

黃景仁：詩二首

Two Poems

By Huang Jingren

Translated by Matthew Wild

A Song While Drunk at Mr Sihe's Banquet in Taibai Tower

Pink clouds, a single patch, come from on the ocean
to shine atop this tower as the lavish party begins.
Flowing cups of fine wine are suddenly empty again;
is the banished immortal still present in his tower?
The banished immortal's tower towers hundreds of feet,
in it is Master Sihe,¹ our Earl of Letters.
His refined style resembles the man of the tower,
it took eleven hundred years for such a visitor to come.
Today atop the river gathered clouds have cleared,
Heaven's Gate Mountain is lightly brushed, a pair of moth eyebrows.
The river twists around the side of Loving Mother Rock,
its waves return at the base of Burning Horn Pavilion.

¹ Zhu Yun 朱筠 (1729–1781), art name Sihe, was a politician and writer during the poet's time; the preface to the second poem gives more information about him.

筇河先生偕宴太白樓醉中作歌

紅霞一片海上來 照我樓上華筵開
 傾觴綠酒忽復盡 樓中謫仙安在哉
 謫仙之樓樓百尺 筇河夫子文章伯
 風流髣髴樓中人 千一百年來此客
 是日江上同雲開 天門淡掃雙蛾眉
 江從慈母磯邊轉 潮到然犀亭下回



The Taibo Wine Pavilion at Caishi Rock
 采石磯太白酒樓圖 by Miao Song 繆頌 dated
 1792. Courtesy of Saint Louis Art Museum.
 William K. Bixby Trust for Asian Art

Guests rise and dance, facing Green Mountain,
between here and there is Li Bai, a single mound of dirt.
If one speaks of a body returned to wild grass,
this tower is the visitor, the mountain its host.
If one speaks of the drunken moon coming to river's edge,
this tower is the host, the mountain its guest.
The Taibai Star bobs and wavers, nearly without colour,
impossible to long remain a soul amongst the mortals.
Such is the desolation of the afterlife,
moments of mournful song can only be in vain.
The bottom of my empty cup retains sorrows ancient and new,
yet before my eyes suddenly are all the finest talents of the southeast.
At this grand party inscribing poems from on high
are names undead heavier than the mountains.
Please, take our poems, toss them in the water,
I'm sure they will not flow eastward with the river.

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青山對面客起舞
彼此青蓮一抔土
若論七尺歸蓬蒿
此樓作客山是主
若論醉月來江濱
此樓作主山作賓
長星動搖若無色
未必常作人間魂
身後蒼涼盡如此
俯仰悲歌亦徒爾
杯底空餘今古愁
眼前忽盡東南美
高會題詩最上頭
姓名未死重山邱
請將詩卷擲江水
定不與江東向流

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Song of the Ancient Plum Trees on Mount Feng

The plum trees were personally planted by Mr Du Mo of the Song dynasty. His shrine remains here, but as it is overgrown with moss and lichen, few people stop to pay their respects. In the thirty-seventh year of the Qianlong reign [1772] the education-supervising commissioner of Anhui Mr Zhu Sihe, on a tour of inspection to Hezhou, built a pavilion with a stele for him. I sang to make a record of it.

Who planted these trees of the springtime breeze?
Making songs beneath the flowers was one named Du.
Gibbons shrieked, cranes cried, deserted mountains emptied,
after death who would come to be the flower master?
You sir, with your songs, a hero of the age,
Manqing and Yongshu truly were your peers.²
But as for your flower fetish, who could be your equal?
Your soul, your dreams, both clear as water.
Loving flowers, planting trees, flowers were your family,
compared to the immortal Bu, even richer in descendants.³
Ten years as a district defender saved you not from destitution,
yet of friends within the four seas who was ever held more dear?
With your eccentric and indomitable *qi*,
you exchanged half your life for flourishing flowers.
In the blue sky your simurgh whistles departed swift and light,
condemning these famed flowers to anguish in oblivion.

² Referring to Shi Yannian 石延年 (994–1041) and Ouyang Xiu 歐陽修 (1007–1072) respectively; together with Du Mo 杜默 (1019–1085) they are regarded as ‘the Three Heroes’ 三豪.

³ This refers to stories about the Northern-Song poet Lin Bu 林逋 (967–1028), who lived in seclusion, had no children, and never married. He was said to have kept plum blossoms like a wife and cranes like offspring.

豐山古梅歌

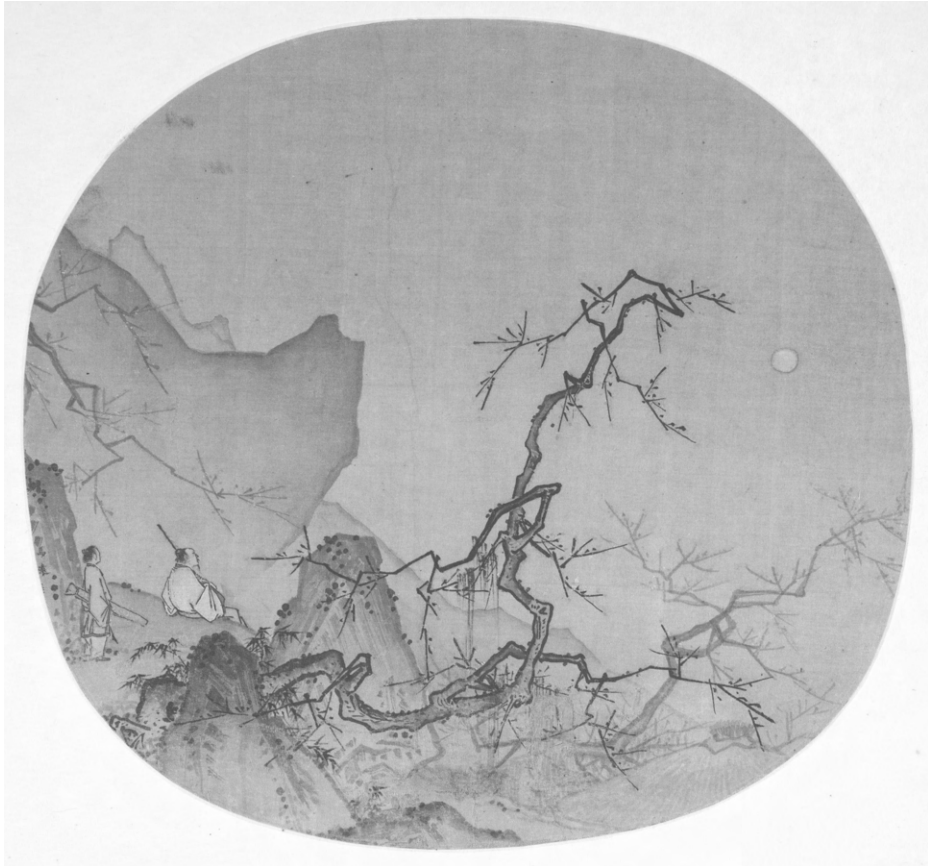
梅為宋杜先生默手植先生祠在焉莓苔
蕪沒鮮過問者乾隆三十七年安徽督學
使者朱笥河先生按部至和州為作亭刻
石於上歌以記之

伊誰植此春風樹 花下作歌人姓杜
猿啼鶴唳空山空 身後誰來作花主
先生之歌一世豪 曼卿永叔真君曹
先生花癖何所侶 魂夢一清都似水
愛花種樹花即家 較比逋仙富孫子
十年作尉不救貧 四海結交誰更親
獨將光怪不磨氣 分半壽得花精神
青天鸞翫去飄忽 坐使名花慘淪沒

Frost chill, they floated and withered upon the bells of Bowang,
deep at night, suspended at rest on the moon above Emei.
Silent under moss and lichen, deserted to cold mists,
through the ages till today, seven hundred years.
Word is told in recent years that the flowers grandly blossom,
the scenery instantly shocked even the heavens above.
An elegant commissioner, passing through on official business,
dismounted at the empty shrine, despondent at its state.
Washing recesses, scrubbing the darkness, he restored sunlight;
striking jade, clanging metal, he let forth lofty songs.
Alongside the pavilion railing he raised a stele,
inquired with the local leaders, all agreed it fitting.
Once again a banquet is laid, where flowers fall in goblets,
one petal is sent to you as a keepsake.
From now on scholars can display their talents,
blessed by their encounter with our Earl of Letters.
Did you not see the eastern wind coming last night?
Ancient fragrance blown everywhere, north and south of the river.

霜冷飄殘博望鐘
寂寞苔蘚荒寒煙
傳聞幾年花大放
風流使者乘傳過
洗幽刷夜回陽光
緣以亭檻崇之碑
重來置酒花墮醞
文人從此出顏色
不見東風昨夜來

夜深掛住蛾眉月
閱世經今七百年
物色俄驚至天上
下馬空祠為惆悵
戛玉錚金出高唱
詢之守土僉云宜
一片贈與公相思
幸是相逢有文伯
古香吹遍江南北



Viewing Plum Blossoms by Moonlight 月下賞梅圖 by Ma Yuan 馬遠. Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Gift of John M. Crawford Jr., in honour of Alfreda Murck, 1986