¹ 朱湘. 朱湘詩集. 成都: 四川文藝出版社, 1987: 19.

² Zhu Xiang (朱湘, 1904-1933), was a modern poet and a very important poet of Crescent School in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

The Silent Summer Night

Zhu Xiang

The black trees' shadow silently stands before grey nightfall,
The noisy chirping sounds have come to diminish.
Smoke from kitchen chimney straightly rises into the sky,
Farmers' silhouettes come back with their hoes from distant fields.

At this moment, a poet piously walks towards countryside,
To accept the poetic thoughts that silence grants;
They are like springing white wreath in pearl form,
Then, he slowly embroiders them onto the nightfall's dark light gauze.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

記取我們簡單的故事¹

李金髮²

記取我們簡單的故事：

秋水長天，
人兒臥著，
草兒礙了簪兒
螞蟻緣到臂上，
張惶了，
聽！指兒一彈，
頓消失此小生命，
在宇宙裏。

記取我們簡單的故事：

月亮照滿村莊，
——星兒那敢出來望望，——
另一塊更射上我們的面。
談著笑著，
犬兒吠了，
汽車發出神秘的鬧聲，
墳田的木架交叉
如魔鬼張著手。

記取我們簡單的故事：

你臂兒偶露著，
我說這是雕塑的珍品；
你羞赧著遮住了
給我一個斜視，
我答你一個拖欠的微笑。
空間靜寂了好久。
若不是我們兩個，
故事必不如此簡單。

¹ 李金髮. 為幸福而歌. 上海: 商務印刷館, 1925: 600.

² Li Jinfa (李金髮, 1900-1976), was one of very important imaginative poets in China.

Translation:

Recollecting our simple story

Li Jinfa

Recollecting our simple story
Water is tranquil, sky clear.
We lie down,
Grass clings my hairpin.
An ant edges to arm,
Lost.
Listen! A gentle flip,
A tiny life vanishes
In the universe.

Recollecting our simple story:
Moonlight sheds on whole village
—how dare stars take a look, —
The other side shines us more.
We talking and laughing,
Dog's barking,
Cars emitting mysterious noise,
The yoke on the tomb crossed
Like demon's hands stretching

Recollecting our simple story :
Your arm revealed
I said it's the treasure of sculptures
Shyly you hid it with
A Peep at me
I replied with a smile of sorry
In the space, silent for long
If not us two,
The story wouldn't have been so simple.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

蛙聲¹

辛笛²

寂寥的夜裏，
何處吹來一片閣閣的蛙聲。

蛙聲啊！蛙聲啊！
你聲音攪亂了我那沉悶的心靈！
唉，你為甚這樣的不平？

¹ 王聖思. 海上文學百家文庫—辛笛卷. 上海: 上海文藝出版社, 2010: 5.

² Xin Di (辛笛, 1912-2004), was a modern poet and a very important poet of Nine Grass School in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

Croaking

Xin Di

In the lonesome night,

A burst of croaking comes from nowhere.

Oh, croaking! Croaking!

Your voice disturbs my dreary heart!

Ah, why are you so upset?

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

歷史

趙嘏¹

爬滿天空的厚重，
浸透了
古銅的太陽，
香豔的月亮，
冷漠的群星；
投射出血紅的詭異，
猛烈的擠壓著大地的蒼白，
讓躁動變得遲暮沉重。

¹ Zhao Gu (趙嘏, 1980-), a young scholar and translator of poetry in China, teaching in Huashang College, Guangdong University of Finance and Economics.

Translation:

History

Zhao Gu

The heaviness crams the full sky,
Soaking into thoroughly
The bronzed sun,
The brightly fragrant moon,
And chilly stars,
Then shoots out the bloody mystery,
Fiercely squeezes earth's paleness,
Making the furious hoary and weary.

(Trans. Li Rui)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Thomas Wyatt was one of major English lyric poets in the first half of the 16th century and one of the most important poets in the era of English Renaissance. As a pioneer of modern English lyrics, he established several lyric genres for the coming English poets, like sonnet, rondeau, etc. Combining the foreign lyric versification from European countries, especially the vernacular lyrics from Italy, and England's poetical tradition, Wyatt adopted "conceit" and "dramaticism", applying them to his writing of modern English lyric. In the eras from Wyatt's time on to the present, "conceit" and "dramaticism" have been evolved in the practice of poets of generations, becoming two of the influential features of versification in modern English lyric. And, Wyatt's controlled expression of the connotative lyrical subject is also one of the dominant merits of the English poetry.

The following poems are translated by Dr. Chen Shangzhen and selected from *The Complete Poems* (Wyatt, Thomas. ed. R. A. Rebholz. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1978.) .

湯瑪斯·華埃特

湯瑪斯·華埃特爵士 (Sir Thomas Wyatt, 1503-1542) 是英國 16 世紀上葉的主要抒情詩人之一。他學習當時歐陸國家、特別是義大利和法國詩人用現代民族語言創作的新的抒情詩，並將它們與英國本土詩歌的作詩法傳統相結合，創作出英國詩歌史上第一批現代英語抒情詩。作為一個現代英語抒情詩的拓荒者，華埃特的詩篇對後世而言是不容忽視的寶貴財富。現代主義詩歌興起之後，人們欣賞和評價詩歌的觀點和方法有了極大豐富。抒情詩的發展也為文學史家重新審視歷史上的那些開拓者提供了新的理論和實踐支援。以當今普遍認同的現代抒情詩的標準回溯現代英語抒情詩發展歷程，可以更為清晰看出華埃特對現代英語抒情詩的貢獻。華埃特奠定了現代英語抒情詩的作詩法基礎，確立了英國文藝復興時期抒情詩的主題和表達基調。他的“奇喻”和“戲劇化”具有重要詩學價值，他抒情詩主題的多重隱喻與克制表達方式對英國現代英語抒情詩的面貌影響深遠。

此處詩歌選自《湯瑪斯·華埃特詩全集》(The Complete Poems. ed. R. A. Rebholz. New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1978.)，由陳尚真博士選譯。

Epigrams

I

Sir Thomas Wyatt

SPEAK thou and speed where will or power ought help'th

Where power doth want, will must be won by wealth.

For need will speed, where will works not his kind,

And gain, thy foes thy friends shall cause thee find.

For suit and gold, what do not they obtain?

Of good and bad the tryers are these twain.

Translation:

警句

I

湯瑪斯·華埃特

你說，你快說在哪兒意志或是權力更加有助

哪兒權力算數，意志一定鬥不過財富。

需要的迫切會促使意志轉變；

金錢，會讓你的敵人偽裝成你的朋友。

嗜愛與黃金，他們還沒得到什麼？

好與壞是這兩者的審判。

Epigrams

II

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Sometime I fled the fire that me brent
By sea, by land, by water, and by wind,
And now the coals I follow that be quent,
From Dover to Calais, with willing mind.
Lo! how desire is both forth sprung, and spent!
And he may see, that whilom was so blind,
And all his labour laughs he now to scorn,
Meashed in the briers that erst was only torn.

Translation:

警句

II

湯瑪斯·華埃特

有時我逃離燒灼我的火
從海上，從陸地，從水中，從風裏；
而今我追隨的炭火已不再燃燒，
從多佛到加來，肝腦塗地。
瞧！欲望是多麼向前噴湧，被消耗！
他也會明白，先前是如此蒙蔽，
而今他笑自己所有勞苦甚至到輕蔑，
困於荊棘，那時也只有被撕裂。

Epigrams

III

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Alas, madam, for stealing of a kiss
Have I so much your mind there offended?
Have I then done so grievously amiss
That by no means it may be amended?
Then revenge you, and the next way is this:
Another kiss shall have my life ended.
For to my mouth the first my heart did suck;
The next shall clean out of my breast it pluck.

Translation:

警句

III

湯瑪斯·華埃特

啊呀，女士，為了偷偷一吻

你會覺得我是如此冒犯？

我犯了這麼嚴重的錯誤

竟然沒有一點辦法可以補善？

那就報復你，接下來就這麼辦：

搭上性命再給你一個吻。

因為我的心已被第一吻吸到嘴上；

再一吻會把它摘走清空我的胸膛。

Sonnet

IV

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Unstable dream, according to the place,
Be steadfast once or else at least be true.
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false feigned grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case
Thou brought'st not her into this tossing mew
But madest my sprite live, my care to renew,
My body in tempest her succour to embrace.
The body dead, the sprite had his desire,
Painless was th'one, th'other in delight.
Why then, alas, did it not keep it right,
Returning to leap into the fire,
And where it was at wish it could not remain?
Such mocks of dreams they turn to deadly pain.

Translation:

十四行詩

IV

湯瑪斯·華埃特

飄忽的夢，正適合這個地方，
曾經堅定抑或至少是真：
甜美的滋味讓我不悔不恨
突然失去你假意的作勢裝腔。
慶倖在這危情之下
沒有把她帶入這飄忽的處所
而是讓我的精神生存，我的關愛復活，
並由她擁抱暴風雨中我的軀體。
身軀如死，精神湧動欲望，
這一廂無痛苦，那一邊盡歡喜。
為什麼呀，它不總是徑直去，
卻正回轉來躍進火中央？
寄希冀之所在，無法駐停，
嘲夢化作致命傷痛。

Sonnets

V

Sir Thomas Wyatt

I find no peace, and all my war is done.
I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice.
I fly above the wind yet can I not arise.
And nought I have, and all the world I seize on.
That loseth nor locketh, holdeth me in prison
And holdeth me not, yet can I scape no wise;
Nor letteth me live nor die at my device
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eyen I see and without tongue I plain.
I desire to perish and yet I ask health.
I love another and thus I hate myself.
I feed me in sorrow and laugh in all my pain.
Likewise displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.

Translation:

十四行詩

V

湯瑪斯·華埃特

我找不到安寧，我的戰爭都已過去。
我恐懼並且希望，我燃燒而又冰凍如霜。
我乘風飛舞卻飛不到天上；
我一無所有卻要佔有整個世界。
我既無所失亦無所困，卻被拘囚牢
沒有束縛，但我卻無路可逃；
我無法如願選擇生死，
死神卻也倒給我時機。
我沒有眼睛看也沒有口舌申訴。
我渴望消殘但卻祈求康健。
我愛著別人卻把自我哀怨。
我自食悲傷卻嘲笑我所有痛苦；
就如死與生都無法討我歡欣，
而我的快樂是這紛爭的起因。

Sonnets

VI

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind,
But as for me, helas, I may no more.
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore,
I am of them that farthest cometh behind.
Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
Draw from the deer, but as she fleeth afore
Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore
Sithens in a net I seek to hold the wind.
Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,
As well as I may spend his time in vain.
And graven with diamonds in letters plain
There is written, her fair neck round about:
'*Noli me tangere*, for Caesar's I am,
And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'

Translation:

十四行詩

VI

湯瑪斯·華埃特

誰願打獵，我知道哪兒有一隻母鹿
至於我嘛，哎呀呀，可也再不會。
徒然辛勞折磨得我如此疲憊，
逐獵中遠遠跟隨在最後。
當然絕不是我疲憊的頭腦
離開心愛的鹿兒，只是當她在前飛奔
我昏然相隨。我因此停頓，
我竟圖謀用網把風套牢。
誰願獵她，我會讓他知道
就像我一樣他虛耗光陰。
那鑽石上明白鑄刻銘文
把她美麗的頸項環繞：
“別碰我，我是凱撒之屬，
儘管瘋狂追逐，儘管我顯得馴服。”

Sonnets

VI

Sir Thomas Wyatt

Farewell, Love, and all thy laws forever.
Thy baited hooks shall tangle me no more.
Senec and Plato call me from thy lore
To perfect wealth, my wit for to endeavour.
In blind error when I did persevere,
Thy sharp repulse that pricketh ay so sore,
Hath taught me to set in trifles no store
And scape forth since liberty is lever.
Therefore farewell. Go trouble younger hearts
And in me claim no more authority.
With idle youth go use thy property
And thereon spend thy many brittle darts:
For hitherto though I have lost all my time,
Me lusteth no longer rotten boughs to climb.

Translation:

十四行詩

VII

湯瑪斯·華埃特

再見了，愛神，永別了你所有的法則。
你帶餌的鉤子不會再把我糾纏。
塞內卡和柏拉圖呼喚我從你眼界
完善財富，盡我智慧為著努力取得。
當我在盲目的錯誤中執著，
你尖利驅逐戳刺地永久傷痛
教會我不要在虛浪裏停駐
向前逃奔因為自由才是解脫。
所以呀再見吧。去煩擾更年少的心
不必對我再宣稱什麼威信
去跟空虛青年運用你的財力
在他們身上釋放你許多的脆弱鏢箭：
到如今我雖失卻我所有時光，
我不再有攀爬朽枝的欲望。

Rondeaux

Sir Thomas Wyatt

GO, burning sighs, unto the frozen heart.
Go break the ice which pity's painful dart
Might never pierce; and if that mortal prayer
In heaven may be heard, at last I desire
That death or mercy be end of my smart.
Take with thee pain, whereof I have my part,
And eke the flame from which I cannot start,
And leave me then in rest, I you require.

Go, burning sighs.

I must go work, I see, by craft and art,
For truth and faith in her is laid apart.
Alas, I cannot therefore now assail her
With pitiful complaint and scalding fire
That out of my breast doth strainably start.
Go burning sighs.

Translation:

迴旋詩

湯瑪斯·華埃特

去吧，滾燙的歎息，去到凍僵心田，
去擊碎那憐憫的痛楚之箭
無法刺穿的冰；假如凡人的祈禱
可以上達天庭，最後我也期望
死亡或者仁慈是我痛苦的終點。
帶上你的痛苦，我有我的這一份，
我無法把激情再燃燒至旺
那就讓我安歇吧，我向你求饒。
去吧，滾燙的歎息。
我知道我必須去工作，憑著技藝，
誠實和忠貞在她身上分崩離析：
哎呀，現如今我不能把她指責
帶著可憐哀怨和責備的火
從我胸膛猛烈噴發出去。
去吧，滾燙的歎息！

(陳尚真 譯)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Qu Yuan

Qu Yuan (343–278 BCE) was the earliest great patriotic and romantic poet who lived during the Warring States period of ancient China. He is known for his contributions to classical poetry and verses, especially the *Chu Ci* anthology (also known as *The Songs of the South* or *Songs of Chu*)—a volume of poems considered to be inspired by his verse writing. Together with *Shi Jing*, *Chu Ci* is one of the two great collections of ancient Chinese verse. Historical details about Qu Yuan's life are few. Among his works, *Li Sao* and *Nine Songs* are the most representative ones among his works.

Here *Li Sao* (The Lament), as the most representative of Qu Yuan's poems, is selected and translated. *Li Sao* is not only one of the most remarkable works of Qu Yuan, it ranks as one of the greatest poems in Chinese or world poetry. It was probably written during the period when the poet had been exiled by his king. The name LI SAO has been interpreted as “sorrow in estrangement”, while yet others think it was the name of a certain type of music. By means of rich imagery and skilful similes, the long lyrical poem expresses love of one's country and the sadness of separation. It touches upon various historical themes intermingled with legends and myths, and depicts, directly or indirectly, the social conditions of that time and the complex destinies of the city states of ancient China. The conflict between the individual and the ruling class is repeatedly described, while the poet affirms his determination to fight for justice. This passionate desire to save his country, and this love for the people, account for the poem's splendour and immortality.

The following lines (胡念贻, 楚辞选注及考证. 岳麓书社, 1984:39) were chosen and translated by Dr. Long Jingyao, who skillfully translates *Li Sao* into English *Leave Sores* according to the theme and homophonic tone of *Li Sao* in Chinese.

屈原

屈原，（約西元前 339 年～約西元前 278 年），中國古代戰國時期人，是中國最早的愛國主義和浪漫主義詩人。他最大的貢獻是創立了“楚辭”這種文體。《楚辭》和《詩經》被認為是中國最早的兩部詩集。關於屈原的歷史資料不多，代表作品有《離騷》《九歌》等。

此處選譯屈原最具代表性的偉大詩篇《離騷》（胡念貽，楚辭選注及考證。岳麓書社，1984:39）。它不僅是屈原的代表作，而且還是中國乃至世界上最偉大的詩篇之一。該詩是詩人被流放時所作。“離騷”的題名被解釋為“離別之傷痛”，也有學者認為它是當時的一種音樂形式。借助豐富的想像和比喻，這首長敘事詩表達了愛國之情和離別之情。它涉及了摻雜傳奇和神話的歷史主題，直接或間接地描述了當時的社會矛盾和古代炎黃大帝上各國之間複雜的宿命。詩中，個人與統治階級的矛盾被反復提及，同時，詩人也不斷地強調自己為正義而戰的決心。至死不渝的愛國熱情和對人民的熱愛構建起了該詩的偉大與不朽。

下文由龍靖遙博士選譯。龍靖遙博士根據《離騷》的主題和諧音，將“離騷”巧妙地譯作“Leave Sores”。

離騷

一、

帝高陽之苗裔兮，朕皇考曰伯庸；
攝提貞于孟陬兮，惟庚寅吾以降；
皇覽揆余于初度兮，肇錫餘以嘉名；
名餘曰正則兮，字餘曰靈均；
紛吾既有此內美兮，又重之以修能；
扈江離與辟芷兮，紉秋蘭以為佩；
汨餘若將不及兮，恐年歲之不吾與；
朝搴阰之木蘭兮，夕攬洲之宿莽；
日月忽其不淹兮，春與秋其代序；
惟草木之零落兮，恐美人之遲暮；
不撫壯而棄穢兮，何不改乎此度？
乘騏驎以馳騁兮，來吾導夫先路。

Translation:

Leave Sores

Ode I

His Majesty descends from Lord Goryan,
And my late father was called Sir Boryon.
On a date when all things again did spawn,
At an auspicious moment I was born.
My father thus gave me a graceful name,
Wishing me to fulfill a lofty aim.
He named me Chansor the Upright,
And then adorned me with Rimgent the Bright.
With all inner virtues I am refined,
And in me competence folks also find.
In parsleys and rosemaries I'm attired,
And with thymes as jade band I get admired.
Seeing waves fleeting I lament the time,
As I need it to reach those goals sublime.
At dawns I pick the fair magnolia flowers,
And bank-side immortal herbs at late hours.
Days and months hurry by without delay,
And springs and autumns take each other's way.
I fear grass withers and dead leaves fall,
And beauties reach old age, which waits for all.
My Lord fails to keep off the base and mean,
Why not change the foul ways while young and green?
I ride a steed as fast as a sun-ray;
Come, and permit me to show you the way!

二、

昔三後之純粹兮，固眾芳之所在；
雜申椒與菌桂兮，豈維紉夫蕙芷；
彼堯舜之耿介兮，既遵道而得路；
何桀紂之猖披兮，夫唯捷徑以窘；
惟夫党人之偷樂兮，路幽昧以險隘；
豈餘身之憚殃兮，恐皇輿之敗績；
忽奔走以先後兮，及前王之踵武；
荃不察餘之中情兮，反信讒而齎怒；
餘固知謇謇之為患兮，忍而不能舍也；
指九天以為正兮，夫唯靈修之故也；
初既與余成言兮，後悔遁而有他；
餘既不難夫離別兮，傷靈修之數化。

Translation:

Leave Sores

Ode II

There existed three sage kings in the past,
As elite flowers held to them firm and fast.
Peonies and lilies stood along with each other,
And lotuses weren't barred from one another.
Not only peonies to the clothes are fixed,
As roses and lilies are also mixed.
Lord Yore and Sam always had the right way,
And they were just and never went astray.
How barbarous Jack and Joe used to be;
Choosing the short cut they went loose and free.
Partisans indulge themselves in the dark,
And make the road a narrow blurring arc.
I fear not to me ill stars may occur,
But the royal carriage may go astir.
Following the late sage kings' traces,
Here and there I mark their long-lost faces.
My Lord cannot sense my real intentions;
He's furious with me at baseless mentions.
I know in counseling dangers may lurk;
Can I protect myself and fail my work?
I rely on Heaven to be our guide,
And in the Superb I try to confide.
We set to meet when dusk the earth submerged,
But half way in the journey he diverged.
He promised to keep his word on the start,
But changed his mind and decided to part.
Though parting wasn't such a hard affair,
Sad 'tis to see him as fickle as air.

三、

余既茲蘭之九畹兮，又樹蕙之百畝；
畦留夷與揭車兮，雜度蘅與方芷；
冀枝葉之峻茂兮，願蒞時乎吾將刈；
雖萎絕其亦何傷兮，哀眾芳之蕪穢；
眾皆競進以貪婪兮，憑不厭乎求索；
羌內恕己以量人兮，各興心而嫉妒；
忽馳騫以追逐兮，非餘心之所急；
老冉冉其將至兮，恐修名之不立；
朝飲木蘭之墜露兮，夕餐秋菊之落英；
苟餘情其信姱以練要兮，長顛頤亦何傷；
攬木根以結芷兮，貫薜荔之落蕊；
矯菌桂以紉蕙兮，索胡繩之纒纒；
謇吾法夫前修兮，非世俗之所服；
雖不周於今之人兮，願依彭鹹之遺則！

Translation:

Leave Sores

Ode III

I grow fair orchids on a boundless land,
And plant pure lilies on a fenceless strand.
And I cultivate a grove of parasol trees,
Mixed with cypresses on their furry knees.
That their leafy boughs heavenward would leap!
That their rich harvest one day I would reap!
Why regret that petals wither and die?
I hate to see they among tares do lie.
People compete to satiate their greed,
And there is no bound to their lustful need.
They measure men's minds and pardon their own;
Evils and envy take their hearts of stone.
To run about and seek for gains and fame,
It is not my final and desired aim.
Toddling old age is approaching me,
I fear a good name 'tis hard there to be.
I drink magnolia's dewdrops at dawn's sight,
And eat fallen daisy buds in twilight.
If my wish is fair and viable indeed,
Why pity if a pauper's life I lead?
Onto trunks rosemary petals are hung,
And fallen buds of lotuses are strung.
Fine ropes are made of violet vines plaited,
With orchid stalks laurels are well mated.
Those I'm following are sages of old,
Not those worldly-wise shameless and bold.
To my fellow men I'm but an outcast,
Yet I'm sailing after Bonson's own mast.

四、

長太息以掩涕兮，哀民生之多艱；
余雖好修姱以鞿羈兮，謇朝諝而夕替；
既替餘以蕙纒兮，又申之以攬芷；
亦餘心之所善兮，雖九死其尤未悔；
怨靈修之浩蕩兮，終不察夫民心。
眾女疾餘之蛾眉兮，謠諑謂餘以善淫；
固時俗之工巧兮，偭規矩而改錯；
背繩墨以追曲兮，競周容以為度；
忼郁邑餘挈僦兮，吾獨窮困乎此時也；
寧溘死以流亡兮，餘不忍為此態；
鸞鳥之不群兮，自前世而固然；
何方圜之能周兮，夫孰異道而相安；
屈心而抑志兮，忍尤而攘詬；
伏清白以死直兮，固前聖之所厚。

Translation:

Leave Sores

Ode IV

With many a sad cry and deep long sigh,
I weep that pangs loom in this human sty.
I'm bound for I favor what's high and bright,
And for counseling I'm dismissed overnight.
He first sacked me for my rosemary band,
Then charged me with holding peonies in hand.
Virtues I treasure and evils defy;
Why regret if a thousand times I die?
Oh what a loose life the Superb does lead!
And the hearts of people he fails to read.
The courtesans envy my worm-shaped brows,
Back-biting me just as many a louse.
The time-tiders are cunning and clever;
They know what standards to change and sever.
Aiming for the curved, they kick off the straight,
They weigh the outlook and a formless state.
Oh that I am frustrated and forlorn,
Being alone flung onto time's own thorn.
I'd rather die or be thrown on exile,
Than be reduced to such a shameless style.
Away from common birds the fierce one stands,
As has been practiced alongside time's sands.
What's circular can never be oblong.
What's doggerel can't be a holy song.
With dwarfed ambitions and a repressed heart,
I bear many a wrongful verbal dart.
To live a pure soul and die a just man,
That's what a sage-follower must do and can.

五、

悔相道之不察兮，延佇乎吾將反；
回朕車以複路兮，及行迷之未遠；
步余馬于蘭皋兮，馳椒丘且焉止息；
進不入以離尤兮，退將複修吾初服；
制芰荷以為衣兮，集芙蓉以為裳；
不吾知其亦已兮，苟餘情其信芳；
高餘冠之岌岌兮，長余佩之陸離；
芳與澤其雜糅兮，唯昭質其猶未虧；
忽反顧以遊目兮，將往觀乎四荒；
佩繽紛其繁飾兮，芳菲菲其彌章；
民生各有所樂兮，余獨好修以為常；
雖體解吾猶未變兮，豈餘心之可懲。

Translation:

Leave Sores

Ode V

Pity of roads I had not a clear sight;
Being trapped, I will go back to the right.
I turn my carriage towards the start spot,
As far away from that place I'm still not.
I walk my horse on the magnolia crest;
I hurry to the spice mound and there rest.
I helped to govern, but was retorted;
Retreating, to my old clothes I've resorted.
Into garments lily buds I do turn;
To wear lotus buds as clothes I do yearn.
What matters if I am not understood?
Since pure in deed is my innermost mood!
I wear my hat high up into the sky;
I fling my pendant as if it would fly.
My pendant is fragrant as well as bright,
Whose texture forever gives off pure light.
I suddenly turn back and look around,
And to the four outposts I'll make my round.
With trinkets the pendant does shine;
With strong aroma it looks calm and fine.
Each man has what he likes and hates;
I alone hold on to my refined tastes.
To be dismembered would not make me kneel;
I'm not as punishable as an eel.

六、

女嬃之嬋媛兮，申申其詈予。
曰：“鮌婞直以亡身兮，終然天乎羽之野；
汝何博謔而好修兮，紛獨有此姱節；
賚葦菴以盈室兮，判獨離而不服；
眾不可戶說兮，孰雲察餘之中情；
世並舉而好朋兮，夫何瑩獨而不予聽。”
依前聖以節中兮，喟憑心而曆茲；
濟沅湘以南征兮，就重華而陳詞：
“啟《九辯》與《九歌》兮，夏康娛以自縱；
不顧難以圖後兮，五子用乎家巷；
羿淫遊以佚畋兮，又好射夫封狐；
固亂流其鮮終兮，汜又貪夫厥家；
澆身被服強圉兮，縱欲而不忍；
日康娛而自忘兮，厥首用夫顛隕；

Translation:

Leave Sores

Ode VI

Concerned with my ill-starred miserable fate,
My elder sister to my does relate:
“Sir Gun for his righteousness was renowned,
And on the plain of Y ü he was death-bound.
Why stay so disciplined and out-spoken,
Showing fine tastes as a unique token?
With all kinds of common flowers in your house,
You keep them away as many a louse.
People find it so hard to explain;
Who dare say he can enter your mind’s vein?
To thrive as partisans people do tend;
Accept my counsel and take up this trend!
Following the sages’ middle way,
I subdue my outrage up to today.
Wading Yuen and Champs I southward did go,
To reason with Chunghwa and get to know:
“Lord Chee stole *Nine Arguments* and *Nine Songs*,
To loosen himself among noisy throngs.
He failed to avoid risks, without plans ahead,
So against him rebel men his son led.
Lord Yee went loose and liked to hunt and shoot,
And foxes were what he most liked to loot.
Licentious kings rarely had a smooth life,
As Sir Hansau killed him and claimed his wife.
No one matched Lord Hanore in terms of strength;
Seeking pleasure, he reached whatever length.
He went top down and lost himself in joys,
And his head fell to loud and rheumy noise.

夏桀之常違兮，乃遂焉而逢殃；
後辛之菹醢兮，殷宗用之不長；
湯禹儼而祇敬兮，周論道而莫差；
舉賢才而授能兮，循繩墨而不頗；
皇天無私阿兮，攬民德焉錯輔；
夫維聖哲以茂行兮，苟得用此下土；
瞻前而顧後兮，相觀民之計極；
夫孰非義而可用兮，孰非善而可服；
阽余身而危死兮，攬余初其猶未悔；
不量鑿而正衲兮，固前修以菹醢。”
曾歔歔余鬱邑兮，哀朕時之不當；
攬茹蕙以掩涕兮，沾餘襟之浪浪。

Jack the Tyrant oft acted against common sense,
So he came to his death horrid and tense.
Joe the Tyrant killed the faithful and true,
And so his Yin Dynasty went broke too.
Lord Tom and Y ü were solemn and polite;
King Wen lagged not behind in wisdom's might.
They employed worthy and competent men,
And governed with the correct how-and-when.
Heaven is fair and loses not its rule,
And supports virtuous people as a tool.
Those sage kings alone could be wise and fair,
And the whole world was put under their care.
Looking into the future and the past,
I behold the goal for men that are cast.
Could we do unjust things in unjust ways?
Could we carry out deeds wicked and base?
Though I'm in danger of traumatic death,
I regret not old dreams of lofty breath.
Not submitting what's round to what's square,
Sages came across ill stars here and there.
With many a sigh, with many a tear,
I deplore I'm but time's discarded spear.
With orchid petals I wipe my streaming eyes,
Whose tears wash my clothes and stifle my sighs!

Translator List in English and Chinese

(in alphabetical order by family names)

1. Chen Shangzheng.....陳尚真
2. Cheng Xiaohong.....陳小紅
3. Fu Xia.....傅霞
4. Li Rui.....李睿
5. Long Jingyao.....龍靖遙
6. Tang Yaqi.....唐亞琪
7. Wang Wen.....王雯
8. Zhang Jinwen.....張錦文
9. Zhang Guangkui.....張廣奎
10. Zhao Gu.....趙嘏

About *Verse Version*

About *Verse Version*

Verse Version, a professional platform for worldwide communication of English and Chinese poetry, founded by Zhang Guangkui who is a scholar and poet, is a nonprofit quarterly journal publishing English and Chinese poetry with corresponding translations. As a comprehensive journal composed of both literary and academic elements, it pursues appropriate introduction and translation of English and Chinese poetry and aims to encourage studies relevant to poetry and poetics. The journal is registered with ISSN 2051-526X in the United Kingdom, published by LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

About Contributions

The journal welcomes manuscripts from all over the world. The manuscripts and versions should be authorized and submitted by the original writer/translator or the agent of the writer/translator (labels from authorized sources are required). Any responsibility related to copyright disputes should be undertaken by the author/translator. Please send your contributions to verseversion@163.com. The original and translation should be sent in the form of Microsoft Word in the following order—a brief introduction of the author, a brief introduction of the translator, original poem, the original source of the material, and translation. The postal address, email address and telephone number are necessary too. Contributions sent in wrong formats will not be accepted. The right is reserved by our editors to make appropriate revision for translation. For the lack of financial sponsors, no royalty will be paid, and if paper publications are wanted, you are expected to pay the basic costs.

Copyright

Verse Version holds all rights, title and interest in and to the information and content; everything belonging to *Verse Version* should not be reproduced or stored in any other journal or website without our consent. The materials of *Verse Version* are protected by copyright, international pacts and other intellectual property laws. Unauthorized use of *Verse Version* or misuse of any information or content posted on *Verse Version* is strictly prohibited. Any violation will be held legally responsible in accordance with the current laws and regulations.

Contact

Website: [http:// www.verseversion.com](http://www.verseversion.com)

Editorial Email Address: verseversion@163.com

Editorial Office: School of Foreign Languages, Guangdong University of Finance & Economics, Guangzhou, 510320 China

關於《詩譯》

關於《詩譯》

作為英漢詩歌譯介和交流的專業平臺，張廣奎先生創辦、主編的英國註冊期刊《詩·譯》(Verse Version)是以詩歌譯介和詩學研究為宗旨、兼文學與學術為一體的非營利季刊。《詩·譯》欄目包括《英詩東渡》、《漢韻西遊》、《英語詩人及詩歌推薦》和《漢語詩人及詩歌推薦》。本期刊由英國獅人出版有限公司（LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD）出版發行，國際標準刊號為 ISSN 2051-526X。

關於徵稿

本刊歡迎各界人士投稿，歡迎譯者及詩人提供自譯詩歌（需標注所選詩歌的紙質權威出處）或原創雙語詩歌。譯者向本期刊投稿時，所有翻譯稿件必須經過原作者或其代理人授權。翻譯稿件必須由譯者或原作者向本雜誌投稿。凡未經原作者或譯者授權而向本刊投稿所造成的版權糾紛問題，由作者或譯者本人承擔，本期刊概不負責。所有稿件請以 Microsoft Word 附件發送至編輯部郵箱：verseversion@163.com。其中，內容的編輯順序為：作者簡介、譯者簡介、原創詩作、原詩出處、詩作譯文，並在最後附上作者或譯者的通信地址、電子郵件和聯繫電話。本刊保留對譯文微調或修正的權利。由於期刊本著推進詩歌發展的服務宗旨出版發行，概不收取任何版面費，但由於經費緊張，也不支付任何稿費或版稅，同時，本期刊不贈樣刊。如果作者或譯者需要本刊紙質出版物，需按刊物定價付費，郵資到付。

版權聲明

本期刊所有作品版權歸原作者或譯者所有；經本期刊或作者、譯者同意，使用本期刊內容時，請務必注明出處；本期刊保留所有解釋權。

聯繫方式

網址: [http:// www.verseversion.com](http://www.verseversion.com)

編輯部電子郵箱：verseversion@163.com

中國編輯部地址：廣東省廣州市命頭路 21 號廣東財經大學外國語學院
郵編：510320