

CONTENTS

	PAGE
AUTHOR'S FOREWORD	iv
TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION	vii
NOTES ON TEXTUAL AFFINITIES	xxv
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	xxvi
DRAMATIS PERSONAE	xxviii

SCENES

SCENE 1	Wake Up, You Worldly Fools!	001
SCENE 2	The Way of Knight-errantry	005
SCENE 3	The Building of a Kingdom under a Sophora Tree	015
SCENE 4	Pray You, Master, Save Us with a Sermon	027
SCENE 5	A Queen's Preaching and Planning	037
SCENE 6	Be Merry, Sir, for We Are All Merrymakers	049
SCENE 7	A Chance Meeting with a Young Man of Gentle Heart	059
SCENE 8	He Is the Very Man for the Princess's Love	071
SCENE 9	Settled! That Young Man Is the Right Husband for Our Princess	093
SCENE 10	A Drunkard Up Here, But a Bridegroom Down There	099
SCENE 11	To the Cave! And Pay Your Tribute to the Mighty King	115
SCENE 12	Away, Away to the Royal Palace for the Wedding	123
SCENE 13	The Wedding of the Princess and the Ecstasy of Love	135
SCENE 14	We Are Crouching Warriors, Ready to Strike	145
SCENE 15	Royal Hunting as Martial Training	151
SCENE 16	O, Father! You Are Still Alive!	167
SCENE 17	Who Is Fit to Be the Prefect of Southern Bough?	177
SCENE 18	Thanks, Princess! You Raise Me Up	183

SCENE 19	Your Majesty, I Need More Hands to Run Southern Bough	193
SCENE 20	Farewell! Go! Govern Our Southern Bough with Care!	201
SCENE 21	Official Affairs Managed by a Deputy	213
SCENE 22	Here We Arrive at Southern Bough	223
SCENE 23	A Mother's Love for Her Homesick Daughter So Far Away	233
SCENE 24	For the Good Government of Southern Bough We Sing	241
SCENE 25	Joy in Sadness under a Full Moon	249
SCENE 26	Go! Storm the Palace and Take a Princess as My Bride	261
SCENE 27	The Princess Is in Imminent Danger	269
SCENE 28	The Bloody War Arrives with the Heavy Rain	283
SCENE 29	The Siege Is Lifted: The Princess Is Safe	295
SCENE 30	An Upstart Commander Defeated by the Fire of Wine	313
SCENE 31	Throw the Runaway Commander into the Dungeon!	323
SCENE 32	Consultation at the Royal Court	341
SCENE 33	Farewell, Southern Bough, for We Are Summoned Back to Court	349
SCENE 34	Remain Our Governor, for We Cannot Live without You!	361
SCENE 35	O, the Fair Flower Has Untimely Withered, Falling to Her Muddy Death	377
SCENE 36	Returning to the Court	385
SCENE 37	Ladies May Smile and Smile, Yet Be Seducers	401
SCENE 38	Lechery, Lechery, Nothing But Lechery	409
SCENE 39	We Are the Victims of Our Stars	423
SCENE 40	Fair or Foul, Let It Fall	433
SCENE 41	Home! Return to Your Human Home!	443
SCENE 42	On the Way to Divine Revelation	455

SCENE 43	O, Feelings of Love! I Will Have Them in the Other World!	479
SCENE 44	The End of the Worldly Love and Feeling	495
译后记 AFTERWORD		517

SCENE



Wake Up, You Worldly Fools!

CHORUS

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

The first rain comes, dripping on the water
Of the pond outside the White Camellia Hall;
The sun now reappears, spreading its rays
On the rooftop of the Metal Brake Garret.

O, you music and songs, the food of love,
O, you cups filled with wine and passion,
Play on, drink on, and fill me to the brim!
These ants here crawl, seemingly unfeeling,
But we know they, too, crave love and passion!
In July or August, their kingdom they build,
And their eyes may speak desire and affection.

10

Hark! Our Buddhist master is still preaching —
Words, words, the words of the age-old texts!
O, you east wind! Blow! When can you wake up
These mortal fools from their worldly dreams!

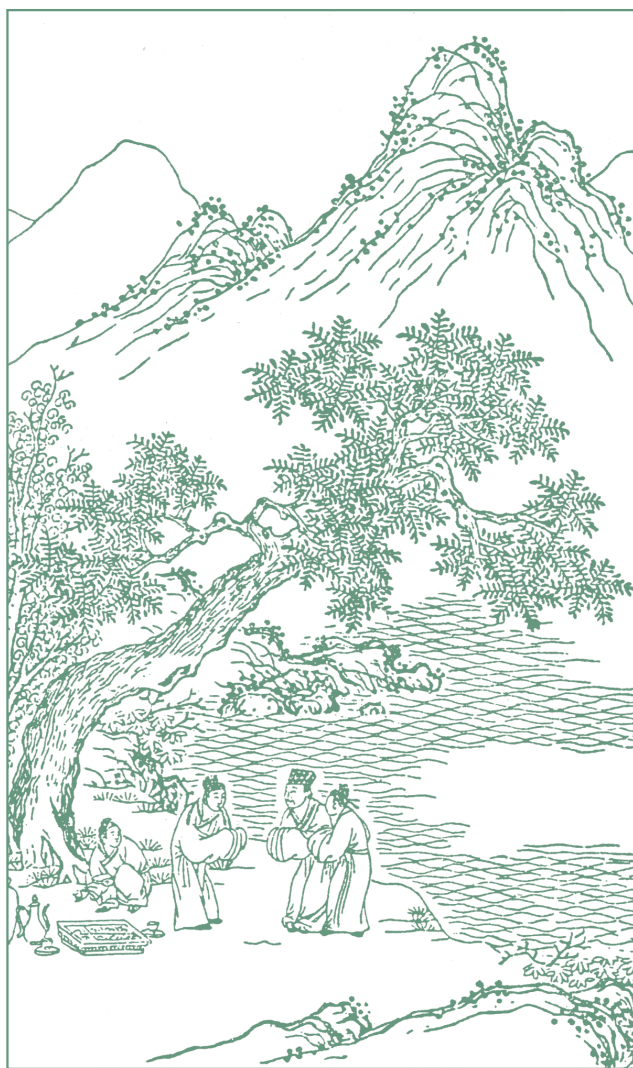
Allow me, gentle all, to read the following poem as a
little induction to our dreamy play:

*In his kingdom, under an ancient bough,
King Ant proudly sits on his kingly throne;
Princess Golden Bough, his beloved daughter
Marries Chunyu Fen, a good daydreamer.*

20

*In Southern Bough, he governs on a throne,
And his name is carved in a stele stone
While the Buddhist Master the truth foretells
To his admirers in th' pure Dew Temple.*

The Way of
Knight-errantry



SCENE



The Way of Knight-errantry

CHUNYU FEN

PARTRIDGE BOY

ZHOU BIAN

TIAN ZIHUA

• • •

壮气直冲牛斗，乡心倒挂扬州。
四海无家，苍生没眼，拄破了英雄笑口。
自小儿豪门惯使酒，偌大的烟花不放愁，庭槐吹暮秋。

• • •

把大槐根究，鬼精灵庭空翠幽。
恨天涯摇落三杯酒，似飘零落叶知秋。
怕雨中妆点的望中稠，几年间马蹄终日因君骤。
论知心英雄对愁，遇知音英雄散愁。

CHUNYU FEN

A merry wandering, knight-errant am I
With an air of a hero who defies time
Puffed with valour against heavens above.
Now a tender feeling of homesickness
Has drawn me back to my native land.
We are but wanderers ever roaming:
Wherever we go, we feel quite at home,
And we cannot help but laugh till we cry
Whenever we see those grumbling scholars.
Born of a wealthy and noble family, 10
I have loved wine ever since I was young,
And I know not what is melancholy,
Being e'er gleeful and merry in springtime,
When fair flowers are everywhere seen.
Now the west wind has brought the autumn days
To th' Court where this huge sophora tree grows. *recites*

*The autumn falls in this quiet courtland,
Where this ancient sophora alone stands.
The rustling leaves in the wind seem to lament,
How quick the year has silently been spent. 20
This sword of mine is no shallow fancy,
For it attends me when drifting about free,
Across the ancient states of our forefathers,
The middle and lower reaches of the River.
For a man chasing noble ideals and fame,
Permanent settlement is but a shame;
For us, home is anywhere under the sky,
And where the barrels of sweet wine lie.
Now, two friends of mine, merry libertines,
Are coming to visit me for a good time. 30
With eagerness, for them I am waiting,
But sad the farewell will soon be coming.*

40

50

60

I am a native of Dongping County with the name Chunyu Fen, an unusual compound surname “Chunyu”, and “Fen” is my given name. My remote ancestor was the famous Chunyu Kun, who was fond of drinking. It is said he might get drunk from either a cup or a barrel on divers occasions. For such matters and others, he was known in history as a comic satirist. A later ancestor of mine was Chunyu Yi, a famous herbalist of the Western Han Dynasty, who lamented that he had given birth to no sons, but his life was saved eventually by the youngest of his five daughters. By the way, he was appointed the head of the Imperial Depository and was, therefore, respectfully called Master of the Royal Storehouse. Then following this bloodline came my father. O, may gods save his soul in heaven! He was an army general sent to guard the frontier. He left home a lifetime ago, and no news has been heard about him ever since. No one knows if he is still alive. Now about myself. I am a good practitioner in the martial arts, carefree and generous. I spend generously as I please on diverse occasions, and being a wandering swordsman myself, I love to keep company with libertines, prodigals and vagabonds. Once, I had the fortune to be appointed a lieutenant of the Huainan Army, a position that may have led to establishing my name in the Hebei Region, but it chanced one day I held not my liquor and got foolishly drunk. Then my commanding general no longer retained me as his trustworthy aide-de-camp. I had to resign and came to live like this, nameless and penniless. In the courtyard of my residence, which is a few miles away from the city of Yangzhou, stands an age-old sophora tree whose gigantic trunk supports its stout, spreading branches, heaping up rich piles of foliage. In the cool shade of the tree, I, being young, frequently linger, fooling about and getting drunk

almost every day in the company of my fellow prodigals,
the wanderers of the world. It chanced recently that all
my drinking friends have left for their own enterprises, 70
except two from Liuhe County. One, named Zhou Bian,
is a candidate for martial rank. To me, he is a fellow
drinker. The other, Tian Zihua, is a literary man with no
official appointment, and I enjoy keeping his company,
reading and writing. Today is a late autumn day in
the year 792, the seventh year of Emperor Dezong of
the great Tang Dynasty. I have had my young servant,
named Partridge Boy, prepare some wine under this
huge sophora tree so that I can treat these two friends
to a good drink. Hey! Partridge Boy! Ho? Where? 80

Enter Partridge Boy

PARTRIDGE BOY

recites

*I have stout legs like those of a buffalo,
But a slender face like that of a partridge.*

At Your Honour's will, Master, the wine is ready under
the tree in the courtyard. The two guests arrived some
time ago.

Enter Zhou Bian and Tian Zihua

ZHOU BIAN AND
TIAN ZIHUA

Amid flowers, in the dusky moonlight,
A sea of hills wave in the autumn hues.
Life is meaningful only when we're drunk
With our friend who loves nothing but wine.

ZHOU BIAN

I am Zhou Bian from Yingchuan County.

90

TIAN ZIHUA

I am from Pingyi County; Tian Zihua is my name.

ZHOU BIAN AND
TIAN ZIHUA

We are going back to Liuhe County, but before we
depart, we have come to meet with Brother Chunyu to
bid him adieu.

PARTRIDGE BOY

My Master is attending Your Honours under the tree in
the courtyard.

*they greet Chunyu Fen with the following lines cherry-picked
from some Tang poets*

*The gnarled sophora runs its roots above the ground,
While the wind blows, bringing in the autumn's breath;
So long as gold coins in our pouches are left and found,
We carouse, knowing neither day, nor night, nor death.*

100

CHUNYU FEN

Life is weary and tedious, for I want my visitors to stay
for days!

ZHOU BIAN AND
TIAN ZIHUA

Even yet we, your bosom brothers, have come to bid you
farewell, for we are going home by the last ferry to leave
today.

CHUNYU FEN

In sooth, are you going home as well? Then my life will
be more irksome without you! Well, let it be so! I have
prepared wine in the courtyard in the shade of this old
sophora tree. We shall drink deep for a while ere you
depart.

they toast and drink

110

CHUNYU FEN

This vast world is full of sound and fury,
But to me, who have much seen in my time,
It's but a congregation of aerial vapour.
I used to squander money like water,
Just to make good friends with gallant men,
I mean those merry wanderers of the world.
Besides, I am a master of all martial arts,

A haughty swordsman, and a lonely wayfarer
In the lower reaches of the Yangtze River.
To me, the position of a petty official
Is nothing but a piece of gaudy thing,
And I can hardly bear rumours and gossip.
With wine, I burn my melancholy away;
My bitter grumbles end when I'm with friends.

120

ZHOU BIAN AND
TIAN ZIHUA

Ay, Brother Chunyu, here we are under this huge
sophora tree in the courtyard, a good place to cheer you
up with wine!

CHUNYU FEN

O, old sophora, how well do we know thee!
You are the very hobgoblin of trees standing
In the midst of this sequestered courtyard,
With your massive foliage and cool shade.
Now you are shaking off your dead leaves
While we raise three cups filled to the brim,
And drink to our sworn friends far away.
They're travelling to the edge of the world,
And may these falling leaves remind them
Of another autumn returning to their home.
When the locust flowers bloom in the rain,
Their yellow exuberance stirs the nerves
Of the anxious scholars for the July exams.
For years they have been studying very hard
And hurrying to and fro on horseback
Just to please the officials on that day.
Now, we are men of unfulfilled ambition,
Sitting face to face under this old sophora,
Enjoying our friendship in melancholy.
We are men of great ideals well met today,
To find our sadness melting in the air.

130

140

ZHOU BIAN AND
TIAN ZIHUA

Brother, we shall take our leave now.

150 CHUNYU FEN

So soon? I'll go with you along the way before we say
farewell.

160

Following the highway toward the west,
You will arrive at the small town of Yizheng,
And the westbound wind blowing ceaselessly,
Will escort you all the way to the Rosy Canal.
O, let me see you off home in the late autumn,
When leaves from all trees turn brown and fall.
Looking away to the end of this aerial void,
Lamentably I see, but your lonely sail
Set on departing in the ferry at Peach Leave.
Now away you go, but soon you may return,
For, between us, we have still so much to discuss.

ALL

Our sadness at the parting goes wafting
Over the river in the evening glow.
Farther, and still farther we go together,
Adieu, adieu! A thousand words of farewell,
Hold not the warm heart of a lonely host.

ZHOU BIAN AND
TIAN ZIHUA

sigh

Now, Brother, we are leaving, but who knows when we
will meet again?

170 CHUNYU FEN

O, Brothers, why do you say that?

ZHOU BIAN AND
TIAN ZIHUA

Ah, pitiful it is that our sworn friends
Have all left to chase fortunes of their own.
We, once home, stay, and down settle with ease,
May not again find a chance to travel.
We try not to weep, but tears seep out,

And again, down they stream to say farewell!
 Whyfor indeed is our parting so hard
 That we hold each other's hand with love?
 We see ourselves in each other's eyes
 And feel th' passion of mutual attachment.
 Our youthful days have all been spent in vain,
 And in Yangzhou, our living dreams will end!

180

ALL

Our sadness at the parting goes wafting
 Over the river in the evening glow.
 Farther, and still farther we go together,
 Adieu, adieu! A thousand words of farewell,
 Hold not the warm heart of a lonely host.

CHUNYU FEN

Alas! How I wish I could go with you,
 Trudging with a brain inflamed by wine;
 Alas! Never say our drinking friendship
 Has yet so hopelessly come to an end.
 Brothers! You're away! My days without you
 Will all be spent in tedious drowsiness
 Wrought by the very work of inebriants!

190

Exeunt Zhou Bian and Tian Zihua

Away, away! They are gone and can be seen no more.
 O, nothing is stirring here. How void is this empty
 courtyard? Ho! Partridge Boy! Do you know of any
 jesting fellows in Yangzhou?

PARTRIDGE BOY

Well, let me see if I know one. Ah, by heaven! Loafing
 about the Sportive Platform are Lewd the Second and
 Sand the Third. They are real clownish fools!

200

CHUNYU FEN

Fine. Just go and bring them here.
 Again I am alone. And the following little poem I shall

pronounce this melancholy scene to retell,

*A wandering gallant I am between the great rivers;
Still young, of the knight-errantry I am a true lover;
Sobering up, I find all my friends did take their leave,
Leaving me cold in this quiet court paved with falling leaves.*