《虞美人》李煜

春花秋月何时了，往事知多少！小楼昨夜又东风，故国不堪回首月明中。雕栏玉砌应犹在，只是朱颜改。问君能有多少愁？恰似一江春水向东流。

英译（一）

虞美人  To the Tune of Yu Mei Ren

There is no end to moonlit autumns or flowery springs,
And I have known so very many things.
From my turret the wind was in the east again last night.
A lost land was too much to bear: I turned from the moonlight.
The carven rail and jadework wall are as they were before.
Those rosy cheeks alone are there no more.
Tell me, what is the uttermost extent of pain, you say?
Mine is a river swollen in spring and welling east away.

英译（二）

虞美人 Yu Mei Ren

Spring flowers and autumn moon--when will they be ended?
How many past events can we tell?
The east wind blew through my small lodge again last night.
The old country, bathed in a bright moon, Is an overwhelming sight!
Those carved balustrades, those marble terraces---
They should still be there, Only the rosy cheeks have faded.
How much sorrow, pray, can a person carry?
Like the spring torrent flowing eastward, without tarry!

英译（三）

虞美人  The beautiful lady Yu

When will there be no more moon and spring flowers
For me who had so many memorable hours?
My attic which last night in vernal wind did stand
Reminds cruelly of the lost moonlit land.
Carved balustrades and marble steps must still be there,
But rosy faces cannot be as fair.
If you ask me how much my sorrow has increased,
Just see the overbrimming river flowing east!