

THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII AT MĀNOA CENTER FOR CHINESE STUDIES
CONFUCIUS INSTITUTE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII AT MĀNOA
UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII AT MĀNOA MUSIC DEPARTMENT
PRESENT

A Concert of Cantonese Naahmyam



Narrative and Instrumental Music

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7:30 PM April 8, 2010
Imin Center – Jefferson Hall
East-West Center

Center for Chinese Studies



The Center for Chinese Studies at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa (CCS-UHM) brings together 57 faculty and some 200 graduate students whose research primarily focuses on issues related to China. UHM offers about 150 Chinese Studies courses in 20+ departments and professional schools, leading to BA degrees in two departments, MAs in 11 departments, and PhDs in nine departments. The Center coordinates financial support for students and faculty; organizes conferences, lectures, and symposia; publishes a quarterly online journal of reviews called *China Review International*; and supports specific research and publications projects. The Center receives support from the U.S. Department of Education through the National Resource Center for East Asia program, and from the PRC Ministry of Education through the Confucius Institute program.

Confucius Institute



The Confucius Institute at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa (CI-UHM) was established under the Center for Chinese Studies in 2006. It focuses on promoting Chinese language education in Hawai'i and the U.S. by building infrastructure through teacher training and materials development, supporting existing credit-bearing programs, and offering non-credit classes. It promotes Chinese culture by offering performances, distinguished lectures, conferences and symposia, and exhibitions. CI-UHM serves as a conduit between the PRC Ministry of Education and U.S. students and scholars, in offering information about Chinese government scholarships and fellowships to study short-term or for degrees at PRC universities, conducting the HSK Chinese language exam annually, and coordinating short-term study tours to China that are subsidized by the Hanban (Confucius Institute Headquarters). The CI-UHM also co-sponsors an annual summer language camp for high school students and concurrent teacher training institute, with major funding provided by the U.S. government's STARTALK program.

For further information go to <http://chinesestudies.hawaii.edu>.

Program

Cantonese Instrumental Music 广东小曲:

Autumn Moon on a Calm Lake 《平湖秋月》

Lament in Two Voices 《雙聲恨》

To Wing: *gaohu* 高胡, *yehu* 椰胡 Chen Xiaohua: *guzheng* 箏

Ho Kang Ming: *pipa* 琵琶 Frederick Lau: *xiao* 簫

Naahmyam 南音:

Autumn Thoughts of a Wayfarer 《客途秋恨》

Au Kwan Cheong & Au Yueng Siu Kwan: vocal

To Wing: *yehu* 椰胡 Ho Kang Ming: *pipa* 琵琶

Chen Xiaohua: *guzheng* 箏

Cantonese Instrumental Music 广东小曲:

Birds in the Forest 《鳥投林》

To Wing: *gaohu* 高胡

Ho Kang Ming: *pipa* 琵琶

Chen Xiaohua: *guzheng* 箏

Au Kwan Cheong: *xiao* 簫

INTERMISSION

半场休息

Program

Naahmyam 南音:

Making a Scene at Magistrate Mui's Office

from *The Jade Palm Leaf Fan* 《大鬧梅知府》之 [玉葵寶扇]

Au Kwan Cheong: vocal & clappers 拍和

To Wing: *yehu* 椰胡

Ho Kang Ming: *pipa* 琵琶

Chen Xiaohua: *guzheng* 箏

Guzheng Solo 古箏独奏:

Lotus from the Water 《出水蓮》

from the *Kejia guzheng repertory* 客家箏曲

Soloist: Chen Xiaohua

Cantonese Instrumental Music 广东小曲:

Sounds of Chimes from Monasteries 《禪院鐘聲》

To Wing: *yehu* 椰胡

Ho Kang Ming: *pipa* 琵琶

Chen Xiaohua: *guzheng* 箏

Naahmyam 南音:

Burning Paper Offerings to His Deceased Lover 《男燒衣》

Au Kwan Cheong : vocal & clappers 拍和

To Wing: *yehu* 椰胡

Ho Kang Ming: *pipa* 琵琶

Chen Xiaohua: *guzheng* 箏

Cantonese Instrumental Music 广东小曲:

Prosperity Everywhere 《娛樂昇平》

To Wing: *gaohu* 高胡

Chen Xiaohua: *guzheng* 箏

Ho Kang Ming: *pipa* 琵琶

Au Kwan Cheong: *xiao* 簫

Frederick Lau: *dizi* 笛子

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完

About Cantonese Naahmyam

Cantonese *naahmyam* 南音, a vocal genre equivalent in sentiments to the Mississippi Delta blues and Portuguese *fado*, is traditionally performed by blind musicians. It is a narrative genre related to other Cantonese vernacular vocal forms, such as Cantonese opera 粵劇, *muyu* 木鱼 (wooden fish), *longzhou* 龙舟 (dragon boat), *yue'ou* 粤讴 (Cantonese verses), *bailan* 白欖 (white olive), and *xiaodiao* 小调 (folksong). *Naahmyam* was popular during the mid-19th century in the city of Canton and spread to other parts of Guangdong province, Hong Kong, and Macau.

Sung in the Cantonese dialect and usually about love, sorrow, and the woes of everyday life, *naahmyam* narrative consists of recited and sung passages with formulaic instrumental accompaniment. Unlike other Cantonese vocal forms that rely on the use of vernacular expressions, *naahmyam* lyrics are written in poetic language and expressions used by elites. As a result, *naahmyam* lyrics are set in definite structural schema that include the use of poetic meter, rhyme scheme, syllabic formula, and tonal inflection schemes.

As a form of popular entertainment, *naahmyam* was performed widely in teahouses, entertainment venues, brothels, opium dens, and private homes. Because it was entertainment music performed by musicians of low social status, this kind of music was not looked upon favorably by members of high society. Despite its dubious reputation, *naahmyam* continued to flourish and be widely performed in Hong Kong and Macau in the first half of 20th century. However, *naahmyam* gradually declined due to the colonial government's increased control over activities it deemed permissible in public entertainment venues. The emergence of radio broadcast and the availability of recording technology in the 1950s also had an adverse effect on the live performance of *naahmyam*. By the 1970s, *naahmyam* had become a musical genre of the past.

The re-popularization of Cantonese opera in Hong Kong and Macau in the 1980s reignited the interest of the younger generation in *naahmyam*, and this once low-brow music performed by blind and itinerant musicians may one day be recognized as an important heritage in China's cultural treasure trove.



Master Au Kwan Cheong



Macau-born Au Kwan Cheong is one of the few remaining old-time singers of a traditional Cantonese narrative genre called *naahmyam*, literally “southern sound”. As a visually impaired singer who is also a virtuoso on the *erhu*, *saxian*, and *xiao*, he is often compared to Abing, a famous blind Chinese musician of the early 20th century.

As a child, Au began taking *naahmyam* lessons from master singer Liu Jiu.

Because of Au’s musical talents, his uncle sent him to formally study Western and Chinese music with several teachers. While still a teenager, Au launched his professional musical career by performing in several famous Cantonese opera troupes. Because of being visually challenged, he had to rely on oral transmission to learn his music. He has memorized hundreds of *naahmyam* lyrics, Cantonese instrumental pieces, and labeled tunes. He is often referred to as a dictionary of Cantonese music.

During his early years, he also formally apprenticed with a Daoist group, and eventually become an professional practitioner in both traditional Chinese Daoist and Buddhist rituals. Au has maintained a career as a ritualist for over half a century. Although ritual activities were once considered part of traditional social life, many people in post-1949 China view them as superstitious, backward, and low class, so they have virtually disappeared in China, and there are only a small number of traditional ritualists left in Hong Kong and Macau. Au’s vast knowledge of traditional ritual and music has become a bastion of a dying art and the subject of ethnomusicological research.

Master Au Kwan Cheong

Au’s singing style embodies the traditional *naahmyam* aesthetic of mournfulness while being imbued with a unique personal sensibility. Since the 1980s, his artistry has attracted public attention, and he has been invited by the Hong Kong Urban Council and the Taiwan Ministry of Education to give public concerts. In the 1990s, his several CD recordings, released by the Hong Kong-based recording company Hugo, received critical acclaim. In 2007 and 2009, he was twice invited by the University of Hong Kong and the Hong Kong Central Library to give lecture demonstrations on *naahmyam* music and to present solo concerts on *naahmyam*. These events were so well-received that he was asked to present another concert in the following month featuring the piece “Making a Scene at Magistrate Mui’s Office” from the epic “The Jade Palm Leaf Fan.” In December 2009, he appeared in seven concerts with the famous Cantonese singer Yuan Siufei in a highly acclaimed concert series entitled “*The Nostalgic Sound of Naahmyam*.”

As a resident of Macau, Au is also active in the local music scene. He has performed at the Macau Arts Festival and other local public venues. He founded the Au Kwan Cheong Academy of Cantonese Opera in order to educate the next generation of Cantonese opera singers. Recognizing his efforts and contributions to promote Cantonese opera, in 2008 the Macau government awarded him a Commendation of Prestige and Merit for his artistry and contribution to the promotion and preservation of *naahmyam*. The Chinese Central Government has accepted Au’s application to list Cantonese *naahmyam* as part of China’s intangible cultural heritage.

Relying on his talents, dedication, and determination, Au has succeeded in establishing a uniquely personal style of singing and instrumental playing. It is not a surprise that his contributions in promoting and performing *naahmyam*, Cantonese opera, and ritual music have won him the label of Master of Cantonese Music for our time.

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Ensemble

Chen Xiao Hua 陈小华 (*guzheng*, 古筝)



Born in Canton with family roots in the Xunde 顺德 area, Chen Xiao Hua entered Guangdong Academy of Arts in 1977. After graduation, she entered Guangdong Cantonese Opera Troupe 广东粤剧院 as a professional *guzheng* and *pipa* performer. Because of her technique and artistry, she soon became one of the principal players of the troupe. In her thirty years of professional life, she has become an expert in the art of accompanying operatic singing. In 2000, she was hired as a professor of music at the Guangdong Cantonese Opera Academy. She teaches regional music, *guzheng*, *pipa*, and the technique of accompanying singing in operatic performances. Her commitment to teaching and education has won her praise from peers. Her contributions to the promotion of Cantonese opera music have been commended by many professional players.

Ms Chen carries the national title of Secondary Level Performer and is a Member of the Chinese Association of Guzheng Players. Her playing style is technically flawless and poised in solo playing and in accompanying narrative. In recent years, she has been invited to perform in various public concerts across the country, Hong Kong, and Macau, and has made many recordings. Her recent solo *guzheng* recording was released nationally and internationally. As a leading figure in Cantonese *guzheng* style, Chen is in demand as a performer in China.

Ho Kang Ming 何耿明 (*pipa* 琵琶)



Born in Hong Kong, Ho Kang Ming started learning *pipa* as a teenager. From 1976 to 1980, he was hired as a professional *pipa* player with the Hong Kong Chinese Orchestra. He has performed solo concerts in Hong Kong and Singapore and premiered many new compositions written by local composers for the *pipa*. As a strong supporter of new music, he is a pioneer in promoting extended techniques in traditional Chinese music. In 1981, he performed as a soloist in a piece written for Western symphony

Ensemble

orchestra and the *pipa*. His efforts have instigated a trend of composing new music for the *pipa*.

In 1998, he and several musicians created a group specializing in the revival of traditional playing styles and returning to the use of silk strings in silk and bamboo music. He was subsequently invited by the Hong Kong Chinese Orchestra to give lecture demonstrations on this musical revival project. In 2004, he was one of two performers invited by the UH Ethnomusicology Program to present a concert and a series of lectures at UH Mānoa. Continuing his innovative artistic endeavors, he was invited by the Hong Kong City Contemporary Dancers to be the on-stage *pipa* soloist for one of their recent productions combining performance mediums. Ho's other concert activities include a solo *pipa* concert and radio broadcast of his solo performances. Ho met Master Au Kwan Cheong in 2007 when he was invited to accompany Au in his two concerts. Since then, Ho, To Wing, and Master Au have become frequent collaborators in concerts and recording sessions.

To Wing 杜泳 (*huqin*, 胡琴)



To Wing was born into a musical family and began learning music as a child from his father. His favorite music was musical narrative and different types of *huqin* music, which can be played on *erhu*, *yehu*, and, *gaohu*. As a teenager, To Wing studied Cantonese opera for several years with the famous musician Wong Yuet Sang. He immigrated to the U.S. in 1992 and began to study ethnomusicology and World Music at Western Washington State University in Bellingham, where he lectured on Chinese music and presented *huqin* concerts on campus. In 1999, he continued his study of *huqin* techniques under the guidance of *erhu* specialists Tong Liang De and Yu Qiwei. As a Cantonese musician trained in the traditional way, To Wing is fluent in the music of *naahmyam*. He was the principal player on the *yehu* in Au's recent CD recording. In recent years, he has been a frequent concert collaborator with Au. To Wing's playing style has been characterized by critics as elegant, natural, and stylish. He has made a CD recording

Ensemble

featuring the traditional Cantonese instrumental ensemble of *wujiatou* (five instruments), a style that is rarely performed these days.

Guest Artist

Frederick Lau (*dizi* 笛子, *xiao* 簫)



Frederick Lau, is an active ethnomusicologist, flutist, and conductor throughout Europe, Asia, and the U.S. A musician of diverse musical interests, Lau received a master's and doctoral degree from the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, a performance diploma from the London Guildhall School of Music, and a BA in performance and composition from the Chinese University of Hong Kong. Lau has received numerous research grants from agencies such as the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Committee on Scholarly Communication with the PRC, and the German Academic Exchange (D.A.A.D.).

His scholarly interests include a wide range of topics in Chinese, Western, and Asian music. He has conducted ethnographic field research in the PRC, Thailand, Singapore, and Hawai'i, and has published widely on traditional Chinese music, music and politics, music and nationalism, and Chinese music in the diaspora, as well as on issues related to 20th century Western music. He is author of *Music in China* (Oxford University Press, 2008) and co-editor of *Locating East Asia in Western Art Music* (Wesleyan University Press, 2004). His articles have been published in journals such as the *Yearbook for International Council for Traditional Music*, *Ethnomusicology*, *Asian Music*, *British Forum for Ethnomusicology*, *Journal of Musicological Research*, and *Sojourn*, and as book chapters and in collected volumes. He has served on the boards of the *Society for Ethnomusicology*, *Society of Asian Music*, and *International Council for Traditional Music*. He is president of the *Association for Chinese Music Research* and vice-president of the *Society for Asian Music*. His current research deals with issues of musical hybridity and Chineseness in music. Lau is director of the Center for Chinese Studies and Professor of Music (Ethnomusicology) at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa.

Naamhyam Lyrics

Autumn Thoughts of a Wayfarer

The cool wind sends a signal, but the autumn moonlight knows no bounds and shines everywhere.
Thoughts of my beloved are haunting me, making each day as long as a year.
My name is Mau, and Lin Sin is my alias. I spend my days longing for the lovely courtesan Lady Mak Chau Guen.
Her voice and face, together with her lovely character, are renowned throughout the country.
Both her talents and beauty are perfect.
Today we are at opposite corners under the heaven, with no way for us to see each other.
Now my single boat is facing dusk in cool weather.
The setting sun is shining upon a pair of swallows flying together.
Sigh! Despondently, I lean against the broken window.
In my ears is the sound of autumn leaves falling.
I also see decaying willows embracing the cold mists.
Such scenery furthers my sadness.
I face the bright round moon while missing my beloved.
Old promises cannot be as reliable as the tides.
New sadness is as deep as the ocean, boundless.
I mourn the autumn like Master Sung Yuk.
I am only a wayfarer, to whom can I talk and what I can say?
Recently I heard news of the war.
Saying that there have been battles and upheavals at Kong Village.
Even those jade stones have been burned and destroyed.
It seems that people have had to escape like the refugees who avoided the Qin tyrant by hiding in Plum Blossom Spring.

My darling, you are just like an elegant orchid unpolluted by the dirty soil.
I am afraid that those bandits might come to harass the immortals of the moon.
You said, if the lovely flower were ruined by a ruthless wind,
Who will pity the beauty without a lover?
Together we flee on horseback and you are spilling blood.
After sunset the soul returns with the jade turning into mist.
If your beauty were met with violence, I would rather die and be buried together with your white bones and keep you company.

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Autumn Thoughts of a Wayfarer

Perhaps we could be together after death like trees with connecting roots.
At least it is much better than being separated as we are in the human world.
I wish the almighty magic of the kindly navigator bodhisattva would grant us
aid.
She could use her willow sticks and sacred water to save you, the lotus in the
fire tunnel.
Luck will help you to escape all the dangers.
May you avoid both wicked stars and demons.
My hearts is like a spinning axis turning hundreds of thousand times.
I long for you, but to no avail.
No matter what, as long as you are safe, it is all right.
I do not mind if your moon turns to shine round on others.

(Shifting to the *yifan* mode)

The time beater is heard and the drum for the third gong is sounded.
Along the river, the fishermens' fires among maple leaves are relieving this sad
man.
I stroll back and forth to recall my memory of the past.
I persuade my beloved not to be so obsessed with our love.
There will be many guests who will take pity on you.
Among the well dressed there are quite a few who appreciate your beauty.
Since ancient times, which courtesan does not love money and power?
Why do you invest all your love in me?
As a guest on my way, my pocket is being washed.
I am ashamed that I could not afford to rescue you from your job.
I remember when I wrote the lyrics about the story of the pink well.
You were with me affectionately, facing the silver lamp.
You asked me the details of the story.
And I told you the story of the last days of the last king of the Chan dynasty.
He was surrounded by an invading army and his family and nation were ruined.
But he still performed the famous piece of music.
(*Boat swaying tune*)
The king took his two concubines hiding at the bottom of the well.
He could not let go of his beloveds at the moment of life and death.
When you heard this, you sighed deeply and commented that this loving king is
true to his love.

Autumn Thoughts of a Wayfarer

(Returning to the *hoche* mode)

But he should not have indulged in so much luxury and destroyed his
marvelous country.
Even a woman like you understands the rise and fall of history.
No wonder you have plum blossoms as bones and snow as heart.
You said I am precious for I can come up with wonderful words and thoughts.
I understand that you appreciate my talents and do not mind my poverty.
At this point I would like to visit you, my fair beauty.
But it is a pity that the moonlight is too dim in the maple woods.
I look afar and see the shadow of a person.
Is the one I am now seeing the soul under the moon..... is it you?

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Making a Scene at Magistrate Mui's Office: An excerpt from "The Jade Palm Leaf Fan"

(Instrumental Prelude)

Well wishes! Wishing everyone riches and luxury! Celebrate together and increase your fortunes!

Now I am going to start singing "Frolicking with Magistrate Mui." Ms. Bik Yung wanted to pay a visit to the prison.

She voiced a long, deep sigh and addressed her respected sister-in-law: "Sigh! My dear sister, I am deeply hurt and unhappy. Sister, you have to help me! I would like to talk to my loved one, reveal to him my heart before I conceal my name and become a nun."

Her sister then said, "I will persuade her, your sister will certainly help you.

Let me go to the sitting room to inform our mother.

But please do not let her know that you are going to see your fiancé.

Tell her that you and I are going to the temple to worship the Buddha.

Then I am sure she will let you go."

Delighted, Lady Bik Yung busies her steps.

The daughter meets her mother and the daughter-in-law sees her mother-in-law.

The two ladies pay their respects and report to their mother:

"We would like to worship the Buddha, so could you kindly grant us permission?"

"Oh!" The Old lady says, "To pay respect to the Buddha is of course great.

However, you two have to bear in mind your high status.

It is important to keep away from men.

Be careful not to expose your face and your whereabouts.

Don't forget these regulations."

Then the two ladies return to their own room and dress themselves.

One is in green and blue, the other is in white and black.

Making a Scene at Magistrate Mui's Office: An excerpt from "The Jade Palm Leaf Fan"

With their shoes and simple hairpins on, they do not even wear any make-up. They get in the sedan chair and head immediately to the local magistrate's office. They go directly into the hall, disregarding the height of the sedan chair. Not knowing what was happening, all the guards were surprised. They noticed the maid following but are perplexed that there was no official document.

After the curtain of the sedan chair is opened, the two ladies step down, their beauty is stunning, like that of the immortals.

One guard asked, "My fair ladies, why are you coming here?"

Why don't we invite you to the guard room to have a drink.

Please be my guests!"

The maid responded: "Heavens! You are really a dandy!

What devil would enter your room? How dare you think so casually.

It is well known from ancient sayings that men and women should not be so close. Your suggestions are inappropriate!"

One of the guards could not contain himself and burst out with anger:

"You arrogant girl, your words are sharper than a knife!"

The uproar was heard by Magistrate Mui at the back of the hall and he shouted immediately: "What is going on outside? You are so unruly, you disturbed my fine my nap after lunch."

He is so angry that his eyes bulge and his eyebrows rise. Even his moustache lifts. He quickly puts on his official hat and uniform. What a magistrate, with such style and authority!

Making a Scene at Magistrate Mui's Office

The guards shout out that His Honor, the Magistrate has arrived.
He steps out to the front hall to see what had happened and who has caused such a ruckus. He points his finger at the pair of sisters-in-law.
“How come you two do not kneel down when seeing a high official?
Apparently you have not been educated with any politeness.
Who are you to dare intrude in my office? Whose women are you?
This is not the place for you to chat and gossip!”

Mrs. Lam then says, “Hey! Don't you know who we are? Open your dog's eyes to have a close look at me. Let me tell you, my grandfather is the minister of officials.”

(The Magistrate: “Are you trying to scare me?”) “My father is the father-in-law of the emperor who is now in the capital.” (The Magistrate: “Is it really that coincidental?”) “My mother is the royal sister-in-law. My younger uncle is the royal tutor. My brother is a high minister. My elder uncle is the minister of diplomacy and rites. My third brother is the minister of investigation. My second brother is the protector of the present dynasty. The present royal heir is his student. I suppose you know their names.

I am King Sim, the fourth in the family (I am the fourth sister.)

Master Lun, the chief secretary of state, is my husband.

This Bik Yung is our lady. I am telling you. (Have you gotten my words?)

Today we come here and would like to pay a visit to the prison.

Your arrogance and fake authority made me very angry.

In front of the hall of the minister, don't think your status will be high enough.

Magistrate Mui, you are just a small potato.

You are despicable, do you really want to put me down?

Or you want me to dismantle my house to avoid a spider without a claw?”

(Instrumental interlude)

Hearing all this, Magistrate Mui is scared to death.

This is really the most powerful family in the present dynasty.

He kneels down at once and addresses them: “You honorable ladies!

Please forgive my ignorance and bad manners which have annoyed you.

I know I am wrong and my sin is not small.

Your kindness is as huge as the ocean and so you will forgive me.

Making a Scene at Magistrate Mui's Office

The two accompanying maids smile and say, “This is really funny. You stupid officer, do you know where you are? You begged for it and made Madame and our lady angry. This is really serious. You have committed an unforgivable sin. You may not be able to escape from the death penalty.”

King Sim lowers her eyes and says, “Shut up! How dare you two show off your sharp tongues.” Saying that, she instructs Magistrate Mui, “Clean up the prison and release the chains of Mr. Siu at once.”

“Yes, Madame!” He orders the guards to clean up everywhere around Mr. Siu and treat him well. It does not take long for the guards to finish their job and return.

Then, lead by Magistrate Mui, the ladies headed to the prison and hear faint crying as they draw closer.

(Instrumental interlude)

(“Justice please, I am innocent.”)

What they see is a very thin and feeble Mr. Siu looking like a crane. His appearance makes them worry. The sisters both address him lightly. Bik Yung called him again,

“My love! Would you raise your eyes and take a look at me...? Mr. Siu, Please make an effort to take a look at me, I am Bik Yung.....”

Burning Paper Offerings to His Deceased Lover

Hearing that you have died, I feel very sad.
My little darling, for what reason have you hung yourself?
Others say that you are dead, but I cannot believe what they say.
Now that you are dead, how could I not feel sad?

I do not expect to play the lute and sing with you.
I do not expect to be with you under the moon and in front of the lantern.
Even if a fairy fell out of heaven in front of me, do not think that I would want her.
My sadness knows no bounds.
I will rent a little boat and release it for you.
I hope it helps you to reach the land of immortality under the kind guidance of the bodhisattva.

I have cast the mooring rope and am now at the river bank.
I only see the fishermen's fire amidst the maple trees now shining on this sad man.
Everything, including various kinds of fruits for offering, has been spread out.
I wish my darling would come and see my sincerity.

(Shifting to *yifan* mode)

When it comes time for the burning of paper money for the underworld, I can not hold back my tears.
With three cups of light wine I mourn the lonely soul of my darling.....

I have burned the figurines of a couple of teenage boys and girls for you to keep you company
I have instructed them to obey your commands.
This big chain of keys is for you to keep.
You servants should never be naughty and provoke your master.
There are also all kinds of things to fulfill a lady's need for beauty.
In addition to toiletries, there is a mirror for your lonely face.

Burning Paper Offerings to His Deceased Lover

Coming to burn the sash and the pair of beautifully embroidered shoes,
I deeply regret that I did not rescue you much earlier to prevent you from suffering in the brothel.
Such refined spices, but I have mistaken them as broken branches.
This sash was chosen by me. This pair of embroidered shoes is so well made.
I remember we worshipped the moon during the Mid-Autumn Festival in the eighth month.
We even promised that we should be harmonious forever under the same covers.
How could I have known you had so many secrets in your heart,
Who knows that someone has mistakenly wasted the life of my darling.
My tears are running forever.
My darling, could your soul enter my dream and tell me a little about your feelings?

When it comes to the bed spreads and mosquito curtain, they were all made in Hangzhou,
And there is a string of fragrant beads, with my ten fingers lightly resting on your shoulder.
The pipe for smoking opium, its stand, and other accessories are all available.
Here is also an oil lamp. My darling, if it turns dim, you must add oil to it.
This box of legal opium is rather old but it smells good and can uplift your mood.

If you have nothing to do, you may want to burn a few more rounds.
It is better than being bored in the underworld.
All these things I have burnt and passed to your hands.
Please beware and close your doors and windows. Do not let thieves steal your things.

(Shifting to the *heche* mode)

My darling, I have prepared everything that you were used to. They are now floating on the water after burning.
I offer one more cup of wine to my darling.
I wish you would come to receive this cup.
After taking this cup of wine, you will be released from the sea of suffering and

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Burning Paper Offerings to His Deceased Lover

elevated to immortality and go directly to the fairy land of Fung Loi.

At this moment, the boat lady comes up and stops his tears.

She says, “My lord, you should not be so sad.

You should not worry that you have not been able to match with a loving mate.

I would like to be your match maker.

Since you have such a true heart and can sustain a relationship for so long,

I will find a girl prettier than the champion of a beauty pageant.

Men have always been criticized for changing their heart easily but I see you
are so truly faithful.

There is no one like you these days.

Let the candle run its tears for you and immortal cranes fly halfway across of
the sky to help you fly.

Why don't you dry your tears and go onshore so that you will not go crazy in
the lonely night.”

I turn the boat as fast as a cloud.

Using both hands, I row the boat speedily across the water.

The sea is wide and the wind is strong.

“Stay there and I will come over to have a few words with you.

Next door we have a lady named Miss Charming Everyone

She is very good natured, with small feet and good needlework.

Just sixteen and very well educated, good at poetry, lyrics, songs and all genres
of arts.

Once there was a young gentleman who wanted to marry her. She refused by
saying that she is expecting someone who is as loving as she is for her match.

Then may I ask, My lord, are you interested in seeing her?

Wonderful! Absolutely wonderful!

Let me build up the matching bridge high and lead you to the floating clouds.”

(End)

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