

牡丹亭 湯顯祖撰 白先勇編腳本 李林德譯  
*Peony Pavilion* Written by Tang Xianzu  
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标目

[蝶恋花]  
忙处抛人闲处住

百计思量

没个为欢处  
白日消磨肠断句  
世间只有情难诉  
玉茗堂前朝复暮

红烛迎人  
俊得江山助

但是相思莫相负  
牡丹亭上三生路

情不知所起  
一往而深  
生者可以死  
死者可以生  
梦中之情可以非真

第三出 惊梦

[绕池游]  
梦回莺转  
乱煞年光遍  
人立小庭深院

炷尽沉烟  
抛残绣线  
恁今春关情似去年

Prologue

*Cast aside by contentious  
Officialdom, I live in leisure.  
Thinking of a hundred happier  
ways,  
To pass the time of day.  
Day light spent on heart breaking verse;  
For love is the hardest to put to words.  
In the White Camellia Hall,  
day after night,  
By glowing red candle light,  
Where hills and rivers inspire  
my rhymes.*

*Do not break vows with longing hearts,  
To meet on the thrice-born path of destiny,  
Toward the pavilion of peonies.*

*Where does love arise?  
It wells up from the deep.  
For love the living can die.  
For love the dead can revive.  
Let love in dreams be  
Real or unreal.*

Scene 3: The Interrupted Dream

*Summoned from dream, by orioles' trill.  
Sparkling light of the new year,  
Fills this "cloistered courtyard,"  
where I stand.*

*Douse the heavy incense,  
Toss --the silk floss ends.  
Will this spring time be  
the same as last year?*

晓来望断梅关  
宿妆残  
小姐  
你侧着宜春髻子恰凭阑

剪不断 理还乱  
闷无端  
啊 小姐  
已吩咐催花莺燕惜  
春看  
春香  
可曾吩咐花郎  
扫除花径么  
已吩咐过了  
取镜台过来 晓得

云鬓罢梳还对镜

罗衣欲换更添香

小姐 镜台在此  
放下 是  
好天气也  
便是

[步步娇]

袅晴丝吹来  
请小姐梳妆  
闲庭院  
摇曳春如线  
停半晌 整花钿  
没揣菱花 偷人半面

迤逗的彩云偏  
我步香闺 怎便把全身现

[醉扶归]

你道翠生生  
出落的裙衫儿茜  
艳晶晶花簪八宝璫  
可知  
我常一生长爱好是天然  
恰三春好处无人见  
不提防沉鱼落雁鸟惊喧

Dawn hides the Plum Blossom Ridge.  
My hair tangled by sleep.  
Young mistress,  
Your spring chignon aslant,  
leaning against the balustrade.  
“Can scissors cut, or comb untangle?  
This endless weariness.”  
Oh, young mistress,  
I’ve bid flowers and birds  
to speed up springtime.  
Spring Fragrance,  
Have you told the gardener  
to sweep the garden path?  
I have done so.  
Bring the mirror over here. Yes.

She faces the mirror when  
done with her coiffure;  
She adds perfume before  
donning her silken gown.  
Miss, the mirror stand is here.  
Put it down. Yes.  
What a fine day.  
So it is.

*Strands of sunlight breeze  
(Please dress now.)  
Into this quiet courtyard,  
Swaying threads of spring.  
Pausing awhile, I fix my hairpin.  
Contemplating the mirror,  
that stole my silhouette.  
Cloud like tresses trailing to one side.  
Pacing my chamber dare I step outside.*

*You say that new jade skirt  
and gown are prettiest;  
Sparkling eight jeweled hairpin most precious.  
You know that all my life  
I love to be beautiful:  
Like the early spring that no one sees,  
Like graceful fish diving deep,  
Landing swan, birds in flight.*

则怕的羞花闭月花愁颤

来此已是花园门首  
请小姐进去  
进得园来  
看画廊金粉半零星  
小姐 这是金鱼池  
池馆苍苔一片青  
踏草怕泥新绣袜

惜花疼煞小金铃

春香, 不到园林  
怎知春色如许  
便是

[皂罗袍]

原来姹紫嫣红开遍

似这般都付与断井颓垣

良辰美景奈何天  
便赏心乐事谁家院  
朝飞暮卷  
云霞翠轩  
雨丝风片 烟波画船

锦屏人忒看的这韶光贱

第五出 寻梦

[懒画眉]

最撩人春色是今年

少甚么低就高来粉面垣

原来春心无处不飞悬  
是睡荼蘼抓住裙衩线  
恰便是  
花似人心向好处牵

一径行来  
但觉思情辗转  
园内风物依然  
趁此悄地无人

*Shy like blushing flowers,  
hidden moon, and trembling blossoms.*

We are at the garden gate.  
Please go in, young mistress.  
Here we are inside the garden,  
Look at the gallery, its gilding faded.  
Miss, this is a gold fish pond.  
Around the pond side cottage, green is the moss.  
Stepping carefully on grass,  
Less mud stains new brocaded socks.  
Protecting flowers, trip cords tug on tiny golden bells.  
Spring Fragrance, if we didn't come here,  
How shall we know that springtime is like this.  
So it is.

*Already, bright purple and  
passion pink bloom in profusion.  
Yet to crumbling well, faded walls,  
such splendor is abandoned.  
But in this glorious season,  
Where are sounds of joy in this garden?  
Mornings take wing, evenings unfold,  
Beyond green arbor, rosy clouds soar.  
In windy strands of rain, gilded  
pleasure boats nod in misty waves.  
Maidens shielded by brocaded screens,  
are blinded to such glorious scenes.*

Scene 5: Search for the Dream

*Never before has Springtime  
so disturbed the heart.  
Over painted garden walls,  
some low, some high,  
Springtime longings swirl and fly.  
Reclining vines catch my skirt hem,  
As if flowers know my heart, and  
Lead me to that wonderful place.*

Walking along here, turning  
Thoughts of love in my mind.  
The garden looks the same.  
While no one is here, let me

正好寻梦也

[忒忒令]

那一答可是湖山石边

这一答似牡丹亭畔

嵌雕阑芍药芽儿浅

一丝丝垂杨线

一丢丢榆荚钱

线儿春甚金钱吊转

昨日梦里

那中生将柳枝来赠奴

要奴题咏

强奴欢会之时

好不话长也

[嘉庆子]

是谁家少俊来近远

敢恁逗这香汗去沁园

话到其间厮腆

他捏这眼

奈烦也天

咱撇这口

待酬言

[尹令]

咱不是前生爱眷

又素乏平生半面

则道来生出现

乍便今生梦见

生就个书生

恰合生生抱咱去眠

我想那中生这些光景

好不动人春意也

[豆叶黄]

他兴心儿紧团团

鸣着咱香肩

俺可也慢慢掂掂

做意儿周旋

俺可也慢慢掂掂

做意儿周旋

等利间

look for my dream.

*Over there, was it by that pond side rock?*

*Over here, was it by this peony pavilion?*

*Pale green sprouts of peonies,*

*set against latticed railing.*

*Strands of weeping willow;*

*Clusters of elm seed money,*

*Like golden coins twirling*

*on strands of spring.*

In the dream yesterday,

That young scholar gave me

A branch of willow to compose a poem.

When he insisted on courting,

He had so much to say.

*Who is the handsome youth,*

*coming from near or afar?*

*Who dares to loiter around*

*this boudoir, and into the garden.*

*Then speaking tenderly,*

*He tilts his eyes toward me*

*ever so patiently.*

*And I pursed my lips,*

*About to respond.*

*I am not his lover, destined*

*from a former life,*

*Not even a glimpse of him,*

*had I even seen before.*

*Would that he appear in the next life,*

*He that appeared in dream in this life.*

*A young scholar, alive,*

*Carrying me off to bed*

Remembering that young man,

Rouses my desire.

*Passionately he held me tight,*

*Lips against my fragrant shoulder.*

*Slowly I turn and move*

*in answer.*

*Slowly I turn and move*

*in answer.*

*In a moment's time,*

把一个照人儿昏善  
这般显现 那般软绵

恁一片撒花心的红影儿  
吊将来半天  
恁一片撒花心的红影儿  
吊将来半天  
敢是咱梦魂儿厮缠  
寻来寻去 都不见了

那牡丹亭 芍药栏  
怎生这般凄凉冷落  
杳无人迹  
好伤感人也

[玉交枝]

似这等荒凉地面  
没多半亭台靠边  
敢是咱眯 色眼难寻见  
明放着白日青天  
猛教人抓不到梦境前  
霎时间有如活现  
打方旋再得我延  
哦  
是这答儿压黄金钏偏

秀才 秀才  
呀 无人之处  
忽见大梅树一株  
看梅子磊磊可爱人也  
我那娘死后得葬于此  
幸矣

[江儿水]

偶然间心似缱  
在梅树边  
似这等花花草草由人恋  
生生死死随人愿  
便恁楚楚无人怨  
待打并香魂一片  
阴雨梅天  
啷呀人儿啦  
守的个梅根相见

A lucid mind, is dazed and dazzled.  
Such a phantom apparition,  
Such soft, tender, solicitation.  
But then, crimson shadows of flowers,  
Shower from the sky.  
Crimson shadows of flowers,  
Shower from the sky.  
Or was it but my dreaming soul in turmoil.  
I searched all over, everything has  
disappeared.  
That peony pavilion, herb peony railing,  
Everything is so desolate.  
Not a sign of people.  
It is so sad.

This place is ever so desolate;  
No pavilions on either side.  
Are my eyes dazed that I cannot see,  
In broad daylight, under a blue sky.  
Can I recapture what appeared in dream,  
Just then so real and alive.  
Pacing four corners, I linger.  
Yes, This is the place, where  
My golden bangle was bent.

Scholar, where are you?  
Ah, in this lonely spot,  
I see a tall flowering plum tree,  
With lovely clusters of plums.  
If I, Liniang, can be buried here after I die,  
How fortunate I would be.

Strangely my heart is drawn  
To the side of this plum tree.  
Flowers, grasses, bid me stay.  
Living or dying, let me be.  
Sad or troubled, none to reproach.  
Only to mingle with another soul,  
In plum blossom raining day.  
Alas, to meet that dream one,  
I wait by the base of this tree,