



Sonnets

Sonnet

I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding:
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

贺新郎

物华多绝美。
唯愿其、玫瑰愈红，美色不褪。
怎奈时光催物老，
盛极见衰坠废。
幸留芳，新枝初蕾。
怎料君自恋娇眼，
似明烛、自焚炬尽坠。
盛宴中，饥肠萎。

对己寻仇何苦累。
自本心，无情消磨，奚何以为？
人间美饰舍君谁，
春葳蕤君先萃。
只可惜，枯蕾早坠。
美艳卑奴君是也，
应惜春、却吞噬春卉。
只留得，孤坟晦。

Sonnet

2

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a totter'd weed of small worth held:
Then being ask'd, where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say within thine own deep-sunken eyes
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer, "This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

一 丛 花

四十严冬雪风过，
眉间横沟壑。
君之红颜天下慕，
今之美，霜叶即落。
时或有问：华年安在？
春情尚如昨？

枯容难续情欲火，
羞对虚名多。
“吾有娇儿伴吾老”，
君此对，胜万千说。
美美相继，旧辞新传，
血脉续香火。

Sonnet

3

Look in thy glass and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another,
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tomb,
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime,
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live rememb'ed not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

八声甘州

窥镜中君容颜渐衰，
何故不更新？
趁年华尚在，花还不败，
枝头留金。
别再欺人傲世，
毁誉众母亲。世上美人初，
待君宠亲。

谁家男儿情愿，
自恋终老死，
无后而尽？
儿是母亲镜，母照镜欢欣。
母看儿、犹见当年窈窕姿，
君老同此心。
君在世，若无子嗣，
孤死无形。

Sonnet

4

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free:
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive,
Then how when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which used lives th' executor to be.

绮寮怨

春浪无果自恋，
惜美质不新。
造化秀，不在久长，
尽其用，欢雨浓馨。
君红颜堪天成，
惜慳吝，蹉跎空藏金。
贷资财，不计红利，
虽万贯，生计何处寻？

世间思量如今。
孤山云雨，
自欺徒余空名。
此生浮云。终将去，
奈何君！若待彼时有问：
君自去，可留铭？
孤芳如君，无后运，
零落卧新坟。

Sonnet

5

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there,
Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
Then were not summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

桂 枝 香

光阴流年，
造化美眸盼，万目同羨。
怎奈星光日月，美丑易变。
匆匆时节无停驻，
夏天过，冬寒肆践。
霜冷物华，浓荫残败，
满目雪原。

可曾留，夏日美艳？
取暗香流芳，细细提炼。
繁露花仙，琉璃香盒存见。
若无此物留精华，
香消玉殒无人念。
留得花神，形枯神在，
傲寒翩跹。