洞仙歌

余七岁时,见眉山老尼姓朱, 忘其名,年九十余,自言:尝随其师入蜀主孟昶宫中。一日大热,蜀主与花蕊夫人夜起避暑摩诘池上,作一词。朱具能记之。今四十年,朱已死,人无知此词者。但记其首两句,暇日寻味,岂洞仙歌令乎,乃为足之。

冰肌玉骨
自清凉无汗
水殿风来暗香满
绣帘开
一点明月窥人
人未寝
欹枕钗横鬓乱

起来携素手
庭户无声
时见疏星渡河汉
试问夜如何
夜已三更
金波淡
玉绳低转
但屈指
西风几时来
又不道
流年暗中偷换
To the Tune of Dong Xian Ge [Song of the Cave Celestial]

At age seven, I met an old nun from Mountain Brow. Her last name was Zhu, I have forgotten her first name. She was past ninety, said she once followed her master into the palace household of King Meng Chang of Shu. One day, the heat was overwhelming, the King and Lady Hua Rui lingered by the Mojie Pond for the cool night air. Zhu could still remember the poem the King composed that night. It has been forty years, Zhu is long dead, no one alive knows that poem. I can only remember the first two lines. The other day I pondered over these, would they not fit the tune of “Song of the Cave Celestial”? Here they are, I added the rest.

Skin of ice bones of jade
By nature clear free of sweat
The wind enters Water Pavilion deep fragrance overflows
Embroidered curtains part
A bit bright moon peeks in
She is still not sleeping
Reclining on the pillow gold pins loose her hair down

You rise I take your white hand
Not a sound within the court
Now and then a star crosses the Celestial River
You ask how is the night?
The night is already past three
Moonlight grows faint
The stars Jade and String have drooped
Only bending the fingers
I count when the West Wind shall come
Yet who would know
The flowing years pass by stealth