



> Activités culturelles

12^e Journée mondiale Confucius

Concert

Opéra Yue

Le Rêve dans le pavillon rouge

越劇《紅樓夢》

宁波小百花越剧团

Troupe d'opéra Yue de Ningbo Baihua, Chine

4/10/2025

19h-21h

(Entrée libre)

La Scène - Musée du Louvre-Lens



The Yue Opera Vocal Performance of *The Story of the Stone*

Introduction to the Performance:

The delicate and intelligent orphan Lin Daiyu has lived with her grandmother since childhood. In the Jia household, a family that prides itself on nobility, only her cousin Jia Baoyu, who disregards wealth and status, truly understands her. In the idyllic Prospect Garden, they enjoy a beautiful and lavish youth filled with freedom, dreaming of pure love inspired by the romantic tales of the *Romance of the Western Bower*, while also resisting societal norms in their own unique ways. Through numerous trials and confessions, their hearts draw closer, uniting amidst the fluttering flowers of late spring. However, living in turbulent times, the Jia family faces inevitable decline, and the Prospect Garden cannot escape its tragic fate. A scheme involving a swap leads to devastating consequences, culminating in heart-wrenching farewells. The once vibrant household now stands in desolation. Ultimately, the story conveys the profound lesson that life itself is but a dream from which we shall eventually awaken.

Main Performer Profile for the Tour Performances in France

Weiwen Yang



A first-class actor specializing in the *Yin (Guifang)* school of young male roles (*xiaosheng*), and a member of the China Theatre Association. Her notable roles include Zhongxi Wang in *The Library*, Shanbo Liang in *Butterfly Lovers*, King Zhuang in *The Noblewoman of Mingzhou Becomes a King*, Yinglong Zou in *Five Daughters Offering Birthday Felicitations*, Wenlong Liu in *The River of Blossoms*, Yuqing Jin in *The Prodigal Son*, Shaohua Huangfu in *Lijun Meng*, Gong Zhang in *Romance of the Western Chamber*, Yulin Wang in *The Jade Hairpin*, Bohu Tang in *The Romantic Scholar*, Lian Jia in *Xifeng Wang Creates a Scene in the Ningguo*

Mansion, Xian Xu in *The Snake Romance*, and Sheng Wu in *Zhou, Wu, Zheng, and Wang*, among others.

She has received numerous honors, including:

- First Prize for Acting at the Ningbo Drama Festival
- First Prize at the “Rifa Cup” National Yue Opera Young Performers Competition
- Excellence Award for Young Yue Opera Actors in Zhejiang Province (2000)
- Title of “Top Ten Post Stars” in Ningbo’s cultural and health system
- Recognition as one of the “Top Ten Emerging Cultural Talents of Ningbo” (2nd session)
- Title of “Oriental Drama Star” in Shanghai and held a solo performance showcase
- Excellence in Performance Awards at the 9th (2002), 11th (2013), and 15th (2022) Zhejiang Drama Festivals

Xinrong Lü as Baoyu Jia



A *Xu (Yulan)* school young male role (*xiaosheng*) performer and a member of the Ningbo Dramatists Association. Graduated in 2017 from the Shaoxing Xiaobaihua Art School with a major in traditional opera performance. She joined the Ningbo Xiaobaihua Yue Opera Troupe in 2018 and has worked there since. Known for her refined appearance, clear voice, and delicate acting style, she has taken on numerous roles in both classical and original productions. Key roles include: Zhen Zhang in *Chasing the Fish*, Baoyu Jia in *The Story of the Stone*, the Emperor in *Lijun Meng*, Wenbo Dong and Wenzhong Dong in

Dream of Glory, Xingjian Yuan in *The Female Inspector of Jiangnan*, Yun Ling in *The River of Blossoms*, King Zhuang in *The Noblewoman of Mingzhou Becomes a King*, Zhiyun Yu in *Five Daughters Offering Birthday Felicitations*, Baojun Wang in *The Plum Blossom Song*, and Xing Bao in *The Bloody Handprint*. In original productions, she played Boqian Yuan in *The Library* and Zhengliang Chen in *The Galloping Imperial Censor*.

Awards include:

- Second Prize, 4th Ningbo Youth Opera Performers Competition (2017)
- Jia Yi Award, *Yue Beauty China* National Yue Opera Young Performers Competition (2019)
- Second Prize, 5th Ningbo Youth Opera Performers Competition (2020)
- Second Prize, Youth Micro Party Lecture Contest for State-Owned Enterprises in Ningbo (2022)
- Second Prize, 6th Ningbo Youth Opera Performers Competition (2023)
- Performance Award, Ningbo Drama Awards (2024)

Qiaoqiao Pan as Daiyu Lin



A *Wang school huadan* (young female role) and a second-class actress. She is a member of the China Theatre Association and a disciple of renowned performing artist and Plum Blossom Award winner Zhiping Wang. Representative roles include: Daiyu Lin in *The Story of the Stone*, Lijun Meng in *Lijun Meng*, the Carp Spirit in *Chasing the Fish*, Chunfang in *Ten Miles of Red Makeup*, Madam Zhou in *Painting the Eyebrows*, Sanchun Yang in *Five*

Daughters Offering Birthday Felicitations, Embroidery artisan Chen in *Peach Blossom Dream*; also, in the intangible cultural heritage *Ninghai Pingdiao* operas, she played Jinlian Song in *Jinlian Slays the Dragon* and Madam Yun in *White Sparrow Temple*.

She has received the following honors:

- Outstanding Young Performer Award at the 3rd China Yue Opera Festival
- Jia Yi Award in *Yue Beauty China* competition
- Second Prize in both the 4th and 5th Ningbo Opera Performers Competitions

Performed by Ningbo Xiaobaihua Yue Opera Troupe
Dream of the Red Chamber

Script Adaptation: Wusong Ke, Xiaojing Wang

Director: Yuying Bao

Music Arrangement: Jiankuan Liu, Changyuan Tong, Siwei Liu

Orchestration: Jiankuan Liu, Haoping Yang

Stage Design: Haixiang Zhang

Costume Design: Zihua Qian

Lighting Design: Zhibin Zheng

Sound Design: Da Ye

Styling Design: Fengkai Ruan

Drummer (Conductor): Mingjie Qiu

Yue Hu (Concertmaster): Haitao Wang

Stage Manager: Zuxun Zheng

Cast List

Xinrong Lv as Baoyu Jia

Qiaoqiao Pan as Daiyu Lin

Qian Shen as Baochai Xue

Qiuying Xu as Zijuan

Jiajia Chen as Grandmother Jia

Shanshan Xu as Xifeng Wang

Jun Wu as Lady Wang

Xuewen Lv as Xiren

Zhuoya Chai as Qingwen

Yi Chen as Aunt Xue

Ying Zhang as Beiming

Luan Xiu as Kaili Zhao

Servants and Maids played by troupe members

The sudden wind stirs in Happy Red Court,
Cold rain falls over Naiad's House.
How many blossoms have fallen in dreams,
Swept away by running water,
scattered with drifting clouds.
Foolish words,
Bitter tears—
The moon and wind are ever too tender.
Snow fills the sky.
Drifting down in countless flakes.

Act I – Daiyu Enters the Jia Mansion

Miss Lin is here!
Please watch your steps.

Grandmother's house is unlike any other.
Like a young swallow leaving the nest,
You must now dwell under another's eaves.
Be cautious—
And give no cause for gossip.
Remember well—
My granddaughter has arrived.
Where is she?
My dear granddaughter! grandma!

My heart's treasure...

I pity you—

So young, and already without a mother.

Lonely and forlorn.

It is truly grievous.

No brothers, no sisters,

Like a lone plum blossom blooming in the cold.

But today—

This tender flower is brought to lean against the old pine.

From this day forth,

You shall rest in your white-haired grandmother's arms.

Here—this is your second aunt.

Go and greet her.

Greetings, Second Aunt.

No need for such formality.

Come, sit.

You look so thin—

So frail that your clothes seem too heavy for you.

Why is that?

I have been delicate since childhood.

From the time I could eat,

I have taken medicine up until this very day.

Miss Lin has arrived—

Truly arrived?

I'm late!

Grandmother, I'm late!

Yesterday, magpies chattered on the roof,

Today, an honored guest arrives in the mansion.
You don't know her.
She's famous here—
The spirited one everyone calls "Hot Pepper."
In Nanjing they would say she is as fiery as chili.
Just
call her "Pepper Feng."
She is your Second Brother Lian's wife.
Greetings, Second Sister-in-law.
Up you get—
What a fine little sister!
Not like any granddaughter,
Rather,
like a jade fairy from the Island of the Blessed!
Come, sit, sister.
Now that you are here,
Do not think of yourself
as a butterfly lodging among strange flowers.
This house is your home.
If you need anything, speak.
If you are wronged, tell me—Wang Xifeng will see it righted.
Many thanks, Second Sister-in-law.
Sit down
Go tidy the rooms early,
Let those who came with Miss Lin rest.
Miss, please come with me.
The little maid Daiyu brought
I'm afraid she's too young—
I will send her my own,

Zijuan,
to serve her well.
Greetings, Miss Lin.
Baoyu has returned!

Baoyu
Greetings, Grandmother.
Greetings, Aunts.

Baoyu,
we have a guest.
Come and meet your Cousin Lin.
Cousin Lin.
From heaven fallen an angle Cousin Lin
Like a wisp of light cloud drifting from the mountain peak.
I thought
she would be frivolous and shallow—
But no—
pure, refined, beyond the common.
Still as a blossom on water,
Graceful as willow in the wind.
Her brows hide quiet beauty,
In her voice and smile, gentle warmth.
She is clearly a guest before me,
Yet in my heart she feels like a friend from long ago.
This sister—
I feel as though I have seen her somewhere before.
Really?
Then you must get along well in the days to come.

Sit.
Sister, do you have a jade?
No.
Your jade is rare indeed—
Not everyone can have such a thing.
What's so rare about it?
One cannot tell whether it is truly magical.
I don't want it.
Baoyu,
you are quick to anger.
Why smash your life's treasure?
There are no other sisters in the household—
And now a fairy-like cousin has come,
Yet she too has no jade.
That shows it is not such a wondrous thing.
Baoyu,
put it back on.
I will not.
Brother Bao—
I will not.
Baoyu,
put it back on.
I will not!
Be careful your father hears of this.
Put it on!
Brother Bao,
Grandmother always says—
The wealth and fortune of this family
Depend on

that very treasure.
One is a fairy blossom from Heaven's garden,
One is flawless jade without a single blemish.
If there were no fate,
How could they meet in this life?
If fate there is—
Can love's vast sea ever find its shore?

Act II— Reading *The Romance of the Western Chamber*

Er Ye (Bao yu)
Who?
The book you asked me to fetch last time —
I've brought it for you.
Where is it?
Here.
Quick, let me see.
The Romance of the Western Chamber.
Er Ye, Correct?
Yes.
Do I get a reward?
Fine — a string of coins tomorrow.
I've seen coins before.
Er Ye, give me
this ivory carving instead.
Take it.
And this embroidered pouch?
That's from Cousin Lin.
No one touches it.

Hand it over.
Er Ye!
Such a fine book,
yet Father forbids me to read it.
Today, in secret,
I'll enjoy it to the full.
I've read all the classics and poems,
but nothing rivals these perfect verses.
I envy Zhang Sheng,
whose music won Ying Ying's heart;
I admire Ying Ying,
whose love outshines his.
Poor Bao Yu,
trapped here against his will—
If only
tonight I could dream of wandering Puji Temple.

What are you doing here?
Ah, hiding away to study.
Soon
you'll win the scholar's laurel!
Why are you teasing me?
You know very well.
I despise those exam essays
that earn a man nothing but his next meal.
Why bring that up?
It's not that kind of book.
Then what book is it?
Don't play tricks on me —

show me now.
Alright, sister,
I'm not afraid to let you see,
but promise you won't tell anyone
It's a fine piece of writing —
What fine writing!
once you start,
you'll forget to eat.
Oh! *The Romance of the Western Chamber*.
Keep your voice down.

Sister, it truly is fine writing.
Look—

Sister,
I am but a frail, melancholy soul,
and you are...
a beauty who could topple cities and kingdoms.
You wretched thing!
Spouting lewd verses to tease me.
I'll
tell my uncle.
Good sister,
I was only reciting from memory.
Good sister,
have mercy on me this once.
If I ever meant you harm,
tomorrow—
I'll fall into the pond

and let some great ugly turtle swallow me whole!

I thought you were fearless —

but you're all show and no substance!

Well. What do you say to that?

Fine — I'll go tell on you too

Go ahead!

Sister,

let's drop the matter, shall we?

Sister,

last time I went to your room,

I saw you sewing.

Make me a sachet,

won't you?

That depends on my mood.

Give me one,

and I'll give you something fine—

A gift from Prince Bei Jing himself,

bestowed by the Emperor.

Some filthy man handled it before —

I don't want it.

You don't want this?

Well, I still want your sachet.

sachet

You want a sachet?

That's easy —

sooner or later,

someone else will make you one.

sew better than I can, and write better too

and even has gold and jade to spare.

Come on,
you know better than that —
you don't push away family,
and you don't cut in front of your elders.
How could you let her
come between us?
I never asked you to avoid her.
what kind of person would I be?
I only speak from my heart.
And I from mine,
So your heart counts,
but mine doesn't?

Act III – Burying the Flowers, Testing the Jade

Before the vow was marked on the Stone of Three Lives,
Fate twists it into false illusions.

Closed doors, cold faces, barriers upon barriers.

With tearful words by the Naiad's House,

I question the falling flowers.

Mind your step, grandma.

Mind your step, Madam.

They say April ends the spring.

I say —

Is the height of beauty, the perfect day,

Though the old may cherish spring,

Alas, with white hair,

One is no longer fit to admire flowers.

Who says

White hair is unfit?

In my eyes,
The Madam grows younger by the day.
Live forever without aging —
Surpassing even the Old Immortal of the South Pole.
Second Mistress, all is ready.
Tell them
To take this food
To the Qin Fang Pavilion.

My dear child,
what would you like to eat?
Just tell me,
And I'll have Feng-girl prepare it for you.
As long as Madam enjoys it,
I will like it too.
Auntie,
Nothing fine for you today —
Please, Madam, don't be so modest.
Feng-girl is already run off her feet.
Auntie, don't say that.
Grannie dear,
If you didn't dislike human flesh,
You'd have eaten me long ago.
Listen to her silver tongue!
In all my years here,
No matter how clever Second Sister-in-law is,
She can't match you, Madam.
My dear child,
I'm old now,

What cleverness have I left?
Back in the day,
When I was Feng-girl's age,
I was even better.
Auntie,
I'm not flattering you —
Of our four girls,
In beauty and wit,
None surpass Cousin Bao.
Madam, you're being partial.
It's the truth —
Truly the truth.
I've often heard in private
The grannie dear
Praise her.
Madam, everything is ready.
Grannie dear, please.
Auntie, please.
Madam, please.
Grannie dear, mind your steps.
A hundred flowers welcome wealth and honor,
Every tongue competes in flattery.

In the deep garden,
A lone shadow sheds pure tears.

Along the green bank, brushing willow strands,
Through winding flower paths —

From somewhere, a sorrowful flute,
Each note borne on the wind.

They say the Grand View Garden
Is spring all year round.
Yet to my eyes –
A city of grief.

See the wind scatter the petals,
Peonies fade, peony-roses shrink,
Willows wear sorrow, peach blossoms hold resentment.
These blossoms
Are like people, suffering oppression.
My inch of tender heart — who understands?
Seven strings of the qin — who knows my tune?
I only pity the kindred souls,
Determined you shall not fall into the mud and be crushed.
So I gather the souls of peach and plum,
And build a fragrant grave to bury the fallen blooms.

Flowers fall, flowers fly, filling the sky,
Red fades, scent dies — who pities them?
Three hundred and sixty days in a year,
Wind's knife, frost's sword press harshly.
How long can beauty last?
Once scattered, they are hard to find again.
Flower-souls, bird-souls — both hard to keep.
The bird is silent, the flower ashamed.
If only I had wings,

To follow the flowers to the edge of heaven.

At the edge of heaven, where is their fragrant hill?
Better to store these lovely remains in brocade,
Bury them in pure earth, hidden from the wind.
Pure they came, pure they go,
Never to be trapped in filth and ditch.

They call me mad for burying flowers —
But when one day they bury me,
Who will pity then?
When spring ends, beauty fades,
Flowers fall, people die — and none know.

They say I am foolish.
But tell me —
Is there not another as foolish as I?

Sister, wait!
I know you avoid me,
Turn away when you see me.
Today
I'll say one thing —
Then I'll leave you be.
Say it.
Or two — will you listen?
If today is like this, why was it different before?
Before?
And now?

Before,
When you first came from the South,
I was
Always by your side, sharing laughter.
I told you
The words from my heart,
Let you choose whatever you liked,
Even worried
The maids might serve you poorly —
So I personally
Saw to every little matter.
If you were troubled, I worried;
If you smiled, I smiled first.
We
ate together, slept together,
Like true siblings born of one mother.
I truly hoped to stay close until the end,
Believing our bond the strongest.
Who knew,
Sister, as you grew, so did your distance?
Now
You glance at me sideways,
Ignore me for days —
Leaving me restless.
If I am wrong,
Scold me, strike me if you must.
But why
Turn away, cast me off?

If you have sorrow, tell me.
Why
Hide and cry alone?
You leave me
In the dark, not knowing a thing.
Even if I died for you,
I'd die wronged.
Ah — you're crying?
Who's crying?
Look — the tears are still rolling!
How dare you. Hands off —
When I speak and forget myself,
I touch you without thinking —
Life and death forgotten.
If you speak so, let me ask you:
That day when I came to your Happy Red Court,
Why didn't you have the maid open the door?
What nonsense is this?
No wonder you avoid me.
If I ever dared treat you so,
May I die at once.
Who wants your oaths?
That day
I braved slippery moss and dusk,
Came to see you, candle in hand, for a heart-to-heart —
But your maid
Insulted me
And shut the door.
I stood alone

Before the gate in desolation,
Cold to the bone in the flower path.
That day,
You stopped your ears and ignored me.
So why today
Do you point to my nose with vows?
Good sister,
I truly didn't know you came.
That day only Cousin Bao was there for a short while.
It must have been the maids —
I'll find out who
And punish them.
Yes, punish them.
Offending me is small,
But if Cousin Bao, or Miss Bei,
Were treated like that —
It would be serious.
Listen to you —
Are you angry,
Or cursing me?
What does it matter?
Your veins stand out,
Sweat beading your face from anger.

Rest easy.
What should I be uneasy about?
I truly don't understand you.
Then tell me —
What is this "ease" you speak of?

You truly don't understand?
Could it be
All the care I've given you
Has been misplaced?
No wonder
You're always angry with me.
I really don't know what you mean.
Good sister,
Don't deceive me.
If you truly don't understand,
Not only have I wasted my care,
But also
you have failed my heart.
It's only because
you can't rest easy
That you've worried
yourself sick.
Good sister,
If you could
Be at ease,
You'd recover.
Sister, wait —
Let me say once more.
Before you go.
What's left to say?
I understand it all.
understand it all?
Good sister,
I've never dared confess —

Today I speak it boldly.
Even if I die, I'm willing.
I too have fallen ill for you,
But tell no one,
Enduring it quietly —
Hoping your recovery
Will bring mine.
In dreams or waking,
I never forget you.
Good sister...

Master Bao,
Ah, Maid Nightingale, it's you.
Master Bao, who were you talking to?
Maid Nightingale, I have something to ask you.
What is it?
Has Sister's night cough eased lately?
A little better.
Amitabha —
You, who don't believe in monks or Daoists,
Chanting Buddha's name?
This is called "in desperate illness, grasp at any cure."
Bao Yu may be affectionate,
But who can say if it's true?
He's warm one moment,
cold the next.
I don't know
What his heart truly holds.
Today

I'll test him,
Throw him into the fire
To see if he's brass or gold.

In a few years,
Miss Lin should return home.
What did you say?
Who?!
Your Cousin Lin —
She'll go back to her own home in Suzhou.
you,
Nonsense!
Bold lies from your mouth —
Sister
has no family there!
She'll never leave
Her thousand bamboo stalks in the Naiad's House
To go back
To old walls in Gusu.
You underestimate others —
Do you think
The Jia clan prospers alone?
Can it be that
their clans hold none they can depend on?
Do you not know
Water flows back to the sea,
Swallows return to their old beams?
The Lin's
Cannot live here forever.

It's said,
Her family will come next spring to fetch her.
Master Bao,
Where has he gone?
Master Bao?
Come quickly!
Bao Yu! Brother Bao!
Maid Nightingale, you mustn't go!
If you go, take me with you!
What's going on here?
I only
told him as a joke
That Miss Lin
Was going back to Suzhou.
And he—
Maid Nightingale, you mustn't go!
So that's it.
Madam,
Lin's nurse is here to see Mr. Bao.
Tell her
to wait outside.
Disaster! Lin's family
Has come to fetch her!
Drive them out!
Bao Yu!
If it's not Lin Family,
No one can be surnamed as Lin.
Hear me:
From today on,

No one surnamed Lin is to enter,
Nor is the name to be spoken!
Is that clear?
There's a boat
to take Miss Lin —
Waiting
Send it away!
Quickly!
Bao Yu,
Now you can be at ease.
Maid Nightingale,
Cousin Lin
Can never leave now.
Maid Nightingale,
Let's go tell her.
Go,
and report back at once.
Bao Yu, Dai Yu —
As children,
nothing was amiss.
Now they're grown —
What is to be done?
Madam, I say —
A man should marry, a woman wed.
Better to arrange Bao Yu's marriage
soon,
To avoid trouble later.
Yes,
I have thought of that.

But whom should he wed?
Madam,
I think Miss Bao
Is upright in character,
Perfect in virtue and grace.
But Bao Yu's heart
Is set on Miss Lin —
That's the trouble.
It's no trouble.
Grannie dear,
this matter
I say
We use a "switched bride" trick.
A switch?
Good.

Schemes exhaust all wit in vain,
Yet no wall keeps out the wind?
For the sorrowful,
Hearts turn to ash, illness grows deeper.

Act IV – Daiyu Burns Her Poems

Miss— get up, take your medicine.
Miss — just a little.
Maid Nightingale ... why are you crying?
How could I possibly die?
Miss...
With you,

our bond is as close as sisters, never parting.

Seeing you like this—

How could I not be worried?

I bring the medicine, but you push it away.

You have not taken a single sip of food or drink.

In the mirror—

Your face has grown thin.

By your pillow,

I feel your tears soaking through.

Miss...

How many tears can you eyes still hold?

How can you endure—

tears rolling down from winter to spring,

from summer into autumn?

Miss...

You must take care and worry no more.

Let go of the heaviest burdens.

Guard your jade-like spirit and flower-like beauty.

Unlock the furrows in your brow,

Ease the sorrow in your heart.

Your good will, I know it all.

How many times have you persuaded me before?

But alas,

This sick body can no longer hold.

A heart full of grief cannot be cured by medicine.

In the end,

with mountains high and roads far, I cannot return home.

Till heaven and earth wear away, I wait for death.

Miss...

Miss,

Your body is treasure, precious beyond measure.

Do not say

such words that wound the heart.

In this world—

There's always a cure for illness.

All the more,

All care for you.

The Grannie dear treats you as a pearl in her palm.

All the sisters hold you close.

Enough—

Maid Nightingale, don't speak of the people in this household.

In this household—

Who truly understands my cold and warmth?

Only you, my sister now—

are the one who knows me best.

Miss—

wait until your health improves before deciding.

Miss—

Why make yourself angry?

Miss—

there is charcoal smoke in the brazier,

I fear you cannot bear it.

All my life—

Books and poems were my companions.

Brush and ink—my dearest kin.

I still recall—

winning first prize with my poem on chrysanthemums,
and competing in fresh verse on crabapple blossoms.
In the Happy Red Court we played new games.
In Naiad's House—we spoke of old writings.
A lifetime's heart and soul—turned to words.
and now,
Though memories live, the ink still fresh.
These manuscripts of poems—
I crave not the halls of honor nor the laurels of high office,
Only hoped—
that lofty mountains and flowing waters might meet a kindred soul.
But now—
with no kindred soul left. How can the poems remain?
Let these heart-breaking lines be given to the fire.
This handkerchief—he once kept with him.
It wiped my tears, again and again.
Who knew—the handkerchief is the same,
but his heart has changed?
Alas—
a true heart in me met only a false heart in him.
Had I known feelings were thinner than paper—
I would regret
Keeping this handkerchief till now.
From this day—all affection is cut off.
leaving only—
A cold crescent moon to bury the soul of my poems.

Flutes and pipes swirl by my ears,
Each note—like a knife to the heart.

There—
He faces his bride in wedding light, smiling.
Here—
I lie alone—who will mourn me?
Sister...
I'm of no more use.
Thank you—
For sharing moonlit nights, flower-filled mornings.
For years—we've endured together.
I had truly hoped to share joy with you, side by side.
Who knew wind and rain would be merciless,
and plants would wither?
From now on—
like a lone wild goose without its flock, whom will you lean on?
I fear—at Cold Food and Qingming,
You'll call my name in dreams.
Sister... I entrust you with one thing.
What is it?
Daiyu has no family here.
My body is clean.
No matter what—
See that they send me home.
I came pure, I shall return pure.
do not let my white bones be buried in filth.
Baoyu...
How dare you...
Miss...

Act V – A Marriage of Gold and Jade

Master Bao, please drink the wedding wine.
New Mistress, please drink the wedding wine.
Congratulations, Old Mistress, Madam.
Congratulations, Mistress Lian.
Cousin Lin,
Have you recovered?
It's been so long since we last met.
At last — this day has come.
Baoyu, come.
You must be dignified.
I know.
Cousin Lin,
Today is, from ancient times till now,
In heaven and on earth,
the most perfect, satisfying event.
I can't stop smiling.
From the moment I received the good news,
I've counted the days,
Dreaming of this moment.
At last —
The peach of the east garden, the willow of the west
Are planted together in one place.
To marry you in this life, Cousin Lin —
My heart blossoms like two flowers on one stem.
All past illness and sorrow — wiped away.
The joys to come — endless.
From now on —
We'll rise early in spring to pick flowers to wear.
In cold nights, light the lamp and guess riddles.

We'll share fragrance, stand together, viewing books and paintings.
walk by moonlight, treading moss in each other's shadow.

From now on —

Soft whispers and tender voices will fill the room.

Like water and blade that cannot be parted,

Indeed —

Though the Milky Way is wide, there's always a crossing.

Like Cowherd and Weaver Girl meeting on the Seventh Night.

Cousin Lin,

Why are you covering yourself with this veil?

Must we follow such old customs?

Brother Bao,

As a groom, you must be gentle.

do not make the bride angry or shy.

Increase her joy, be less foolish,

be content with what fate has given.

Remember,

Grannie dear acts for your own good.

Baoyu,

come.

May you both

Respect each other as honored guests, grow old together.

My heart is already hers —

How could I not be tender?

Baoyu, come

Remember your mother's words.

She speaks for your own good.

I understand.

Cousin Lin,

Though the red veil hides
Your lotus face and willow brows,
It cannot hide
The spring light shining from your heart.

Where am I?
Am I dreaming?
What dream?
The Grannie dear is here.
The Master is sitting outside.
Maid Aroma, tell me quickly —
Just now,
Who was that beauty sitting there?
The new Second Mistress.
You're truly muddled —
Who is the new Second Mistress?
It's Miss Baochai.
And Cousin Lin?
The Master decided
You'd marry Miss Baochai.
It was always meant to be her.
Grannie dear — please tell me,
What is going on?
Baoyu,
You married Miss Baochai.
How could this be?
It's Miss Baochai.
But just now
I clearly wed Cousin Lin —

Maid Snow goose was holding her.
How could it change in a moment?
Why?
Baoyu,
Grannie dear, do not be anxious,
The boat will straighten when it reaches the bridge.
Cousin Lin,
I thought —
tonight would seal our lifelong happiness.
Why —
did the Matchmaker tie the wrong red string?
Why —
did the plum garden plant an apricot instead?
Why —
was the magpie's nest taken by the cuckoo?
Could it be —
The Grannie dear tricked me with a false wedding?
Cousin Baochai —
She has driven away my beloved.
Cousin Lin,
Where are you now?
You must be gravely ill.
Your tears burn my heart like boiling water.
Listen — you all, listen!
Can you
hear Cousin Lin's sobs?
Baoyu, listen to your mother.
Grannie dear, I'll die!
Baoyu, what about you?

Grannie dear,
I must speak from my heart.
Speak
Cousin Lin and I are both ill,
and our sickness comes from the same root.
I beg you —
Let us stay in the same room.
so that
we may pity each other, heart to heart.
Alive — we can meet each day.
Dead — we can be buried in the same grave.
Grannie dear,
I ask nothing in this world —
Only to live and die with her.
Grannie dear, grant me this.
Baoyu,
Today is your wedding day,
Yet you're so sick —
It pains me.
I know.
Begging you is useless.
I'm going to find Cousin Lin.
Brother Bao —
I'm going to find Cousin Lin.
Baoyu —
I'm going to find Cousin Lin.
Baoyu —
Cousin Lin...
She's already dead.

It is said —
a marriage of gold and jade—fate ends, dream shatters.
The red candles burn dim,
Tears fall like rain.

Act VI – Mourning and Departure

Cousin Lin —
Cousin Lin, I've come too late.
This “gold and jade” marriage deceived me,
And sent you to the land of parting sorrow.
Now —
You are gone from this world.
Only left behind —
white candles, pale drapes, before your spirit.
Cousin Lin...

Now it is—
no matter how I call, you do not return.
Heaven and earth cannot show me where you are.
Alas —
Alive, I could not say a few farewell words;
Dead, I cannot lift your coffin.
Cousin Lin, I recall —
You came to my home alone and pitiful.
I thought you'd found a warm nest to rest in.
We were as close as true brother and sister.
Then —
as children, we slept side by side
Later —

We both grew up,
reading *Romance of the Western Chamber* in the garden.
I, Baoyu —
Gave you my true heart.
And you —
though silent, had me in yours.
Now —
No one will read *The Western Chamber* with me.
Pity me —
too heartbroken to stand in the garden
I still remember —
when I was once shut out from the Happy Red Court,
you were restless by day, sleepless by night.
Sister—
For me,
you deepened your illness with devotion.
For you,
I dreamed and thought of you always.
At last —
I hoped for our wedding night of flowers and candles.
believing—
a happy marriage was fated.
But no —
Cousin Lin became Cousin Baochai.
So it was —
You were driven to death, I was tricked.
I truly hoped—
to grow old in love.
Who knew today you

would lie alone beneath a mound of yellow earth?

Cousin Lin...

Since you came to the Grand View Garden,

All these years —

you carried knots of sorrow in your heart.

Falling petals startled you.

Cold rain on the window kept you sleepless.

You feared the world's

Blades of wind, swords of frost.

And now —

They have driven you to the grave.

Master Baoyu, you should go back.

Maid Nightingale—

I know Cousin Lin hated me.

You hated me too.

Even if I die,

I'll be a wronged ghost.

She's gone —

What more is there to say?

Maid Nightingale,

When she was dying —

What did she say?

I recall—

when she was gravely ill, no one cared;

only I, her faithful maid, was by her bed.

Here—

a cold room, ghostly-fire, weeping at midnight.

And you, there —

a bridal chamber, spring warmth, all joy.
I heard her call your name in hatred.
Such bitter words —
I'll never forget.
Master Baoyu, you came too late.

Once dead, no one can be raised again.
Cousin Lin — you cannot blame me.
It was my parents' will.
It was not my betrayal.
Cousin...

Tell me, Maid Nightingale —
Where are her poems now?
Like butterflies, all burned to ash.
Tell me, Maid Nightingale —
Where is her jade zither?
Its strings are broken — don't speak of it.
Tell me, Maid Nightingale —
Where is her flower hoe?
It still remains — but who will bury the flowers?
Tell me, Maid Nightingale —
Where is her parrot?
That parrot...
It called her name, learned her words.
While she lived —
Even the parrot knew love and loyalty.
People are not as faithful as it.
Cousin Lin — I was deceived.

Iron from all the realm forged a great wrong;
a single red thread bound a lifetime's mistake.
Heaven lacks a corner—Nvwa may mend it;
my heart lacks a piece—none can restore it.
You —

Pure as ice, far from the dusty world.
How could I —

A clear stream, follow the muddy tide?

From now on —

You will lie alone below,
And I will bear this root of sorrow forever.
In this world, no joined branches will grow.

So —

Let us meet beyond it,
To blossom as twin flowers.

Master Baoyu,
dawn is near.

You should go back.

Go back. Go back.

Wind rises at the Happy Red Court;
rain chills the Naiad's House.
How many flowers fall in dreams?
Flowing water, drifting clouds—
wild words, bitter tears;
wind and moon are ever full of feeling.
Snow fills the sky in drifting flakes.

A vast white world—so clean.

End
Curtain