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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangku

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**To our honourable
poets, readers and translators**

English-Chinese Version

Cupid and My Campaspe¹

John Lyly²

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows,
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how),
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! Has she done this for thee?
What shall (alas) become of me?

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 207.

² John Lyly (1554–1606) was an English writer, poet, dramatist, playwright, and politician, best known for his books *Euphues*, *The Anatomy of Wit* (1578) and *Euphues and His England* (1580).

Translation:

爱神与我的康帕

约翰·利利

爱神和我的康帕玩斗叶游戏，
赢取拥吻；爱神赔光了一切。
他赌上了箭袋，弩弓，神箭，
他母亲的白鸽和一大群花雀，
这些他全输掉；然后他抛下，
唇角的珊瑚（当然无人知会），
一朵玫瑰正绽放在他脸庞上；
接着他眉宇间的成串水晶珠，
以及他面颊上那对精美笑靥：
所有一切都让我的康帕赢走。
最后他赌上了他珍贵的双眼；
她一样赢走，爱神茫然呆立。

呵，爱神！她是如此地对你？

啊，那我将变成怎般的模样？

（赵嘏 译）

When the Lamp is Shatter'd¹

Percy Bysshe Shelly²

When the lamp is shatter'd
The light in the dust lies dead—
 When the cloud is scatter'd
The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
 When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

 As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
 The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute,—
 No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined
 Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

¹ G. B. Harrison, ed. *A Book of English Poetry*. Baltimore: Penguin Books Inc, 1958: 310.

² Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was an English romantic poet. He is perhaps best known for such classic poems as *Ozymandias*, *Ode to the West Wind*, *To a Skylark*, *Music, When Soft Voices Die*, *The Cloud* and *The Masque of Anarchy*, which are among the most popular and critically acclaimed poems in the English language.

Translation:

当明灯破碎了

珀西·比希·雪莱

当明灯破碎了，
光亮在尘埃中熄灭了——
当云朵飘散了，
彩虹的光辉就暗淡了。
当琵琶弦断了，
美妙的乐音被淡忘了；
当话说出口了，
甜蜜的音调便消逝了。

恰似乐音和华光
与明灯琴弦共消亡，
心灵之曲得不到回响，
当灵魂静默成殇，——
没有乐曲唯有挽歌，
如风掠过荒场
又如哀嚎的波浪
把死去水手的丧钟鸣响。

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
 The weak one is singled
The endure what it once possessed.
 O Love! Who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

 Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
 Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

Translation:

两颗心一旦融合，
爱便会离开精筑的暖巢；
 虚弱的一方
会为曾经拥有的独受煎熬。
 哎，爱！
你为世间一切的脆弱恻哀，
 为何却偏偏选中最脆弱的
为你的摇篮，家园，棺材？

 它用热情动摇你
如暴风把高空的乌鸦摇晃；
 理性会嘲笑你，
如冬日里当空的太阳。
 当叶落冷风袭，
你暖巢的橡木会枯凋，
 唯独剩下，
赤裸裸的你来面对嘲笑。

（唐亚琪 译）

To Death¹

Anne Finch²

O King of terrors, whose unbounded sway
All that have life must certainly obey;
The king, the Priest, the Prophet, all are thine,
Nor would ev'n God (in flesh) thy stroke decline.
My name is on thy roll, and sure I must
Increase thy gloomy kingdom in the dust.
My soul at this no apprehension feels,
But trembles at thy swords, thy racks, thy wheels;
Thy scorching fevers, which distract the sense,
And snatch us raving, unprepared, from hence;
At thy contagious darts, that wound the heads
Of weeping friends, who wait at dying beds.
Spare these, and let thy time be when it will;
My bus'ness is to die, and thine to kill.
Gently thy fatal scepter on me lay,
And take to thy cold arms, insensibly, thy prey.

¹Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 562.

² Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (1661–1720), was an English poet, the third child of Sir William Kingsmill of Sydmonton Court.

Translation:

致死神

安妮·芬奇

噢！死亡之神啊，您至高无上的权威
世间生灵都无法违背；
国王，神父，先知，都是您的臣民，
连上帝（肉身）都无法拒绝您的旨意。
您的生死簿上刻着我的名字，想必
我会入土为您的王国增添一丝阴郁。
我的灵魂在此无所畏惧，
却因您的利剑、刑架和生死之轮而颤抖；
您灼烧的狂热，让我们分了神，
又趁我们错乱不备夺了我们的命；
您那蔓延的飞镖，伤及
了友人，他们在垂死的床边哭泣。
宽恕吧，让您在将至之时来临；
我负责死去，您负责取命。
您将致命的权杖温柔地指向我，
漠然地，将猎物揽进你冰冷的手臂。

（唐亚琪 译）

To Helen¹

Edgar Allan Poe²

Helen, thy beauty is to me

Like those Nicean barks of yore,

That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,

The weary, way-worn wanderer bore

To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,

Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,

Thy Naiad airs have brought me home

To the glory that was Greece

And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche

How statue-like I see thee stand,

The agate lamp within thy hand!

Ah! Psyche, from the regions which

Are Holy Land!

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 975.

² Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849) was an American author, poet, editor, and literary critic, considered part of the American Romantic Movement. Best known for his tales of mystery and the macabre, Poe was one of the earliest American practitioners of the short story, and is generally considered the inventor of the detective fiction genre.

Translation:

致海伦

爱德加·爱伦·坡

海伦，你的美丽于我
一如尼斯之桅船，
妙曼地拂过芬芳的汪洋，
满负着疲倦的羈子
驶向那故土的彼岸。

久于这浩淼大海上漂泊，
你飘逸的秀发，典雅的面庞
水神般的雅姿带我返航，
返回希腊那往昔的辉煌，
返回罗马那旧时的壮丽。

看！在那壁龛似的明窗里
你宛若玉雕，娉婷凝立，
手持杯盏玛瑙华灯，
啊！塞姬女神，神圣的天国
才是你的故园！

（赵嘏 译）

We Wear the Mask¹

Paul Laurence Dunbar²

We wear the mask that grins and lies,
It hides our cheeks and shades our eyes—
This debt we pay to human guile;
With torn and bleeding hearts we smile,
And mouth with myriad subtleties.

Why should the world be over-wise,
In counting all our tears and sighs?
Nay, let them only see us, while
We wear the mask.

We smile, but, O great Christ, our cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
We sing, but oh the clay is vile
Beneath our feet, and long the mile;
But let the world dream otherwise,
We wear the mask!

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 1223.

² Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872–1906) was an African-American poet, novelist, and playwright of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Much of his popular work in his lifetime used a Negro dialect, which helped him become one of the first nationally-accepted African-American writers.

Translation:

我们戴着面具

保罗·劳伦斯·邓巴

戴着面具，我们嬉笑、撒谎，
收埋容颜，遮蔽目光——
此债是为狡诈人性所偿；
带着撕裂滴血的心，我们微笑着，
嘴角透着道不尽的诡秘。

何故世人太过精明，
数尽我们的眼泪和叹息？
别，别让他们看到我们，除非，
我们带着面具。

我们微笑着，但，伟大的主啊，
我们备受磨折的灵魂在向你哭喊。
我们歌唱着，但足下绵延的泥土啊
是如此污浊肮脏
但是让世人去幻想吧，
我们带着面具。

（唐亚琪 译）

Villanelle of the Poet's Road¹

Ernest Dowson²

Wine and woman and song,
Three things garnish our way:
Yet is day over long.

Lest we do our youth wrong,
Gather them while we may:
Wine and woman and song.

Three things render us strong,
Vine leaves, kisses and bay:
Yet is day over long.

Unto us they belong,
Us the bitter and gay,
Wine and woman and song.

We, as we pass along,
Are sad that they will not stay;
Yet is day over long.

Fruits and flowers among,
What is better than they:
Wine and woman and song?
Yet is day over long.

¹Biblio Bazaar, ed. *The Poems and Prose of Ernest Dowson*. New York: BiblioLife, 2006:106.

² Ernest Dowson (1867-1900), English poet. Dowson wrote fragile, sensuous poetry voicing regret for the passing of youth and beauty, the denial of love, and the rejection of pleasure. His best-known poem is "Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae sub Regno Cynarae".

Translation:

诗人的路

欧尼斯特·道森

人生有三件：
酒、色、歌，
可惜啊，夜晚促短。

年老前将他们收集，
以免时不我待：
酒、色、歌。

坚强有三友：
葡萄藤叶、月桂和亲吻，
可惜啊，夜晚促短。

无论欢乐哀愁
皆能陪伴我们左右
酒、色、歌。

人生不断前行，
总有人 and 事将我们离弃，
可惜啊，夜晚促短。

鲜果和鲜花，
谁能比它更美：
酒、色、歌，
可惜啊，夜晚促短。

(葛丽 译)

The Scholars¹

William Butler Yeats²

Bald heads forgetful of their sins,

Old, learned, respectable bald heads

Edit and annotate the lines

That young men, tossing on their beds,

Rhymed out in love's despair

To flatter beauty's ignorant ear.

All shuffle there; all cough in ink;

All wear the carpet with their shoes;

All think what other people think;

All know the man their neighbour knows.

Lord, what would they say

Did their Catullus walk that way?

¹Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 1193.

² The Irish poet and dramatist William Butler Yeats (1865–1939) was perhaps the greatest poet of the 20th century. He won the Noble Prize for literature in 1923 and was the leader of the Irish Literary Renaissance.

Translation:

学者

威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

秃头的人们忘记了他们的罪恶，
博学可敬的老秃头们，
编辑，注释那些年轻人
夜里辗转反侧，为爱绝望，
谱成的诗行，
去奉承美人无知的耳旁。

全都步履蹒跚，对墨咳嗽，
全都用鞋子将地毯磨损，
全都想别人之所想，
全都认识邻里的熟悉人，
上帝，他们要讲些什么，
难道伽图也像这样走路？

（刘旭丽 译）

Trees in the Garden¹

D. H. Lawrence²

Ah in the thunder air
How still the trees are!

And the lime-tree, lovely and tall, every leaf silent
Hardly loses even a last breath of perfume.

And the ghostly, creamy coloured little tree of leaves
White, ivory white among the rambling greens
How evanescent, variegated elder, she hesitates on the green grass
As if, in another moment, she would disappear
With all her grace of foam!

And the larch that is only a column, it goes up too tall to see:
And the balsam-pines that are blue with the grey-blue blueness of
 things from the sea,
And the young copper beech, its leaves red-rosy at the ends
How still they are together, they stand so still
In the thunder air, all strangers to one another
As the green grass glows upwards, strangers in the garden.

Lichtental.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition)*. London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 1289.

² David Herbert Lawrence (1885–1930) was an English novelist, poet, playwright, essayist, literary critic and painter. His collected works, among other things, represent an extended reflection upon the dehumanizing effects of modernity and industrialisation.

Translation:

花园里的树

D·H·劳伦斯

啊，雷鸣轰隆的空中
大树却岿然不动！

美丽高大的菩提树，每一片叶都静默
不再散发最后一息芬芳。

而幽灵般的，奶油色的小树，
纯白的，乳白的叶子点缀在蔓生的绿丛
多么纤细、斑驳的接骨木，她在青草地踌躇，
仿佛，转瞬间，她就会消失
连同她一袭泡沫的优雅。

那落叶松就是一杆柱，参天望不见顶：
蓝色的冷杉，透着来自海洋的灰蓝，

年轻的紫色山毛榉，叶梢一抹瑰红
它们如此平静地在一起，平静地站立
在雷鸣轰隆的空中，彼此陌生，
如向上蔓长的青草，寂静花园里的陌生人。

里赫登塔尔

（唐亚琪 译）

Flight after Light

Zhang Guangkui¹

Holding me, Night.

Wrapping me, Dark.

Seizing me, Black.

Rescue me! Bright!

Free me! Night!

Drag me! Light!

¹ Zhang Guangkui (张广奎), a poet, translator and Professor of Literature at Guangdong University of Finance and Economics.

Translation:

追赶光明

张广奎

抱紧我，黑夜！

包好我，黑暗！

收留我，忧郁！

解救我吧，光明！

放了我吧，黑夜！

把我从黑暗拖起！

（张广奎 译）

Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow

Tang Yaqi¹

Yesterday

Was the lingering aroma of flirting gauze
The scratching left by piercing wind
Was memory, and regret

Today

Is the fallen petals flying in mid air
The blood flowing under the vein
Is incessancy, and unawareness

Tomorrow

Is the yet to be finished to-do-list
The yet to break awaited dawn
Is the excuse, and hope

¹ Tang Yaqi (唐亚琪), a young poetess and translator at Guangdong University of Finance & Economics.

Translation:

昨天，今天，明天

唐亚琪

昨天

是轻纱拂过的余香
是寒风划过的割痕
是回味，是遗憾

今天

是半空飞扬的落英
是静脉流淌的血液
是不驻，是不觉

明天

是未完成的计划单
是待破晓的海平面
是借口，是希望

(唐亚琪 译)

Chinese-English Version

闺怨¹

王昌龄²

闺中少妇不知愁，
春日凝妆上翠楼。
忽见陌头杨柳色，
悔教夫婿觅封侯。

¹ 周啸天. 唐宋绝句鉴赏辞典. 合肥: 安徽文艺出版社, 2010: 69.

² Wang Changling (王昌龄, 698–757) was a major Tang Dynasty poet. He is best known for his poems describing battles in the frontier regions of western China.

Translation:

Regret in a Boudoir

Wang Changling

In a boudoir, a young lady is free from th' sorrow,
On a spring day, dressed well to the tower she climbs.
Of a sudden, by the roadside she sees the green willow,
Which brings regret for sending her husband away to seek fames.

(Trans. Liu Manling)

终南望余雪¹

祖咏²

终南阴岭秀，
积雪浮云端。
林表明霁色，
城中增暮寒。

¹ 周啸天. 唐宋绝句鉴赏辞典. 合肥: 安徽文艺出版社, 2010: 97.

² Zu Yong (祖咏, 699-746) was a Chinese poet of Tang Dynasty. Most of his poems are about pastoral and seclusion.

Translation:

Snow Remaining on Zhongnan Mountain

Zu Yong

Elegant is Zhongnan Mountain's shady side,
Layers of white snow floating on the edge of the cloud.
The setting sun dyes the face of the forest, so bright,
While the evening comes to the town, so cold.

(Trans. Liu Manling)

山花子¹

李璟²

手卷真珠上玉钩，
依前春恨锁重楼。
风里落花谁是主？
思悠悠。

青鸟不传云外信，
丁香空结雨中愁。
回首绿波三楚暮，
接天流。

¹ 李煜. 李煜词集. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 2013:97.

² Li Jing (李璟, 916–961) was the second ruler of imperial China's Southern Tang state during the Five Dynasties and Ten Kingdoms period.

Translation:

Tune: Shan Hua Zi¹

Li Jing

Rolling the bead curtain with jade hook,
Still gloomy, when standing in the high place to overlook.
Who is the owner of the fallen flower flying in wind?
Melancholy thought is the only I took.

The bird messenger hasn't brought news from distant people,
The lilacs bloom in the rain with depressing purple.
When I turn around to see the green Sanchu in the twilight,
It is pouring down from the sky with fierce ripple.

(Trans. Wang Wen)

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

踏莎行¹

欧阳修²

候馆梅残，
溪桥柳细。
草薰风暖摇征辔。
离愁渐远渐无穷，
迢迢不断如春水。

寸寸柔肠，
盈盈粉泪。
楼高莫近危阑倚。
平芜尽处是春山，
行人更在春山外。

¹ 欧阳修. 欧阳修词集. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 2013: 15.

² Ouyang Xiu (欧阳修, 1007–1073) was one of most famous Chinese poet of the Song Dynasty, born in Lulin(now Ji'an, Jiangxi).

Translation:

Tune: Treading on Grass¹

Ouyang Xiu

Plum trees besides the hostel leave little blossom,
And willows by the stream have sent out new leaves.
Grass dances in gentle breeze and traveler's bridle swings.
My homesick grows stronger as I go further away,
Just like the flowing spring stream without a break.

She must be dolorous,
And her tears must be endless.
Don't lean on the high rail to see the sentimental view.
Spring mountains stretch long to the horizon,
But the traveller is wandering far beyond the mount region.

(Trans. Wang Wen)

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

登鹳雀楼¹

王之涣²

白日依山尽，
黄河入海流。
欲穷千里目，
更上一层楼。

¹ 顾青. 唐诗三百首. 北京: 中华书局, 2009: 292.

² Wang Zhihuan (王之涣, 688–742) was a Chinese poet of the Tang dynasty. He is known for his famous poem entitled "On the Stork Tower" (登鹳雀楼).

Translation:

Climbing the Stork Tower

Wang Zhihuan

The sun sets by mountain-side,
Yellow River meets sea just right.
Longing for a thousand-li sight,
One needs another storey's height.

(Trans. Wang Yana)

窗外¹

康白情²

窗外的闲月

紧恋着窗内蜜也似的相思。

相思都恼了，

她还涎着脸儿在墙上相窥。

回头月也恼了，

一抽身儿就没了。

月倒没了；

相思倒觉着舍不得了。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系 (1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2010: 67.

² Kang Beiqing (康白情) was a famous Chinese poet during the May Fourth Movement.

Translation:

Beyond the Window

Kang Baiqing

The idle moon beyond the window

Is deeply obsessed by the honey lovesickness inside.

Even lovesickness pissed off,

She is still shamelessly staring on the wall.

Turn-round moon, too, piseed off,

Shrink away and disappear.

Without the moon,

Lovesickness is felt ever more.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

秋¹

朱自清²

惨澹的长天板着脸望下瞧着，
小院里两株亭亭的绿树掩映着。
一阵西风吹来，他们的叶子都颤起来了，
仿佛怕摇落的样子——
西风是报信的？
呀！飒飒地又下雨了，
叶子被打得格外颤了。
雨里一个人立着，不声不响的，
也在颤着；
好久，他才张开两臂低声说，
“秋天来了！”

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系（1917-1927）. 北京：人民文学出版社，2010: 188.

² Zhu Ziqing (朱自清, 1898-1948) was a renowned Chinese poet and essayist. Zhu studied at Peking University, and during the May Fourth Movement became one of several pioneers of modernism in China in 1920s. Zhu was a prolific writer of both prose and poetry.

Translation:

The Fall

Zhu Ziqing

With the deadpan face gloomy sky glancing the ground,
The little country-yard was with two slender tree covered.
With a storm of com' west wind, all the leaves shivered,
Seeming to be scared of falling——
Did the west wind deliver messages?
Ah! Again the rain rustled,
The leaves were beaten to tremble.
In the rain, one was silently standing,,
Shaking as well;
For ages, he stretched his arms murmuring,
“The fall is coming!”

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

失望¹

梁宗岱²

明媚的清晨，
我把口琴儿呜呜地吹。

金丝鸟听见了，
以为是他的伴侣；
飞来窗前菁幽的竹林上探望，
便又失望地飞去了。

黑蝴蝶听见了，
以为是蜜蜂采花的嗡嗡声；
从窗前菁幽的竹林上飞过来，
便又失望地飞去了。

失望的朋友们呵！
怎的我不是你的伴侣？

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系（1917-1927）. 北京：人民文学出版社，2010：242.

² Liang Zongdai (梁宗岱, 1903-1983) was a modern poet, translator and literary critic in China.

Translation:

Disappointment

Liang Zongdai

In the shining morning,
I played harmonica happily.

A canary heard it,
As his mates misinterpreting it;
And flied to look out in the quiet bamboo 'fore the window,
Then flied away disappointedly.

A black butterfly heard it,
As the buzzing of bees misunderstanding it;
And flied from the quiet bamboo 'fore the window,
Then flied away disappointedly.

All disappointed friends,
Shouldn't I be one of your mates?

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

夕暮¹

郭沫若²

一群白色的绵羊，
团团睡在天上，
四围苍老的荒山，
好像瘦狮一样。

昂头望着天
我替羊儿危险，
牧羊的人哟，
你为甚么不见？

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系（1917-1927）. 北京：人民文学出版社，2010：320.

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:

Nightfall

Guo Moruo

A herd of white sheep
Is sleeping in the sky as a ball.
The surrounding deserted hill
Seems like a skeleton lion.

Raising the head to watch the sky
I am scared for the herd of sheep.
Ah, the shepherd,
Why don't you see that?

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

到邮局去¹

应修人²

异样闪眼的繁的灯。
异样醉心的轻的风。
我袋着那封信，
那封紧紧地封了的信。

异样闪眼的繁的灯。
异样醉心的轻的风。
手指儿近了信箱时，
再仔细看看信面字。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系 (1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2010: 395.

² Ying Xiuren (应修人, 1900-1933) was a Chinese Modern writer. He collaborated on a collection of poems Lakeside with Pan Mohua and others in 1922.

Translation:

To Postoffice

Ying Xiuren

The peculiar sparkling light.

The peculiar intoxicating soft wind.

I took with that letter,

That carefully sealed letter.

The peculiar sparkling light.

The peculiar intoxicating soft wind.

I checked the words on th' envelope,

Which are falling into mailbox.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Christopher Marlowe

Christopher Marlowe (1564–1593) was an English dramatist, poet and translator of the Elizabethan era. Marlowe is the foremost Elizabethan tragedian of his day. He greatly influenced William Shakespeare. Marlowe's plays are known for the use of blank verse and their overreaching protagonists.

Marlowe's major works include *Doctor Faustus*, *Tamburlaine* and *The Jew of Malta*. *Hero and Leander* is a poem by Christopher Marlowe that retells the Greek myth of Hero and Leander. It is an epyllion, a short epic poem in which Hero and Leander are lovers separated by the Hellespont, a narrow strip of water between Sestos and Abydos, the towns in which Hero and Leander live. The poem was first published posthumously, five years after Marlowe's demise. This poem is marked by Marlowe's unique style of extravagant fancy and violent emotion.

The following poem is translated by Cao Xiaolan, selected from the *Hero and Leander* (Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, Fifth Edition. London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 238).

克里斯托弗·马洛

克里斯托弗·马洛（1564 - 1593），英国伊丽莎白年代的剧作家、诗人及翻译家。马洛是伊丽莎白女王时期的一位重要悲剧作家，其对之后的威廉·莎士比亚产生了很大的影响。他的戏剧因无韵体式写作风格和夸张的人物个性而流芳百世。

马洛主要作品有《浮士德博士的悲剧》、《帖木儿大帝》和《马耳他岛的犹太人》。《希洛和琳达》，马洛的一首重要诗歌，重述了希腊神话希洛和琳达的爱情故事。它是一首小史诗，其主要故事情节为：希洛和琳达是一对爱人，他们居住在一个小镇，但因为一条连接塞斯托斯与阿比杜斯，名叫达达尼尔的海峡，致使他们分隔两地。这首诗在马洛死后五年才得以面世。诗歌充斥着马洛天马行空的想象力和强烈的个人情感。

以下诗歌，由曹晓安选译自《希洛和琳达》（Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry, Fifth Edition*. London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005:238）。

Hero and Leander

Christopher Marlowe

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite, two cities stood
Sea-borderers, disjoined by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and bordered with a gove
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;
Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reached to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives;
Many would praise the sweet smell as she passed,
When 'twas the odor which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey, bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble-stone,
Which, lightened by her neck, like diamonds shone.

Translation:

希洛和琳达

克里斯托弗·马洛

海峡里流淌着真爱之血，
两座城郭隔岸相望，
它们原本毗邻，却被阿波罗神力拆分，
一城在阿比杜，另一城称色斯托。
色斯托有美女希洛，
阿波罗为她的秀发着迷，
于是许以绝世宝座，
让芸芸众生能仰慕她的美色。
她身着芳草外衣，
紫绸衬里，金星闪动，
绿色的宽袖以树林镶边，
维纳斯曾赤身在那林间，
高傲的阿多尼斯横躺面前，
却无意对她留恋。
希洛身穿蓝色衣裙，上面血迹斑斑，
那是不幸的爱慕者被拒绝后自杀所溅，
她头戴桃金娘花冠，
面纱长长垂到地面，
面纱由手绣花叶织成，
却巧夺天工可以乱真。
人说她走过之处香气扑鼻，
却不知那香气来自她的呼吸，
引来蜜蜂欲把蜜采，
一次赶走，一次又来。
她项戴鹅卵石项链，
却被粉颈衬出钻石的光彩。

She ware no gloves, for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but to her mind
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells all silvered, used she,
And branched with blushing coral to the knee,
Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold;
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would chirrup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And looking in her face, was stricken blind.
But this is true: so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And with still panting rocked, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft;
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffered wrack,
Since Hero's time bath half the world been black.
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young,
(Whose tragedy divine Musaeus sung)
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.

Translation:

她没戴手套，因为太阳不会把她炙烤，
风沙也不会侵蚀她，只会随她心愿，
送上温暖或凉爽，趁机在指尖玩耍，
欣赏白皙和嫩滑。

她脚穿银色贝壳高筒靴，
红珊瑚的装饰直到膝间。

那里饰有镂空珍珠和黄金编成的麻雀，
精巧华美令世人叫绝。

侍女们把香水灌进雀嘴，
她一走动那麻雀就叫得悦耳清脆。

人们说丘比特对她恋恋不忘，
一看她的脸就会渴望而迷茫。

但有一点千真万确：他想象
希洛就是他母亲，因为两人一模一样。

因此他总是飞向她胸口，
双臂环绕她的颈项，

孩子气地把头靠在她的乳房，
伴随着缓慢的摇晃，他轻喘着静躺。

作为维纳斯的侍女，希洛美貌超常，
天地却为心疼她而啜泣，

认为她被夺走太多却被赋予甚少，
如此的美貌也已被辛劳消耗，

因为这样损失惨重，
从此半个世界被黑暗笼罩。

多情的林达住在阿比杜，
年轻美貌是他的全部，

（神圣的穆赛欧斯亦颂扬他的悲剧）
唯有他的事迹最令人悲悯。

His dangling tresses that were never shorn,
Had they been cut and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the vent'rous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the Golden Fleece.
Fair Cynthia wished his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipped out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpassed
The white of Pelops' shoulder. I could tell ye
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly,
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods; let it suffice
That my slack muses sings of Leander's eyes,
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamored of his beauty had he been;
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with nay
Was moved with him, and for his favor sought.

Translation:

他长发悬垂，从未修剪，
一旦剪下，直到科尔克斯的希腊青年
都会不顾一切要得到它，
就连金羊毛也比不过它。
美丽的月亮女神也垂涎他的怀抱，
求之不得，她黯然神伤。
他的身体笔直像赛斯的权杖，
朱庇特也曾就他之手饮过琼浆。
抚摩他的脖颈犹如品尝肥美的肉膏，
那白皙胜于珀罗普斯的香肩。
让我告诉你，
他的胸多么平滑，小腹多么白嫩；
谁的手指勾勒出这么完美的曲线，
背部的肌肉凹凸有致，
只是我的拙笔与神无法相比，
描绘不出这万人称赞的奇迹。
亦无需赘述，
缪斯的歌声也无法赞赏他的双眸，
那东方气质的面颊还有双唇，
若有双唇比这还美，宁愿跃入水中，
去亲吻那唇影，虽可得到任何人的爱慕，
他却宁死也不屑一顾。
林达曾与希波吕托斯相遇，
其美貌令他着迷。
居住广袤高地的粗鲁农人，
也为他的出现而动容。
野蛮且心志坚毅的色雷斯战士，
见到他也会失去斗志。

Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire:
A pleasant smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play;
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not throe own thrall,

 The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheeked Adonis, kept a solemn feast.
Thither resorted many a wandering guest
To meet their loves; such as had none at all
Came lovers home from this great festival;
For every street, like to a firmament,
Glistered with breathing stars, who, where they
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deemed
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seemed
As if another Phaetons had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.

Translation:

有人说他是女扮男装，
因为这样的容貌所有男人都想高攀。
双颊甜美微笑，双眸闪烁会说话，
眉间爱意流动宛如参加宴会在皇家。
正如已经知道他身为男子，便说，
“林达，你是为浪漫爱情而生。
为何得到所有爱，却没陷入爱？
虽然美轮美奂，却不为情所困。”
在富有的赛斯托，人们每年举办盛宴。
这盛宴是为了脸色红润的阿迪诺斯，
女神对他如此上心。
远方的客人聚集到那里，
渴望遇见心爱的人。却似乎根本找不到爱人，
他们只能悻悻从盛宴返回。
每条街道都似苍穹群星闪耀，
闪耀之处，忧郁的大地震颤，
以为不朽的天堂将要燃烧，
仿佛太阳神之子又要
驾着华美的太阳战车，
把人间变成灾难火场。

But, far above the loveliest, Hero shined,
And stole away the enchanted gazer's mind;
For like sea nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Nor that night-wandering pale and watery star
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling car
From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crowned with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more over-rules the flood,
Than she the hearts of those that near her stoop
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that viewed her were enamored on her
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-stro
So at her presence all, surprised and taken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favors lives, the other dies.
There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but alas, too late,
For faithful love will never turn to hate.

Translation:

而高高在上，最可爱的希洛焕发荣光，
偷走了沉醉的凝望者的心，
如海妖在诱惑哈莫尼，
她的美貌让观望者沉迷。
（飞龙懒洋洋拉着她的钻孔飞车，
从拉特摩斯山一直驶到黑色天空，
在亮光与庄严之中，
她端享加冕鞠躬。）
那在夜空游走，淡白如水的星，
带给人间洪水泛滥，寸步难行，
也不及她让周围充满了骚动的心。
象伊克西翁被缚在旋转的燃烧飞轮，
当妖冶的女妖们追逐飞奔，
怒气冲天，热血沸腾，
从松树皑皑的陡峭山巅追到平原。
众人也争相去端详她，
一看到她就爱上她。
决斗进行得你死我活，
竞争者有的送死有的逃走，
可怜的士兵面临死亡威胁，
直到她站在面前他们才惊艳臣服，
等待她不屑的判决。
受到她的青睐才能存活，否则只有死亡。
你可能看到一个人叹息，另一个生气，
还有人写下激情的讽刺诗
来缓和情绪，可是一切为时已晚，
真挚的爱绝不会转成怨恨。

And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pined as they went, and thinking on her, died.
On this feast day, oh, cursed day and hour!
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none;
The walls were of discolored jasper stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved, and o'erhead
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where, by one hand, light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out-wrun.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos called it Venus' glass;
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes;
For know that underneath this radiant floor
Was Danae's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slyly stealing from his sister's bed
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire to burn such towns as Troy;
Silvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turned into a cypress tree,
Under whose shade the wood gods love to be.

Translation:

很多高贵的王子也被拒绝，
离去也拂不去思绪，直至以死解决。
盛宴的这一天，不幸的一天，
穿过整个赛斯托，
希洛从她的塔楼来到维纳斯的神庙，
不知缘何而起，她们开始互相猜忌。
谁的殿堂都比不上维纳斯的壮美。
变色的玉石作墙
墙上塑有普罗忒斯的画像，
海水绿玛瑙的藤蔓蔓延顶上。
一边悬挂微醺的酒神，
一边压榨葡萄让美酒流淌。
殿中的通道象水晶般闪亮。
赛斯托镇的人称它维纳斯的玻璃宫。
你会见到各路天神
在这里翻云覆雨，寻欢作乐。
要知道，在这光芒四射的地板下面
有达娜的雕像在黄铜塔楼，
朱庇特从他姐姐的床上把它偷来，
只为与美少年加尼米德调笑，
因为他的爱欧罗巴放声叫吼，
最终跌入云端伴着彩虹；
跛足的伏尔甘与独眼巨人织就铁网，
战神马尔斯豪饮鲜血将它举起；
爱点燃烈焰燃烧特洛伊；
塞万努斯为这美男子哭泣，
现在被变成一棵丝柏树，
这位树神倒也乐意置身树荫。

And in the midst a silver altar stood;
There Hero sacrificing turtles' blood,
Veiled to the ground, veiling her eyelids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose;
Thence flew love's arrow with the golden head,
And thus Leander was enamored.
Stone still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his countenance blazed,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook;
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the course begin
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight;
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

He kneeled, but unto her devoutly prayed;
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said:
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him;"
And as she spake these words, came somewhat near him.
He started up; she blushed as one ashamed;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.

Translation:

树荫之间银质的祭坛伫立。
在这里，希洛以龟血祭祀，
她屈身跪地，双眼紧闭，
然后一边站起，才谦卑开启。
从那里射出金箭头的爱神箭，
如此林达中箭身陷。
他寸步难行，呆站凝视，
知道面容闪现爱的火花，
温柔的希洛芳心荡漾，
纯洁的爱意浮于她脸上。

凡人没有能力操持爱恨，
因为心中的欲望被命运左右。
当敞开胸怀，爱情其实还远未到来，
我们都会希望对方付出，自己索取。
而只要有真心付出，
就必然各有得失。
为何如此，无人能解释。
归根到底，是我们被双眼蒙蔽。
若两情相悦，爱便一劳永逸。
若曾爱过，怎能忘初次相见。

他单膝跪下，虔诚向她祈求。
单纯的希洛温柔低语，
“我是他梦寐以求的女神吗？我想听他告诉；”
当她这样倾诉，他也神情专注。
他猛然站起，令她满脸羞涩，
眼见如此，林达更是心动。

He touched her hand; in touching it she trembled;
Love deeply grounded hardly is dissembled.
These lovers parled by the touch of hands;
True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangles
The air with sparks of living fire was spangled,
And night, deep drenched in misty Acheron,
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day).
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire with words, with sighs, and tears,
Which like sweet music entered Hero's ears;
And yet at every word she turned aside,
And always cut him off as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her;
...

Translation:

轻抚她的玉手，令她开始颤抖，
爱情根深蒂固，完全不加掩饰。
爱意通过指尖传递，
真爱无需多语，自有美妙甜蜜。
当秋波暗送，渴望的心便痴缠在一起，
连空气也闪烁出激情四溢，
夜，沉浸在迷蒙的冥河，
略抬起头，黑暗就吞没半个世界，
黑的夜是丘比特的白昼。
于是林达开始展示神圣爱的火焰，
他柔情蜜语，泪流不止，
如甜美的音乐流进希洛耳里，
可听到这些，她便娇羞侧盼，
他继续纠缠，她不断打断他的言语。
最后，以他雄辩的口才，
希望满怀，穷追不舍；
...

(曹晓安 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Cao Pi

Cao Pi (187-226), courtesy name Zihuan, was the first emperor of the state of Cao Wei in the Three Kingdoms period. He was born in Qiao (present-day Bozhou, Anhui). In 220, Cao Pi forced Emperor Xian, the last ruler of the Han Dynasty, to abdicate the throne to him, and he proclaimed himself emperor and established the state of Cao Wei.

Cao Pi was an accomplished poet and scholar. He wrote “Yan Ge Xing” (燕歌行), the first Chinese poem in the style of seven syllables per line (七言诗). He also wrote over a hundred articles on various subjects.

These poems are selected and translated by Long Jingyao from *The collected Poems of Three Caos* (曹操, 曹丕, 曹植. 三曹诗选. 太原: 三晋出版社, 2008.) and *The Source of Ancient Poems* (沈德潜. 古诗源. 北京: 华夏出版社, 2001)。

曹丕

曹丕（187-226），字子桓，曹魏的开国皇帝，生于沛国谯（今安徽省亳州市）。公元 200 年，曹丕逼迫汉朝最后一个皇帝，献帝禅位，以魏代汉，结束了汉朝四百多年统治。

曹丕是中国三国时代杰出的诗人，其《燕歌行》是中国现存最早的文人七言诗。他的五言和乐府清绮动人，现存诗约四十首。

此处诗歌选自《三曹诗选》和《古诗源》由龙靖遥博士翻译。

杂诗

曹丕

漫漫秋夜长，烈烈北风凉。
辗转不能寐，披衣起彷徨。
彷徨忽已久，白露沾我裳。
俯视清水波，仰看明月光。
天汉回西流，三五正纵横。
草虫鸣何悲，孤雁独南翔。
郁郁多悲思，绵绵思故乡。
愿飞安得翼，欲济河无梁。
向风长叹息，断绝我中肠。

Translation:

A Medley Lay

Cao Pi

The autumn night lingers, long and forlorn,
And the frigid north wind howls like a horn.
Tossing around, in vain I try to sleep;
I get dressed and roam as a bereft fawn.
I wonder how long I've strolled in this way,
As heavy white dew-drops my clothes have borne.
Down there waves are rippling in the river,
And the bright moonlight the sky does adorn.
The Milky Way is reversing its flow,
Sparsely scattered the stars are seen to yawn.
The insects are chorusing, sad and weak;
The swan's flying south, gaunt and drawn.
Like heavy stones dreary thoughts fill my heart,
Which longs for the country where I was born.
I wish for a pair of wings to fly with,
And a bridge to cross waters hued with scorn.
I utter drawn-out sighs in the bleak wind,
Till sorrows have had my heart pierced and torn.

杂诗

曹丕

西北有浮云，亭亭如车盖。
惜哉时不遇，适与飘风会。
吹我东南行，行行至吴会。
吴会非我乡，安得久留滞。
弃置勿复陈，客子常畏人。

Translation:

A Medley Lay

Cao Pi

Loose clouds are flowing high in the northwest,

Forlorn as a canopy or crane crest.

Unluckily fortune has cast them off,

Hence they are thrust into storm's breast.

To the southeast the storm has blown me off,

Until I reached Woo and Quay for my nest.

Woo and Quay are not the hometown for me,

Can I stay there for a permanent rest?

Just stop mentioning this and let things be,

A road-side tramp is a men-fearing guest.

燕歌行

曹丕

秋风萧瑟天气凉，
草木摇落露为霜。
群燕辞旧鹄南翔，
念君客游多思肠。
慊慊思归恋故乡，
君何淹留寄他方？
贱妾茕茕守空牖，
忧来思君不能忘，
不觉泪下沾衣裳。
援琴鸣弦发清商，
明月皎皎照我床，
星汉西流夜未央。
牵牛织女遥相望，
尔独何辜限河梁？

Translation:

A Song of Yan

Cao Pi

The autumn wind renders things bleak and cold;
Dews turning frost, trees have withered and lolled.
Southbound, swans and swallows are leaving what's old,
With you away, who else would I behold?
Eager to come back to our own threshold,
Why do you linger in some distant fold?
Alone in the bleak room, with curtains rolled,
By sorrows and yearnings I am controlled,
And sad and dreary tears are hard to hold.
With the moon above my bed, bright and bold,
I bring out my harp and sad tunes are tolled,
And the midnight stars are gleaming like gold.
Loving Altair and Vega are well-poled,
Why fail the bridge and not follow their mold?

钓竿

曹丕

东越河济水，
遥望大海涯。
钓竿何珊珊，
鱼尾何簌簌。
行路之好者，
芳饵欲何为？

Translation:

Fishing Pole

Cao Pi

Crossing two rivers on my eastbound way,
I am watching the sea far, far away.
The fishing pole is shaking to and fro,
And the fish-tail is in brisk, jerky sway.
In vain, in vain, you roadside admirer,
Your fragrant bait can't make me go astray.

清河作

曹丕

方舟戏长水，
澹澹自浮沉。
弦歌发中流，
悲响有馀音。
音声入君怀，
凄怆伤人心。
心伤安所念？
但愿恩情深。

Translation:

Composed in Qing River

Cao Pi

The ark is floating in the river long,
Rising or falling, it has its own way.
From the waves songs are rising to music,
Sad and loud, as if there's more to say.
They fly about in tune with your mind,
So dreary as to drive one's heart at bay.
What would a broken heart long to embrace?
Benign love deep and forever to stay.

寡妇

曹丕

友人阮元瑜早亡，伤其妻寡居，为作是诗。

霜露纷兮交下，
木叶落兮凄凄。
候雁叫兮云中，
归燕翻兮徘徊。
妾心感兮惆怅，
白日忽兮西颓。
守长夜兮思君，
魂一夕兮九乖。
怅延伫兮仰视，
星月随兮天回。
徒引领兮入房，
窃自怜兮孤栖。
愿从君兮终没，
愁何可兮久怀。

Translation:

The Widow

Cao Pi

My friend Ruan Yu died young. I feel sorry for the life of his bereft wife, and hence the poem.

Oh how frosted dews fly and flow, cold and wet;
Oh how withered leaves dance and fall, brisk and dry;
Oh how swans wail in the clouds, long and sad;
Oh how swallows wander back home, awed and shy.
All these appeal to my senses, oh, how dreary,
And the sun is setting, oh, merely to die.
Braving the lone long nights, oh, how I miss you,
For a single night, oh, nine times Death drops by.
Roaming in distress, oh, I watch the heaven,
Bright or dim, oh, the moon and stars haunt the sky.
In vain to look up, oh, I turn for my room;
For my own widowed life, oh, I mourn and cry.
I wish to follow you, oh, even in death,
But dreams delayed, oh, angst forever stays nigh.

代刘勋妻王氏杂诗

曹丕

翩翩床前帐，
张以蔽光辉。
昔将尔同去，
今将尔同归。
絨藏篋笥里，
当复何时披。

谁言去妇薄，
去妇情更重。
千里不唾井，
况乃昔所奉。
远望未为遥，
踟蹰不得共。

Translation:

**Composed in the Person of Madam Wang, Wife
of Liu Xun**

Cao Pi

The screen's flowing smoothly before the bed,
Being put up to block the peeping light.
When I got married I brought you over,
And I am to bring you back home tonight.
Deep buried inside the bamboo casket,
When will you again be brought back to sight?

Who says a deserted wife's ungrateful?
About gratitude no one else knows more.
For a thousand miles I prize but one well,
Let alone the betrothed I served before.
He isn't far, far away beyond my look,
How pathetic we share not the same door.

令诗

曹丕

丧乱悠悠过纪，
白骨从横万里，
哀哀下民靡恃。
吾将以时整理，
复子明辟致仕。

Translation:

Composed at the Order of the Crown Prince

Cao Pi

Such a state of chaos has lingered far too long,
White bones scatter the land for ten thousand miles strong,
And mournful people know not to whom they belong.
In accordance with the time I'll correct all that's wrong,
And hand over the reign back to you for a song.

(龙靖遥 译)

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