

SONG OF THE LUTE

琵琶

行

行



画家吴声运丹青妙手，绘名诗意境，
现英雄失路之悲于笔下，显红颜无告之苦于纸间。

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琵琶行

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琵琶行

英雄叹末路，美人悲迟暮。谁不想博英雄之名，谁不想得美人一顾，然而谁无老去之日，谁无末路之感，有所谓：“自古英雄如美人，不许人间见白头。”古今词曲无数，能平英雄心绪，能抚美人心怀者，唯有千古一曲《琵琶行》。

并没有单单巧摹曲声之妙，并没有单单刻画心路之悲，白居易的《琵琶行》于一曲秋意萧瑟之中，获心路之共于曲声之外，传曲声之妙于叙事之中。让人在音乐声中，仿佛看到了红颜如花般渐渐老去；让人在人物生命历程中，仿佛听到个个音控震颤于心灵深处。《琵琶行》是在叙事，让读者明了文人亦如英雄，于末路之际，只能与黄芦苦竹为邻，只能借他人之酒杯浇自家之块垒；《琵琶行》是在抒情，让读者仿佛聆听一曲悲之曲，幽曲怨怨，冷冷清清，悲红颜之故事，亦悲自家之身世，曲末一掬清泪，可引得千古知音者共濯青衫。

杭州吴璋，国家一级美术师，以“诗意图”独步画坛。他品《琵琶行》，得“琵琶意”，以亦真亦幻之笔，使英雄末路托足无名之悲见于笔下，使红颜老去无依无靠之苦现于纸上，其笔墨亦如曲声，悠扬清幽之际，《琵琶行》氤氲而出。

The heroes bemoan their dead end, while the beauties complain their goodness declining. Whoever doesn't want to fight for the good name of hero? Whoever doesn't want to attract the attention of beauties? Everyone, however, has the day of senescence, and has the feelings of coming to an end, which is just as the lines; Like beauties, all the heroes from ancient till now are unwilling to see the lost of the prime period in the world. There are countless ancient Chinese poems, among which, however, only the long-lasting *Song of the Lute* could pacify the heroes' passion and solace the beauties' mood.

besides the mirthless piece, and conveys the artistic skill by means of the narratives. On hearing the piece, one seems to be in the vision that the beauties gradually decay like the beautiful flowers; on experiencing the character's life, one seems to be listening to the piece whose note is soothing to the innermost heart. The *Song of the Lute* is a narrative which reveals to the reader that the scholars, just like heroes, had to settle by the side of reeds and bamboos when in dead end, drinking down with others' wine. The *Song of the Lute* is a lyric as well, which reveals to the reader a lyric of hidden bitterness that is so whimpering and dismal. The poet was grieved over the beauty's life experience and his own as well; and the sorrowful tears after hearing the song could induce the bosom friends, both in ancient and now, into tears.

Wu Sheng, the first-grade national artist in Hangzhou, is prominent for his "paint out of poetry" in the artists' field. He catches on the implications of the *Song of the Lute* by analyzing it. With his magical paintbrush, Wu Sheng portrays the heartache of the heroes in their dead end and the affliction of the beauties in their helplessness of the goodness declining. His brushwork, like the lute's note, presents *Song of the Lute* with the adept artistic skill of luxuriant colors.

浔阳江头夜送客，
枫叶荻花秋瑟瑟。
主人下马客在船，
举酒欲饮无管弦。
醉不成欢惨将别，
别时茫茫江浸月。



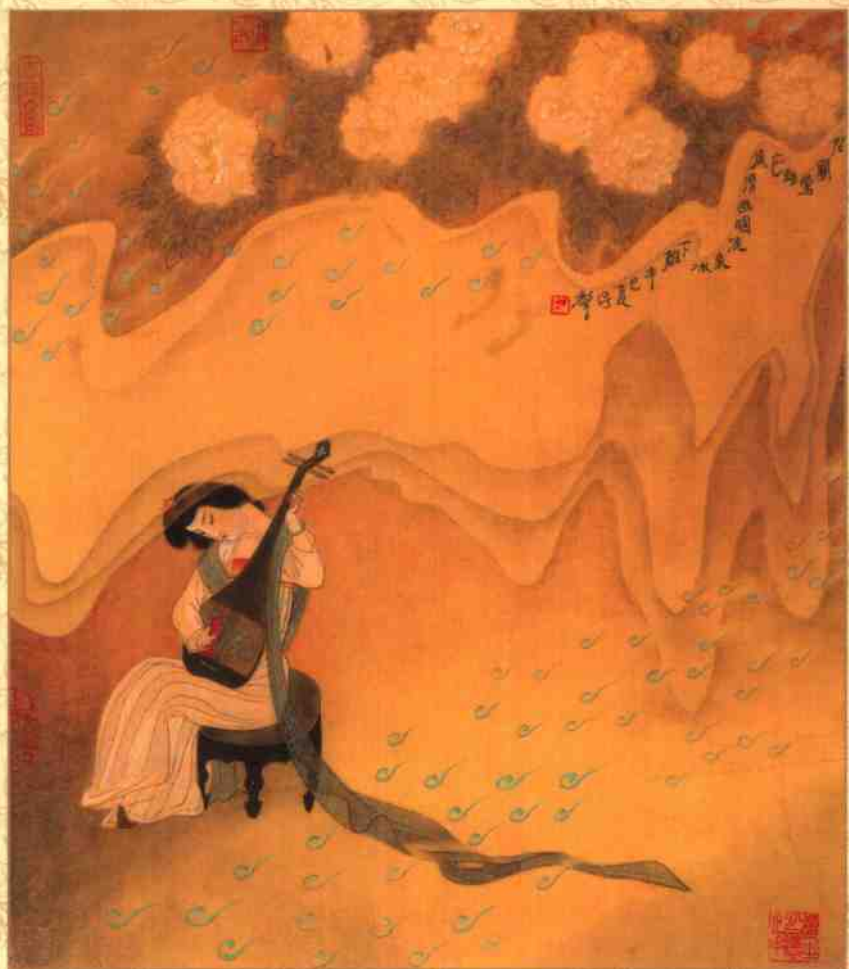
忽闻水上琵琶声，
主人忘归客不发。
寻声暗问弹者谁，
琵琶声停欲语迟。
移船相近邀相见，
添酒回灯重开宴。
千呼万唤始出来，
犹抱琵琶半遮面。



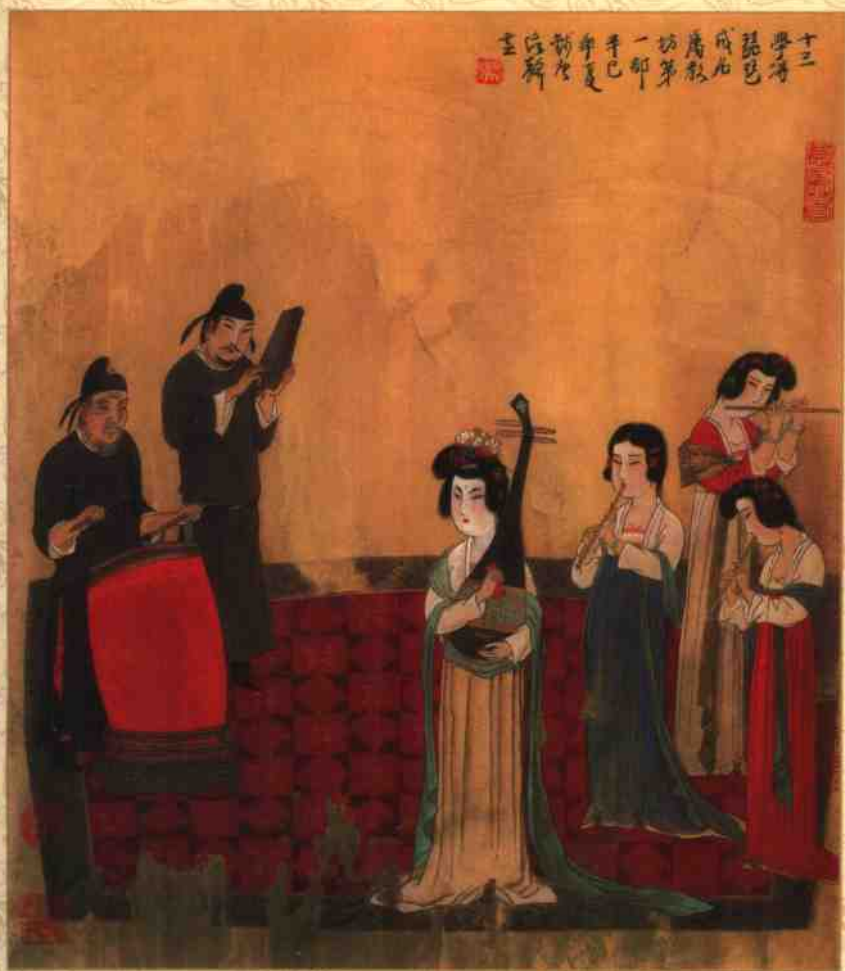
转轴拨弦三两声，
未成曲调先有情。
弦弦掩抑声声思，
似诉平生不得志。
低眉信手续续弹，
说尽心中无限事。
轻拢慢捻抹复挑，
初为霓裳后六么。



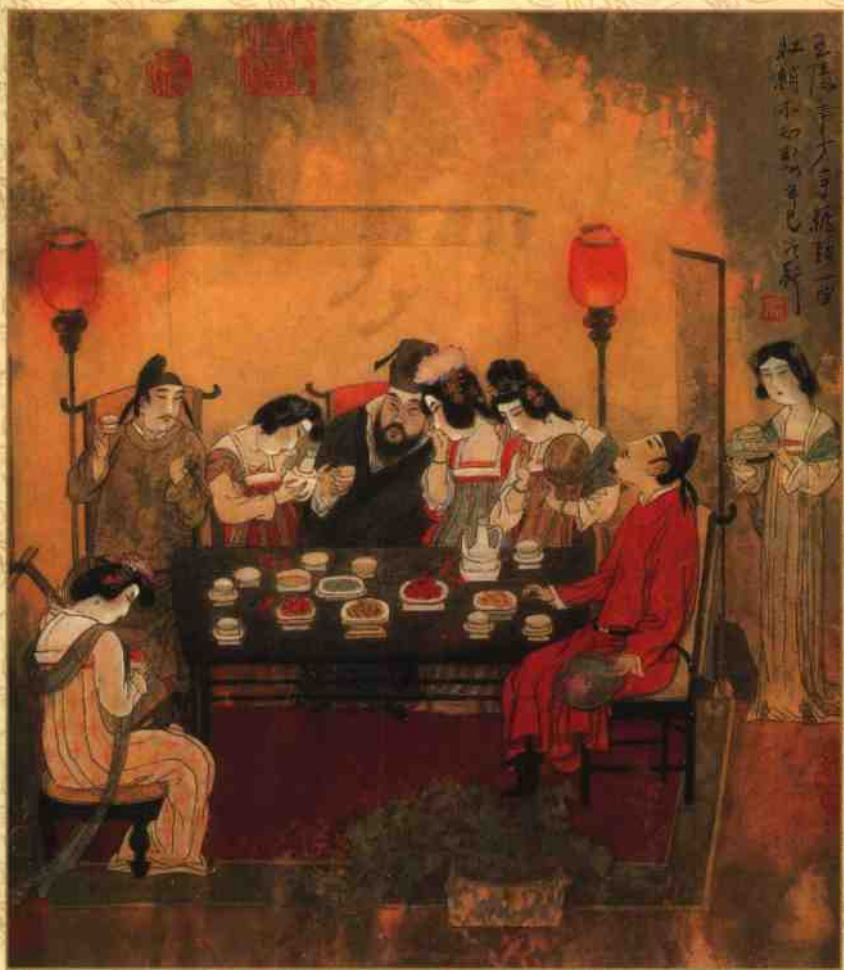
大弦嘈嘈如急雨，
 小弦切切如私语。
 嘈嘈切切错杂弹，
 大珠小珠落玉盘。
 间关莺语花底滑，
 幽咽流泉水下滩。
 冰泉冷涩弦凝绝，
 凝绝不通声渐歇。
 别有幽愁暗恨生，
 此时无声胜有声。



银瓶乍破水浆迸，
 铁骑突出刀枪鸣。
 曲终收拨当心画，
 四弦一声如裂帛。
 东船西舫悄无言，
 唯见江心秋月白。
 沉吟放拨插弦中，
 整顿衣裳起敛容。
 自言本是京城女，
 家在虾蟆陵下住。
 十三学得琵琶成，
 名属教坊第一部。



五陵年少争缠头，
一曲红绡不知数。
钿头银篦击节碎，
血色罗裙翻酒污。
今年欢笑复明年，
秋月春风等闲度。



弟走从军阿姨死，
暮去朝来颜色故。
门前冷落车马稀，
老大嫁作商人妇。
商人重利轻别离，
前月浮梁买茶去。
去来江口守空船，
绕舱明月江水寒。
夜深忽梦少年事，
梦啼妆泪红阑干。



我闻琵琶已叹息，
又闻此语重唧唧。
同是天涯沦落人，
相逢何必曾相识。



我从去年辞帝京，
 谪居卧病浔阳城。
 浔阳地僻无音乐，
 终岁不闻丝竹声。
 住近湓城地低湿，
 黄芦苦竹绕宅生。
 其间旦暮闻何物？
 杜鹃啼血猿哀鸣。
 春江花朝秋月夜，
 往往取酒还独倾。

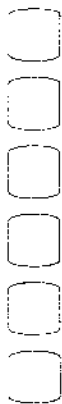


岂无山歌与村笛？
呕哑嘲哳难为听。
今夜闻君琵琶语，
如听仙乐耳暂明。
莫辞更坐弹一曲，
为君翻作琵琶行。



感我此言良久立，
却坐促弦弦转急。
凄凄不似向前声，
满座重闻皆掩泣。
座中泣下谁最多？
江州司马青衫湿。





POSTCARD
SONG OF THE LUTE



一 解 ◆ 六

有法曉曉 曉曉地 把 扣 兒 兒 隨 得 我 來
她 她 才 兒 兒 了 船 船 兒 兒 和 兒 兒 上
力 力 兒 兒 了 了 船 船 兒 兒 和 兒 兒 上
遊 遊 甚 甚 時 時 行 行 近 近 信 信 人 人 忽 忽 燃 燃
透 透 行 行 近 近 信 信 人 人 忽 忽 燃 燃

SONG OF THE LUTE

Suddenly the song of lute was heard of from the river. Both of us stopped parting with each other for the song. With the sound we asked who was there playing. The player stopped playing but was reluctant to say. We put forward an invitation by rowing near our boat. And in our last the wine was refilled and the lamp re-lit. The invitation was put forward one time and again. Until she appeared still with her lute covering her face.



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