

**THE TRUMPET OF  
NATIONAL RESURGENCE**

**中 興 鼓 吹**

BY

LU CHIEN (盧前)

TRANSLATED BY

GLADYS M TAYLER

H. Y. YANG

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民國三十三年三月初版

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## PREFACE

During recent years the Western Democracies have shown an increasing interest in Chinese culture, and since the European War have been particularly eager to learn more about the contemporary literature of a great ally. In the field of poetry, however, it is difficult for foreigners to follow modern trends, for Chinese poetry has not been fixed in form since the Literary Renaissance of the early Republic, when certain poets began to use vernacular idiom in place of the classical style. Many poets now write in free verse and in the language of the people, but many also maintain the classical tradition, and of the latter Lu Chien is perhaps the most brilliant and most prominent. He is not only however the preserver of a splendid yet dying school, but also a renovator of Chinese poetry:

The classical Chinese poetry, throughout past

centuries, has undergone many changes both in form and spirit. The 'Shih' form of poetry of the Wei, Chin and T'ang dynasties was a development from the 'Fu' of the Han dynasty, while the 'Tsu' and 'Ch'u' form were a development from T'ang poetry. Many poets of the classical school today still write in the 'Shih' form; but Lu Chien has seen greater potentialities in the 'Tsu' and 'Ch'u' and has carried these forms one step further by the introduction of a new spirit and the terminology of the present day. Since the end of the Tang dynasty Chinese poetry has been almost exclusively effeminate, but now Lu Chien sings of war and the resurgence of the people. To write well in the classical forms one must be a good scholar, well-read in history and literature. Lu Chien's poetry is not only scholarly, but also infused with a strong masculine optimism and sincerity. In his own words,

'My verse herald a new dawn,  
Of this resurgence I am part.'

Thus, combining the purity of the classical form with a new vigorous spirit, new ideas and a new

idiom, Lu Chien probably makes a land-mark in Chinese poetry.

Lu Chien was born in 1905, of an ancient family of scholars in Nanking. He was for fifteen years a professor, and has since the War been elected twice a member of the People's Political Council. His interests are wide and his energy inexhaustible. A man of action, he has often regretted that he was not a soldier in the field, although he has on several occasions visited the front. In Chungking he is a well-known figure, tall, broad, carelessly dressed, with the thin short beard of a Wei or Chin dynasty man. Exuberant and intensely patriotic, he has a zeal for living and a liking for wine. When he has drunk, he will sing ancient ballads, and when he is inspired he will write poems with great rapidity, — sometimes at the rate of from ten to twenty poems in one night. Lu Chien may perhaps be compared to the Medieval European poet Chaucer, for he also, in a swift-moving transient world of many contrasts, sees life as a rich and colourful pageant, and moves with gaiety and a light heart through hardship and terror. Like Chaucer he is

renovating poetry, and may even be preparing the way for some Spenser or Shakespeare.

Our translations fail entirely to do justice to the diversity of his subject, or to his genius. Many of his poems contain allusions impossible to translate into another language, while the music of his verse we have been unable to render. If readers find any merit in the translation, it is because Lu Chien's brilliance shines through even a sober English dress, while if there are faults and blemishes, these are due to the defects of the translators.

Gladys M. Tayler

H. Y. Yang

Oct. 1942.

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**THE TRUMPET OF  
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## PREFACE

My soul, once proud, has grown less bold,  
But who will sing so wild a song?  
The accents of the bards of old,  
Cold and unroused have slept too long.

My verses herald a new dawn,  
Of this resurgence I am part;  
Although my skill is faint and worn,  
Yet all I write comes from my heart.

## 代序(中興樂)

漸覺摩胸劍氣沈，  
問誰肯作狂吟？  
辛劉語，  
冷落到而今。

新詞鼓吹中興樂，  
雄風託；  
莫嫌才弱，  
將我手寫余心。

## ON THE ART OF POETRY

Know then, if you aspire to write in rhymes,  
Our present age is unlike olden times.  
Vie not with those who dainty petals weave,  
Nor those who strove with melting charms to move.  
To sing of poverty or of old age  
Will make your pen shake with regret and rage.  
Hard-pressed by Mongols thousand years before,  
We had two bards who sang of mighty war.

But now, alas, those greater bards are gone,  
From them I learned; my masters were not one.  
Their proud and mighty voice I imitate,  
Striving for poetry both new and great.  
China expects her sons to play their part,  
And I shall dedicate myself to Art.  
Then weaker spirits I'll not try to please,  
Nor people's hearts with childish joys appease.

### 論詞示孟野弟（沁園春）

弟學詞乎，  
今日而言，豈同曩時。  
算花間綺語，徒然喪志；  
後來柳絮，搔首弄姿。  
歎老嗟貧，流連光景，  
孤負如椽筆一枝。  
自南渡始天生辛陸，  
大放厥辭。

於戲，逝者如斯，  
念轉益多師吾所師。  
便白石揚州，遺山并水，  
豪情逸興，併作雄奇。  
天下興亡，匹夫責在，  
我輩文章信有之。  
如何可，爲他人抒寫，  
兒女相思。

TO THOSE FIGHTING AT THE OLD NORTH  
GATE OF THE GREAT WALL

In such a world let us sing loud and die;  
The dust of hostile forces fills the eye.  
Our mountains and our streams the foe defiles,  
Toward the dark fort stretched out a thousand  
miles.

Our young men now take up their sword in hand,  
And heroes rise to fight throughout the land!

Leaning upon our swords revenge we vow;  
No tears our dauntless warriors will shed now.  
If heaven turn against us we will die,  
But rouse the whole world with your battle cry.  
Our country of dishonour you will clear,  
Which forty years ago we suffered here.



## 送往古北口者（滿江紅）

如此乾坤，當慷慨悲歌以死；

君不見胡塵滿目，

殘山剩水。

萬里投荒關塞黑，

八千弟子揮戈起。

問江淮若箇是男兒，無餘子

時不利，騅何逝，

流不盡，虞兮淚。

縱天亡項羽，死而已矣。

叱咤風雲驚四海，

憑君一洗彌天恥，

細思量三十九年前，傷心事。

甲午去今日  
四十年矣