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陶潛等著 林語堂譯

GEMS FROM CHINESE LITERATURE

(Yupuwai Studio Bilingual Edition)

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GEMS FROM CHINESE LITERATURE

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歸去來辭

陶淵明

歸去來兮！田園將蕪，胡不歸？既自以心爲形役；奚惆悵而獨悲？

悟已往之不諫，知來者之可追。實迷途其未遠，覺今是而昨非。

舟搖搖以輕颺，風飄飄而吹衣。問征夫以前路，恨晨光之熹微。

乃瞻衡宇，載欣載奔。僮僕歡迎，稚子候門。

三徑就荒，松菊猶存。攜幼入室，有酒盈樽！

報 來 大 報
AH, HOMEWARD BOUND I GO!

T'AO CH' IEN (YUANMING)

Ah, homeward bound I go! why not go home, seeing that my field and garden with weeds are overgrown? Myself have made my soul serf to my body: why have vain regrets and mourn alone?

Fret not over by-gones and the forward journey take. Only a short distance have I gone astray,¹ and I know today I am right, if yesterday was a complete mistake.

Lightly floats and drifts the boat, and gently flows and flaps my gown. I inquire the road of a wayfarer, and sulk at the dimness of the dawn.

Then when I catch sight of my old roofs, joy does my steps quicken. Servants are already there to bid me welcome, and waiting at the door are the greeting children.

Though far gone to seed are my garden paths, there are still left the chrysanthemums and the pine! I take the youngest boy in by the hand, and on the table there stands a pot full of wine!

This refers to the very short official career (of eighty-three days) of the author as magistrate of p'engtseh, Kiangsi, which he considered as a heavy blow to his free conscience. Once he said, "I would never bend my waist simply for the sake of five bushels of rice." After the resignation, he returned at once to his native place, the South Villa, for retirement, where he enjoyed his poverty very well, indulging himself in drinking and in enjoyment of the landscape of hills and water.—Tr.

引壺觴以自酌，眄庭柯以怡顏。倚南
牕以寄傲，審容膝之易安。

園日涉以成趣；門雖設而常關！策扶
老以流憩，時矯首而遐觀。

雲無心以出岫，鳥倦飛而知還。景翳
翳以將入，撫孤松而盤桓。

歸去來兮！請息交以絕遊！世與我而
相違，復駕言兮焉求？

悅親戚之情話，樂琴書以消憂。農人
告余以春及，將有事於西疇。

或命巾車；或棹孤舟：既窈窕以尋
壑，亦崎嶇而經邱。

木欣欣以向榮，泉涓涓而始流。羨萬
物之得時，感吾生之行休。

☉ Holding the pot I give myself a drink, happy to look slantly at the boughs in the courtyard. I lean upon the southern window with an immense satisfaction, and note that the little house is cosy enough to live in.

The garden grows more familiar and interesting with the daily walks. What if no one ever knocks at the always closed door! Carrying a cane I wander at peace, and now and then look aloft to gaze at the blue above.

There the clouds idle away from their mountain recesses without any intent or purpose, and birds, tired of their wandering flights, begin to think of home. Darkly then fall the shadows as the sun is already going down, and I yet fondle the lonely pine and loiter around.

Ah, homeward bound I go! Let me from now on learn to live alone! The world and I are not made for one another, and why drive round like one looking for what he has not found?

Content shall I be with conversations with my own kin, and there will be music and books to while away the hours. The farmers will come and tell me that spring is here and there will be work to do at the western farm.

Then I shall order a covered wagon or row in a small boat, so that I can either explore quiet, unknown ponds, or climb over steep, rugged mounds.

There the trees, happy of heart, grow marvellously green, and spring water gushes forth with a gurgling sound. I admire how things grow and prosper according to their seasons and feel that thus, too, shall my life go its round.

已矣乎！寓形宇內復幾時？曷不委
心任去留，胡爲遑遑欲何之？

富貴非吾願，帝鄉不可期！懷良辰
以俱往，或植杖而耘耔。

登東皋以舒嘯，臨清流而賦詩。聊
乘化以歸盡，樂夫天命復奚疑。

Enough! How long yet shall I this mortal shape keep? Why not take life as it comes, and why hustle and bustle like one on an errand bound?

Wealth and power are not my ambitions, and unattainable is the abode of the gods! I would go forth alone on a bright morning, or perhaps, planting my cane, begin to pluck the weeds and till the ground.

Or I would compose a poem beside a clear stream, or perhaps go up on the eastern plain and make a long-drawn call on the top of the hill. So would I be content to live and die, and without questionings of the heart, gladly accept Heaven's will.

蘭亭集序

王羲之

永和九年，歲在癸丑，暮春之初，會於會稽山陰之蘭亭，修禊事也。

羣賢畢至，少長咸集。此地有崇山峻嶺，茂林修竹。又有清流激湍，映帶左右。引以爲流觴曲水，列坐其次；雖無絲竹管絃之盛，一觴一詠，亦足以暢敘幽情。是日也，天朗氣清，惠風和暢。仰觀宇宙之大，俯察品類之盛，所以遊目騁懷，足以極視聽之娛，信可樂也。

夫人之相與，俯仰一世，或取諸懷抱，晤言一室之內，或因寄所託，放浪形骸之


THE ORCHID PAVILION

WANG HSICHIH

In the ninth year of the reign Yung-ho (A.D. 353), at the beginning of late spring, we met at the Orchid Pavilion in Shan-yin of Kweich'i for the Water Festival, to wash away the evil spirits.

Here are gathered all the illustrious persons and assembled both the old and the young. Here are lofty mountains and majestic peaks, trees with thick foliage and tall bamboos. Here are also clear streams and gurgling rapids, catching one's eye from the right and left. We group ourselves in order, sitting by the water side, and drink in succession from a cup floating down the curving stream; and although there is no music from string and wood-winded instruments, yet with alternate singing and drinking, we are well disposed to thoroughly enjoy a quiet intimate conversation. Today the sky is clear, the air is fresh, and the kind breeze is mild. Truly enjoyable it is to watch the immense universe above and the myriad things below, travelling over the entire landscape with our eyes and allowing our sentiments to roam about at will, thus exhausting the pleasures of the eye and the ear.

Now when people gather together to surmise life itself, some sit and talk and unburden their thoughts in the intimacy of a room, and some, overcome by a sentiment, soar forth into a world beyond bodily realities. Although we select our pleasures according to our inclinations—some noisy and rowdy, and others quiet and sedate—yet



外。雖取舍萬殊，靜躁不同，當其欣於所遇，暫得於己，快然自足，曾不知老之將至。及其所之既倦，情隨事遷，感慨係之矣。向之所欣，俛仰之間，已爲陳迹，猶不能不以之興懷。況修短隨化，終期於盡。古人云：“死生亦大矣。”豈不痛哉！

每覽昔人興感之由，若合一契，未嘗不臨文嗟悼，不能喻之於懷。固知一死生爲虛誕，齊彭殤爲妄作！後之視今，亦猶今之視昔，悲夫！故列敘時人，錄其所述，雖世殊事異，所以興懷，其致一也。後之覽者，亦將有感於斯文！

when we have found that which pleases us, we are all happy and contented, to the extent of forgetting that we are growing old. And then, when satiety follows satisfaction, and, with the change of circumstances, change also our whims and desires, there arises a feeling of poignant regret. In the twinkling of an eye, the objects of our former pleasures have become things of the past, still compelling in us moods of regretful memory. Furthermore, although our lives may be long or short, eventually we all end in nothingness. "Great indeed are life and death," said the ancients. Ah! what sadness!

I often study the joys and regrets of the ancient people, and as I lean over their writings and see that they were moved exactly as ourselves, I am often overcome by a feeling of sadness and compassion, and would like to make those things clear to myself. Well I know it is a lie to say that life and death are the same thing, and that longevity and early death make no difference. Alas! as we of the present look upon those of the past, so will posterity look upon our present selves. Therefore, have I put down a sketch of these contemporaries and their sayings at this feast, and although time and circumstances may change, the way we will evoke our moods of happiness and regret will remain the same. What will future readers feel when they cast their eyes upon this writing!

Incidentally, the manuscript of this essay, or rather its early rubbings, are today the most highly valued examples of Chinese calligraphy, because the writer and author, Wang Hsichih, is the acknowledged Prince of Calligraphy. For three times he failed to improve upon his original handwriting, and so today the script is preserved today in rubbings, with all the deletions and additions as they stood in the first draft.—Tr.

半半歌

看破浮生過半

“半”之受用無邊

半中歲月儘幽閒

半裏乾坤開展

半郭半鄉村舍

半山半水田園

半耕半讀半經塵

半士半民姻眷

半雅半粗器具

半華半實庭軒

衾裳半素半輕鮮

肴饌半豐半儉

童僕半能半拙

妻兒半樸半賢

THE HALF-AND-HALF SONG

LI MI-AN

By far the greater half have I seen through
This floating life—ah, there's a magic word—
This "half"—so rich in implications.
It bids us taste the joy of more than we
Can ever own. Half-way in life is man's
Best state, when slackened pace allows him ease;
A wide world lies half-way 'twixt heaven and
earth;
To live in huts half-way between the town and
country,
Have farms half-way between the streams and
hills;
Be half-a-farmer, and half-a-scholar, and half
In business; half as gentry live,
And half related to the common folk;
And have a house that's half genteel, half plain,
Half elegantly furnished and half bare;
Dresses and gowns that are half plain, half light
and bright,
And food half epicure's, half simple fare;
Have servants half clever, and half dull;
A wife and children half simple and half smart—