

逯欽立輯校

先秦漢魏晉南北朝詩
上

中華書局

辛延年

延年。爵里不祥。書鈔作辛延壽。後村詩話作後漢李延年。

羽林郎詩書鈔作羽林郎歌。樂府無詩字。詩紀同。

昔有霍家姝。後村詩話作奴。廣文選、詩紀同。姓馮名子都。依倚將軍勢。調萬花谷作剛。誤。笑酒家胡。胡姬年十五。春日獨當爐。長裾連理帶。廣袖合歡襦。頭上藍田玉。耳後大秦珠。兩鬟何窈窕。一世良所無。一鬟五百萬。兩鬟千萬餘。不意金吾子。娉婷過書鈔作至。我廬。銀鞍何煜。玉臺作昱。文選注作焯。燿。翠蓋空踟躕。後村詩話作踏。玉臺作時。爛。就我求清酒。絲繩提玉壺。就我求珍肴。廣文選作餽。金盤餽鯉魚。貽我青銅鏡。結我紅羅裾。不惜紅羅裂。何論輕賤軀。男兒愛後婦。女子重前夫。人生有新故。貴賤不相踰。後村詩話作逾。多謝金吾子。私愛徒區區。○玉臺新詠一。樂府詩集六十三。廣文選十二。詩紀四。又書鈔一百四十二引廬、魚二韻。文選十六別賦注引駢一韻。錦繡萬花谷三十五引都、胡、廬三韻。後村詩話一引都、胡、墟、襦、珠、無、廬、駢、裾、夫、渝、區十二韻。

宋子侯

遠案。續漢志有宋子一地。

董嬌饒詩詩紀作董嬌嬌。類聚作董嬌饒。初學記作董嬌嬌。樂府、廣文選同。合璧事類作董嬌饒歌。

洛陽城東路。桃李生路傍。類聚作旁。花花自相對。葉葉自相當。春風南玉臺作東。類聚、樂府、廣文選、詩紀同。北

起。花葉正初學記作自。御覽同。低昂。不知誰家子。提籠行採桑。織手折其枝。花落何飄颻。合璧事類作揚。請謝彼姝子。何爲見損傷。高秋八九月。白露變爲霜。終年會飄墮。安得久馨香。秋時自零落。春月復廣文選作自。芬芳。何如玉臺作時。樂府、廣文選、詩紀同。盛年去。歡愛類聚作歡如。合璧事類作舉如。永相忘。吾欲竟此曲。此曲愁人腸。歸來酌美酒。挾瑟類聚、合璧事類作琴。上高堂。○玉臺新詠一。類聚八十八。樂府詩集七十三。廣文選十三。詩紀四。又初學記二十八引傍、當、昂三韻。御覽九百六十七引傍、當、昂三韻。合璧事類別集五十一引傍、桑、揚、霜、香、忘、腸、堂八韻。

蔡琰

琰。字文姬。伯喈女。適河東衛仲道。夫亡無子。歸寧于家。興平中。大亂。琰爲胡騎所獲。沒於南匈奴左賢王。在胡十二年。生二子。後爲曹操贖歸。重嫁陳留董祀。

悲憤詩

後漢書曰。琰歸董祀後。感傷亂離。追懷悲憤。作詩二章。

漢季失權柄。董卓亂天常。志欲圖篡弑。先害諸賢良。逼迫遷舊邦。擁主以自彊。廣文選作盛。誤。海內興義師。欲共討不祥。卓衆來東下。金甲耀日光。平土人脆弱。來兵皆胡羌。獵野圍城邑。所向悉破亡。斬截廣文選作識。無子遺。尸骸相穿廣文選作穿。誤。拒。馬邊縣男頭。馬後載婦女。長驅西入關。迢路險且阻。還顧邈冥冥。肝脾爲爛腐。所畧有萬計。不得令屯聚。或有骨肉俱。欲言不敢語。失意幾後漢書作機。徵問。輒言後漢

書作此。斃降虜。要當以享刃。我曹不活汝。豈復惜性命。不堪其詈罵。或便加極杖。毒痛參并下。且則號泣行。夜則悲吟坐。欲死不能得。欲生無一可。彼蒼者何辜。乃遭此厄禍。邊荒御覽作亭。與華異。人俗少義理。處所多霜雪。胡風春夏覺覽作夕。起。翩翩吹我衣。肅肅入我耳。感時念父母。哀歎無窮已。有客從外來。聞之常歡喜。迎問其消息。輒復非鄉里。邂逅徵時願。骨肉來迎己。已得自解免。當復棄兒子。天屬綴人心。念別無會期。存亡永乖隔。不忍與之辭。兒前抱我頸。問母後漢書作我。欲何之。人言母當去。豈復有還時。阿母常仁惻。念何更不慈。我尚未成人。奈何不顧思。見此崩五內。恍惚生狂癡。號泣手撫摩。當發復回疑。兼有同時輩。相送告離別。慕我獨得歸。哀叫聲摧裂。馬爲立踟躕。車爲不轉轍。觀者皆歎歎。行路亦嗚咽。去去割情戀。遄征日遐邁。悠悠三千里。何時復交會。念我出腹子。胸臆爲摧敗。既至家人盡。又復無中外。城郭韻補作郭城。爲山林。庭宇生荆艾。白骨不知誰。從橫莫覆蓋。出門無人聲。豺狼號且吠。覺覺對孤景。文選注作影。怛咤糜肝肺。登高遠眺望。魂神忽飛逝。奄若壽命盡。旁人相寬大。爲復彊視息。雖生何聊賴。託命於新人。竭心自勗厲。流離成鄙賤。常恐復捐廣文選作損。廢。人生幾何時。懷憂終年歲。

○後漢書蔡琰傳。廣文選九。詩紀四。又文選三十石門新營所住詩注引肺一韻。御覽八百引兩句。韻補四引外、艾二韻。

嗟薄祜兮遭世患。宗族殄兮門戶單。身執略兮入西關。歷險阻兮之羌蠻。山谷眇兮路漫漫。後漢書作曼曼。眷東顧兮但悲歎。冥當寢兮不能安。饑文選注作飢。當食兮不能餐。常流涕兮皆不乾。薄志節兮念死難。雖苟活兮無形顏。惟彼方兮遠陽精。陰氣凝兮雪夏零。沙漠壅兮塵冥冥。有草木兮春不榮。人似獸兮食臭腥。言兜離兮狀窈停。歲聿暮兮時邁征。夜悠長兮禁門扃。不能寢兮起屏營。登胡殿兮臨廣庭。玄雲合兮

翳月星。詩紀作腥。北風厲兮肅泠泠。胡笳動兮邊馬鳴。孤雁歸兮聲嚶嚶。樂人與兮彈琴箏。音相和兮悲且清。心吐思兮胸憤盈。欲舒氣兮恐彼驚。含哀咽兮涕沾頸。家既迎兮當歸寧。臨長路兮捐所生。兒呼母兮啼失聲。我掩耳兮不忍聽。追持我兮走煢煢。頓復起兮毀顏形。還顧之兮破人情。心怛絕兮死復生。○後漢書蔡琰傳。詩紀四。又書鈔百十一。類聚四十四引鳴、嚶二韻。俱云出蔡琰別傳。文選二十六赴洛詩注引一句。御覽四百八十八引寧、聲、聽三韻。謂出蔡琰別傳。

詩

長笛聲奏苦。○草堂詩箋十五秋笛詩注。

附

胡笳十八拍

盛唐以後。率謂胡笳十八拍爲蔡琰作。實則無論曲辭均是後人假託。證據有五。一。隋唐類書引蔡琰別傳云。琰爲胡騎所獲。在右賢王部伍中。春日登胡殿。感笳之音。作詩言志曰。胡笳動兮邊馬鳴。孤雁歸兮聲嚶嚶。可見感笳作詩。卽所賦悲憤詩。其時尚無胡笳十八拍。二。宋書樂志霞下云。胡笳。漢舊笳笛錄有其曲。不記所出本末。知劉宋以前。胡笳曲尚譜之於琴。今言笳一會兮琴一拍。亦不合。三。十八拍言戎羯逼我兮爲室家。據韻會。晉匈奴別部人居羯室之後。因號爲羯。匈奴別部稱羯既始於晉。蔡琰漢人。自無由言戎羯。四。漢魏騷體詩。七言詩皆句用韻。今十八拍間句押韻。體裁與漢不侔。五。十八拍押韻。已嚴守唐人官韻規範。今姑從詩紀。附此備查。

The Red Brush



Writing Women of
Imperial China

Wilt Idema
and Beata Grant

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do you begrudge me a single swift courier and refuse to save a life on the brink of death?" Moved by her words, Cao Cao then revoked Dong Si's original sentence.

As it was cold at the time, Cao Cao gave Cai Yan a kerchief for her head as well as slippers and socks. He also used the occasion to ask: "Lady, I have heard that your home used to be rich in books and documents. Can you still remember them?" Cai Yan replied: "My late father left me more than four thousand scrolls, but they were all scattered during the war and now we have nothing left. What I can remember and recite are only some four hundred pieces." Cao Cao then said: "I will have ten clerks copy those out as you recite them." But Cai Yan replied: "The separation of men and women, I have learned, is so strict that, according to the *Rites*, men and women are not allowed to hand objects to each other directly. Please provide me with paper and brushes, and tell me whether the copies should be written in standard or cursive script." She then prepared clean copies of the texts, all without a single error!

Later, moved and grieving over her war experiences, she recalled her sadness and resentment in two poems. The first of these reads as follows:

At the end of the Han, the court lost its power
 And Dong Zhuo upset the natural order.¹³ ①
 As his ambition was to kill the emperor,
 He first did away with the wise and good.
 Asserting his force, he moved the old capital
 And controlled his lord to strengthen himself.
 All through the world loyal troops arose
 And together vowed to quell this disaster.
 When Dong Zhuo's troops descended on the east,
 Their golden armor glistened in the sun.
 The people of the plain were weak and timid,
 The troops that came were ferocious barbarians!
 They plundered the fields, surrounded the cities,
 And wherever they went, conquered and destroyed.

 They killed and slaughtered, spared not a soul,
 Bodies and corpses propped up one against the other.
 From the flanks of their horses they hung men's heads,

13. Dong Zhuo (d. 192) was one of the most powerful generals of his time. His regional power basis was Shaanxi. After his troops had plundered the capital Luoyang, he moved the court to Chang'an, where he was murdered by his underling Lü Bu. After this the emperor fled back to Luoyang.

And behind them on their horses they sat the women.

In this way they sped through Hangu Pass,¹⁴
 On a westward journey so perilous and far!
 Looking back I only saw a distant haze,
 And my innards turned to rotten pulp.

The people they abducted were in the thousands,
 But we were not allowed to stay together.
 At times flesh-and-blood relatives were together,
 Who would have liked to talk but did not dare.

If you displeased them even in the slightest way,
 They'd shout right out: "You dirty slaves,
 We really should just kill you off,
 Why should we even let you live!"

How could I still have clung to life and fate?
 Their swearing and cursing was too much to bear.

At other times we were whipped and beaten,
 All the bitter pains rained down on us at once.

At dawn we set out, weeping and crying,
 At night we sat down, sadly moaning.
 One longed to die, but that was not allowed,
 One longed to live but that too could not be.

Blue heaven up above, what was our sin
 That we should suffer this great calamity?

The border wilds are different from China,
 And their people's customs lack propriety.
 The places where they live are full of snow,
 And the Hun winds rise in summer and spring,
 Tugging at my robes in all directions,
 And filling my ears with their wailing sounds.
 Moved by the seasons, I recalled my parents,
 And my sad laments went on without end.
 Whenever guests would arrive from afar,
 That news would always give me great joy.
 But when I sought them out for tidings,

14. Hangu Pass dominates the narrow passage south of the Yellow River from Shan province into Shaanxi province.

They would never turn out to be from my home.
 Then out of the blue my constant wish was granted,
 As relatives showed up to take me home.
 So finally I was able to make my escape,
 But at the cost of abandoning my sons!

A bond of nature ties them to my heart,
 Once separated there could be no reunion.
 In life or death: forced forever apart.
 I could not bear to bid them farewell!
 My sons flung their arms around my neck,
 Asking: "Mother, where are you going?
 The people are saying that our mother has to leave,
 And that you will never come back to us.
 O mother, you were always so kind and caring,
 How come you are now so cold and cruel?
 We still are children, not grown-up men,
 Can it really be you do not care?"
 When I saw this, my heart broke into pieces,
 And I felt as if I'd lost my mind, gone mad!
 I wept and cried and stroked them with my hands,
 And as I was about to depart, was filled with doubt.

The people who had been abducted with me,
 Came to see me off and say goodbye.
 Jealous that I alone could go home,
 Their sad laments ripped me apart.
 Because of this the horses did not move,
 Because of this the wheels refused to turn.
 All those who watched heaved heavy sighs
 And we travelers choked back our sobs.

Going and going I deadened my feelings,
 The journey took us day by day further away.
 And so, on and on, the full three thousand miles:
 When would I ever meet with them again?
 Memories of the children born from my womb
 Completely tore me to pieces inside.
 Arriving home, I found I had no family,

No relatives of any kind remained!
 The city had become a mountain forest,
 The courtyard was overgrown by thorns
 And white bones, god knows of whom,
 Lay scattered around in the open field.
 Outside the gate no sound of human voices:
 Just the yelps and howls of jackals and wolves.
 Lonely I faced my solitary shadow,
 As I cried out in anguish, my heart was shattered.
 I climbed to a high spot, and gazed into the distance,
 And my soul and spirit seemed to fly away.
 It was as if my life was over and done,
 And those around me had to comfort me.
 Because of them I forced myself to live,
 But even so, on whom could I rely?
 To my new husband I entrust my fate,
 I do my best to make an earnest effort.
 A victim of the wars, I lost my honor,
 And always fear that I will be discarded.
 How many years are in a human life?
 This pain will haunt me till my dying day! ↓

The second text reads:

How poor my fate, alas, to meet such dismal times!
 My relatives were massacred and I alone survived.
 I was captured and abducted to beyond the western pass,
 The journey perilous and long to that barbarian land.
 Mountains and valleys stretched endlessly, the road went on and on,
 Lovingly I looked back east and heaved a heavy sigh.
 At night when I should have slept, I could not find rest,
 When hungry I should have eaten, but could not swallow a thing.
 Constantly awash in tears, my eyes were never dry.
 Weak in resolve, alas, I was afraid to die,
 And though I clung to life, I was dishonored and abased!

Now those regions, alas, are far from the essence of yang,
 As yin's breath congeals, snow falls even in summer.
 The desert is darkened, alas, by clouds of dust,
 And its grasses and trees do not flower in spring.

The people like beasts feed on rancid flesh,
 Their speech is gibberish, their faces unsightly.
 At the end of the year as the seasons pass by,
 The nights stretch endlessly behind the locked gates.
 Unable to sleep in my tent, I would get up,
 Ascend the barbarian hall, look out over the wide courtyard.
 Dark clouds would gather, obscuring moon and stars,
 And the piercing north wind would coldly howl.
 At the sound of the barbarian reed pipe, the horses whinnied,
 And a lone goose returned, honking forlornly.
 The musicians arose and plucked their zithers,
 Their notes harmonized so sadly and clear.
 My heart spewed out its longings, my breast filled with rage—
 How I longed to let it all out, but I feared to give offense,
 And as I suppressed my sad sobs, my tears soaked my collar.

As my relatives had come to fetch me, I had to go home,
 But setting out on this journey meant abandoning my children.
 My sons cried "Mother!" till their voices grew hoarse,
 I covered my ears as I could not bear to listen.
 Running they tried to cling to me, so alone and forlorn,
 They stumbled, got up again, their faces all bleeding!
 Looking back at them, I felt utterly shattered,
 My heart stunned, I fainted but did not die.]

vid first-person accounts of the sufferings of war in these poems
 remely rare in traditional Chinese poetry. Even rarer are such nar-
 written from a woman's perspective. Honest descriptions of the
 offered by a mother who is forced to leave her children behind (in
 onal China, children belonged to the family of the father) are also
 unusual. But this does not mean that these poems were necessarily
 by Cai Yan, or even by a woman poet. In fact, over the centuries
 scholars have voiced their doubts as to the authorship of these po-
 While their inclusion in Cai Yan's biography in the *Books of the Later*
 could seem to argue for their authenticity, we have to keep in mind
 is dynastic history was compiled more than two centuries after
 of the Later Han. The strongest argument against Cai Yan's

authorship are the descriptions of Xiongnu life, which do not reflect the
 sinified lifestyle of the Southern Xiongnu during that time in southern
 Shanxi (but rather are stereotypical generic descriptions of barbarian life
 on the steppes to the north of China.) It is also quite curious that none of
 the many literary critics from the third to the sixth century ever refer to
 Cai Yan as a poet. After carefully weighing the various arguments for and
 against the authenticity of these two poems, (Hans H. Frankel concludes
 that the two poems could not have been written by Cai Yan, but proba-
 bly were composed by two different authors, perhaps within one or two
 generations of her lifetime.) ✓

Frankel links the appearance of these poems and comparable works to
 a wider tradition of impersonation:

There was a literary development in the Han and post-Han period which was
 not completely understood in its own time—and even in modern times. It was a
 kind of impersonation or dramatic monologue. Poems and prose pieces were
 written in the first-person form, comparable to the first-person fiction of the
 Western or Japanese traditions, but distinct insofar as the Chinese stories nei-
 ther told their own story nor created a fictitious personality. Rather, they took a
 person from history (or sometimes from among their contemporaries), identi-
 fied with that person, and spoke from his or her point of view.

(Frankel points out that many of the persons who speak in these letters
 and poems share a common fate with Cai Yan, "namely, an involuntary
 stay among barbarians. Contact with an alien culture is a powerful liter-
 ary theme. It offers numerous possibilities, since it involves a mixture
 of adventurous curiosity, uneasy hostility, depressive homesickness, and
 a keen awareness of one's cultural and personal identity." One example
 of such poems, by a named male author, is the following poem by Shi
 Chong (249–300), in which he assumes the persona of Wang Zhaojun:

The Song of Wang Mingjun, with Preface

Wang Mingjun was originally called Wang Zhaojun, but her name was changed
 because it violated the taboo against using the personal name of Emperor Wen.

When the Xiongnu were at the height of their power, they requested a bride
 from the Han. Emperor Yuan gave them Mingjun, a girl in the Inner Palace
 who was from a good family. When once before a princess had been married