

CATEGORY 8

Classical Poetry and Songs

第八大類 詩詞歌賦

Introduction

As early as 1991, H.H. Dorje Chang Buddha III Wan Ko Yeshe Norbu Holiest Tathagata was awarded the title of “Master of Oriental Art.” The representative presenting that award praised H.H. Dorje Chang Buddha III for restoring the 5,000 year old culture of China. In 1994, the 5,612 experts and scholars representing forty-eight countries and regions at the World Poets and Culture Congress unanimously named H.H. Dorje Chang Buddha III as a “Distinguished International Master.” However, H.H. Dorje Chang Buddha III did not want to accept such honors and continued making further contributions to mankind in a quiet and selfless manner.

The poems of this ancient Buddha H.H. Dorje Chang Buddha III, such as His *qi jue* poems (four-line poems with seven characters to a line and a strict tonal pattern and rhyme scheme) and *qi lu* poems (eight-line poems with seven characters to a line and a strict tonal pattern and rhyme scheme), retain the ancient poetic style and have reached a level on par with that of the ancient great poets. However, in the area of expressing philosophy, His Holiness’s poetry has surpassed the poetry of the ancient virtuous ones. It is self-evident that H.H. Wan Ko Yeshe Norbu Holiest Tathagata is truly the most outstanding master of Chinese poetry from ancient times to the present.

After you are enraptured by poems of H.H. Dorje Chang Buddha III and reflect on His poetic style, you will discover that H.H. Dorje Chang Buddha III has reached the peak of perfection in both the *hao fang* and the *wan yue* styles. Those are the two major styles of the *ci* type of Chinese poetry. The *hao fang* style is bold and powerful, while the *wan yue* style is soft, elegant, and graceful.

Take, for example, the bold and stirring *ci* type of poem entitled “To the Tune of *Nian-Nu-Jiao*.” (念奴嬌) It is an excellent poem due to its extensive and powerful spirit that moves the universe as well as its expansive and transcendent poetic perspective. You cannot find such an exceptional poem anywhere else in the world. In contrast, the *ci* type of poem entitled “To the Tune of *Ye-Ban-Le*” (夜半樂) has the feel of the enchanting moon on the Xiao and Xiang Rivers, the reflection of towering pagodas on the water, and the beautiful sound of a Chinese lute played under willow trees. How enrapturing, elegant, and charming that poem is!

Actually, we lack the understanding to give an in-depth appraisal of the poetry of H.H. Dorje Chang Buddha III. However, we do know that writing poetry is a simple matter for this ancient Buddha and represents less than a drop of water in the vast ocean of His Holiness’s talents.

(This text was translated from the Chinese text that follows.)

簡 介

早在1991年，多杰羌佛三世雲高益西諾布頂聖如來就被授與「東方藝術大師」的桂冠，在頒獎盛典上，頒獎代表高度評價三世多杰羌佛恢復了五千年的中國固有文化。而在1994年，世界詩人文化大會的48個國家和地區，共5612位專家學者代表，更一致推定三世多杰羌佛為「特級國際大師」，但三世多杰羌不願領受，而自己則為人類默默無私地作出更多的奉獻。

古佛三世多杰羌的詩，無論是七絕、七律，不失古風，都達到與古代詩人並駕齊驅的境界，而在哲理上，更勝古風一籌，超越前德。不言而喻，頂聖如來雲高益西諾布實乃古往今來大詩家。

不僅如此，當你被三世多杰羌佛的詩驚歎醉迷之後，再度領賞詞風，你會覺得無論是豪放派和婉約派，三世多杰羌佛都是登峰造極的至高境界。如《念奴嬌》，此詞豪氣瀟灑，無論是氣勢之廣博雄壯，還是意境之高遠超凡，都堪稱絕世佳品。而《夜半樂》，更別有瀟湘醉月，楊柳琵琶樓台臥影之情懷，詞風宛然欲醉，又是何等的優雅含媚！其實，我們評價三世多杰羌佛的詩詞，這完全是低論缺解，三世多杰羌佛猶如汪洋大海、宇宙蒼穹，詩詞對於如來古佛可謂小菜一碟而已，猶如大海中的一滴水都不如。

(此文的英文翻譯印在前面)

媧石一角

眼品雕風論神韻，取石女媧一角珍。
百俊素奇微枝小，浪擊群崗烹大成。

高士圖

山翁縛獸法最難，隱伴幽谷出人間。
意化蒼靈收覺照，劣頑虎子不問參。

黃石溫泉(一)

火出地殼談溫泉，疊嶂叢林一室間。
問津遊士關外客，獨駕孤舟仍群山。

黃石溫泉(二)

高崖懸放千江浪，低谷側旁幾人間。
天地含旋掌中覽，峽谷春秋許萬年。

一柱擎天

焦紅艷姿薄如紗，一柱擎天出龍華。
燈煌幻影公讚絕，典史情懷有人家。

蜀川黃龍(一)

蜀上黃龍訪仙潭，池秀乾坤祖已先。
天梯挂駕高岩布，地谷靈兮湧青蓮。

蜀川黃龍(二)

信步碧潭水正斜，十載英姿幻黃花。
滿目尋途嫣然逝，幾度春光見披麻。
恍然悟識陽關故，玉壘浮雲豈是家。
若覺道上超塵路，心無境辨自天涯。

蜀川黃龍(三)

蜀川黃龍始上痕，百代風情未知音。
玄潭賁弄池中景，步度天梯幾仙人。
幽途寂然蟬聲絕，逝盡黃花吟歌春。
遠眺群峰披白帳，且作清溪萬古靈。

念奴嬌

頓入乾坤，大千界、萬壘坎坷雄
立。百種風流縱輝煌，終歸一笑了結。
金紅報曉，晨鐘催月，一展婆婆迹。群
生奔涯，恍然如煙化雪！

曾憶雲高昔歲，文武空門好，獅子
震裂。三千患疾訪俺門，晝夜岐黃施
絕。百萬思頭，悠悠般若道，三界蕩
擊。願平生事，盡為有情銷益。

過夔門

風翻白浪過夔門，濤建聯山怒吼聲。
兩度遊子驚天地，一葉單舟問乾坤。

家居

華宮日月麗陽天，喜乘西風六月閑。
故朋來從叭聲望，始知暑氣已冬殘。

枯林夜影

寒霜枯木一座林，夜半突傳談笑聲。
眾鳥群飛開月影，清露點點濕衣襟。

回春

望日娥容影最明，江畔柳行風助聲。
寄語波光休笑我，三昧意下可回春。

高人界

智人常抽釜底薪，高士意下經石文。
解得莊老三清意，臨邛道上不飛塵。

飛仙關

高山深處不是雲，疑是煙甲起繽紛。
四顧青禾傾城笑，八面臨風詢吾君。

七絕

笛聲送我過平羌，船傍烏尤滿燈堂。
春風贈暖迎客往，霧染黃昏山不蒼。

七絕

點綴雲煙似桃紅，偶然繡出妖嬈峰。
青高橫渡行赤水，夜帳空長泛北風。

夜半樂·浦江之夜

浦江夜半遊場，登輪參睹，兩岸茫茫
去，弄風流勝地，萬輪光俱，異音共
長，無邊空色，飽覽半江螢火，一片奇
趣，高閣樓巍巍彩寶玉，招醉賞人翻
翻。憶故子瞻，太白昔意，嫣然揮，婆
婆一曲雅句。萬里乾坤千重緞錦，今昔
豐年悠悠，工步灘郎麗嬌英，安養人癡
影，阿賴耶藏，沈沙發演雄姿歷跡，觀
目下生華嫵更途長。超然去，莞爾靈犀
笑瀟湘，思遊間，念念魂飄芳，歸來
首，般若滄桑。

高堂神燈

高堂神燈古柏懸，遠照月華近森山。
潮期日日人流急，月後粼粼步幾閑。

巫溪江畔晨曦詠

光目金霞艷雲開，風捲濤聲色又來。
障暮長持千江水，搖橋空懸市徑街。

奉節城

仰迎大江老城門，千帆交頓夜市燈。
奉節古道街容整，史來舊跡未出新。

奉節江風晚霞咏

煙甲縹緲空繞山，夕陽照映金壁全。
江流霧障鎖不住，行船晝夜始無眠。

江心詠

萬洲城廊出江邊，我同東渡駕狂瀾。
獨傲鐘樓收眼底，兩岸泊閣舸進繁。
江心弄詞雕雅韻，太白還魂幾斷弦。
詩賦焉得余主業，宇宙人生一念觀。

晨曦山霧題

山吐霧氣入空流，奇峰玉帶景亦收。
腳前白幃飛千尺，可憐攝子未前籌。

遊豐都鬼城

登高不見有人家，暗處幽靈鬼影斜。
正欲腕筆韻情意，突聞笛笑露桃花。

山城景三首之一

明風木樓江接聯，道坡蚓缺幾回還。
水流影倒終年固，百萬航爭景不遷。

之二

古木壘山江面臺，煙雨飄飄又重來。
二度嘉陵依然趣，一波清水兩面街。

之三

山城星火萬家明，照映兩江碧波清。
千航樓閣收不盡，日月同輝夜市燈。

重慶南溫泉二首

(一)

深熟南泉勝景華，復從依稀問人家。
怎見昔秋黃金碧，一池青萍路玉花。

(二)

飛絲直下洗南泉，綠素青岸目盡宣。
聲擊懸壇天下客，疑是織女布垂川。

夔門憶白帝

夔門夾關白帝懸，青花浪出詩百篇。
文風更莫東馳水，武陣強爭塑泥丸。

不畏驚濤探龍潭

船放三峽流，雄風搏浪頭。
眾客驚攀岸，我自泰然舟。

洗衣女色

溪畔浣衣娘，秋波撒群芳。
輕搖柔紗罩，英姿露陽剛。

打坐航輪返蜀川

飛輪上水最為難，無事閑參水中天。
青山倒影原本幻，彩雲變異送前川。

我作牧羊官

草原萬頃築山巔，牧羊藝別故自然。
彈蹄忽向西北馳，我揚橫鞭走泥丸。

太湖玉

玉美搖寰下雲端，醉眼魚肚臥龍潭。
歌彈殿上靈霄曲，絕代名花色流遷。

雲團玉

青綠玉雲團，色道麗天然。
雅趣收不盡，筆弄來幾番。

深坑玉

古玉絕深坑，老樸色不生。
平中好內含，出土始稀罕。

珊瑚玉

玉中傳民歌，希世珊瑚羅。
俯覽地上石，色下是摩訶。

羊脂玉

羊脂玉中王，色媚散群芳。
飛來天外石，華門見書香。

福壽玉

福壽延年齊與天，陰紅掛綠色韻玄。
兜率三天雲台石，偶然一笑未羞慚。

賦 神妙的水鄉之一

此畫緣何超絕寰，玄味無窮不言間。
閱罷塵中歌上曲，歸來醉眼瑤池山。

賦 神妙的水鄉之二

壁上岩峰幾醉人，猶點清韻不凡塵。
恍如卷上靈光動，一紙觀山萬種情。

賦 北極冰窟熊

北極冰窟壁上懸，出湧框外咫尺間。
天上有物來此室，屋滿冬意不生寒。

賦 黃金宮韻

黃宮石窟韻正斜，絕艷群芳稀世葩。
欲尋觀山洞景趣，那得紙間築岩花。

北極冰窟熊 七律之詩

北極熊羆最喜寒，四時眠臥冰窟間。
莫取水中游食物，且撿移魂骨使餐。
非人識得玄中妙，由來禪味破飢關。
晶宮勝事難言盡，洞內有客醉一仙。

玄妙彩寶挂

寶挂飛瀾把神玄，嬌紅綠翠笑天顏。
本物不揚雲霧客，仙風吹頌鼓搖幡。

應金已義培珠之情湖鶴壽而賦之

七絕

鶴壽情湖妙難收，悠然勝景建春秋。
揚帆莫上蓬山意，待到何年問木舟。

綠玉懸紗之一壁隨賦七絕

以頌妙哉然耳

綠玉玄乎散清芳，不帶人間脂粉香。
讀尤壁上心生醉，似若幽蘭登鼻堂。

應恆公之造景高原碧海所製立體畫

「藏域風情」賦七絕之一

群岡遼原落幾番，西風華蓋動雲壇。
有哨高處鎖不盡，頭人首度論主賢。

應恆公之造景高原碧海所製立體畫

「藏域風情」賦七絕之二

峰姿絕活雪域嬌，山情雲賀艷妖嬈。
搏開窗前壁上眼，圖中塑景問風騷。

應恆公之造景高原碧海所製立體畫

「藏域風情」賦七絕之三

藏原雪谷峰醉人，氣潤群芳透清芬。
雄姿已漢催英俊，高崖眺處最怡情。

一柱擎天神變跡

佛賜韻雕有內明，一柱擎天攬兮兮。
千前體大難登罩，安來好座映斜暉。

不動（五律）

黃葉飄不盡，微絮獨報春。
青霞送孤獨，我自豔三分。

賽馬（五律）

春紅好賽馬，圍圍看相爭。
幾度鞭捶後，急蹄少女英。

塞外（五律）

三番塞外行，肥牛碧草深。
雲天為羅帳，日月伴同君。

將軍頌

聖境梅香

展傲骨冰姿，看梅花占景，
群姿丟色，妖桃失影。
偶行筆，幾代風塵。
人間煙火盡移蹤，
唯紙上清芳飄來醒腦。
莞爾醉夢猶然，
多杰羌來，三世境，
這報土慈悲，那高人留潔，
筆情，筆跡，
一笑風塵，正風塵，
幾代風塵。

To the Tune of "Jiang Jun Song"
Plum Fragrance in the Holy Realm

Reveal her icy bearing and proud bones,
See how plum blossom commands the scene,
The crowd of beauties suddenly lacks color,
Seductive peach has lost its looks.
A few casual strokes,
So many eons of wind and dust.
The smoke and fire of the human world all disappears,
Leaving only a pure fragrance from the paper,
It wafts over me, awakening my mind.
The smile of the enchanted dream still remains,
Buddha Vajradhara has come
Three times to this world.
To this Buddha Land of merciful compassion
That great one has brought purity,
Feelings of the brush,
Traces of the brush,
One smile in the wind and dust,
Now the wind and dust,
So many eons of wind and dust.

將軍頌

寒韻報春

憶群峰百丈，
透稀小瓏玲，
寒香莞爾，
懸崖紅杏。
悠然間，
幾多怡情。
壁岩高谷何處去？
但見得這般似柳扶搖。
數縷輕柔花飄，
西風送景，
恍然了，
是寒韻報春，
又這般舒心，
醉人，
醉心，
泰若怡情，
似怡情，
幾多怡情。

To the Tune of “Jiang Jun Song”
Cold Harmony Heralds the Spring

I remember: myriad lofty peaks,
And scattered everywhere, sparkling gems of light,
The smile of cold fragrance,
Red plum trees hanging from the cliffs.
Unhurried, gentle,
Such feelings of tranquility.
Cliff walls and high valleys - where have they gone?
Now all I can see is a willow-like sway.
A few threads lightly float,
Moved by the west wind,
Suddenly I realize,
Cold clouds are heralding the spring,
And this contented mind,
Intoxicates the man,
Intoxicates the mind,
Self-possessed tranquility,
It seems like tranquility,
Such feelings of tranquility.

聖君同

壁上懸圖

這方壁，
白茫茫無處，
我看兮，
烈焰叢林，
無有鳥來。
遠眺兮，
唉！
是園中性海，
無有蟲來。
我看兮，
無有林；
我看兮，
無有焰，
唉！
蟲兮何在？
原來兮，
壁上懸裁，
一幅畫，
丹青墨，
硃砂紅，
又來幾筆兮，
原來兮，
夢遊我在。
夢裡何來？
不執兮，
無有壁；
不執兮，
無有畫。
唉！
思遊這不該，
這不該。

To the Tune of “Sheng Jun Tong”

A Painting on the Wall

This square wall
A vast, white space of nothing,
Ah, I see now,
A brilliant blaze in a grove of trees,
With not even a bird there.
Gaze in the distance,
Ai!
It is an ocean of self-nature in a garden,
With not even an insect there.
Ah, I see now,
There is no grove;
Ah, I see now,
There is no brilliant blaze,
Ai!
Where are the insects?
Ah, in fact,
Hanging on the wall,
A painting,
Colored ink,
Vermilion paste,
And a few brushstrokes,
Ah, in fact,
I am roaming in a dream,
From whence does the dream come?
Ah, do not cling to it,
There is no wall;
Ah, do not cling to it,
There is no painting.
Ai!
Roaming thoughts should not be,
Should not be.

令君輝

勝境報春圖

濃姿樹，
淡雅花，
勾魂疊嶂，
寒香幾度來。
涌鼻中，
最思戀，
玄賣風姿，
報春她猶在。
似這般，
賀春梅，
近別無恙，
勝境正搖芳。

To the Tune of “Ling Jun Hui”
**Heralding Spring in the Wondrous
Realm**

Dark figure of a tree,
Light, refined blossoms,
Bewitches a myriad peaks,
How many times has cold fragrance come?
The scent rises in your nose,
As a most cherished memory
Mysteriously reveals her graceful bearing,
She is here again to herald the spring.
It is in this way,
Plum greets the spring,
That parting will come soon matters not,
For now perfume wafts through the Wondrous Realm.

映歌春

有梅高骨植

報春今眠何處？
寒韻窗前兮，
三更醉月夢枝頭，
遊去遼闊歸兮。
思遊兮，
歸來大地。
陣陣流芳亭廊繞，
歸來兮空空，
依然大地。
推窗兮，
亭亭依立，
有梅兮，
高骨而植，
高骨而植。

To the Tune of “Ying Ge Chun”
A Plum That Grows Tall and Strong

The herald of spring, where does she sleep?
Ah, cold harmony before the window,
Midnight dreams of branches beneath a drunken moon
Ah, she returns after roaming in vast space.
Roaming thoughts,
And a return to the great world.
Drifts of fragrance wind around pavilion and hall,
Returning emptiness,
As before, to the great world.
Open the window,
Graceful she stands,
There is a plum tree,
Growing tall and strong,
Growing tall and strong.

映歌春

書卷情濃

紙上桃紅幾色，
不識猜來兮，
四時花魁皆成婢，
豔媚侏墨歌兮。
藏持兮，
有客來時。
處處含情報春曉，
有客兮歸歸，
依舊來時。
遠眺兮，
陣陣寒韻，
梅香兮，
卷秀含情，
卷秀含情。

To the Tune of “Ying Ge Chun”
Strong Feelings in the Scroll

On the paper, this shade of pink,
Ah, who can guess its real color?
Next to her, all the flower queens are slaves,
Ah, alluring brows and vermilion ink songs.
Ah, she remains here in the painting,
Until the guest comes.
Tenderness everywhere heralds the dawn of spring,
Ah, the guest has gone,
Yet later will come again.
Ah, gaze in the distance,
Breaths of cold harmony,
Ah, the perfume of the plum,
Tenderness in the scroll,
Tenderness in the scroll.

小樓芳

君悅君兮

君悅君兮無人問，
有梅獨傲懷情兮。
晝看天涯樂樂，
暮歸兮，
顏色無棲。
夜帳茫茫去兮，
幾時休兮，
幾時休，
君悅君兮，
金紅報曉日日兮，
朝霞爛爛，
炊歌處，
霞輝繞萬里，
萬里兮，
萬里。

To the Tune of “Xiao Lou Fang”

The Lord's Pleasure

No one asks what is the Lord's pleasure,
The mood of the plum, proudly alone.
Watch it by day - joy to the ends of Heaven
When night returns
Its color has no place to bide.
The curtain of night is vast, vast,
Oh, when will it end?
When will it end?
The Lord's pleasure,
A golden cock cries at the dawning of day,
Resplendent colored clouds of morning,
A place of music and song,
The brilliance of the clouds encircles ten-thousand miles,
Ah, ten-thousand miles,
Ten-thousand miles.

菩薩蠻

境界

濃淡兩蕾出枝間，
青綠三昧潤宇寰，
隨緣弄遊舞，
不變自怙主。
若問梅花色，
學識在賢達。
待到無着時，
任運把玩持。

To the Tune of “Pu Sa Mahn”

Mind Realm

One dark, one pale, a pair of buds grow on the
branches
Light green, dark green, samadhi nourishes the world
Following karma, you lightly dance and float,
Immutably still, yourself an ancient Buddha.
You ask about the color of the plum blossom?
It is learning contained in virtue.
Wait until it is plucked, and without bonds
Then freely hold it and turn it in your hands

望海潮

有梅賀群生

玉林冰潔，
太空驚魂，
遙展東藏西歸。
寒香桃塵，
雖花一束，
秀盡多少情懷，
問桑田歲月。
看墨情風骨，
萬古不休。
怙主悲憫，
可衆望嫣然歸宗。
色藝寥然飄逸，
穿筆力萬頃，

博識書風，

書畫年來，

持福長恆，

點寫祥瑞梅花。

見內含奇功，

願施萬古，

筆出雅風。

但看春色宜人，

群生入聖中。

To the Tune of “Wang Hai Chao”

The Plum Greet All Beings

The frozen purity of a jade grove
The startled soul of space
Spreads out far to east and west.
Cold fragrance, down of pink,
And though only a single spray of blossoms,
Loveliness greater than any mood,
So time itself becomes a mulberry dream.
Look: wind and bone expressed in ink,
In ten-thousand ages it will never fade.
The compassion of an ancient Buddha,
Captivates all beings, and brings them to truth.
Color artistry, free and graceful,
Powerful brushstrokes crossing vast space,
An atmosphere of erudition,
These words and paintings, year after year,
Bring constant blessings,
The auspiciousness of plum blossoms.
Look: within is a mysterious power,
Which I offer to the ten-thousand ages,
From the brush, an elegant air.
Just look at delightful spring color,
And all beings will enter holiness.