

青少年双语阅读

汉英对照

C-E Version

史承谦卷

The Volume of

Sgu Chengqian

吴松林/译

张 森/审

清代诗词

(中册)

A Poem Collection of the Qing Dynasty



吉林大学出版社

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水调歌头

此地饶水竹，老屋对溪纹。吾生事业有几，绀帙俯鸥群。不羨碧山学士，梦冷银鱼玉佩，日日掩蓬门。帘卷数峰色，时复倒清尊。

呼稚子，煨芋栗，散鸡豚。更少羊求过客，三径寂无人。最惜残秋烟景，坐看夕阳红叶，吟思乱如云。得句亦不易，低咏到黄昏。

Prelude to Water Melody

Bamboos are dabbed with waters here,
Whose rings are leaping before the old mansion.
How many exploits and mighty enterprises await for me?
Volume in hand, I look down at the gulls with passion.
Earthly godfathers are unenviable,
And with officialdom I have declined any connection
By shutting my thatched garden each day.
Roll up the blind I count the hues of the mountain,
Being raked out from time to time.
Call out your son,
Brew taros and grains
And scatter them before pigs and chickens.
As a guest-wise sojourned is singular,
The mountain path goes quiet and unhuman.
What a delightful scene in the late autumn!
It's a feast before the red leaves in the setting sun,
Whence my tender thoughts are but tousled clouds.
Soul-stirring lines are hard to obtain,
And my soft humming lasts until the holiday for a blind man.

踏莎行

其一

吹絮帘前，簸钱堂后，眼期心诺相逢骤。别来真个远于天，当时悔不携罗袖。
月冷清宵，香消永昼，阑干花影如人瘦。如何一月断芳尊，心情还似曾中酒。

One

Shreds of catkin are blown before her curtain,
The game of dibs played at the rare of the house:
Falling to an encounter of the goo-goo eyes with a sympathy in choice.
Our farewell has been bidden from Jericho to June,
And I'm seized with regret that I let go the sleeves silken.
Moonlight falls cold on the night solitary,
Her aroma has been whiled away,
The blossom shadows spanned are lank and lean as she.
How the moon-lit glass of wine I could lay?
The frame of mind hangs from an earlier day.

其二

密叶生秋，微云散绮，晚凉庭院人闲倚。新词空谱望江南，江南回首三千里。
玉柄摇风，香衫着体，消魂往事重提起。兜衾小卧不成眠，团圞月照窗纱里。

Two

Into autumn lengthen the heavy foliage,
The cloudlets trail their gowns of crape,
And in the courtyard of the cool evening he's sitting idly.
A new verse on Dreaming of the South is authored unproductively,
But the south is three thousand miles in my far-back memory.
The fan sways in the wind,
The sweet silk is dressed decently,
And the old memories are dragged up of ecstasy.
Huddled in the quilt, I have lain awake,
Through the curtain gauzes a full moon's shining brightly.

4 清代诗词

其三

荷髻翻新，裙花露藕，朝来倦把珠帘卷。因循飘过楝花寒，沉吟犹记樱桃宴。
待赠名香，索题纨扇，何因并坐深深院。尊前酒态到浓时，依稀斗帐春风面。

Three

Her pouf in a fresh curder,
Her skirt betrays a bright colour,
The first rays of dawn feels exhausted to uproll the pearl curtain.
At the volley are floating the chinaberry flowers parky,
And pensively, I'm still given to the spring get-together.
Before a presentation of the rare perfumes
And an inscription on the silk fan,
How could we sit deep in the court chamber?
When I come to be a sheet in the wind,
I see in my mind the small, soft canopy with her beamish figure.

其四

才画纤蛾，便携纨扇，浓颦浅笑欢何限。秋来无日不相逢，凉花露叶深深院。
别酒重斟，别愁难免，絮沾泥后多萦伴。谁教解缆月明时，无情醉里烟波远。

Four

Fine eyebrows are painted
Before the silk fan is presented,
And to the most touch lurks the smiles in the pleasure indulged.
Each autumn day brings her to my eye
And in the deep yard the chilly flowers on dewy leaves are divulged.
Departing cups are refilled,
Departing grieves are channelled,
Bending are my loving thoughts on your hot wraths entertained.
Who told you, my sweet under the moon to set sail crackbrained?
To the misty waves so far-gone with a stone heart unexplained.

菩萨蛮

其一

参差人胜东风浅，芳柑携处春纤软。酒醒见残灯，绿窗寒不胜。

三更帘外雨，犹是闻箫鼓。谁问闹蛾儿，应怜初见时。

Buddhist Dancers

One

The labyrinth of the paper figures is wafted in the mild wind,
On the mandarin orange rests the virgin hand gracile.

By the drunken stupor the lamp flickers awhile,
And the green window is in an overcold smile.

The patters of rain outside the midnight curtain
Are licking the sounds of drums and pipes from the distance.
The sight of the colourful decorations in performance
Is redolent of our first acquaintance.

其二

才领一盏黄花酒，泪痕已满双罗袖。怊怅画阑边，今番月又圆。

花阴凉露下，依旧欢音假。绣被已装绵，孤眠只是寒。

Two

I've just spliced the main brace of flowers yellow
Before my silk sleeves are blotted with tears.
I feel a spasm of sadness by the latticework gorgeous,
And this time the same moon is at the full courteous.
Below the flower shades and the chilly dews,
The jocundities are spurious.
Though the embroidered quilt has been cotton-padded,
My sleep is but solitude-studded.



其三

华年应悔成虚掷，愁痕嵌入眉痕碧。的的为相思，玉郎知不知。
凉云真似画，翠盖离披也。未许作鸳鸯，秋来空断肠。

Three

To my chagrin, the dial fools away,
The grievous trace wedges in the decorated brows.
'Tis a strong-bonded oath of love, yet unreturned,
My merry man, all of this have you learned?
The cool clouds are really like a picture,
Where the kingfisher canopies are scattered.
The lovebirds not to be engaged
Are a but lore in the fall ravaged.

其四

媚霞轻映娇容睡，睡容娇映轻霞媚。窗袅半篝香，香篝半袅窗。
应教谁唤醒，醒唤谁教应。孤梦忆人无，无人忆梦孤。

Four

The charming cloud gently mirrors her attractive face in sleep,
The sleep of the attractive face is mirrored gently by the cloud charming.
By the window is curling upwards the incense in half a creep,
In half a creep by the window the cense is upwards curling.
Who would be an arouser?
The arouser would be whom?
The lonely dream runs back over no espouser,
No espouser runs back over the lonely dream.

更漏子

其一

酿新秋，消剩暑，几卸藕花凉雨。风乍紧，叶初零，蝉声也暂停。
水铺罗，山拥髻，又露一痕晴意。临曲岸，上层台，夕阳依旧来。

Song of Water Clock at Night

One

Breed a fresh fall
To relieve the summer heat of a poor store:
The lotus flowers are chilly drizzled some more.
How bitter blows the breeze!
The first leaves are withering,
And the cicadas cease singing.
The water's carpeted with silks and satins,
The hills are worn in the temptations,
Trickling out one vestige of the bright suggestions.
Along the meandered shore,
Or up to a greater height,
It heralds the setting sun alright.

其二

脱春衫，拈画扇，重唤年时酒伴。疏密坐，浅深杯，绿阴亭上来。
叶初圆，花已谢，不是禁烟时也。抛杏子，摘樱桃，可怜春已消。

Two

Slip off the spring shirt,
And hold up the painting fan,
Let me call up my jolly fellows of Peter Pan.
Suitably spaced, we're sitting,
To varied depth are fathomed the cups drinking,
And over the pavilion the rich foliage is shading.
The leaves have gone rounded,
The flowers have gone wizened,
'Tis not a Cold Food Day saddened.
Apricots are dropping,
Cherries are ripening,
And the poor spring is leaving.

其三

扫眉长，匀面浅，束素宫腰曾见。珠阁外，粉廊边，匆匆又一年。

漾春愁，飘暗麝，碧玉何曾偷嫁。消息断，梦魂通，封题锦字中。

Three

The eyebrows are defined long,
The face is powdered not strong,
The lithe sheer of her waist is eyed against the wrong.
Outside the pearled tower,
Beside the painted veranda,
Another year takes its hurried departure.
Cast the woes away
In a trail of scents that sway,
A gutter girl needs no marry-up in a furtive play.
The news is cold,
The dream of the same fold
Gets mailed in the mushy gold.

其四

漾残红，飘落絮，三叠骊歌催去。空索酒，倦听莺，蕉衫马上行。

宝鸡鸣，甘泉涌，多少长亭客梦。关塞远，道途难，秦筝续续弹。

Four

The wasted brands are softened,
The willow fluff is brightened,
The three lilting strains are a farewell freshened.
We've been off the sauce
And the orioles by a weary force
Before your banana dress mounted the horse.
The cock is crowing,
The well is brimming,
Along the way has been stamped your dreaming.
The border passes are far-fetched,
The ways are hard attached,
The zither is free-pitched.

其五

倦研朱，思蜡屐，帘外远山横碧。风日好，闭门难，秋寻指
顾间。
倚双林，听万籁，又见花开金界。萧寺近，暮云凉，回舟一
水香。

Five

Reading is weariful,
Waxed sandals thoughtful,
Yonder the curtain the far-off mountains are cheerful.
The sky is sunny,
The housebound is hairy,
An enjoyment of the autumn beauty is homely.
Sit under the -trees,
Listen amid the Nature of all degrees,
And in the blessed soils are blooming the new attendees.
On the final stretch is the lonely temple,
So chilly feels the dusk shadow,
And my boat oars back in a fragrant show.

其六

月如冰，衾似铁，忽近上元飞雪。挑菜缓，踏灯难，春来重
叠寒。
爱调筝，频绾髻，莫便重门深闭。罗袖薄，夜窗虚，黄昏有
约无？

Six

The moon is pure as ice,
My quilt is hard as a stony device,
The Feast of Lanterns is coming in a swirling spice.
The season of wild vegetables is unthinkable,
To enjoy the display of lanterns is unsuitable,
And the spring chills are unstable.
She's perhaps fingering the zither,
Or braiding her hair décor
In the clapses of the knitted clocks tighter.
The silken sleeves are scant,
The night windows are vacant,
Could she be engaged at the eventide pleasant?

其七

阁东西，窗向背，宛宛黛痕相对。浓泼翠，淡和烟，春来殊可怜。

嫩寒多，轻暖未，取次卖饧天气。一朵秀，数峰明，丹青画不成。

Seven

The bowers closely spaced
Are windowed on the side faced,
Her sweet eyebrows being graced.
So strong are the shades green,
So light are the hazes keen,
What a perfect pet the spring signs have ever been!
Chills are profound,
Light and soft clothes are still found,
We're veined in a pure, unstained prime-ground.
One flower in the airy scale
Stands out in sharp relief against the hills of a bright tale,
But even a sure painter would be so stale.

其八

沆寥天，干净土，此是江南何处？风送雁，笛呼牛，村村红树秋。

短长亭，深浅坞，中有行人来去。烟月上，酒帘斜，渔湾三两家。

Eight

The empty desolation under the sky
And the pure land so nigh
Are the southern stretches as if from the air so high.
The wild geese fretten with the gusts of heaven,
The cows mooing to the flute uprisen,
All villages are enveloped by red woods of the fall open.
At the pavilions of farewell,
By the docks of fathoms erewhile,
Comes and goes the ever-changing pageant of passers-by in profile.
The hazy moon is hanging,
The wineshop sign is staggering,
Two or three cottages are printed along the firth fishing.

其九

扇罗轻，云簟冷，记起碧梧金井。弹暗粉，摘凉花，绡裙一道斜。
 袅炉烟，匀绣撷，料是薄妆时节。华月照，绿尊空，今宵愁杀依。

Nine

The gauze fan is light,
 And the summer mat gives a bound of chilly delight,
 That flashes back to the parasol leaves falling into the well-site.
 Powered lightly,
 Deflowered nightly,
 The embroidered skirt is trailed slightly.
 The incense coils,
 The colours never toils,
 Surmising it is the time of understated oils.
 The bright moon is clear,
 The figured goblet is queer,
 Such a night would be of bad cheer.

调笑令

芳草芳草，翦翦丛丛未了。夕阳几处分明，嫩绿才经雨晴。晴雨晴雨，前度送君南浦。

Duets

Sweet, sweet grass
 Grows in a full glow and luxuriance of its richness.
 Here and there the setting sun is brighter,
 The tender green is fine after the shower.
 Fine, fine after the shower,
 You were seen off at Southern Pier.



南歌子

其一

月上轻罗扇，凉生小画衣。玉腕又重携。曲池风吹定，水萤飞。

Song of the South

One

The moon rises over the fan of light gauze,
And the cold breath starts on the coloured dress——
Your fine and soft wrist in my hands again.
The twisty pond gets breeze-washed,
Where lighting bugs are tuning a jig.

其二

浅笑眉舒恨，微词脸晕潮。偷近楚宫腰。今宵红蜡泪，不须飘。

Two

The beatific smile woebegone
Is veiled by sweet words of blushing apparitions:
Hugger-mugger to the curve of her slender waist he's gone.
The teardrops of the red candle tonight
May spare themselves the silent withering down.

其三

茜袖凝香重，银灯照影娇。人去月痕消。画堂空似水，可怜宵。

Three

The madder sleeves are tangled with perfume,
And the silver lamp on a figure, delicate and fragile:
Now she's gone, and the moon's trace ebbs away.
Like flowing water the paneled room slips away,
Such a night with an unpitied say!



其四

玉臂符初换，银纱色更新。新妆罢，一含颦。碧罗团扇底，见红鳞。

Four

The finery on her jade-white arms is newly reconfigured,
And the hues of the silvery gauze look fresh and gay.
With the outfit of holiday,
She knits her brow of graceful coy
Behind the circular fan of green gauze
Creeps the faint blush colouring her cheeks.

鹊踏枝

乳燕初飞春已去，罗幕低垂，消尽沉烟缕。千蝶帐深紫梦苦，
倦拈红豆调鹦鹉。
凝望碧云将薄暮，记否西窗，一夕消魂语。夜合花时芳讯阻，
有情明月无情雨。

Magpie on the Branch

In the shake flight of fledgling swallows, spring has gone,
The silken curtain hangs down, and
The last wisp of the sweet incense is lost and dead.
In bitter dreams' projections behind the screens,
Could I be narrowed to toy a parrot with red beans?
Before the twilight, the bluish drifts attract my gaze,
And the episode by the west window
Of that night with ravishment has left any trace?
The folded-up night flowers are frozen over——
Under the bright moon of heart but the grim shower.

谒金门

其一

凉满院，雨后碧云齐卷。莲叶东西飞月浅，红妆窥半面。
香气因人近远，随意曲阑凭遍。团扇先秋生薄怨，小池风不断。

Visit to Golden Gate

One

Coolness litters the yard,
The rain is followed by the clouds of fresh regard.
The lower moon flies above the lotus leaves all around,
Where the rosy dress lets a corner of her face to be found.
Her sweet air is calibered with the cove and cape,
Propping on the curving balustrades with a leisured shape.
The round fan before the fall bears the wistful candour,
Cause the puddle is blowy hour after hour.

其二

离恨织，翻悔似曾相识。杨柳湾头无消息，惊鸿飞去急。
望断绿窗无色，空忆新来眠食。愁对一栏花影侧，春归归也得。

Two

What a grief of parting!
Your renege is recaptured of a vague ending.
No news has come from the bay willowy,
In a sudden access, the swan-sprite flied away.
The green-gauzed window from view is flat and gone,
My meals and pillows are taxing the memories but in pawn.
And the sorrow, beside the flower shades of the garden,
Has lavished the fancy of a homebound spring with his return.

虞美人

其一

已凉天气寒犹未，生怕西风起。桂花香到几分秋，又向水晶帘下看梳头。
无端梦醒成轻悔，往事空如水。红笺题遍倩谁酬，留得一丝情在总成愁。

Yu the Fair Lady

One

The zephyr's cool but not arctic,
For fear that a true westerly wind be fanned.
To which scale are out the osmanthus flowers panned?
Before a peep at her combing through the crystal blind spanned.
After an early awakening, some remorse touches my heart,
The bygones are wishy-washy.
Who could answer my inscribed paper in a full capacity?
A glimmer of passion left would sink into melancholy.

其二

飘残红药栏干曲，小院层阴绿。疏帘清簟雨涔涔，便是不尝梅子也酸心。
凄凄芳草高楼畔，人已如天远。别来消息竟何如，小字簪花长盼锦笺书。

Two

The peonies faded and fallen are tuning inside the rails,
And the small courtyard is interfused with shaded green.
The vivid mat is mizzly outside the window screen,
Even the absence of a savoured plum would induce a heartburn.
The towers are teeming with a luxuriant growth of green grass,
But she's been transported farthest from my sight.
All traces of her have lost since the last flight,
I've lived for your lower case letters of might.