



Forum: Chinese 詞話 - 蘇軾 卜算子

Topic: 卜算子... 蘇軾 卜算子 蘇軾 卜算子 蘇軾 卜算子

Subject: Re: 卜算子... 蘇軾 卜算子 蘇軾 卜算子 蘇軾 卜算子

Posted by: futari

Posted on: 2007/2/26 14:41:10

Here you go, Geoette.

In Dreamland

(translated by Herbert A. Giles)

The sun has set behind the western slope,
The eastern moon lies mirrored in the pool;
With streaming hair my balcony I ope,
And stretch my limbs out to enjoy the cool.
Loaded with lotus-scent the breeze sweeps by,
Clear dripping drops from tall bamboos I hear,
I gaze upon my idle lute and sigh:
Alas no sympathetic soul is near!
And so I doze, the while before mine eyes
Dear friends of other days in dream-clad forms arise.

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A Reverie in a Summer-house

(translated by Charles Budd)

The daylight fades behind the Western Mountains,
And in the east is seen the rising moon,
Which faintly mirrored in the garden fountains
Foretells that night and dreams are coming soon.

With window open-hair unloosed and flowing
I lie in restful ease upon my bed:
The evening breeze across the lilies blowing
With fragrant coolness falls upon my head.

And in the solemn stillness --- all-prevailing,
The fall of dewdrops from the tall bamboos ---
Which grow in graceful rows along the railing ---
Sounds through the silence soft as dove's faint coos.

On such an eve as this I would be singing,
And playing plaintive tunes upon the lute,
And thus to mind old friends and pleasures bringing;
But none are here to join with harp and flute!

So in a pleasant stillness I lie dreaming
Of bygone days and trusty friends of old,
Among whom Sin-tze's happy face is beaming;
I would my thoughts could now to him be told.

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The Lost One
(translated by L. Cranmer-Byng)

The red gleam o'er the mountains
Goes wavering from sight,
And the quiet moon enhances
The loveliness of night.

I open wide my casement
To breathe the rain-cooled air,
And mingle with the moonlight
The dark waves of my hair.

The night wind tells me secrets
Of lotus lilies blue;
And hour by hour the willows
Shake down the chiming dew.

I fain would take the zither,
By some stray fancy led;
But there are none to hear me,
And who can charm the dead?

So all my day-dreams follow
The bird that leaves the nest;
And in the night I gather
The lost one to my breast.

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In Summer at the South Pavilion
(translated by Witter Bynner)

The mountain-light suddenly fails in the west,
In the east from the lake the slow moon rises.
I loosen my hair to enjoy the evening coolness
And open my window and lie down in peace.
The wind brings me odours of lotuses,
And bamboo-leaves drip with a music of dew ...
I would take up my lute and I would play.
But, alas, who here would understand?
And so I think of you, old friend,

O troubler of my midnight dreams!