

歲月如歌

致謝師友和樂迷

余其偉

承蒙康文署錯愛，運策壬寅年仲春¹「播藝·傳薪」音樂會，得以攜手眾弟子，並特邀箏藝家許菱子、鋼琴家鄭慧、揚琴家彭燕珍，舊調新聲，弦管和鳴，同台獻演粵樂。致謝。

曲以人傳，人藉曲彰，此乃傳承之道，亦造化之功也。有香江文化名片美譽之香港大會堂，筆路藍縷，樹人鑄品，拓展文藝，碩果纍纍。大會堂乃數代文藝人之集體記憶，文藝家修身顯能之聖地。欣逢其甲子大壽，與眾多師友和樂迷，聚首堂前，致敬恭賀，回顧香江歲月，續寫國樂願景，不亦悅乎。

歲月如歌。不經不覺，居港教學十八載。看人才輩出，薪火相傳，不勝快慰。此亦吾即將退休之際，欣受這方熱土送上溫馨之吻也。又謝。今六十有九，看維港風月，伶仃雲水，無論繁鬧喧囂，無論清寂孤朗。卻道是，夢裏史詩，盈虛有數，藝術靈性，總付淡茫。九年前有六十感言，心跡一如。陋札再曬，求教諸君。

附 六十感言

壬辰（二零一三）之年，虛度六十。是日，隅讀古詩：「髮從今日白，花是去年紅」；又，李太白《春夜宴桃李園序》有詠：「而浮生若夢，為歡幾何？古人秉燭夜遊，良有己也」。皆謂人生苦短，青春難駐，何不及時行樂。

嗟訝時空輪轉，歲月不居。乃掩卷而歌：人生處處皆詩意，未悔雪霜悄上鬢。或問：詩從何處覓？禪曰：「千年闇室，一燈即明。」心存明燈，何愁無詩。心直照燈，燈直指心，由衷莫明，乃吐六十感言：

幼出寒門，身自貧賤；少讀詩書，不求甚解²。
十年浩劫，青春夢碎；農事之餘，閑窗聽雨。
思古觀今，風雲際會；撫琴弄律，藉以逃世。
時空輪轉，緣來緣去；悲欣交集³，因果相循。
紅塵半生，誤闖樂壇；心懷華韻，調寄粵魂。
春花秋月，眾裏尋它；六十回首，風雨幾許？
神州揚波，旱天鳴雷；維港夕照，唱漁帆歸。
得意忘機，無言自在；夢幻空華，見山見水⁴。

（壬寅孟春記於港島如夢樓）

〔註〕

1 「播藝·傳薪」余其偉粵樂藝術音樂會原於2022年3月公演，因受疫情影響延期至2022年10月公演。

2 「不求甚解，得意忘機」句，典出陶淵明。

3 「悲欣交集」句，典出李叔同。

4 「夢幻空華，見山見水」句，典出禪門公案。



The years go by like a song –

a vote of thanks to mentors, friends and fans

Yu Qiwei

I thank the Leisure and Cultural Services Department for giving me the opportunity to curate the “Embracing the Heritage of Cantonese Music” concerts in March 2022¹ in which I will be performing with my students together with special guests – *guzheng* virtuoso Xu Lingzi, renowned pianist Cheng Wai and well-known *yangqin* recitalist Peng Yanzhen in an ensemble that features new interpretations of old tunes.

Music lives through its makers and conversely the latter shine through the tunes. This is the natural way traditions are passed on through the generations. The Hong Kong City Hall has an eminent reputation of blazing a trail for Hong Kong's cultural scene, nurturing artists and showcasing works with illustrious results. It embodies the collective memory of several generations of practitioners of the arts and culture, offering them a platform to hone their skills and show their talents. At the opportune moment of its 60th anniversary, it gives me the greatest pleasure to gather with mentors, friends and fans to pay our tributes in reminiscence of Hong Kong's past and to continue working towards our visions of Chinese music.

The years have rolled by like a song. Without realising it, I have resided and taught for 18 years in Hong Kong, and am happy to witness the emergence of many talents and the torch of tradition being passed down. This is perhaps why I am pleased to savour this warm gesture at a time when I am anticipating my retirement. Again, my heart is full of gratitude. At 69 years of age, I have witnessed the many events taking place in Hong Kong, experiencing its glories of prosperity while keeping my own moments of quiet solitude. Yet, though the epic poem in my dream has waxed and waned, my artistic spirit has always maintained simplicity and purity as its ends. Nine years ago, I wrote some musings when I turned 60, and I am sharing them again with you all.

Attached: Musings at Turning Sixty

This is the year 2013 and I have just turned 60. On this day, I happen to read an ancient poem which says, “Today my hair turns grey; red were the flowers of last year”; Tang dynasty poet Li Bai in *Preface to the Banquet at the Peach and Plum Garden on a Spring Evening* wrote, “Life is like a dream; for how long can one make merry? The ancients had good reason to revel in the night with candles in hand.” Such are the lamentations for the transience of life and the quick passing of youth, and the call to seize the day for timely enjoyment.

I, too, lament the passage of time and the fleeting moments. Then I close the books and sing: Poetry can be found everywhere in our lives; I rue not the grey streaks in my hair. Or one may ask, “Where to find one's muse?” The Zen teachings say, “A dark room of a thousand years can be lit by one lamp.” With a bright light in one's mind, there is no dearth of poetry. The mind illuminates the lamp and the lamp points at the mind and lights it up. Such are my musings at age 60:

I was poor, born of humble roots; studied the classics while young but in no great depth².
What with ten years of devastation, my youthful dreams were shattered;
After work on the farm, I sat by the window and listened to the rain's patter.
I reflected on the past and the present, and the whirl of events;
Played the lute and made music, to seek refuge from ways of the world.
The world revolves, people and things come and go;
Joys and sorrows mingle³; karma takes its course.
Half my life has been spent, by serendipity, in the musical arena;
My heart tied to Chinese music, my tune to the Cantonese soul.
Year after year, I've been seeking it; as I look back after 60 years, those were oft trying times.
There was upheaval in the Mainland, a bolt out of the blue;
Sunset on Victoria Harbour, fishing boats homing in the evening.
Gratified and oblivious of earthly workings, I'm quiet and content;
I saw what I imagined; I now see it as it is⁴.

(Written in February 2022 at Chamber of Dreams on the Hong Kong Island.)

Footnotes:

1 “Embracing the Heritage of Cantonese Music” was originally held in March 2022.

Due to the pandemic, the programme is rescheduled to October 2022.

2 “In no great depth” and “Gratified and oblivious of earthly workings” from Tao Yuanming

3 “Joys and sorrows mingle” from Li Shutong

4 “I saw what I imagined; I now see it as it is” from *Chanmen Gong'an* (Teachings from the Zen sect)