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GEMS OF CHINESE VERSE

英 譯 唐 詩 選

GEMS OF CHINESE VERSE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

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PREFACE

What Keats said Chapman did for Homer is what Fletcher has done for the Poetic Realm of Old Cathay. There is a freshness and a surprise in these lyric gems. They have been read with keen joy. Having finished,

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.

I am no Sinologue and cannot vouch for the accuracy of the translations, but I know this is true poetry. So well has the work been done that I am sure thousands of readers of the Occident as well as of the Orient will rejoice with me over the production of this book of verse and there will be calls for more from the author.

H. L. Hargrove (Ph.D., Yale).

Kaifeng, April 1, 1918.

INTRODUCTION

It is not without diffidence that I bring before the public this little collection of verses. A translation can never equal the original any closer than paste can imitate the real gem: and this is particularly true of poetry, wherein the cream and essence of a language finds its highest and most ethereal expression.

The flower we can draw; to its coloring art can approach: but who can delineate its scent? And thus it is with these translations.

I have usually followed closely the original form of the poems, frequently keeping their meter, but fear that I have lost much of their *nuances* and fragile delicacy. But, indeed, the subject is a difficult one; and I shall be repaid for the labor if the average foreign resident in China can glean from my siftings some further insight into the heart and feelings of the Chinese: if Chinese feel that their masterpieces, even in copies, find interest amongst their neighbors from far countries. Sympathy is the bond of human union.

The following translations are all from the Chinese poetry of the T'ang Dynasty (618 to 905) A. J.

A.D.): and it is not a little creditable to Chinese civilization that such refinement of thought should be current at a period when the ancestors of Europe were overrun by German barbarians, and the Scotch had perhaps hardly abandoned cannibalism. The poems are essentially sketches of Nature, written by true lovers of China's grand scenery, amid ruins of famous dynasties and the memories of immortal beauties. A strain of Buddhist mysticism adds in places its longing for the Unseen, the Unseeable. One finds in them the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, and "the wind on the heath, brother." There is no clatter, noise, steam, or hurry—the authors float in sailing sanpans, noiseless save for the rippling beneath the prow, through scenes peaceful and calm. The white clouds pouring like icing down the mountain sides: the gulls and herons gliding white against the sky; the low boom of a temple gong in some tree-hidden glen; the quiet labors in the plains below; the village smoke curling upward in the temple of Nature as placidly as incense spirals about some Buddha's knees—all combine here to form China's great ideal, great charm—*Peace*. The very poems on the subject of war dwell only on its disgusts. There is no girding up of the loins to slay, no enthusiasm for destruction; no

great greed for wealth or possessions; no social distinctions of caste. There is just human life portrayed in terms of Nature. For in the Chinese language there are practically no abstract nouns, and for such the Chinese has borrowed terms from his one great Master—Nature. Thus Love is typified by Spring with its wealth of bursting flowers and sweet stirrings of the sap; old age growing upon us by Autumn with its falling leaves and sere complexion. Such allegories I have marked with capital letters, that the reader's eye may catch them the sooner.

Let him, if he can, imitating the poets of old, float quietly down the broad waters of the Yangtze, through the scenery of the Min, or over the rapids of the Cassia River; let him in some lone temple see the Moon rise over the tree-fringed hills; let him, like Manfred, seek the Iris of the Waterfall; or dream amid the relics of some fallen town—then will he know the value of the T'ang poetry; there will he find *Peace*.

2. footnote

TO LI PO AND TU FU

Li Po and Tu Fu, pardon that I come,
Lone Nature's pilgrim from a foreign shore,
With you across the misty hills to roam
And see the dragons carry you once more
To peaks aflame with sunset; to adore
In Nature's shrine, as ye were wont of yore;
To see the Iris ride the torrent's foam,
And ruins where high mansions stood before,
The moonbeams glinting on the broken dome,
While some shrill flute the fallen time deplore.
Forgive the humble heart and feeble thought,
The faltering fingers that the echo wrought
Of your sweet woodland lore!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

Foochow, 1917.

CONTENTS

PAGE

POEMS BY LI PO (李白)

The Old Pavilion (謝公亭)	1
Return with Spring (春思)	2
Delights of the Palace (宮中行樂)	4
On the Frontier (1) (塞下曲其一)	6
On the Frontier (2) (塞下曲其二)	7
Absence (子夜吳歌)	8
The Wife's Lament (秋思)	9
The Crows That Caw by Night (烏夜啼) ..	10
Our Parting at Kinling Inn (金陵酒肆留別)	11
Chang Liang (經下邳圯橋懷張子房) ..	13
The Feast of Life (將進酒)	16
Ts'ung Shan (送楊山人歸嵩山)	18
Coming Down from Chung-nan (下終南山過 斛斯山人宿置酒)	22
Hsi Shih's Wedding (烏棲曲)	23
The Huang Ho Lou (黃鶴樓送孟浩然之 廣陵)	24
The Moon Shines Everywhere (靜夜思) ..	25
The Boating Party (淩水曲)	25
Quitting Poti at Dawn (早發白帝城)	26
Kinling (金陵)	27
Mr. Yung's Secluded Retreat (尋雍尊師隱居)	29
The Fallen Terrace (蘇臺覽古)	31
Tung Shan Cave (憶東山)	31
The Lover of Scenery (獨坐敬亭山)	32
Age's Rime (秋浦歌)	32

	PAGE
The Steps of Disappointment (玉階怨)	33
Cattle Isle (夜泊牛渚懷古)	34
The Northern Hall (秋登宣城謝眺北樓) ..	35
The Water Pavilion (過崔八丈水亭)	36
Lost! (清平調)	38
To Ho Chien (送賀監四明應制)	39
The Autumn Fan (西宮春怨)	41
A Fruitless Visit to the Priest of the Tai Tien Hills (訪戴天山道士不遇)	42
A River Melody (江上吟)	44
The Return to Wen Chuan (溫泉宮)	45
"To Have Loved and Lost" (殿前曲)	46
"Soft Stillness and the Night Become the Touches of Sweet Harmony" (春夜洛城 聞笛)	47

POEMS BY TU FU (杜甫)

The Reinforcements (後出塞)	49
To Wei Pa—of That ilk (贈衛八處士)	52
Hsi Shih (西施詠)	54
Ch'in Chou (秦州雜詩二首)	56
Unable to Visit Judge Wang Owing to Rain (船下夔州郭宿雨濕不得上岸別王十 二判官)	58
The Runners of Shih Hao (An incident of civil war) (石壕吏)	61
The Lost Beauty (佳人)	64
A Farewell (送孔巢父)	66
The Chariots Go Forth to War (兵車行) ..	69

CONTENTS

iii

	PAGE
The River's Brim (哀江頭)	72
Homesickness (絕句)	74
T'ai Shan (望嶽)	75
Duke Wu's Temple (武侯廟)	76
The Music of the Spheres (贈花卿)	77
X X Thoughts of Home (絕句)	78
The Crescent Moon (初月)	79
To the Moon (月)	80
The Tatar Horse (房兵曹胡馬)	81
Pounding the Clothes (擣衣)	82
The Harvest Moon (15th of 8th moon)—(八月十五夜月)	83
The Waning Moon (16th of 8th moon)—(十六夜玩月)	84
The Fading Moon (17th of 8th moon)—(十七夜對月)	85
The Setting Sun (落日)	86
The Pillar of the South (送翰林張司馬南海勒石碑)	87
A Boating Party (陪諸貴公子丈八溝攜妓納涼晚際遇雨)	88
An Autumn View (野望)	89
Yo-yang Tower (登岳陽樓)	90
Snow at Changsha (對雪)	92
A Farewell Ode (送遠)	93
The Passing Shower (晚晴)	94
The Kindly Rain (春夜喜雨)	95
The Geese Return (歸雁)	96
Dawn (曉望)	97
My Reflection by Night (旅夜書懷)	98

	PAGE
The Pair of Swallows (雙燕)	99
The Hall of Harps (琴臺).. .. .	101
The Temple to Yü (禹廟).. .. .	103
The Imperial Tombs (洞房)	105
The Mocking Bird (百舌).. .. .	106
Thinking of My Brothers on a Moonlight Night (月後憶舍弟)	107
The Bride's Lament (新婚別).. .. .	110
Chiang Tsun (羌村)	113
The Firefly (螢火)	115
Yü Hwa Gung (玉華宮)	117
The Milky Way (天河)	119

POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

Wang Wei (王維)

Flower Love (班婕妤)	120
Life's Road (留別崔興宗)	121
To-day (孟城坳)	121
A Silent Night (烏鳴澗)	122
The Form of the Deer (鹿柴)	123
The Moon (竹裏館)	123
The Hunt (觀獵)	124
Hsiang Chi Temple (過香積寺)	125
Chung-nan Hill (終南山).. .. .	127
My Villa at Chung-nan (終南別業)	129
"So Farewell. And if for Ever, Still for ever Fare Ye Well." (送別)	130
Late Summer (山居秋暝)	132
A Mountain Retreat (答張五弟諶)	133

	PAGE
<i>Meng Hao-jan</i> (孟浩然)	
Waiting (宿來公山房)	134
Springtide Dreams (春曉)	135
Crossing the Siang at Night (夜渡湘水) ..	136
<i>Ch'iu Wei</i> (邱爲)	
On Jun Chou City Wall (登潤州城)	137
The Pear Tree by the Side Door (左掖梨花)	138
<i>Ch'en Tse-ang</i> (陳子昂)	
Pereunt Etiam Ruinae (薊邱覽古)	139
Evening (感遇)	140
Chiu-hua Kuan in Spring (春日登九華觀)	141
<i>Po Chii-i</i> (白居易)	
The Grass (草)	142
A Mist Sketch (尋隱者不遇)	143
The Pond (池上)	144
<i>Shen Ch'uan-ch'i</i> (沈佺期)	
A Night on the Chi Pan Hills (夜宿七盤嶺)	145
The Old Retired Official (陸渾山莊)	147
The Gorges of the Yangtze (巫山)	149
<i>Wang Ch'ang-ling</i> (王昌齡)	
" In the Spring " (閨怨)	150
<i>Chang Chiu-ling</i> (張九齡)	
Longing (自君之出矣)	150
The Solitary (感遇)	151
The Waterfall (湖口望廬山瀑布水)	152
<i>Ts'en Ts'an</i> (岑參)	
Carpe Horas (韋員外家花樹歌)	153
Desolation (登古鄴城)	154
To Tu Fu (人日寄杜二拾遺)	156

	PAGE
<i>Wen Ting-hsün</i> (溫庭筠)	
Recollection (江樓書懷)	157
Sprigs of Willow (An allusion)—(楊柳枝)	158
<i>Chang Chi</i> (張繼)	
Anchored by Night (楓橋夜泊)	159
The Retort Courteous (節婦吟)	161
<i>Ssu K'ung-shu</i> (司空曙)	
A Village Scene (江村即事)	162
<i>Hsieh Neng</i> (薛能)	
The Song of the Willow Flowers (詠柳花)	164
The Falling Leaf (一葉落)	166
<i>Chang Jo-hsü</i> (張若虛)	
Moon Thoughts (春江花月夜)	169
<i>Ts'ui Tao-jung</i> (崔道融)	
Spring in the Harem (春閨)	171
<i>Po Hsing-chien</i> (白行簡)	
Whence Comes the Spring? (春從何處來)	173
<i>Wang Ch'ang-ling</i> (王昌齡)	
The Neglected Beauty (西宮秋怨)	174
<i>Meng Hsiao</i> (孟郊)	
Leave Me Not (古別離)	175
<i>Ting Hsien-chih</i> (丁仙芝)	
An Invitation (餘杭醉歌贈吳山人)	177
<i>Li Shang-yin</i> (李商隱)	
Hope (早起)	178
<i>Chang Chung-sur</i> (張仲素)	
The Spring (漢苑行)	179
<i>Tu Shen-yen</i> (杜審言)	
The Autumn Moon (和康五望月有懷)	180

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
<i>Wei Ch'eng-ch'ing</i> (韋承慶)	
Absence (蜀道後期)	181
Eheu Fugaces (南行別弟)	181
<i>Liu Chang-ch'ing</i> (劉長卿)	
Piao Mu's Tomb (經漂母墓)	183
A Winter Scene (逢雪宿芙蓉山)	184
<i>Wang Chien</i> (王建)	
The Autumn Festival (十五夜望月)	185
The Ancient Palace (故行宮)	186
<i>Lou Ying</i> (樓穎)	
Hsi Shih's Washing Stone (西施石)	187
<i>Chang Hsü</i> (張旭)	
Peach Flower Cave (桃花谿)	188
<i>Hsü Chiin</i> (許渾)	
Disappointment (客有卜居不遂薄遊汧隴因題)	189
<i>Tseu Kuo-fu</i> (崔國輔)	
Fallax Puer (古意)	190
<i>Yang Shih-ngo</i> (羊士諤)	
The Tower (登樓)	191
<i>Tu Mu</i> (杜牧)	
Anchored at Night (泊秦淮)	192
<i>Chao Ku</i> (趙嘏)	
Regrets (江樓書懷)	193
<i>Liu Ting-ch'i</i> (劉廷琦)	
The Brazen Tower (銅雀臺)	194
<i>Wang Piao</i> (王表)	
Your Garden Flower (A Serenade) — (花發上林)	196

	PAGE
<i>Ch'ien Ch'i.</i> (錢起)	
An Autumn Night (効古秋夜長)	198
<i>Kao Shih</i> (高適)	
Moon Dream (東平路作)	199
"None Shall Be Alone in His Appointed Times" (宋中)	200
<i>Chu Kuang-i</i> (儲光儀)	
Rustic Felicity (田家雜興)	202
<i>Wu Pi</i> (吳秘)	
The Amazon Corps (吳宮教美人)	204
<i>Tu Ku-yuan</i> (獨孤綬)	
The Pearl (Memoriam)—(投珠於澗)	206
<i>Lo Pin-wang</i> (駱賓王)	
The Waters of E (易水送別)	207
<i>Ho Chih-chang</i> (賀知章)	
Content (題袁氏別業)	207
<i>Liao Tsung-yuan</i> (柳宗元)	
The Fisherman (漁翁)	208
<i>Wang Chi</i> (王績)	
The Debauch (過酒家)	209
<i>Wang Ch'ang-ling</i> (王昌齡)	
Beauty in Disgrace (長信秋詞)	210
Longing (從軍行)	211
<i>Chia Chih</i> (賈至)	
The Pains of Love (春思)	212
The Fallen Garden (山房春事)	213

	PAGE
<i>Ch'ang Chien</i> (常建)	
Parting (送丁文六)	214
The Hall of Silence (破山寺後禪院)	216
<i>Wang Chih-huan</i> (王之渙)	
In Mongolia (涼州詞)	217
<i>Li I</i> (李益)	
The Flute That Wails by Night (夜上受降城 聞笛)	218
Yang Kuei-fei in Disgrace (宮怨)	219
<i>Ssu Ma Li</i> (司馬禮)	
The Dullness of the Harem (宮怨)	220
<i>Liu Yu-hsi</i> (劉禹錫)	
The Ruined City (石頭城)	221
Tempus Edax (烏衣巷)	222
The Wind of Autumn (秋風引)	223
<i>Wang Chih-huan</i> (王之渙)	
The Stork Tower (登鸛雀樓)	223
<i>Li Tuan</i> (李端)	
Desire (拜新月)	224
<i>Tsu Yung</i> (祖詠)	
Snow on Chung-nan Hills (終南望餘雪)	225
Su's Pleasaunce (蘇氏別業)	226
<i>T'ao Han</i> (陶翰)	
T'ien Chu Temple (宿天竺寺)	229
<i>Sung Chih-wen</i> (宋之問)	
The Maid I Met on Kuei-yang Bridge (和趙員 外桂陽橋遇佳人)	231
<i>Ts'ui Hao</i> (崔顥)	
The Huang Ho Lou (黃鶴樓)	233

	PAGE
<i>Yü Liang-shih</i> (于良史)	
The Hills of Spring (春山夜月)	234
<i>Chang Chiin</i> (張均)	
The Autumn Seen from Yoyang Tower (岳陽樓晚景)	236
<i>Han Wu</i> (韓渥)	
A Ruin (效崔國輔體)	237
<i>Anonymous</i>	
A Lover's Dream (伊州歌)	237
<i>Author Unknown</i>	
Lenore (焦節婦行)	240

GEMS OF CHINESE VERSE

POEMS BY LI PO

THE OLD PAVILION

Where once the ancients said farewell
A sadness on the scene will dwell.
Where parted guests,—the Moon is bright.
Our torrent bathes *their* hills in light.

The lake flowers bloom in sunny Spring.
The bamboos nightly Autumn sing.
Where Past and Now together met
Within my song shall linger yet.

謝 公 亭

李 白

謝	公	離	別	處
風	景	每	生	愁
客	散	青	天	月
山	空	碧	水	流
池	花	春	映	日
牕	竹	夜	鳴	秋
今	古	一	相	接
長	歌	懷	舊	遊

RETURN WITH SPRING

Fine as the lines in verdant jade.
 Upsprouts the grass of Yen.
 Their growth long winter has delayed.
 And thou, thou comest when?
 The mulberries of Ch'in low droop
 Their branches verdant with new leaves:
 Waiting the picker's hand they stoop—
 As I await—Ah, waiting grieves.
 The spring is come. In thee the thought
 Of home returning too should spring!
 My heart is yearning. Not for nought
 Is hope, nor bitterness to bring.
 The East wind knows me not—yet blows
 Amidst my meshed curtains' gauze.
 Is it for you the way it shows,
 Not breathing aimless, lacking cause?

春 思

李 白

燕	草	如	碧	絲
秦	桑	低	綠	枝
當	君	懷	歸	日
是	妾	斷	腸	時
春	風	不	相	識
何	事	入	羅	幃

樂 行 中 宮

李 白

盡歸醉飛席衣仗輝
暖新日春鳥人月親
嫩香翠鴛鴦房一陽
中上欲還歌舞綵光
風色笑生歌舞李相
金雪翡翠鴛鴦洞第昭
梅柳嬌語明艷移泥
香曙爭暗聞見桃自
黃白巢銷隨出誰在
雪風鶯燕日花來樂
戶窗花草樹樓陽綺
色花樓殿妓歌中燕
寒春宮簷遲新晚行
繡紗宮池綠青昭羅
柳梨玉金選徵宮飛

DELIGHTS OF THE PALACE

Born through the melted snows appear the blossoms of
the plum;

And to the tender willow leaves the vernal breezes come.

Within the halls the orioles with joy delirious sing,

As from the eaves the swallows greet each home
returning wing,

With closing of the evening dim the festal flares with
light,

Where to the whirling dancers limbs fresh flowers add
beauty bright.

Before the shadows of the night the solemn guards
retire;

And all the lovely scene dissolves in satisfied desire.

The fragrant breeze is pleasant in the pictured silken
doors*

The glow of dawn is sweet and fresh across the
window's gauze.

The flowers press up their happy cheeks the beaming
sun to view.

While by the shady lake each leaf the spring is gloss-
ing new.

Amidst the verdant trees I hear the birds their carols
sing,

As o'er the harem's floor the maids' light steps in
dances ring.

* Doors and windows are often made of painted gauze.

The plum, the peach-flower, moon unite the consort's
 bower to grace;

And in each silken robe dissolved their colours find a
 place.

The colour of the willow trees is soft as pliant gold.

The pear-trees, too, their fragrant flowers in snowwhite
 bloom unfold.

This stately mansion holds a nest to suit the halcyon
 bright.

Within its lordly halls the birds of love their hearts
 unite.

A chosen bevy serve about the prince's carven chair,
And fill when bid the thrilling room with song and
 music rare.

But should you ask, preferred of all who rules this
 proud array,

I'd answer that in Chaoyang Court supreme is Fei-yen's
 sway.

ON THE FRONTIER

'Tis June—and still on Altai there lies the bitter snow.
Amid the chill of winter no happy flowers grow.

Although the wailing flute may sing "The Willow of
the Spring,"

The colour of the vernal leaves this place can never
know.

The kettledrum at daylight calls forth to war's array.

In midnight sleep our saddles we dare not put away.

This cursed tyrant Lou-lan who us to death would
bring,

With this good blade within my belt how gladly would
I slay!

塞 下 曲 其 一

李 白

五	月	天	山	雪
無	花	祗	有	寒
笛	中	聞	折	柳
春	色	未	曾	看
曉	戰	隨	金	鼓
宵	眠	抱	玉	鞍
願	將	腰	下	劍
直	爲	斬	樓	蘭

Note:—Lou Lan who had made himself hated for his cruelty was assassinated when drunk by three men.

ON THE FRONTIER (2)

The pillagers the autumn brings down to loot the land.
 From homes celestial gather our armies band by band.
 The leaders split their tallies to make war's orders yare.
 The warriors sink to slumber on coils of drifted sand.

The very Moon of Heaven is bended like a bow.
 Upon our swords Mongolian frosts their silver tracery
 sow.

The time is long ere we at last within the Wall shall
 fare.

Ah! sigh not, little wife of mine, so mournfully and
 low.

塞 下 曲 其 二

李 白

塞	虜	乘	秋	下
天	兵	出	漢	家
將	軍	分	虎	竹
戰	士	臥	龍	沙
邊	月	隨	弓	影
胡	霜	拂	劍	花
玉	關	殊	未	入
少	婦	莫	長	嗟

Note:—*Tallies*—flat wooden sticks, made in duplicate, and serving as a visual proof of the trust to be placed in the messenger who bears the one half, the other half of which the recipient holds.

↗ *yare*—an old English word meaning “ready.”

ABSENCE

Our slender Moon in quiet wanes away.
 Around me dully thuds the washing bar:
 Nor drops the Wind long Autumn from its wings.
 While all my heart is at the frontier far.
 Ah! when will all our foes be beaten back,
 And my dear husband finish distant war?

子 夜 吳 歌

李 白

長 安 一 片 月
 萬 戶 擣 衣 聲
 秋 風 吹 不 盡
 總 是 玉 關 情
 何 日 平 胡 虜
 良 人 罷 遠 征

Note:—The poem refers to the wars along the Great Wall against the Tatars. (*of N. Manchuria, N. E. Mongolia, Mongolia of China*)
 —*Ent. etc.*

THE WIFE'S LAMENT

On Yen-chih Hill the sere leaves quit the tree.
 This tower I mount to gaze abroad for thee.
 The sea's white clouds are broken on the hill,
 As Autumn grows in loneliness over me.

In Gobi's waste the Mongol hordes prevail.
 Back to the Wall the sons of China trail.
 The guest of battle there his blood shall spill.
 'Ah me! snapped orchid with my lonely wail!

秋 思

李 白

燕	支	黃	葉	落
妾	望	自	登	臺
海	上	碧	雲	斷
單	于	秋	色	來
胡	兵	沙	塞	合
漢	使	玉	關	回
征	客	無	歸	日
空	悲	蕙	草	摧

Notes:—單于=ancient name of Inner Mongolia.

蕙 =orchid.

摧 =snapped.

THE CROWS THAT CAW BY NIGHT

Through dusty clouds beside the Wall the crows come
home so late.

And cawing fly from bough to bough as each one seeks
her mate.

The lonely wife was working her silken tapestry:
Her window gauze seems mist to her; their cawing
words of Fate.

Her shuttle stops; she sadly dreams of her dear
absentee.

Her dripping tears confess she feels the house how
desolate.

烏 夜 啼

李 白

黃	雲	城	邊	烏	欲	棲
歸	飛	啞	啞	枝	上	啼
機	中	織	錦	秦	川	女
碧	紗	如	烟	隔	窗	語
停	梭	悵	然	憶	遠	人
獨	宿	空	房	淚	如	雨

Notes:—秦川 is at 長安 in Shensi.

*秦川女 is the wife of 寶酒 who leaving his wife went with his concubine to dwell at Hsiang-yang. In his absence so prolonged his wife worked a beautiful tapestry having a border embroidered with over 200 poems, and sent it to Tou, who was so pleased with her untiring industry that he at once sent to fetch her to Hsiang-yang.

Crows caw at night when they miss their mate.

“Res unde humanas, sed summa per otia, spectat.”

—Cornicula V. Bourne.

The Wall is the city wall.

OUR PARTING AT KINLING INN

With incense from the willow flowers the zephyr fills
the inn.

A rustic beauty baits the wine and tempts the guests
to taste.

All Kinling friends come hither to speed each other
haste:

Those leaving and those staying all make the goblets
spin.

Now prithee ask the River that ever eastward flows,
If any parting constant as his he ever knows?

金 陵 酒 肆 留 別

李 白

風	吹	柳	花	滿	店	香
吳	姬	壓	酒	使	客	嘗
金	陵	子	弟	來	相	送
欲	行	不	行	各	盡	觴
請	君	試	問	東	流	水
別	意	與	之	誰	短	長

The River. i.e. Time.

A rustic beauty: an allusion to Hsi Shih.

"Sad souls are slain in merry company."

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 159.

Poem by Shakespeare

經 下 邳 圯 橋 懷 張 子 房

李 白

子	房	未	虎	嘯
破	產	不	爲	家
滄	海	得	壯	士
椎	秦	博	浪	沙
報	韓	雖	不	成
天	地	皆	震	動
潛	匿	遊	下	邳
豈	曰	非	智	勇
我	來	圯	橋	上
懷	古	欽	英	風
惟	見	碧	流	水
曾	無	黃	石	公
歎	息	此	人	去
蕭	條	徐	泗	空

CHANG LIANG *p. 14*

Before your tiger roar was heard
 Your house was sold, a home no more.
 But still by failure undeterred
 You sought along the Purple Shore,
 Until a bravo stout you found
 At Po-lang Sands to smite to ground
 The tyrant Ch'in.

Though to avenge the Hans you failed,
 Beneath that stroke the Empire reeled.
 You then in P'ei your traces veiled,
 Where for long years you lay concealed.
 If neither craft nor valour might
 The conflict win for Freedom's right.
 Not thine the sin!

I come upon the bridge of Ee
 Dreaming old dreams of long ago,
 Admiring your nobility:
 But only see the waters flow!
 Still green beneath the Bridge they race.
 Him of the Yellow Stone no trace
 Has left to me!

Sighing I say: This man no more
 Nor Hsü nor Ssu to-day can show.
 Now He is gone-how desolate
 The barren shore!"

Notes:—P'ei: formerly a State forming part of Lu (魯); now in Hsü Chou district in Kiangsu, 140 miles west of Huai-anfu. In the Han dynasty it was in the Tung-hai district (東海郡).

Chang Liang: This story is taken by Li Po from the History, which says:—

Chang Liang was a man of Han (韓). When Han was destroyed by Ch'in Shih Huang, Liang devoted his private possessions to hire an assassin to kill the usurper. The assassin provided a mace of 120 catties weight; and when Ch'in Shih Huang (B. C. 221-209) was on tour, an attempt was made to slay him at Po-lang Sands; but the stroke hit his charioteer. The Emperor was greatly enraged and made diligent search for Chang, who changed his name and hid himself in P'ei (郟). As Chang was one day strolling on the bridge there, he met an old man in a thin wrapper who dropped his shoe under the bridge. Chang went to recover it for him, and presented it to him kneeling. The old man said: "A good son can be taught. Meet me here in five days' time." Five days later Chang went there; and the old man meeting him gave him a book, saying, "Read this, and you will become a teacher of Princes." "You will see me again thirteen years hence in the shape of a Yellow stone under the hill at Ku-ch'eng." The old man then disappeared. The book given to Chang he found to be the Military Strategy of T'ai Kung. In the sixth year of Han (漢 B. C. 200) Chang Liang was appointed ruler of his former state Han (韓).

One day when Chang Liang was following Kao Ti (first Emperor of the Great Han (漢) Dynasty who reigned B. C. 206-194) across the bridge he saw a yellow stone under the hill at Ku-ch'eng; he took it home, and treated it as divine. When he died it was buried with him.

Po-lang Sands is in Yang-wu District (陽武縣).

Hsü and Ssu: The River Ssu rises in the South-west of (泗水縣) Ssu-shui District in Shantung and passes by (徐州) Hsü Chou, then turning South-east crosses P'ei Chou, entering Huai-an (淮安).

酒 進 將

來 髮

上 白

天 悲

水回鏡雪歡月用來樂杯

聽貴醒寔名樂謔錢酌

酒愁

白
之復明如盡對有復爲百生

耳足願寂其平歡少君裘美古

李

河不堂暮須空必還且三邱停曲傾不不皆留宴恣言對金換萬

黃海高絲意樽材盡牛飲丹莫一我玉醉賢者時千爲酒千出銷

見到見青得金我散宰一子君歌爲饌長聖飲昔十何沽馬將同

不流不如生使生金羊須夫酒君君鼓願來有王酒人須花兒爾

君奔君朝人莫天千烹會岑進與請鐘但古惟陳斗主徑五呼與

THE FEAST OF LIFE

Seest thou not the Yellow River coming from the Sky,
 Downward to the Ocean flowing, never turning back?
 How thy hair to grey is growing, sadly in yon mirror
 spy—

Snow at eve that but this morning showed so glossy
 black!

Would you taste this life so fleeting, quickly snatch at
 every boon,

Leaving not the Golden Goblet glinting empty to the
 Moon.

Heaven has given me these talents; yea, and gave them
 not in vain.

Lo! a thousand golden ducats lavished greet the world
 again!

These roasted Sheep and Oxen slain for Someone make
 a feast.

Our Meeting here shall swallow down three hundred
 cups at least.

Now, friends, the Wine is ready: I prithee no delay.

Incline your ears to listen while I sing to you a lay.

“Of music and dainties small reck do I make.

My bliss to be Drunken, ne'er Sober to wake.

The sages of old have scarce left us a name,

The Deep Drinkers only recorded by fame.

When Ch'en Wang of old gave his feast at Pinglor,

A gallon of wine each aroused their acclaim.

The Host shall ne'er say that too small is his store,

But buy the Good Vintage and lavishly pour.

This gallant bay charger and fur coat of mine,

Now let the boy take them and change them for wine.

The Cares of the Ages, though many and sore,

Away will we scatter, and know them no more.”

Note:—It is sometimes objected to Li Po that he is too fond of the wine cup, and, like Byron, his reputation suffers from the prejudice of those who have not read him. Of all the poems of his which have come under my notice, this alone appears to be in praise of materialism. But who can read this poem without perceiving the mystic allusion of it? Here is the same spirit which we find in Omar Khayyam.

“*My bliss to be drunken*”.....cf. Moore’s “Odes of Anacreon”
No. 50.

“When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal.”

300 cups: One of those historical allusions in which Li Po delights. Yuan Shao (袁紹) gave a dinner to Cheng Yuan (鄭元) and tried his best to make the latter intoxicated. The three hundred guests at the feast arose in turn to drink a cup of wine with him. From dawn till evening Yuan drank over 300 cups, without his face being flushed.

Golden Goblet:

“Ah, broken is the golden bowl!
The spirit flown for ever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul
Floats on the Stygian river.”

—Poe’s Lenore.

TS'UNG SHAN

Where a slip of moon aye shines
 Eastward over the pines
 Where the torrents speak,
 'A mansion of eld have I—
 'Tis Ts'ung-yang's Maiden Peak.

If magic herbs to find
 You wander thither—mind
 The rosy shoots of the flags!
 Should we each other seek
 In life's low eventide,
 A dragon white I'll ride
 To yonder sun-lit crags.

送 楊 山 人 歸 嵩 山

李 白

我	有	萬	古	宅
嵩	陽	玉	女	峯
長	留	一	片	月
挂	在	東	溪	松
爾	去	掇	仙	草
菖	蒲	花	紫	茸
歲	晚	或	相	訪
青	天	騎	白	龍

Notes:—Ts'ung Shan, 10 li north of Teng-feng Hsien in Honan is the central peak of the Five Sacred Mountains; which are:

Eastern Peak :	or Tai Shan :	in Shantung.	泰山
Southern Peak	or Heng Shan	in Hunan.	衡山
Western Peak	or Hua Shan	in Shensi.	華山
Northern Peak	or Heng Shan	in Chihli.	恆山
Central Peak	or Ts'ung Shan	in Honan.	嵩山

The Maiden Peak: a pinnacle on Ts'ung Shan, also called "The Pure Maid's Washing Stone." On the day before the (立秋) inception of Autumn a sound of pounding can be heard there.

Flags: calamus: together with artemisia charms are hung on doors at the Dragon Festival (5th day of 5th moon) as a rush sword to keep away evil spirits. ("I see these witches are afraid of swords."—The Comedy of Errors, Act IV, Sc. 4.) When Wu Ti of the Han Dynasty (B. C. 140-86) ascended Ts'ung Shan he suddenly met a fairy who said: "I come from the Chiu-I Hills in Shansi. Hearing that on the rocks of the Central Peak are flags with nine knots to the inch which when eaten confer immortality, I have come to seek them."

Dragon white:—Li Po compares himself to a spirit exiled from his natural Heaven-Nature.

The Five Sacred Mountains appear to have been considered as the points of conception of the T'ien Ti tsao-hua, interinfusion or copulation of Heaven and Earth.

The worship of this conjunction of Heaven and Earth is evidently similar to the rites of Isis and Osiris and the birth of Horus; Jupiter and Cybele. Ops and Rhoea, Mythra, etc.; and is the parent of all this class of tales from those of shepherd maidens found by goblins (cf. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*—"She said no shepherd sought her side, no hunter's hand her snood untied," etc.) to the more serious religions based on a Heavenly Father and human mother.

In the Lama Temple in Peking is a group figure called T'ien Ti tsao-hua, which exactly illustrates this Idea, and which is evidently of very ancient derivation.

With these rites the ceremonies of the Dragon Festival have an evident connection. Thus the Festival is called Tuan Yang (端陽) i.e. a cessation of the male principle (of the sperm ingestion) and commencement of the period of gestation (of the seeds) in the womb of "Mother Earth."

It is possible that the Rain was considered as the spermatae of this union, and that hence comes the Dragon—Power of Waters.

The story of the seeking for a lost hero drowned in the waters would appear to be a reminiscence of human sacrifice, in which the "male" was, literally, either restrained from further connection with the female after conception (as is still the practice of some African tribes—whence polygamy) or more probably I think, the sending down of a "male" into the (female?) waters that his principle may make them fertile when applied to the crops.

It is probable that human sacrifice in China, as elsewhere, was replaced by offerings of the *produce* of the union (of Heaven and Earth)—"the firstborn of the flock"—instead of offering an *incentive* to that union; but of the exact symbolism attached to "flags" and "artemisia" I have no information.

酒置宿山人山斯斛過南山終下

李 白

暮	從	碧	山	下
山	月	隨	人	歸
却	顧	所	來	徑
蒼	蒼	橫	翠	微
相	攜	及	田	家
童	稚	開	荆	扉
綠	竹	入	幽	徑
青	蘿	拂	行	衣
歡	言	得	所	憩
美	酒	聊	共	揮
長	歌	吟	松	風
曲	盡	河	星	稀
我	醉	君	復	樂
陶	然	共	忘	機

× × COMING DOWN FROM CHUNG-NAN

The dusk descends along the verdant hills,
 O'er which the Moon our footsteps follows back.
 Gaze up; and lo! the path by which we came
 Winds up the hill amid the greenwood track.

As hand in hand we reach the farmer's home
 His lads to us the thorn-wove wicket ope.
 The path o'erhung with bamboo sprays is dim.
 Green creepers at the passer's clothing grope.

Gladly we say: "Here is a place to rest."
 The goodly wine in waving circle goes.
 Our songs extoll the sweet fir-laden air,
 Till ere we cease each star but dimly glows.

Drunken am I—and you with pleasure too—
 In pure enjoyment, free from human woes.

Note:—The Nan Shih says: "T'ao had an especial fondness for pine trees; which he planted in his court and garden. To hear the stir of them in the breeze was pure enjoyment to him."

HSI SHIH'S WEDDING

A Ballad

The crows fly back perching on Ku Su's high Tower;
 And flushing with Hsi Shih is Wu Wang's rich bower.
 They sang and they danced and they merry-made still
 When half of the sun sank behind the green hill.

In golden clepsydra the silver gauge showed
 How long yet the night ere the shaded hours fly.
 On the river's low ripples the clear Moonlight glowed.
 But oh! what delight when it mounted on high!

烏 棲 曲

李 白

姑	蘇	臺	上	烏	棲	時
吳	王	宮	裏	醉	西	施
吳	歌	楚	舞	歡	未	畢
青	山	欲	銜	半	邊	日
銀	箭	金	壺	漏	水	多
起	看	秋	月	墜	江	波
東	方	漸	高	奈	樂	何

Note:—Ku Su, the residence of Wu Wang.

“Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?”

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act 1, Sc. 2.

THE HUANG HO LOU

(A Farewell Ode to Meng Hao-jan)

You parted; leaving to the West the Huang Ho Lou,
The mists of Spring in floating veils descending on
Yangchou.

Adown the distance faded hence with thee you lonely
sail

To where the mournful River's waves into the skyline
flow.

黃鶴樓送孟浩然之廣陵

李 白

故 人 西 辭 黃 鶴 樓
煙 花 三 月 下 揚 州
孤 帆 遠 影 碧 空 盡
惟 見 長 江 天 際 流

Note:—The Huang Ho Lou (Tower of the Yellow Crane) is to the East of Yangchou, and as Meng is going to Yangchou he leaves the Tower on the West.

The original Huang Ho Lou was destroyed by the Tai Ping rebels during the siege of Wuchang.

A new, and ugly red brick building on the bank of the Yangtze at Wuchang, built, I believe, by Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, marks its former site.

Some of Meng Hao-jan's poems are given in this volume.

THE MOON SHINES EVERYWHERE

Seeing the Moonbeams by my couch so bright,
 I thought hoar frost had fallen in the night.
 On the clear Moon I gazed with lifted eyes:
 Then hid them full of home's sweet memories.

靜 夜 思

李 白

牀	前	看	月	光
疑	是	地	上	霜
舉	頭	望	明	月
低	頭	思	故	鄉

THE BOATING PARTY

The River clear—the Autumn Moon so bright—
 We pluck the South Lake's bridal flowers white.
 The maiden water lilies seem to speak:
 And tinge with shame each boat borne wanton's cheek.

淥 水 曲

李 白

淥	水	明	秋	月
南	湖	採	白	蘋
荷	花	嬌	欲	語
愁	殺	蕩	舟	人

Note:—蘋: P'in²: *Hydrocharis morsus-rance* (frogbite), formerly used in bridal rites.

淥: Lu, a river in Hunan.

“Their still waters—still and chilly
 With the snow of the lolling lily.”

—Poe: Dreamland.

QUITTING POTI AT DAWN

Poti amid its rainbow clouds we quitted with the dawn,
 A thousand li in one day's space to Kiang-ling are
 borne.

Ere yet the gibbon's howling along the banks was still
 All through the craggéd Gorge our skiff had fled
 with the morn.

早發白帝城

李白

朝辭白帝彩雲間
 千里江陵一日還
 兩岸猿聲啼不住
 輕舟已過萬重山

Notes:—Poti is a town in Szechuen. The poet celebrates the swift current of the Yangtze down the Gorges of Szechuen.

The constant reference to the gibbon in the Tang poems would seem to imply that at that time China was much more wooded than at present. So far as I know monkeys are not common along the Yangtze nowadays; but they may still be seen on the higher reaches of the West River.

1 li = $0\frac{1}{3}$ mi.

KINLING

Of Kingdoms six their state that raised
 In turn upon each other's fall,
 Libations three when I have made,
 A lay I sing unto you all.

This garden that is left us now
 Is smaller than the Chins' of yore.
 These hills remind of Loyang peaks,
 Are like them, but in number more.

The flowers that long ago the Wus
 Had planted by their ancient halls:
 The silks and damasks that the Kins
 Concealed within their Palace walls:

With all their human lovers gone
 Are all extinct in long decay.
 Old Time has washed them to the East
 Amidst the Ocean's waves away.

金 陵

李 白

六	代	興	亡	國
三	杯	爲	爾	歌
苑	方	秦	地	少
山	似	洛	陽	多
古	殿	吳	花	草
深	宮	晉	綺	羅
併	隨	人	事	滅
東	逝	與	滄	波

Note :—Kinling was founded by Wei Wang of Ch'u, and was the capital of the following six successive States :—

Wu	(吳代)	A.D.	222-264.
Chin	(晉,,)		265-419.
Sung	(宋,,)		420-477.
Ch'i	(齊,,)		479-501.
Liang	(梁,,)		502-556.
Ch'en	(陳,,)		557-587.

Garden :—The Princes of Ch'in had a garden called The Shang-lin Yuan (上林苑) which was 400 li (130 miles) in extent.

Loyang :—in Honan.

"For death eternal waits thee evermore."

Not for a briefer space shall he be dead,
Whose light of life but yesterday hath fled,
Than he who perished years on years afore."

—Lucretius (Salt).

MR. YUNG'S SECLUDED RETREAT

With verdant heads the crowd of cliffs are brushing
the sky.

So aimless wandering here, one feels not the years go
by.

I burst through the Veiling Clouds in search of the
Ancient Way,

Or lean me against a tree while hearing the torrent's
play.

The warm Spring opens the flowers: the Fairy Ox lies
down.

The White Crane sleeps above on the lofty pine tree's
crown.

The River gleams with Twilight; as now our speech is
done

Alone I cross the chilly mist descending with the sun.

尋 雍 尊 師 隱 居

李 白

羣	峭	碧	摩	天
道	遙	不	計	年
撥	雲	尋	古	道
倚	樹	聽	流	泉
花	暖	青	牛	臥
松	高	白	鶴	眠
語	來	江	色	暮
獨	自	下	寒	烟

Notes :—Fairy Ox : Lao-tze, author of the Tao-te Ching (Path of Righteousness), is said to have ridden in a cart drawn by a dun ox to Ta-ch'in (大秦) (Syria). On Tsung Kao Hill (嵩高山) is a large pine tree. Every 100 or 1,000 years its juices are turned into a Black Ox.

White Crane : Wang Tze-ch'iao (王子喬) rode on a white crane to the top of Hou-Shih Hill (緱氏山).

Both are types of Fairy Land, and the crane commonly represented as such in Chinese pictures. Lao-tze riding a black ox is also a common picture.

THE FALLEN TERRACE

Fresh elm and willow barely hide the garden terrace
bare.

The calthrop picker's singing thrills the clearer vernal
air.

But, ah! the Moon, that once beheld these Halls so
gaily thronged,

Upon the Western River shines, its sole companion
there.

蘇 臺 覽 古
李 白

舊	苑	荒	臺	楊	柳	新
菱	歌	清	唱	不	勝	春
只	今	惟	有	西	江	月
曾	照	吳	王	宮	裏	人

TUNG SHAN CAVE

To Tung Shan Cave so long I have not been!

How often have its roses filled with bloom?

Its silver clouds all pass away unseen.

Descends Diana there?—To visit whom?

憶 東 山
李 白

不	向	東	山	久
蓄	薇	幾	度	花
白	雲	還	自	散
明	月	落	誰	家

Note:—Halfway up Tung-shan, which is ten miles South East of Ying-tien Fu (Nanking), is the 薔薇洞 Cave of the Cinnamon Roses.

THE LOVER OF SCENERY

All the Birds had flown away.
 One Cloud its aimless circle ran,
 Unwearied gazing on each other,
 It and Ching-ting Shan.

獨 坐 敬 亭 山

李 白

衆	鳥	高	飛	盡
孤	雲	獨	去	閒
相	看	兩	不	厭
只	有	敬	亭	山

Notes:—Birds: the seekers of worldly pleasures and profit, who, having obtained their desire, fly elsewhere.

One Cloud: the writer in his pure love of Nature compares himself to the solitary cloud pouring unwearied on the hills.

Ching Ting Hill is in 宣城縣.

AGE'S RIME

Ah me! to make such length of grizzled hair
 How many days it grew along with care!
 Indeed, how could in this pure mirror show
 The origin of so much Autumn snow?

秋 浦 歌

李 白

白	髮	三	千	丈
緣	愁	似	箇	長
不	知	明	鏡	裏
何	處	得	秋	霜

Note:—秋浦縣 was founded in 622 A.D.

THE STEPS OF DISAPPOINTMENT

The dew forms white upon the marble stair.
 Our silken socks are damp ere night outwear.
 Returning drop our crystal blinds to see
 The Autumn Moon gleam through them glintingly.

玉 階 怨

李 白

玉 階 生 白 露
 夜 久 侵 羅 襪
 却 下 水 晶 簾
 玲 瓏 望 秋 月

Notes:—Crystal blinds were made apparently of beads or rods of crystal strung together.

The Stair is that of the Emperor's private apartments up which the favourites pass. The damsels of this poem have waited in vain the Imperial summons to admit them, and return to their chamber unable to sleep from disappointment. The sight of the Autumn Moon reminds them of their being "Autumn fans"—no longer required.

CATTLE ISLE

'Tis night: and on the Western Stream here swims the
Cattle Isle.

No cloud to fleck the spotless sky that stretches mile
on mile.

Within my skiff I float away the Autumn Moon to view
In idle dreams of him who raised to fame a poet new.

A lofty strain I too can lift. But what will that avail?
There is no patron now to hear my heart-string's sob-
bing wail.

Our matting sails we raise again to meet to-morrow's
sun,

As from the tree the maple leaves are dropping one by
one.

夜 泊 牛 渚 懷 古

李 白

牛	渚	西	江	夜
青	天	無	片	雲
登	舟	望	秋	月
空	憶	謝	將	軍
余	亦	能	高	詠
斯	人	不	可	聞
明	朝	挂	帆	席
楓	葉	落	紛	紛

Note:—"On such a night as this,"* General Hsieh, called Con-
queror of the West, while patrolling near Cattle Isle heard the poet
Yuan Hsiung singing to the moon, and entered into conversation
with him. From this time Yuan's reputation began to grow.

THE NORTHERN HALL

A picture before me the city lies there.
 Seen far from the hills in the dawning's bright air.
 Clear mirrors two rivers have here their twin birth:
 Two bridges like rainbows that pair on the earth.
 In their orange and pumelo groves they are cold.
 The leaves of the wu-tung with Autumn grow old.
 Who cares that aloft on this Northern Tower I
 Yet dream of the ancients the wind has borne by?

秋 登 宣 城 謝 朓 北 樓

李 白

江	城	如	畫	裏
山	曉	望	晴	空
兩	水	夾	明	鏡
雙	橋	落	彩	虹
人	烟	寒	橘	柚
秋	色	老	梧	桐
誰	念	北	樓	上
臨	風	懷	謝	公

Notes:—The twin bridges are 鳳凰橋 Feng-huang Ch'iao and 濟川橋 Chi-ch'uan Ch'iao: the two 雙溪 rivers are the double Ch'i.

梧桐一葉落，而天下知秋 "When one wutung leaf falls, all the world knows that Autumn has come."

THE WATER PAVILION

High through the rainbow air this chamber towering
see.

While intermingle around shadow and sunlight clear.
Splashing above the eaves leap the waters of Yuan-ch'i.
On Ching-ting, cloudy hill, down from the windows
peer!

The gibbon's howl the sigh of the wind has led astray.
To the placid Moon above the songs of the fishers soar.
Free as the seagull sailing we seem to float away.
Am I not one of them there that flock on the sandy
shore?

過 崔 八 丈 水 亭

李 白

高	閣	橫	秀	氣
清	幽	併	在	君
簷	飛	宛	溪	水
牕	落	敬	亭	雲
猿	嘯	風	中	斷
漁	歌	月	裏	聞
閒	隨	白	鷗	去
沙	上	自	爲	羣

清 平 調

李 白

雲	想	衣	裳	花	想	容
春	風	拂	檻	露	華	濃
若	非	羣	玉	山	頭	見
會	向	瑤	台	月	下	逢
一	枝	濃	艷	露	凝	香
雲	雨	巫	山	枉	斷	腸
借	問	漢	宮	誰	得	似
可	憐	飛	燕	倚	新	妝
名	花	傾	國	兩	相	歡
常	得	君	王	帶	笑	看
解	釋	春	風	無	限	恨
沈	香	亭	北	倚	闌	干

v x LOST!

Upon the clouds I gaze and see thy vesture floating fair
Upon the flowers I gaze and lo! thy cheek is kindling
there.

The zephyr brushing through the steep thy footfall
seems to be.

The dew, so like thy freshness, brings the sense of loss
to me.

Our broken fates no hope attends.
But if on earth we meet no more,

Await me on that fairy shore
Behind whose clouds the moon ascends!

A moulded form whose smooth excess sweet fragrance
clung around.

A dream of rapture magical that made the pulses bound.
Her equal in the Court of Han as yet had never been.
What new attire for Yang Kuei-fei to shroud her in the
ground?

Mid ^{*} happy flowers the loveliest still his Helen's beauty
rare:

How often had he smiled to see Her Fairest Flower
there!

This Breath of Balm to dissipate what boundless hate
arose!

The well-remembered arbour floods his heart with
scented care.

Notes:—"A dream of rapture magical:" literally "Clouds and rain on Wu Shan;" referring to the dream of Huai Wang at Kao-tang that he saw a lovely maiden who declared herself to be the Spirit of the Wu Hill, walking on the clouds at morn and on the rain at night, with whom he became deeply impassioned—"the nympholepsy of some fond despair."

* "Happy flowers:" The peony is pure white at dawn; deep yellow at evening; and dies at night with a most perfect scent."

TO HO CHIEN

Though anxious office to resign and private garb
resume,

Your able craft and placid mind must long the Court ⁴⁰
illumine.

From Mao the Wondrous you received the true Ar-
cana's art.

A home by Tungting Lake His Grace now grants you
to assume.

The sky is full of stars; the mist enshrouds Mount
Yaotai tall.

From Wizard Peak high lost in space yon islands look
so small!

The Crane that from the Tree of Pearls ne'er loveth to
depart

Ah! tell me when it next will fly across the City wall?

送 賀 監 四 明 應 制

See next

李 白

久	辭	榮	祿	遂	初	衣
曾	向	長	生	說	息	機
真	訣	自	從	茅	氏	得
恩	波	應	許	洞	庭	歸
瑤	臺	含	霧	星	辰	滿
仙	嶠	浮	空	島	嶼	微
借	問	欲	樓	珠	樹	鶴
何	年	却	向	帝	城	飛

Notes:—Ho Chien wished to retire to the Taoist's life; but as he was reported to the Throne as being "Skilled in men and affairs, and placid in disposition"—permission to dispense with his services was long refused.

Mao: Mao Meng, styled Ch'u-ch'eng, (茅濛; 初成) or, as he called himself, "The mad Wanderer of Ssu Ming, "retired into the Hua Shan (華山) to practise Taoism. Having attained to the Path of Taoism, he sang; "To the Golden Cave see the White Crane soar. It comes again—ah! nevermore," and mounted into the clouds in broad daylight on the back of a dragon.

Tungting: When Huang Ti was travelling in Shu he scooped out five lakes to hold water. Of these the Tungting Lake was one. (Huang Ti is supposed to have reigned 2700 B.C.)

The Court: Chang-sheng Hall: "In the Court of Wu Ti of the Han (漢) Dynasty (B. C. 140—86) was a famous singer called Li-chuan (麗娟)—The Lovely—at whose song the pear trees would blossom. On her singing the "Song of the Wind's Return" outside the Chang-sheng Hall, the leaves dropped from the trees in the courtyard."

"The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

—L'allegro.

And see the legend of Orpheus, who made trees and stones to move with his music.

The Triple Pearl Tree (三珠樹) grows on the Red Water in the land of Yen-huo—or An-for (厭火).

Ssu-ming Shan (四明山) is 50 miles S. W. of Ningpo. On it are four stone windows through which are seen The Sun, the Moon, the Stars and the Planets; whence it is called "The Hill of the Four Brightnesses."

In this poem Li Po compares the retreat of Ho Chien to that of Mao into the Hua Shan, and inquires when he will, like Mao attain to immortality.

THE AUTUMN FAN ?

Before my hall sweet flowers perfume the calm and
silent night.

I wish to roll the blinds—but, ah! am checked by
Spring's despoite.

Dimly, guitar beneath my arm, the glancing moon I
see.

The wavering colours of the trees obscure my lost
delight.

西 宮 春 怨

李 白

西 宮 夜 靜 百 花 香

欲 捲 珠 簾 春 恨 長

斜 抱 雲 和 深 見 月

朦 朧 樹 色 隱 昭 陽

Note: This poem represents Yang Kuei Fei in disgrace.

A FRUITLESS VISIT TO THE PRIEST OF
THE TAI TIEN HILLS

I hear the barking of the dogs amidst the waters sound.
The recent rain has washed each stain from all the
peach bloom round.

At times amid the thickest copse a timid deer is seen.
And to the breeze in sparkling seas the bamboos roll
in green.

From yonder verdant peak depends the sheeted water-
fall.

At noon's full prime I hear no chime of bells from
arbour'd hall.

Whither the wandering priest has gone is no one here
can tell.

Against a pine I sad recline, and let my heart o'er swell.

訪 戴 天 山 道 士 不 遇

李 白

犬	吠	水	聲	中
桃	花	帶	雨	濃
樹	深	時	見	鹿
溪	午	不	聞	鐘
野	竹	分	青	靄
飛	泉	挂	碧	峯
無	人	知	所	去
愁	倚	兩	三	松

江 上 吟

李 白

木	蘭	之	柺	沙	棠	舟
玉	簫	金	管	坐	兩	頭
美	酒	尊	中	置	千	斛
載	妓	隨	波	任	去	留
仙	人	有	待	乘	黃	鶴
海	客	無	心	隨	白	鷗
屈	平	詞	賦	懸	日	月
楚	王	臺	榭	空	山	邱
興	酣	落	筆	搖	五	嶽
詩	成	笑	傲	凌	滄	洲
功	名	富	貴	若	長	在
漢	水	亦	應	西	北	流

A RIVER MELODY

With cornel oars our skiff of mountain pear
 Lightly glances o'er the lapping waters.
 At the bow a flute of echo fair
 At the stern a pipe's melodious air
 Mingle with the song of Beauty's daughters.
 Here are copious flasks of vintage rare.
 Why then, would we quit this world of care,
 Need we wait to mount some fairy crane?
 Free as seagulls float we o'er the waters
 Idly floating on this shoreless main.
 The songs of famous singers live as long
 As sun and moon shall circle in the sky.
 The halls of pride now strewn the hills along
 Proclaim that every other fame shall die.
 To such rapture even mighty mountains
 Stir and sway their weighty bulk again.
 In the fairy islands of the Blessed
 Lives for ever each immortal strain.
 But sooner could flow backward to its fountains
 This stream, than wealth and honours can remain.

Note: "Mount some fairy crane" i. e. go to heaven.

"One poor retiring minute in an age

Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends."

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 138.

THE RETURN TO WEN CHUAN

Twelve leaders of the cohorts passed along
 As ordered stars deck out the skirts of night.
 Beneath the harvest moon there glittered bright
 As frost the keen steel of the moving throng.
 Like moonbeams draped o'er clouds the banners flew.
 In awe respectful every door was shut.
 Through boundless space the music sounded up.
 The breath of perfect morn caresses blew
 In wanton airs around our Prince the good and true.

溫 泉 宮

李 白

羽	林	十	二	將
羅	列	應	星	文
霜	仗	懸	秋	月
霓	旌	卷	夜	雲
嚴	更	千	戶	肅
清	樂	九	天	聞
日	出	瞻	佳	氣
葱	葱	繞	聖	君

“TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST” *as by the never had*

Last night the wind of spring laid bare the peach
flowers of the well.

Before the Palace soared the moon with radiance clear
but fell.

Within His room the actress maid his shifting love
had won.

Without—the silken robe he gave could not the chill
dispel.

殿 前 曲

李 白

昨 夜 風 開 露 井 桃
未 央 前 殿 月 輪 高
平 陽 歌 舞 新 承 寵
簾 外 春 寒 賜 錦 袍

“O how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.”

—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I, Sc. 3.

“SOFT STILLNESS AND THE NIGHT BECOME
THE TOUCHES OF SWEET HARMONY”

From what clear flute unseen these flying trills
With which the Wind of Spring the City fills?
Amid the strains the Flower is plucked anew—
In what sweet Garden—how my bosom thrills!

春 夜 洛 城 聞 笛

李 白

誰	家	玉	笛	暗	飛	聲
散	入	春	風	滿	洛	城
此	夜	曲	中	聞	折	柳
何	人	不	起	故	園	情

後 出 塞

杜 甫

朝	進	東	門	營
暮	上	河	陽	橋
落	日	照	大	旗
馬	鳴	風	蕭	蕭
平	沙	列	萬	幕
部	伍	各	見	招
中	天	懸	明	月
令	嚴	夜	寂	寥
悲	笳	數	聲	動
壯	士	慘	不	驕
借	問	大	將	誰
恐	是	霍	嫖	姚

*all seems seem all
all reminiscent in
all very rather
etc.*

POEMS BY TU FU

THE REINFORCEMENTS

At dawn the camp I enter by Loyang's eastern gate.
 At eve upon the floating bridge I stand to meditate
 The rays of sunset glint upon the banner floating wide.
 A shrilling wind and horses' neighs resound on every
 side.

A myriad tents in ordered rows are set upon the sand,
 The men each other hailing as each one quits his band.
 In mid-sky high suspended the moon is sailing bright.
 This discipline makes desolate the loneliness of night.

With wailings intermittently a mournful reed pipe
 sobs.

Disheartened seem the warriors; no breast with ardour
 throbs.

Were some one now to ask me who may the General
 be,

At random guessing I would say, some flaunting^X Ko
 is he.

Notes:—Reinforcements: In the 14th year of T'ien Pao (天寶)
 (A. D. 742) there was a battle at (潢水) Huang Shui where the
 Chinese army was defeated, and these reinforcements had to be sent.

X Ko: Ko Ch'ü-ping (霍去病) of the Han dynasty; a famous
 General of cavalry, but an illegitimate son and a wild character. He
 fought with success against the Tatars, and was called "Piao-yao"
 from his able riding. See the "Wei Ch'ing Ko Ch'ü-ping Ch'uan."
 (衛青霍去病傳).

On his tomb was sculptured an unsaddled charger trampling on
 a fallen Tatar (Journal of the N. C. branch of the Royal Asiatic
 Society, 1917).

贈 衛 八 處 士

杜 甫

人	生	不	相	見
動	如	參	與	商
今	夕	復	何	夕
共	此	燈	燭	光
少	壯	能	幾	時
鬢	髮	各	已	蒼
訪	舊	半	爲	鬼
驚	呼	熟	中	腸
焉	知	二	十	載
重	上	君	子	堂
昔	別	君	未	婚
男	女	忽	成	行
怡	然	敬	父	執
問	我	來	何	方

已漿菲梁難觴醉長岳茫
及酒春黃面十不意山茫
未羅剪間會累亦故隔兩
答女雨炊稱舉觴子日事
問兒夜新主一十感明世

TO WEI PA—OF THAT ILK

Like stars that rarely see each other
In life we do not often meet.

- What eve is this that brings us now together
Where these bright candles greet?
Our youth, our strength, alas! how soon depart!
Our beards, our hair are streaked with flecks of grey.
Of friends we visit, half have passed away:
The sudden news catches the thrilling heart.

How tell that twenty years would first be sped
Ere I again should enter in your Hall?
For when I left you, you were still unwed.
Lo! now your boys and girls are growing tall.
Their father's ancient friend with pleasure see,
And whence I hither came inquire of me.

Unfinished question and reply remain.
Your children come to set the broth and wine.
A turnip fresh cut after last night's rain,
And steaming rice so fine.

Then says the host: "When shall we meet once more?"
With goblets ten he pledges me again.
Ten goblets leave me sober as before,
So deep my grateful memories him retain.
To-morrow—by the cragged hills parted,
Unconscious of each other widely parted!

Turnip:—"A turnip fresh cut after rain is most delicious"—so said the frugal ancients; who had not discovered by excess in luxury the simple pleasures of a Sabine farm.

Cf: Virgil "*Sunt mihi castaneos molles*," etc.


參 = Orion.

商 = Lucifer.

西 施 詠

杜 甫

艷	色	天	下	重
西	施	寧	久	微
朝	爲	越	溪	女
暮	作	吳	王	姬
賤	日	豈	殊	衆
貴	來	方	悟	稀
邀	人	傳	脂	粉
不	自	着	羅	衣
君	寵	益	嬌	態
君	憐	無	是	非
當	時	浣	紗	伴
莫	得	同	車	歸
持	謝	鄰	家	子
效	顰	安	可	希


 HSI SHIH

As Beauty is of all the world admired,
 Obscurity no longer her could hide.
 That morn a maiden washing by the brook:
 That eve a Prince's bride.
 In humble state how different from the rest?
 When Fortune came they noted her how rare.
 Attendants then she had to tire her hair,
 And aiding hands arranged her silken vest.
 Her Lord's love sought to aid her beauty fair:
 In her all flaw his tenderness would hide.
 The comrades who were washing by her side
 Might not attend her in her chariot there.
 When she their busy offices declined,
 They, that they could not frown like her, repined.

Note:—Hsi Shih was a famous Beauty of antiquity. Originally but a village maiden she was even then noted for her good looks, so that it was said of her that even anger lent grace in her features; so much so that an ugly neighbor attempted to frown as Hsi Shih did, but with disastrous results, as her neighbors closed their doors in terror.

“I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.”

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

One day as Hsi Shih was washing clothes in the mountain stream at Yü-lo Shan (苧蘿山) the Prince of Wu passing by saw her and exclaimed: “Beauty is admired of all the world,” and took her in marriage.

The reader will doubtless recall the tale of Cophetua in Tennyson.

“King Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon.”

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV, Sc. 1.

“Good sooth, she is

The Queen of curds and cream.”

—The Winters' Tale, Act IV, Sc. 4.

Various poems by Li Po and others on this subject, which are attached, show how popular the tale was.

秦州雜詩二首

杜甫

秦	州	城	北	寺
傳	是	隗	囂	宮
苔	蘇	山	門	古
丹	青	野	殿	空
月	明	垂	葉	露
雲	逐	度	溪	風
清	渭	無	情	極
愁	時	獨	向	東
莽	莽	萬	重	山
孤	城	石	谷	間
無	風	雲	出	塞
不	夜	月	臨	關
屬	國	歸	何	晚
樓	蘭	斬	未	還
烟	塵	一	長	望
衰	颯	正	摧	顏

*This poem and
the next seem
to be a dialogue.*

CH'IN CHOU

This temple to the north of Ch'in-chou walls

Is said to be the home of former kings.

About its age creep moss and slimy things:

The colors peeling from its empty halls.

The dew-pearled leaves against the moonbeams play.

The mountain breeze the clouds across it brings.

The River turns in mere contempt away,

And eastward from this sullen sorrow flings.

Where myriad peaks in wildered chaos peer,

Covered with clouds although no wind be near,

In rock-strewn valley covers this lonely town.

Ere night the Moon will o'er the Pass appear.

In yon far country why so long delay?

He comes not back who Lou-lan went to slay.

Across the clouds of dust and mist I stare

Whose broken ^{suf}soughings brush my face all day.

Notes:—*Ch'in Chou*: in Shensi.

This temple is said to have been the summer residence of the Princes of Wei (魏 鸞宮). It is in the Eagle-nest Valley.

The River: i.e. Time. The Wei River flows eastward to Ch'angan (長安).

Lou-lan was slain by Fu Chieh-tze (傅介子). In 100 B. C. Wu-i went to rule the Tatars (Hsiung-nu) and returned to the capital in 94 B.C. He was altogether nineteen years with the Tatars.

船上不得濕雨宿郭州夔下船
官判十二王別岸

杜 甫

依	沙	宿	舸	船
石	瀨	月	娟	娟
風	起	春	燈	亂
江	鳴	夜	雨	懸
晨	鐘	雲	岸	濕
勝	地	石	堂	烟
柔	櫓	輕	鷗	外
含	悽	覺	汝	賢

UNABLE TO VISIT JUDGE WANG OWING
TO RAIN

On a houseboat sleeping by the beach's side,
Moonbeams glinting on the shingle-washing tide.
A sudden gale arises; and leaps the flaring light:
The river hisses as the rain comes streaming through
the night.

When dawn awakes the temple bell, the sky is full of
cloud.

The banks are wet; and from afar
About the Hall of Rocks a shroud of mist-veils float-
ing are.

As with our sweeps we leave behind the wheeling
gulls' domain,
Your virtues, I perceive, alas! I never can attain.

Notes:—The scene is in the Ku'ei Chou district of Szechwan.
The Hall of Rocks is a famous locality there.

The last line conveys a delicate compliment.

石 壕 吏

杜 甫

暮 投 石 壕 邨
有 吏 夜 捉 人
老 翁 踰 牆 走
老 婦 出 門 迎
吏 呼 一 何 怒
婦 啼 一 何 苦
聽 婦 前 致 辭
三 男 鄴 城 戍
一 男 附 書 至
二 男 新 戰 死
存 者 且 偷 生
死 者 長 已 矣

室	中	更	無	人
惟	有	乳	下	孫
孫	有	母	未	去
出	入	無	完	裾
老	嫗	力	雖	衰
請	從	更	夜	歸
急	應	河	陽	役
猶	得	備	晨	炊
夜	久	語	聲	絕
如	聞	泣	幽	咽
天	明	登	前	途
獨	與	老	翁	別

THE RUNNERS OF SHIH HAO

(An incident of civil war)

The twilight gloamed. At Shih-hao Tsun I stayed.
 Night soldiers brought the inmates to arrest.
 The old man leapt the wall and fled affrayed:
 To meet them issued his old wife distressed.
 Shouted the soldiers tones in anger strong.
 The woman's voice was broken with her woe.
 I heard her say that her three sons had gone
 To war at Yeh-ch'eng. They were forced to go.
 That two were dead the last one wrote to say:
 And he in constant jeopardy, he wrote.
 Those dead were gone forever. Aye! Aye! Aye!
 (With what a choke the words tore up her throat.)
 Within the house there now was no one left—
 Only her infant grandson at the breast,
 And his poor mother, thus of all bereft,
 In worn and tattered robe was scantily dressed.
 The poor old soul, enfeebled, aged and worn,
 Through the dark night must with the soldiers go—
 Her enemies! With agitation torn,
 To cook a meal she hurries to and fro.
 Their voices' sound the lengthening hours consume:
 And weeping dies in strangling sobs away.
 The light returns.—As I my road resume,
 But sad farewells to that old man I say.

Note:—Shih-hao is 23 miles east of (陝州).

佳 人

杜 甫

絕	代	有	佳	人
幽	居	在	空	谷
自	云	良	家	子
零	落	依	草	木
關	中	昔	喪	亂
兄	弟	遭	殺	戮
官	高	何	足	論
不	得	收	骨	肉
世	情	惡	衰	歇
萬	事	隨	轉	燭
夫	壻	輕	薄	兒
新	人	美	如	玉

合	昏	尙	知	時
鴛	鴛	不	獨	宿
但	見	新	人	笑
那	聞	舊	人	哭
在	山	泉	水	清
出	山	泉	水	濁
侍	婢	賣	珠	回
牽	蘿	補	茅	屋
摘	花	不	插	鬢
採	柏	動	盈	掬
天	寒	翠	袖	薄
日	暮	倚	修	竹

THE LOST BEAUTY

Cut off from all—my beauty only left—

My gloomy dwelling is a hollow vale.

I sighing say, "Mid Trees and grass, ah me!

What can my parents goodly name avail?"

"Within the Wall old days are swept away.

My brothers' lofty rank could nought prevail.

For they are slain: our scattered flesh and bone

Unburied lies—All left me to bewail!"

"The world's desire is overborne by woe.

The fate of Man a candle's flickering light.

And my betrothed—alas! the wanton boy—

Has made a lovelier face his heart's delight.

"Its time of flowering the Hibiscus knows.

The Birds of Love dispart not in the Night.

But when He sees his new bride's happy smile

The old love's sobbing is forgotten quite.

"Upon the Hill's pure breast the Spring is clear;

But turbid when the Hill it leaves behind!

My maid, returned with food my pearls have bought,

To patch our humble roof has creepers twined.

"The flowers I pluck I place not in my hair.—

The cypress leaves my idle fingers bind.

To this chill air my green silk sleeves are thin:

Mid bamboos tall my fading Day declined!"

Notes:—Within the Wall refers to the invasion in the time of Tien Pao (天寶) when the incident described is said to have actually occurred.

Hibiscus: The Chin (槿) which flowers and fades in one night, the "Lady of the Night" (夜合花) of the Malays. "Night" means dark trouble.

The Hill: that is to say, a place of strong resting; hinting both at her betrothed who has abandoned her, and thereby defiled himself, and to the impossibility of her marrying again without defiling herself; and also pointing to her loss of this world's gear—her family scattered and her spring muddied.

"Candle"—

"Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow."

—Macbeth, Act V, Sc. 5.

送孔巢父

杜甫

巢東詩釣深春蓬指自世惜富蔡清罷幾南道	父將卷竿山寒萊點是人君貴侯夜琴歲尋甫	掉入長欲大野織虛君那只有何靜置惆寄禹問	頭海留拂澤陰女無身得欲如者酒悵我穴訊	不隨天珊龍風回引有知苦草意臨月空見今	肯煙地瑚蛇景雲歸仙其死頭有前照中李何	住霧間樹遠暮車路骨故留露餘除席書白如
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A FAREWELL

Chao Fu is shaking his head; no longer he wishes to
stay.

Eastward is going, to follow the sea and the mist away.

Leaving to heaven and earth his verse as a monument
To fish by the coral trees that grow in the argent bay.

He flies the monstrous rout that haunts the marsh and
deepest hills.

The windy scene of early Spring the shadowy twilight
fills.

The Weaver Maid her cloudy car from lost Atlantis
guides

To point through Space his wandering, lest fear his
spirit chills.

His essence born in Fairy Land from hence can lightly
fly.

Though mortal reason fail to see wherein the power lie.

Alas! that still he hovers o'er the bitterness of death!
Yet wealth and honors are but dew the rapid sunbeams
dry.

Our Prince with kindness to his friends his flowing
bounty shares.

The night was clear; the wine was set before the
Palace stairs.

The music ceased—sad parting's sign—the Moon
the banquet lit.

How many years before from Space his message lulls
my cares?

To caverned Yü you southward go our friend Li Po to
see.

I beg that you will bear to him a greeting kind from me.

“Be wise, then, and like sated guest depart,
And calmly greet the quiet of the grave.”

—Lucretius (Salt).

行

腰送橋哭霄 人頻河田頭邊水已 東杞犁西

車

甫蕭在相陽道雲 行行防營裏戍海未 山荆鋤東

兵

杜蕭各走咸攔干 問點北西與還成意 家生把無

馬箭子見足上者云五十正白血邊 漢落婦畝

麟弓妻不頓直過但十四里頭流開 聞萬健隴

麟人孃埃衣聲 旁人從至時來庭皇 不邛有生

車行耶塵牽哭 道行或便去歸邊武 君千縱禾

况	復	秦	兵	耐	苦	戰
被	驅	不	異	犬	與	雞
長	者	雖	有	問		
役	夫	敢	伸	恨		
且	如	今	年	冬		
未	休	關	西	卒		
縣	官	急	索	租		
租	稅	從	何	出		
信	知	生	男	惡		
反	是	生	女	好		
生	女	猶	得	嫁	比	鄰
生	男	埋	沒	隨	百	草
君	不	見	青	海	頭	
古	來	白	骨	無	人	收
新	鬼	煩	冤	舊	鬼	哭
天	陰	雨	濕	聲	啾	啾

THE CHARIOTS GO FORTH TO WAR

Chariots rumble and roll: horses whinny and neigh.

Footmen at their girdle bows and arrows display.

Fathers, mothers, wives, and children by them go—
'Tis not the choking dust alone that strangles what
they say!

Their clothes they clutch; their feet they stamp; their
crush blocks up the way.

The sounds of weeping mount above the clouds that
gloom the day.

The passers-by inquire of them, "But whither do you
go?"

They only say: "We're mustering—do not disturb
us so."

These, fifteen years and upwards, the Northern Pass
defend;

And still at forty years of age their service does not
end.

All young they left their villages—just registered were
they—

The war they quitted sees again the same men worn
and gray.

And all along the boundary their blood has made a sea.
But never till the World is his, will Wu Huang happy
be!

Have you not heard—in Shantung there two hundred
districts lie.

All overgrown with briar and weed and wasted utterly?
The stouter women swing the hoe and guide the stub-
born plough,

The fields have lost their boundaries—the corn grows
wildly now.

And routed bands with hunger grim come down in
disarray

To rob and rend and outrage them, and treat them as
a prey.

Although the leaders question them, the soldiers'
plaints resound.

And winter has not stopped the war upon the western
bound.

And war needs funds; the Magistrates for taxes press
each day.

The land tax and the duties—Ah! how shall these be
found?

In times like this stout sons to bear is sorrow and
dismay.

Far better girls—to marry, to a home not far away.

But sons!—are buried in the grass!—you 'Tsaidam's
waste survey!

The bones of those who fell before are bleaching on
the plain.

Their spirits weep *our* ghosts to hear lamenting all
their pain.

Beneath the gloomy sky there runs a wailing in the
rain.

“And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.”

—Poe.

哀江頭

杜甫

Lu Fu [too far]

少	陵	野	老	吞	聲	哭
春	日	潛	行	曲	江	曲
江	頭	宮	殿	鎖	千	門
細	柳	新	蒲	爲	誰	綠
憶	昔	霓	旌	下	南	苑
苑	中	萬	物	生	顏	色
昭	陽	殿	裏	第	一	人
同	輦	隨	君	侍	君	側
輦	前	才	人	帶	弓	箭
白	馬	嚙	鬣	黃	金	勒
翻	身	向	天	仰	射	雲
一	笑	正	墜	雙	飛	翼
明	眸	皓	齒	今	何	在
血	污	游	魂	歸	不	得
清	渭	東	流	劍	閣	深
去	住	彼	此	無	消	息
人	生	有	情	淚	沾	臆
江	草	江	花	豈	終	極
黃	昏	胡	騎	塵	滿	城
欲	往	城	南	望	城	北

THE RIVER'S BRIM

One day of Spring went stealing to Chang-an River's
side

An ancient rustic weeping. To check his sobs he
tried.

The Palace doors are firmly locked. Beside the river's
brim

Do willows slim and rushes put forth their green for
him?

He sees again, Ah! sadly, the rainbow banners play,
And all the Southern Garden reflecting Love's array,
And Yang Kuei-fei the lovely beside her lover ride
Together in one chariot attending at his side.

Before the chariot eunuchs their bows and arrows bear.
The courser champs his golden bit. She turns her
body fair,

And looking up to heaven with one bright smile she
brings

From out the clouds a captive of Love with beating
wings.

Those eyes so bright—those teeth so white—today
where may they be?

The place her blood defiled, her soul again may never
see.

As Eastward through the Gorges the shining waters
bore,

So flowing on or stopping these lovers meet no more.

Ah! man is born for loving.—My breast is wet with
tears.

With river grass and river flowers if ended all our
fears!

Amid our country's twilight the Tatar horsemen ride.
Their dust clouds fill the city; the very roads they hide.

Notes:—少陵 is the birthplace of Tu Fu.

曲江 is a river near Chang-an.

昭陽 is the Court of Yang Kuei-fei, the 第一人 of the
poem.

才人 are 內官, Palace attendants.

渭 a river.

劍閣 a gorge of that name.

胡 are the Tatars.

“Golden lads and girls all must,
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust.”

—Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2.

HOMESICKNESS

Upon the river's whiteness the birds more clearly fly.
 And with the greenness of the hills the flowers more
 brightly vie.

In gazing on them all, this Spring has slowly passed
 away.

The day that brings me home again—how long will
 Time deny?

絕句

杜 甫

江	碧	鳥	逾	白
山	青	花	欲	燃
今	春	看	又	過
何	日	是	歸	年

T'AI SHAN p. 76

Of T'ai Shan what can one say?
 Here Lu and Ch'i for aye
 Freshly their youth retain.

Here Heaven and Earth unite
 Spiritual grace to form:

As a pole of shade and light
 It sunder the dusk and dawn.

Soaring through layers of cloud,
 At sight of it swells the breast.
 At a glance the eye can view
 The birds coming home to rest.
 But climb to the uttermost peak—
 All other hills seem small
 As the eye o'erlooks them all!

望 嶽

杜 甫

岱	宗	夫	如	何
齊	魯	青	未	了
造	化	鍾	神	秀
陰	陽	割	昏	曉
盪	胸	生	層	雲
決	背	入	歸	鳥
會	當	凌	絕	頂
一	覽	衆	山	小

Notes:—Tai-tsung is T'ai Shan, one of the Five Sacred Mountains of China: so called because it is senior (伯) to the other four.

Ch'i: A former state forming part of southern Chihli and northern Shantung from B. C. 1122-412; and again reformed from B. C. 412-224.

Lu: a former state, in which Confucius was born.

DUKE WU'S TEMPLE

The long-deserted Temple has lost its red and green.

Upon these hills all overgrown no passer-by is seen.

Though still resounds the vacant air with Wu Hou's
last farewell.

He rests no more at Nan-yang, devotion's closing scene.

武侯廟

杜 甫

遺	廟	丹	青	落
空	山	草	木	長
猶	聞	辭	後	主
不	復	臥	南	陽

Notes:—Wu Hou, one of the generals of Liu Pei, after a lifetime of military service retired to Nanyang, whence at the close of a devoted life he sent to his master his last farewell.

The old age of Wu Hou is compared to the temple erected to him which has fallen into decay.

“Here, where a hero fell, a column falls.”

—Poe: The Coliseum.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

The flutes that pipe in Chin-ch'eng town confuse the
light of day.

Half lost in clouds, the river breeze the one half bears
away.

Such music is confined to heaven, for Spirit ears
alone.

How rarely can mere mortals catch the echo's distant
play!

贈 花 卿

杜 甫

錦 城 絲 管 日 紛 紛
半 入 江 風 半 入 雲
此 曲 只 應 天 上 有
人 間 能 得 幾 回 聞

“There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings.”

—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1.

X Y THOUGHTS OF HOME

Amid the jade-green willow trees two golden orioles
sing.

Across the clear blue sky a flight of soaring egrets
wing.

The sighs of chilly Autumn, that breathe eternal snow
From Ormei's lofty mountain, about the casement flow.
Ah! would that they could take me back the thousand
miles and more

From hence to home—those goodly ships that anchor
at my door!

絕句

杜甫

兩 個 黃 鸝 鳴 翠 柳
一 行 白 鷺 上 青 天
窗 含 西 嶺 千 秋 雪
門 泊 東 吳 萬 里 船

THE CRESCENT MOON

The crescent Moon desired to mount on high.
 Its slanting course ne'er grew to orbéd sway.
 A little while it peered above the Hill;
 Then lost in cloudy Sunset passed away.

The Milky Way no change of color knew.
 No lofty peaks gleamed chiller for its fears.
 The dews that fall so white, within the Court
 The flowers' cups wept full with quiet tears.

初 月

杜 甫

光	細	弦	欲	上
影	斜	輪	未	安
微	升	古	塞	外
已	隱	暮	雲	端
河	漢	不	改	色
關	山	空	自	寒
庭	前	有	白	露
暗	滿	菊	花	團

Note:—The crescent Moon is the Hair Apparent of Yuan Tsung, who fell in his first action against the rebels.

“But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
 Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye.”

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 176.

TO THE MOON

The Autumn drawing up along the Night,
Amidst mankind the Moon casts shadows bright.
The Toad sinks not amid the Milky Way.
His elixirs the Hare pounds on for aye.

All brings but sorrow to my heart sincere!
And makes my whitening hair more white appear.
O'er all the earth resound loud war's alarms.
Illume no more, oh Moon! these traitors' arms.

月

杜 甫

天	上	秋	期	近
人	間	月	影	清
入	河	蟾	不	沒
搗	藥	兔	長	生
只	益	丹	心	苦
能	添	白	髮	明
干	戈	知	滿	地
休	照	國	西	營

Note:—The Toad and the Hare are inhabitants of the Moon, where the latter prepares the Magnum Opus.

They are used here as symbols for China, imperiled by intestine warfare, yet ever saved by the great life force of her people.

The Hare is also an incarnation of Buddha (see Rhys Davids: *Buddhism*).

"Toad":—"Sweet are the uses of adversity; which like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

—As You Like It, Act II, Sc. 1.

"The lanthorn is the moon; I, the man i' the moon: this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog!

Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon."

—A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V, Sc. 1.

XX THE TATAR HORSE

A Tatar horse from Derbend, all slimness, muscle, bone,
By ears erect like bamboo shoots its fiery spirit shown:
Hoofs swift as wind that spurn at space in rapid light
career:

Fit to be trusted with your life in peril far or near.—
Ah, since a steed like this you own of such a haughty
strength,

To burst across a thousand miles were but a journey's
length.

房 兵 曹 胡 馬

杜 甫

胡	馬	大	宛	名
鋒	稜	瘦	骨	成
竹	批	雙	耳	峻
風	入	四	蹄	輕
所	向	無	空	闊
真	堪	託	死	生
驍	騰	有	如	此
萬	里	可	橫	行

"Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide."

—Venus and Adonis, V. 50.

POUNDING THE CLOTHES

That from the war you would not come, alas! too well
I knew!

And I must scrub the washing stone for Autumn's use
anew.

The bitter winter drawing on—the months of cold are
near.

And since we parted—ah! so long—the days so lone and
drear!

To pound these clothes such weary toil—yet how can
I refuse?

Then send them to the Wall—somewhere—(Where
may you be? I muse).

My woman's strength is all worn out (but not my
anxious care!)

Can you not hear the pounding drub come echoing on
the air?

擣 衣

杜 甫

亦	知	戍	不	返
秋	至	拭	清	砧
已	近	苦	寒	月
况	經	長	別	心
寧	辭	擣	衣	倦
一	寄	塞	垣	深
用	盡	闌	中	力
君	聽	空	外	音

THE HARVEST MOON (15th of 8th moon)

The flying mirror of the Moon is dazzling in mine eyes.
But, broken like a sword, my hope that distant home
denies.

I come from wandering o'er the Earth—a creeping weed
am I!

I seek the elixir of life—but ah! you^{h?} Heaven is high.

These moon-lit waters one would think were made of
frost and snow.

While in the woods each feathered bird the piercing
moonbeams show.

Upon the Rabbit in the Moon I stare, and gazing dote;
As though I hoped to count the hairs upon his snowy
coat.

八月十五夜月

杜 甫

滿	目	飛	明	鏡
歸	心	折	大	刀
轉	蓬	行	地	遠
攀	桂	仰	天	高
水	路	疑	霜	雪
林	棲	見	羽	毛
此	時	瞻	白	兔
直	欲	數	秋	毫

Note:—The "Rabbit in the Moon" compounds the elixir of Immortality. The poet speaks of the moonlight as almost bright enough to reveal his alchemic arts.

"This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick;

It looks a little paler: 'tis a day

Such as the day is when the sun is hid."

—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1.

THE WANING MOON (16th of 8th moon)

Last night poured forth the Moon's bright golden
waves.

And all shall tell how pure this Autumn's dew.
The mountains seemed to spread across the Earth.
The Milky Way flowed past high Heaven through.

Fuel seekers from ravines with songs return.
A lone flute in the town its woe uplifts.
From dreams disordered starts the fisher boy:
At midnight's hour across the stream he drifts.

十六夜玩月

杜 甫

舊	挹	金	波	爽
皆	傳	玉	露	秋
關	山	隨	地	闊
河	漢	近	人	流
谷	口	樵	歸	唱
孤	城	笛	起	愁
巴	童	渾	不	寐
半	夜	有	行	舟

xx THE FADING MOON (17th of 8th moon)

The Autumn Moon is rounded still this night.
 At Kiang-tsun I pass my lonely age.
 I roll the blind: she yet pours down her light.
 She follows aye my staff-propped pilgrimage.
 Her piercing beams the hidden dragons know.
 Her radiance wakes the fluttering birds from rest.
 In orange groves stands my thatched bungalow.
 All purity in this fresh dew expressed.

十 七 夜 對 月

杜 甫

秋	月	仍	圓	夜
江	村	獨	老	身
捲	簾	還	照	客
椅	杖	更	隨	人
光	射	潛	虬	動
明	翻	宿	鳥	頻
茅	齋	依	橘	柚
清	切	露	華	新

"The moon being clouded presently is missed,
 But little stars may hide them when they list."

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 144.

THE SETTING SUN

The curtain-hooks were gilt as sunset sank.
 Springtide along the torrents turns to gloom.
 Wafts from green shores yon gardens' sweet perfume.
 The gatherers of fuel, their meal to cook,
 Have stayed their vessel on a sandy bank.

The shrieking birds that fight to settle there
 Fall down. And all about the garden—look!—
 A cloud of insects flying in the air.

Oh! muddy lees of wine!—who made you so
 That one deep draught will scatter all my woe?

落 日

柱 甫

落	日	在	簾	鈞
溪	邊	春	事	幽
芳	菲	緣	岸	圃
樵	爨	倚	灘	舟
啁	雀	爭	枝	墜
飛	蟲	滿	院	游
濁	醪	誰	造	汝
一	酌	散	千	愁

THE PILLAR OF THE SOUTH

Down to the utmost southern verge high dignity has
gone.

The greatest Minister of State thy writing beareth on.
From Halls of Ceremony called the glory onward flows.
How many barbarous nations greet thy tablet as it
goes!

About you travelling Yamen what flowery gums exhale,
As southward bound through drizzling mist bears that
Spring-laden sail!

But ah, alas! how can I tell when from the purple sea
The destiny of heaven will send you back again to me?

送翰林張司馬南海勒石碑

杜 甫

冠	冕	通	南	極
文	章	落	上	台
詔	從	三	殿	去
碑	到	百	蠻	開
野	館	濃	花	發
春	帆	細	雨	來
不	知	滄	海	上
天	遣	幾	時	回

Notes:—司馬 Ssu-ma: The Senior Minister for War. 上台=三公位: Three Ministers of State.

In the reign of The Emperor Yuan-tsung (元宗), after the subjugation of the 南詔 (Laos), a brazen pillar was erected to mark the frontier.

A BOATING PARTY

At sunset it is well indeed to let the shallop go,
When lapping waves before the breeze along the water
flow.

For here are bamboo thickets green the wanderers to
hide:

And fit is evening air to cool the vestal Lily's side.

The youthful Prince is splashing up the water's
chilly waves,
While lily-roots with silken threads the lovely maiden
laves.

"Two's company!" Lo! o'er my head an inky cloudlet
lours.

'Tis sure the *rain* that bends me o'er my poem ere it
showers!

陪 諸 貴 公 子 丈 八 溝 攜 妓
納 涼 晚 際 遇 雨

杜 甫

落	日	放	船	好
輕	風	生	浪	遲
竹	深	留	客	處
荷	淨	納	涼	時
公	子	調	冰	水
佳	人	雪	藕	絲
片	雲	頭	上	黑
應	是	雨	催	詩

AN AUTUMN VIEW

Across our view no bounds clear Autumn throws.
 Yet masséd shades along the distance rise.
 Yon waters take pure colors from the skies.
 O'er yon lone town the veiling mist wave flows.

The few last leaves the breezes bear away.
 Yon hills though far, behind them sets the sun.
 Ah! why is not, lone Crane, thy journey done
 When all the Woods with dizzy cawings sway?

野 望

杜 甫

清	秋	望	不	極
迢	遞	起	層	陰
遠	水	兼	天	淨
孤	城	隱	霧	深
葉	稀	風	更	落
山	迥	日	初	沉
獨	鶴	歸	何	晚
昏	鴉	已	滿	林

"Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
 As the leaves that were crispéd and sere."

—Poe: Ulalume.

Handwritten notes on the left margin:
 2.57
 0.5
 0.8
 3.44
 3.9
 5.1

Handwritten notes on the right margin:
 72
 133
 505

YO-YANG TOWER

Long since the fame of Tung-ting Lake I knew.
 At last from Yo-yang Tower its truth I view.
 To south and east two countries it divides;
 While Earth and Sky swim ever on its tides.

No friend and no relation here engage.
 This lonely boat my all in sickly age.
 The war horse tramps the hills 'twixt home and me.
 Yea, o'er this rail my tears fall bitterly.

登 岳 陽 樓

杜 甫

昔	聞	洞	庭	水
今	上	岳	陽	樓
吳	楚	東	南	坼
乾	坤	日	夜	浮
親	朋	無	一	字
老	病	有	孤	舟
戎	馬	關	山	北
憑	軒	涕	泗	流

Note:—Yo-yang Tower is on the west gate of Yochow town.

吳 is Kiangsu.

楚 is Hupeh.

乾 坤=天地: Heaven and Earth.

涕=a discharge from the eyes.

泗=a discharge from the nose.

對 雪

杜 甫

北 雪 犯 長 沙
胡 雲 冷 萬 家
隨 風 且 閒 葉
帶 雨 不 成 花
金 錯 囊 垂 罄
銀 壺 酒 易 賒
無 人 竭 浮 蟻
有 待 至 昏 鴉

SNOW AT CHANGSHA

Out of the north the snow
 Is assaulting Changsha:
 Its clouds over Hunan go
 (Where few snows are):
 A myriad homes makes cold
 Far borne on the gale
 With scattered leaflets old
 Where raindrops hail,
 Not grown to flake-like flowers.

Empty of angels pale
 Flaccid my purse.
 Yet a silver pot may bail
 Credit for wine.
 No one to fetch it? Why then
 I drain off the froth.
 Must I wait again and again
 Till the dizzy crows
 Come home to their roosting bowers?

Note:—花=六出花=Snowflakes.

浮蟻=Beads of froth.

A FAREWELL ODE

The world is full of battle.
 Why wilt thou ride away?
 Thy friends all weeping round thee
 Because thou wilt not stay.
 And yet your horse you saddle
 For yon lone city gray.

The leaves are falling, falling;
 The year is waxing old.
 The mountains and the rivers
 The frosty snows enfold.
 That parting but of yesterday
 Taught how they felt of old!

送 遠

杜 甫

帶	甲	滿	天	地
胡	爲	君	遠	行
親	朋	盡	一	哭
鞍	馬	去	孤	城
草	木	歲	月	晚
關	河	霜	雪	清
別	離	已	昨	日
因	見	古	人	情

THE PASSING SHOWER

At evening o'er the village a sudden gust arose.

The darkened court the rain has soaked in passing
by.

Before the sunset now the grass is steaming dry.
The river's bright reflection on my far lattice glows.

My books are all disordered. Who else can put them
straight?

The cup that now is dry, myself can fill again.

I often hear the whisper that brings the moment's hate.

X X Then wonder not if age from intercourse refrain.

晚 晴

杜 甫

村	晚	驚	風	度
庭	幽	過	雨	霑
夕	陽	薰	細	草
江	色	映	疏	簾
書	亂	誰	能	帙
杯	乾	自	可	添
時	聞	有	餘	論
未	怪	老	人	潛

THE KINDLY RAIN

The kindly rain its proper season knows.

With gentle Spring aye born in fitting hour.
 Along the Wind with cloaking Night it goes.
 Enmoistening, fine, inaudible it flows.

The clouds the mountain paths in darkness hide.

And lonely bright the vessels' lanterns glower.
 Dawn shows how damp the blushing buds divide.
 And flowers droop head-heavy in each bower.

春 夜 喜 雨

杜 甫

好	雨	知	時	節
當	春	乃	發	生
隨	風	潛	入	夜
潤	物	細	無	聲
野	徑	雲	俱	黑
江	船	火	獨	明
曉	看	紅	濕	處
花	重	錦	宮	城

Note: 一宮城: The inmost of the Palace enclosures.

THE GEESE RETURN

They tell me that the geese this Spring
 From far Cantoñ their journey wing.
 The flowers they see, and bid farewell
 To the warm Ocean's southern swell.
 By Lo-fu Hills they sail along
 Until the melting snow be gone.

Such things the soldiers' spirits feel:
 And hopes of home they sadly steal.
 Yet frost and mist from year to year
 These hills dispart, retaining here
 The geese; that never should have crossed
 The lakes where Autumn brings but frost.

歸 雁

杜 甫

聞	道	今	春	雁
南	歸	自	廣	州
見	花	辭	漲	海
避	雪	到	羅	浮
是	物	關	兵	氣
何	時	免	客	愁
年	年	霜	露	隔
不	過	五	湖	秋

Note:—五湖: The Tung-ting Lakes.

有霜有雁: With frost come the wild geese.

DAWN

In Po-ti town the watchman's rap is over for to-night.
On Yang-t'ai Hill the dawn grows up from darkness
into light.

Upon the lofty mountain peaks the sunlight glances
chill.

Below o'er masséd ranges sleep the night-dark cloudlets
still.

Above the river's bank up peers a slowly gliding sail.
The day so clear makes audible each falling leaflet frail.
Beside the gate of woven thorn pass by a pair of deer.
Ah! could I join your troop to go where fairies linger
near!

曉 望

杜 甫

白	帝	更	聲	盡
陽	台	曙	色	分
高	峯	上	寒	日
疊	嶺	宿	霧	雲
地	坼	江	帆	隱
天	清	木	葉	聞
荆	扉	對	麋	鹿
應	共	爾	爲	羣

Notes:—白帝 (Po-ti) now 永安 (Yung-an).

Yang-t'ai: a hill in Wu-shan Hsien (巫山縣).

"Watchman":—"Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm."

—Il Penseroso.

"Masséd ranges":—

"Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest."

—L'Allegro.

"Deer":—

"Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 164.

MY REFLECTION BY NIGHT

Some scattered grass. A shore breeze blowing light.
 A giddy mast. A lonely boat at night.
 The wide-flung stars o'erhang all vasty space.
 The moonbeams with the Yangtze's current race.

How by my pen can I to fame attain?
 Worn out, from office better to refrain.
 Drifting o'er life—and what in sooth am I?
 A sea-gull floating twixt the Earth and Sky.

旅 夜 書 懷

杜 甫

細	草	微	風	岸
危	檣	獨	夜	舟
星	垂	平	野	闊
月	湧	大	江	流
名	豈	文	章	著
官	應	老	病	休
飄	飄	何	所	似
天	地	一	沙	鷗

“Fame” :—

“Alas! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse.”

—Lycidas

THE PAIR OF SWALLOWS

A pair of swallows startled me at my passover meal ?
 That to the northern Hall some mud were bearing
 for their nest,
 Me, doomed till cooler autumn come in sweltering
 clime to rest,
 Until with them I fly away, this damp and heat to feel.

The little ones into the world are born 'twixt Earth and
 Air.

Their parents here to bear them a weary journey
 wing.

To them above, to me on Earth, may Autumn free-
 dom bring.

Then also I with them can fly this Outland of Despair.

雙 燕

杜 甫

旅	食	驚	雙	燕
銜	泥	入	北	堂
應	同	避	燥	濕
且	復	過	炎	涼
養	子	風	塵	際
來	時	道	路	長
今	秋	天	地	在
吾	亦	離	殊	方

琴 臺

杜 甫

茂	陵	多	病	後
尚	愛	卓	文	君
酒	肆	人	間	世
琴	臺	日	暮	雲
野	花	留	寶	鑿
蔓	草	見	羅	裙
歸	鳳	求	鳳	意
寥	寥	不	復	聞

THE HALL OF HARPS

That long excess at Mao-ling had constant sickness
brought:
And yet the princely Cho-Wen his dearest friend he
thought.
Amidst the herded world of men a tavern must he
keep.
O'er him as o'er his Hall of Harps the clouds of Sun-
set creep.
The rosettes that their cheeks made fair the wild flowers
yet retain:
The colors of their silken robes our modern creepers
stain.
But ah! the burden of his song, "The Phoenix seeks
his mate,"
No more is heard—and fading hence left Echo
desolate.

Notes:—Ssu-ma Hsiang-ju, of Chengtu in Szechwan, being at the end of his resources and sick, did not like to return to his home. The Prince of Cho had a daughter who was lately widowed and partial to music. Hsiang-ju moved her by his playing on the harp. When the Prince had to flee as a fugitive, Hsiang-ju sold all his effects and bought a tavern where the Prince sold wine and Hsiang-ju washed the wine cups.

"'Tis certain, greatness once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men, too."

—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3.

The burden of the song with which Hsiang-ju moved the Princess was:

"The Phoenix oh! the Phoenix oh! back to his village came
From wandering over distant seas to seek his Love again."

鳳兮鳳兮歸故鄉
遨遊四海求其凰

"To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love."

—The Phoenix and the Turtle.

Mao-ling—where Ssu-ma Hsiang-ju and Cho-wen sold wine—is in Chengtu. Hsiang-ju suffered from chronic dysentery.

鬪 yeh = 花綉: Flower filagree work.

蔓草: The Convolvulus (?)

禹 廟

杜 甫

禹	廟	空	山	裏
秋	風	落	日	斜
荒	庭	垂	橘	柚
古	屋	畫	龍	蛇
雲	氣	生	虛	壁
江	聲	走	白	沙
早	知	乘	四	載
疏	鑿	控	三	巴

THE TEMPLE TO YÜ

Behold the temple to Great Yü betwixt two hollow
hills!

The sun slopes down behind it, and the breath of
Autumn chills.

Yet orange trees and pomeloes droop round the lonely
halls.

And dragons, gods of waters, writhe about the an-
cient walls.

And all about each vacant room white misty cloudlets
curl;

As far along the silver sand the river waters purl.

By boat, by cart, by sledge, by pile, he labored long
ago.

To pierce these distant hills and guide the triple rivers'
flow.

Notes:—四載: The four transports—

水乘舟 by boat across water.

陸乘車 on land by carts.

泥乘輜 over mud by sledges.

山乘樑 over hills by piles.

三巴=三流: The triple gorges.

The Temple to Yü is in Lin-kiang Hsien (臨江縣) two *li* from
the Min River (岷江) in Szechwan.

“Prophetic sounds and loud arise for ever

From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,

As melody from Memnon to the Sun.”

—Poe: The Coliseum.

洞 房

杜 甫

洞 房 環 珮 冷

玉 殿 起 秋 風

秦 地 應 新 月

龍 池 滿 舊 宮

繫 舟 今 夜 遠

清 漏 往 時 同

萬 里 黃 山 北

園 陵 白 露 中

THE IMPERIAL TOMBS

The girdle ornaments are chill
 Of those that serve about the Tomb,
 Lost in the chamber's vaulted gloom.
 And there the Hall of State is still ;
 But when the wind of Autumn sere
 Comes wailing through the Palace drear.

The Moon o'erpeers the land of Ch'in,
 Now sloping down unto the West :
 The Dragon Pool comes creeping in
 The ancient building to invest.
 Another day of travel done,
 We anchor with the setting sun.

The water clock with dripping clear
 As then marks out the passing Time :
 And in my memory rise anew
 Those Gardens glittering white with rime :
 A thousand miles away I view
 The Tombs and Yellow Hill anew.

Notes :—**黄山** : The name of the Palace.

園陵 : The tomb of Yuan Tsung (元宗).

“Long time the light from Ancus' eyes hath fled,
 Whose Kingly deeds were nobler far than thine.”

—Lucretius (Salt).

THE MOCKING BIRD

What! Is the mocking bird come?

The Spring, he comes to say,

The Spring is here to-day.

All sounds, all words he knows.

His feathers preen how he will,

He is the same bird still.

Where flowers most thickly screen,

Difficult to be seen,

His varying notes deride

The topmost boughs between.

If out of time he chide,

Lo! slander at your side!

百 舌

杜 甫

百	舌	來	何	處
重	重	祇	報	春
知	音	兼	衆	語
整	翻	豈	多	身
花	密	藏	難	見
枝	高	聽	轉	新
過	時	如	發	口
君	側	有	讒	人

THINKING OF MY BROTHERS ON A
MOONLIT NIGHT

The war drum booms: all roads are bare.
 One wild goose clangs: 'tis Autumn there.
 Our nightly dews hence will be white.
 On our old home the Moon is bright.
 Brothers have I all scattered far.
 Homeless, how know if still they are?
 Letters I send: but none reply.
 Is this not War's sad tyranny?

月 夜 憶 舍 弟

杜 甫

戍	鼓	斷	人	行
邊	秋	一	雁	聲
露	從	今	夜	白
月	是	故	鄉	明
有	弟	皆	分	散
無	家	問	死	生
寄	書	長	不	達
況	乃	未	休	兵

Note:—Tu Fu had two younger brothers, one in Honan, and one in Shensi.

新 婚 別

杜 甫

兔	絲	附	蓬	麻
引	蔓	故	不	長
嫁	女	與	征	夫
不	如	棄	路	旁
結	髮	爲	妻	子
席	不	暖	君	牀
暮	婚	晨	告	別
無	乃	太	匆	忙
君	行	雖	不	遠
守	邊	赴	河	陽
妾	身	未	分	明
何	以	拜	姑	璋
父	母	養	我	時
日	夜	令	我	藏
生	女	有	所	歸
鷄	狗	亦	得	將

君	今	生	死	地
沈	痛	迫	中	腸
誓	欲	隨	君	去
形	勢	反	蒼	黃
勿	爲	新	婚	念
努	力	事	戎	行
婦	人	在	軍	中
兵	器	恐	不	揚
自	嗟	貧	家	女
久	致	羅	襦	裳
羅	君	不	復	施
對	視	洗	紅	妝
仰	小	百	鳥	飛
大	事	必	雙	翔
人	君	多	錯	迕
與		永	相	望

THE BRIDE'S LAMENT

Where choked with hemp and weeds the dodder grows
 It lowly creeps and hides its drooping head.
 Your daughter better to have cast away
 Beside the road, than to a soldier wed.

As your young wife I dressed my maiden hair;
 Yet had not time, alas, to warm your bed.
 At twilight married, Dawn brought sad farewell—
 Short hours of hurry that too quickly fled.

Hoyang indeed is not so very far—
 That frontier post to which your steps are sped.
 But how can I before your parents serve
 Ere yet our marriage rites are finished?

Both day and night my parents kept retired
 My tender life; until, the maiden's due,
 The time arrived that I should married be.
 Then my old pets accompanied me too.

Beside the Realm of Death you live—Ah! me!—
 My heart is rung with anguish and with rue.
 In hesitation trembles all my frame.
 And yet I swear I long to go with you.

Upon our recent marriage do not dwell!

— Set all your heart your duties stern to do.

For if your wife were with you in the host,

In vain, I fear, would arms or glory sue.

Alas! that I, of humble parents born,

Too long have tender silk and samite worn!

My thoughts no more can silk or samite sway,

As my sad tears wash all my rouge away.

I lift my eyes to see the birds that fly—

Both great and small, all pairing in the sky—

All human things the gales of Fate constrain.

Ah! were I only joined to you again!

村 羗

甫 杜

崢	嶸	赤	雲	西
日	脚	下	平	地
柴	門	鳥	雀	噪
歸	客	千	里	至
妻	孥	怪	我	在
驚	定	還	拭	淚
世	亂	遭	飄	蕩
生	還	偶	然	遂
隣	人	滿	牆	頭
感	歎	亦	獻	欹
夜	闌	更	秉	燭
相	對	如	夢	寐

CHIANG TSUN

The sunset reddens o'er the lofty peak.

The sun steps down the level plain to seek.

The sparrows twitter on the wicker door—
Home!—yet so many miles have left me weak.

My wife and children start to see me here.

Surprise scarce vanquished wipes a furtive tear:

To think that swept by anarchy away
Yet Chance returns me to each bosom dear.

The garden wall with neighbors' heads is lined.

Each breast surcharging breaks in sighings kind

All night beside the candle's beam we sit,
As though in dreams and absence still we pined.

Note:—秉燭: To hold the candle: as Kuan-yü (關羽) did when shut up all night by Tsao-Tsao with the wives of Liu Pei.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!

So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

—The Merchant of Venice, Act V, Sc. 1.

"Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance;

Met far from home, wondering each other's chance."

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 228.

The poem refers to the story of a young man who was carried away prisoner during troublous times. One can imagine that in such days of unrest as, say, the Taiping Rebellion, such occasions must have frequently occurred.

螢 火

杜 甫

幸	因	腐	草	出
敢	近	太	陽	飛
未	足	臨	書	卷
時	能	點	客	衣
隨	風	隔	幔	小
帶	雨	傍	林	微
十	月	清	霜	重
飄	零	何	處	歸

THE FIREFLY

Born from rotting grasses damp
 Still the daylight thou must fear,
 On my scroll thy tiny lamp
 Scarcely lets the words appear.
 But on stranger's dress from far
 Shonest thou a tender star.
 Or when wind-borne on the gauze
 Of my window making pause,
 Small thy phosphorescent beam
 As a fairy's eye doth gleam.
 From the rain you safely hide
 In the woodland undescried.
 But once November's frosts are chill
 Thou leaflike fadest from the hill.

Note:—The firefly is common in most parts of China, and on a dark evening of spring may be seen in numbers, each floating like a little lamp about the trees.

A scholar of old, when illuminants were dear or unknown, is said to have used fireflies as lamps to study by at night. The Chinese children have a rime which they call to the firefly to make him settle that they may catch him. The Kweilin version is as follows:

Mien-hua, mien-hua, ch'ung ch'ung Lo lai E pun mi-tang.

"Firefly, firefly, come down: I have a bowl of honey."

"Mien-hua:" probably a corruption of "ying huo," the classical name for firefly.

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire."

—Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 5.

"And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes."

—A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III, Sc. 2.

玉 華 宮

杜 甫

溪	迴	松	風	長
蒼	鼠	竄	古	瓦
不	知	何	王	殿
遺	構	絕	壁	下
陰	房	鬼	火	青
壞	道	哀	湍	瀉
萬	籟	真	笙	竽
秋	色	正	瀟	灑
美	人	爲	黃	土
况	乃	粉	黛	假
當	時	侍	金	輿
故	物	獨	石	馬
憂	來	藉	草	坐
浩	歌	淚	盈	把
冉	冉	征	途	間
誰	是	長	年	者

YÜ HWA GUNG

Returned from years of exile, lo, I find
The fir trees groaning in the dismal wind:
Beneath I know not what lost Prince's hall
The field mouse burrows in the shattered wall.

The rooms are dim and baleful corpse fires glare
O'er mouldering walls and streak the murky air.
The bamboos sob a note of piping wail
Through Autumn's gloomy damp and misty veil.

To yellow clay each lovely maid is turned:
My foot the sherds of ointment boxes spurned:
And where the Prince's chariots once were seen
Stone horses now watch where his tomb has been.

Upon the grass the singer now must sit
To pour with tears the hoarseness of his song:
And ponder how to deep oblivion flit
The men who rode the paths of battle strong.

天 河

杜 甫

常 時 任 顯 晦

秋 至 最 分 明

縱 被 微 雲 掩

終 能 永 夜 清

含 星 動 雙 闕

伴 月 落 邊 城

牛 女 年 年 渡

何 曾 風 浪 生

THE MILKY WAY

Often hidden, often bright,
 Clearest on an autumn night,
 Sometimes covered with the shroud
 Of some fleecy streak of cloud,
 Yet, when passed, thou dost appear
 All the night both bright and clear.
 In and out thy starry doors

Fly the fairies of the sky,
 For we see them opening, closing,
 As each spirit passes by.

Thou descendest with the moon
 Down the high empyrean hill:

Ah, but thy most precious boon

When thou holdest breathless still,
 Lest the weaver maid might miss
 Her herdboy lover's annual kiss.

of highest heaven

Note:—The Milky Way is called in Chinese the River of Heaven. On either side of its banks are the stars known as the Herdboy and Weaver Girl which meet only once a year (on the 7th day of the 7th moon). The legend says that on these spirits being married they were so much in love as to quite neglect their daily avocations, much to the disgust of the gods, who separated them and allowed only one meeting a year. These are the Spirits of Love in China, and on the day of their meeting the young unmarried women give a public exhibition in their homes of embroidery work, etc.

The twinkling of the stars in the Milky Way is said to be the opening and closing of their gates as spirits enter and leave. The Australians call the Milky Way "The Ash Path of Souls."

POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

FLOWER LOVE

By Wang Wei

Wang Wei

Dost wonder if my toilet room be shut?
 If in the regal halls we meet no more?
 I ever haunt the Garden of the Spring;
 From smiling flowers to learn their whispered lore.

班 婕 妤

王 維

怪 來 粧 閣 閉
 朝 下 不 相 迎
 總 向 春 園 裏
 花 間 笑 語 聲

Note:—*婕妤*: The Handsome Fair: A title of honor applied to the most literary of the Imperial concubines of the Han Dynasty. This quatrain celebrates one of them who instead of competing for favor amid the other ladies of the Court found more pleasure in making love to the flowers.

“Our flowers are merely—flowers,

And the shadow of thy perfect bliss

Is the sunshine of ours.”

—Poe: Israfel.

LIFE'S ROAD

By Wang Wei

'Tis time to say farewell. My horse I stay.

The Palace Moat is chilled as if with woe.

Before me stretch the Hills in grand array.

Went you with me, it were no grief to go.

留 別 崔 興 宗

王 維

駐	馬	欲	分	襟
清	寒	御	溝	上
前	山	暑	氣	佳
獨	往	還	惆	悵

TO-DAY

By Wang Wei

I had lately removed back to near Meng-ch'eng Valley:

A few ancient trees, some waste willows were left.

But he who comes after me, what will he find here?

Why yearn for the glories the Years have bereft?

孟 城 均

王 維

新	家	孟	城	口
古	木	餘	衰	柳
來	者	復	爲	誰
空	悲	昔	人	有

A SILENT NIGHT

By Wang Wei

My idle days are counted by the falling cassia flowers.
 Upon the hills the Spring alone records the noiseless
 hours.

At sudden rising of the Moon loud shrieks each forest
 bird.

And yet amid the vernal streams their song is often
 heard.

鳥 鳴 澗

王 維

人 間 桂 花 落
 夜 靜 春 山 空
 月 出 驚 山 鳥
 時 鳴 春 澗 中

Note:—Cassia flowers bloom all through the year, and therefore are an emblem of Immortality.

“How still the evening is,

As hushed on purpose to grace harmony!”

—Much Ado about Nothing, Act II, Sc. 3.

*
THE FORM OF THE DEER

By Wang Wei

So lone seem the hills; there is no one in sight there.
But whence is the echo of voices I hear?
The rays of the sunset pierce slanting the forest,
And in their reflection green mosses appear.

	鹿		柴	
		王	維	
空	山	不	見	人
但	聞	人	語	響
返	景	入	深	林
復	照	青	苔	上

Note: 柴=The place where the deer sleeps: its "form."

返景=落日返照之影

THE MOON

By Wang Wei

In bamboo thicket hid, sitting alone am I.
First my guitar I strum; then stop to whistle a while.
Amid the grove so thick, no mortal can me spy.
But we behold each other, the lucent Moon and I.

	竹		裏		館
		王	維		
獨	坐	幽	篁	裏	
彈	琴	復	長	嘯	
深	林	人	不	知	
明	月	來	相	照	

THE HUNT

By Wang Wei

The bows of horn are twanging, and bitter blows the
 North,
 As from the town of Wei-ch'eng the hunters issue forth.
 The hawk's eye gazes keenly across the prairie dry.
 The snow is gone, and lightly the horsemen gallop by.
 To Hsin-li town we sweep along; then back to Hsi-
 liao.
 Lo! where we shot the eagle rolls the clouded sunset
 now!

觀 獵

王 維

風	勁	角	弓	鳴
將	軍	獵	渭	城
草	枯	鷹	眼	疾
雪	盡	馬	蹄	輕
忽	過	新	豐	市
還	歸	細	柳	營
回	看	射	鵬	處
千	里	暮	雲	平

Note:—Wei-ch'eng is in Si-an Fu, in the Ch'ang-an district.
 "Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn."

—L'Allegro.

HSIANG CHI TEMPLE

By Wang Wei

For Hsiang-chi Temple seeking far and near
 O'er cloudy peaks for miles I wandered lone.
 In this old wood no human tracks appear.
 In hills so vast how trace the bell's deep tone?—

Huge boulders swallow up the bubbling streams.
 In chilly gloom the firs the daylight snare.
 The pools alone sing to the twilight's beams.
 Here meditation rules each hissing care.

過 香 積 寺

王 維

不	知	香	積	寺
數	里	入	雲	峯
古	木	無	人	徑
深	山	何	處	鐘
泉	聲	咽	危	石
日	色	冷	青	松
薄	暮	空	潭	曲
安	禪	制	毒	龍

終 南 山

王 維

太	乙	近	天	都
連	山	到	海	隅
白	雲	迴	望	合
青	藹	入	看	無
分	野	中	峯	變
陰	晴	衆	壑	殊
欲	投	人	處	宿
隔	水	問	樵	夫

CHUNG-NAN HILL

By Wang Wei

The mighty hill of Chung-nan is near to Si-an town;
And sloping to the river its skirts go pouring down.
I gaze about.—On every side the white clouds gird the
sky.

On near approach no verdant lawns among its masses
lie.

The peaks from every point of view their melting out-
lines change.

In each ravine the light and shade through many
colors range.

And should you wish a house to find where you the
night may pass,

They only know who o'er the stream come up to cut
the grass.

終南別業

王維

中	歲	頗	好	道
晚	家	南	山	陔
興	來	每	獨	往
勝	事	空	自	知
行	到	水	窮	處
坐	看	雲	起	時
偶	然	值	林	叟
談	笑	無	還	期

MY VILLA AT CHUNG-NAN

By Wang Wei

In middle age I loved to walk the path of Buddhist
lore.

A home I've made these latter years on Chung-nan's
frontier hoar.

As prompts the mood I ever come to wander here
alone,

Where all the pleasure that I find is mine and all mine
own.

Some stream I follow to its source; and there I set me
down

To watch the clouds come drifting up across the moun-
tains brown.

Perchance some aged rustic may light upon me there:

Forgetting time we chat and laugh, oblivious of care.

“SO FAREWELL. AND IF FOR EVER, STILL,
FOR EVER FARE YE WELL.”

By Wang Wei

Quitting my horse, a cup with you I drank.
And drinking, asked you whither you were bound.
Your hopes unprospered, said you, turned you round
To sleep amid the Range's outer ground.
You went. I asked no more. The White Clouds
pass,
And never yet have any limit found.

送 別

王 維

下	馬	飲	君	酒
問	君	何	所	之
君	言	不	得	意
歸	臥	南	山	陲
但	去	莫	復	問
白	雲	無	盡	時

山 居 秋 暝

王 維

空 山 新 雨 後
天 氣 晚 來 秋
明 月 松 間 照
清 泉 石 上 流
竹 喧 歸 浣 女
蓮 動 下 漁 舟
隨 意 春 芳 歇
王 孫 自 可 留

LATE SUMMER

By Wang Wei

The vacant hills are fresh with recent rain.
The coming autumn threatens in evening's chill.
Amid the firs the moon peeps in again.
Bright flashes o'er the stones each mountain rill.
With chat of maids, who take their homeward way
Their washing done, the bamboo groves resound.
The fisher's skiff the lotus brushes round:
The water ripples as they stir and sway.
Although the fragrance of the Spring be gone,
Yet Nature's lover well may linger on. - *Finally*

A MOUNTAIN RETREAT

By Wang Wei

Over against the Chung-nan Hill

See shyly peer my roof of thatch :

The whole year round so lone and still

No stranger's hand will lift the latch .

Time is my own to idle here ;

In pebbled rills the fish to catch :

Or quaff a flask of vintage clear.

Come thou and share my simple cheer :

One moment's pleasure snatch.

答 張 五 弟 諷

王 維

終	南	有	茅	屋
前	對	終	南	山
終	年	無	客	長
終	日	無	心	長
不	妨	飲	酒	復
君	但	能	來	相
				往
				還

Note :—The Chung-nan Hills are near Si-an Fu in Shansi

WAITING

By Meng Hao-jan

The evening sun the Western Hills has crossed.
 The crowd of valleys are in darkness lost.
 The Moon Night's coolness heralds o'er the pine.
 While rills and breezes pipe their music fine.

Those seeking fuel have almost all gone home.
 The birds are settling in their leafy dome.
 Beside the pathway all with creepers dressed
 My lonely harp is calling you to rest.

宿來公山房

(待丁大不至)

孟浩然

夕	陽	度	西	嶺
羣	壑	條	已	暝
松	月	生	夜	涼
風	泉	滿	清	聽
樵	人	歸	欲	盡
烟	鳥	棲	初	定
之	子	期	宿	來
孤	琴	候	蘿	徑

SPRINGTIDE DREAMS

By Meng Hao-jan

In Springtide's dreams the dawn is sweetly drowned;
 Till everywhere the songs of birds resound.
 I heard last night the rush of wind and rain.
 How many Flowers have fallen to the Ground?

春 曉

孟 浩 然

春 眠 不 覺 曉

處 處 聞 啼 鳥

夜 來 風 雨 聲

花 落 知 多 少

Notes :—Spring, i.e., love : Flowers, i.e., fair hopes.

CROSSING THE SIANG AT NIGHT

By Meng Hao-jan

Night though it be, o'er the waters of Siang
 To cross by the ferry the traveller longs.
 He knows by their fragrance the pear trees in blossom
 That some gather lilies, he knows by their songs.

By lights on the shore is the bold helmsman steering,
 The fisher boy sleeps in the mist on the lake.
 The voice of those passing is heard in the darkness
 "To Tsen-yang, I pray you, which way should we
 take?"

夜 渡 湘 水

孟 浩 然

客	行	貪	利	涉
夜	裏	渡	湘	川
露	氣	聞	芳	杜
歌	聲	識	采	蓮
榜	人	投	岸	火
漁	子	宿	潭	烟
行	旅	時	相	問
涔	陽	何	處	邊

ON JUN CHOU CITY WALL

By Ch'iu Wei

At eve the wanderer climbs the wall beside the river's
brim,

The Wall upon the bound of Heaven where all looks
wildly dim.

The islets float almost awash upon the vernal tides.

The male and female rainbows a dying shower divides.

A distant bird, a lonely sail, afar off I can see.

The rising mist curls close beneath a solitary tree.

The hills beside my native place I cannot view aright:

Those ranges west of Kuangling have cut them off
from sight.

登潤州城

邱爲

天	末	江	城	晚
登	臨	客	望	迷
春	潮	平	島	嶼
殘	雨	隔	虹	霓
鳥	與	孤	帆	遠
烟	和	獨	樹	底
鄉	山	何	處	是
日	斷	廣	陵	西

Notes:—虹 Is the male, 霓 The female rainbow.

廣陵: In 揚州

THE PEAR TREE BY THE SIDE DOOR

By Ch'iu Wei

Thy beauty pure outmocks the driven snow.
 About our robes thy wafted fragrance clings.
 The Breath of Spring has never ceased to flow :
 Towards the Palace steps thy Scent it wings.

左 掖 梨 花

邱 爲

冷 豔 全 欺 雪
 餘 香 乍 入 衣
 春 風 且 莫 定
 吹 向 玉 階 飛

"The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing
 As he met her once a-Maying."

—L' Allegro.

PEREUNT ETIAM RUINAE

By Ch'en Tze-ang

There, to the South from the Chieh-shih Inn,
 A far off—behold—is the Tower of Gold:
 The place of the Yen the wild birds ken
 Where the masses of foliage lie fold on fold.
 Peace is to Shao Wang who ruled of yore.
 His plans of conquest are now no more.—
 The horse that I rode I again bestrode
 And returned by the way that I came before.

薊 邱 覽 古

陳 子 昂

南	登	碣	石	館
遙	望	黃	金	臺
邱	陵	盡	喬	木
昭	王	安	在	哉
霸	圖	悵	已	矣
驅	馬	復	歸	來

“Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.”

—Troilus and Cressida, Act III, Sc. 3.

EVENING

By Ch'en Tze-ang

Late, late: and grey day darkens into eve;
 While trembling in the birth of Autumn air
 The flower of Life is shaken till it falls,
 And what of all the hopes we formed so fair?

感 遇

陳 子 昂

遲 遲 白 日 晚
 嫋 嫋 秋 風 生
 歲 華 盡 搖 落
 芳 意 竟 何 成

CHIU-HUA KUAN IN SPRING

By Ch'en Tze-ang

Yon fairy Tower of purest jade how many ages knew!
From Tan-ch'iu Hill far off it seems to melt away from
view.

The torrents seem to mingle with the sunlit cloudy sky.
The roofs of leaf-hung arbours are lost in mists on
high.

On trees a thousand winters old the snow-white heron
leaps.

One hundred feet in rainbow shape the bridge spans
o'er the deeps.

In such a place might still be met some elfin sage of old.
Upon the path of Heaven I sit his coming to behold.

春 日 登 九 華 觀

陳 子 昂

白	玉	仙	臺	古
丹	丘	別	望	遙
山	川	亂	雲	日
樓	榭	入	烟	霄
鶴	舞	千	年	樹
虹	飛	百	尺	橋
還	逢	赤	松	子
天	路	坐	相	邀

Note :—榭—A kiosk with trees about it.

X X THE GRASS

By Po Chü-i

How deusely thick the grass upon the plain!

Decay and splendour one year to it brings.

The corpse-fires burn it down—but all in vain—

With each new breath of Spring it lives again.

Its fragrance creeps across the Ancient Ways,

Its sun-lit verdure o'er the ruin strays.

Its growth speeds Nature's lover on his ways.

With wild farewells its long luxuriance rings.

草

白居易

離	離	原	上	草
一	歲	一	枯	榮
野	火	燒	不	盡
春	風	吹	又	生
遠	芳	侵	古	道
晴	翠	接	荒	城
又	送	王	孫	去
萋	萋	滿	別	情

A MIST SKETCH

By Po Chü-i

Beneath the firs the lad to me replied:—

“My master has but gone to simples seek.”

He said: “He climbed this nearest mountain side.”

(Then, with a pause, he added, gazing wide:—)

“The clouds are dense; he’s hidden in the reek.” = ^x smoke, vapor

尋 隱 者 不 遇

白 居 易

松 下 問 童 子

言 師 採 藥 去

只 在 此 山 中

雲 深 不 知 處

Note:—This poem is intended to show the simple similarity of early verse to pictures.

THE POND

By Po Chü-i

Her shallop small the little maiden rows.

With stealthy hand the waterlilies white
 She comes to pluck and bear away; nor knows
 How to conceal her traces.—See, there goes
 Her track across the floating duckweed light.

池 上

白 居 易

小 娃 撐 小 艇

偷 採 白 蓮 回

不 解 藏 踪 跡

浮 萍 一 道 開

✕✕ A NIGHT ON THE CHI PAN HILLS

By Shen Ch'uan-ch'i

Wandered many a league and far
 The Chipan peaks are my inn to-night.
 The moon of the hills my window fills.
 And the Milky Way at the door is bright.
 The springtide scents each verdant dome;
 The cuckoo calls in the night so clear.
 The wanderer sleepless lies to hear
 How the morning cocks crow loud at home.

夜 宿 七 盤 嶺

沈 佺 期

獨	遊	千	里	外
高	臥	七	盤	西
山	月	臨	牕	近
天	河	入	戶	低
芳	春	平	仲	綠
清	夜	子	規	啼
浮	客	空	留	聽
裊	城	聞	曙	鷄

“Cocks” :—

“While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin.”

—L' Allegro.

陸 渾 山 庄

沈 佺 期

歸	來	物	外	情
負	杖	閱	岩	耕
源	水	春	花	入
幽	林	採	藥	行
野	人	相	問	姓
山	鳥	自	呼	名
去	來	獨	吾	樂
無	能	愧	此	生

THE OLD RETIRED OFFICIAL

By Shen Ch'uan-ch'i

Now the world is all behind me,
Never comes its echo here.
On the greybeard's staff supported
From the hills I see the farmers
Till the fruitage of the year.
Should a passer search to find me
Let him, like the man of yore,
Follow up the murmuring brooklet
Till he see the flowering peach tree
Standing by the cottage door.
Lost am I in lonely valleys,
Like to him who culling simples
In the forest's gloomy alleys
Entered to return no more.
Here, like travellers, the people,
Not like cheery neighbours greeting.
Ask each others' names on meeting.
Bird to bird from tree to tree
Pipes: "Who art thou that callest me?"
Though I wander, still and lone,
Lonely must my pleasures be.
Sorrowful and shamed I moan
That lack of talent exiles me.

巫 山

沈 佺 期

巫 山 高 不 極

合 沓 狀 奇 新

暗 谷 疑 風 雨

陰 崖 若 鬼 神

月 明 三 峽 曉

潮 滿 九 江 春

爲 問 陽 臺 客

應 知 入 夢 人

THE GORGES OF THE YANGTZE

By Shen Ch'uan-ch'i

The Magic Hill soars out of sight
 Piled up in weird fantastic form.
 In each ravine such shadowy night
 As comes from wind and rain and storm.
 In each abyss the gloom of hell
 Where ghouls and hideous devils dwell.

Within the triple gorge from high
 The Moon sheds down a kind of dawn.
 In Spring the rivers nine foam by.
 What else of wild is here forlorn
 Oh! ask not me.—He who in dream
 Its spirit saw would fitter seem.

Note:—The San Hsia—triple gorges—are: (西陵峽: 歸鄉峽: and 巫峽) Hsi-ling gorge, Kuei-hsiang gorge, and Wu gorge, the word Wu meaning wizard. The nine rivers are the Niao-po, Feng, Niao, Kah-fey, Ch'üan, Yüan, Lin, T'i, and K'un. (烏白江; 蟠江, 烏江, 嘉靡江, 吠江, 源江, 廩江, 提江 and 菌江.

“In dream its Spirit saw.”—Prince Hsiang of Ch'u when at Yang-t'ai saw in a dream a lovely maiden, who declared herself to be the Fairy of the Wu Shan. Cf. “The Dream of Maxen Vledig” in the Mabinogian.

" IN THE SPRING "

By Wang Ch'ang-ling

" Within her peaceful chamber, no care the maid
oppressed;
Until the verdant Tower she climbed one springtide,
gaily dressed.

The stir of sprouting foliage beyond the street she
saw.

Regret she'd sent her love to fame rose swelling in her
breast."

		閨		怨		
		王	昌	齡		
閨	中	少	婦	不	知	愁
春	日	凝	妝	上	翠	樓
忽	見	陌	頭	楊	柳	色
悔	教	夫	堦	覓	封	侯

LONGING

By Chang Chiu-ling

Since, ah! you went away,
What grief my mind can sway?
I yearn like the moon at full:
Am duller day by day!

自 君 之 出 矣

	張	九	齡	
自	君	之	出	矣
不	復	理	殘	機
思	君	如	月	滿
夜	夜	減	清	輝

THE SOLITARY

By Chang Chiu-ling

Up from deep Ocean to seek the far Northland
 Soars on broad pinions the lonely wild swan.
 Below him he hears the loud clang of the marshes,
 Yet dare not descend their dread waters upon.

As he passes high-sailing he notes in the pearltree
 Two halcyons are building their beautiful dome.
 High up in the glittering branches they build it,
 That no jealous bullet may reach their bright home.

True is it that riches attract the ill-wisher,
 And gods too resentful the high-placed must rue.
 Yet I who but wander alone and deserted
 Can never awaken the hunter's halloo.

感

遇

張九齡

孤	鴻	海	上	來
池	潢	不	敢	顧
側	見	雙	翠	鳥
巢	在	三	珠	樹
矯	矯	珍	木	巔
得	無	金	丸	懼
美	服	患	人	指
高	明	逼	神	惡
今	我	遊	冥	冥
弋	者	何	所	慕

× × × THE WATERFALL

By Chang Chiu-ling

Comes from the red earth cliff rushing the waterfall
 high,
 Sheer from the azure ether, half way up to the sky.
 Under the scattered trees plunges with wrack and
 roar:
 Sprays like another bank of clouds to the zenith soar.
 There in the sunlight dances the rainbow Iris form.
 The sky is blue: yet is heard the crash of the rain and
 storm.
 The hills in sympathy blend; their beautiful colours
 glow.
 Mingle the earth and sky in the waters' hollow bow.

湖 口 望 廬 山 瀑 布 水

張 九 齡

萬	丈	紅	泉	落
迢	迢	半	紫	氛
奔	流	下	雜	樹
洒	落	出	重	雲
日	照	虹	霓	似
天	清	風	雨	聞
靈	山	多	秀	色
空	水	共	氤	氳

Note:—The form of this poem resembles the fine description of a waterfall in Lord Byron's Childe Harold (Canto 4: Verse 69 et seq.) especially in the inclusion of the Iris.—*L + G, rainbow*

The situation is in the Lieu Shan.

CARPE HORAS

By Ts'en Ts'an

I see the flowers of this year as good as those of last :
 But, oh, the maid of last year this year is ageing fast.

The maid, unlike the blossom, her youth may not
 renew.

You failed, alas, to gather up the bloom ere it was past.

章 員 外 家 花 樹 歌

岑 參

今 年 花 似 去 年 好

去 年 人 到 今 年 老

始 知 人 老 不 如 花

可 惜 落 花 君 莫 掃

DESOLATION

By Ts'en Ts'an

Dismounting from my horse I climb the city's girdling
wall.

The town of Yeh, of old so fair, is wild and ruined all.
The zephyrs blow, the corpse fires' glow about each
shattered hall.

While dun the twilight follows on the sunset's cloudy
pall.

Before the Southern angle stands The Brazen Tower
of yore.

The river's flow must eastward go, returning never-
more.

The palace courts are waste and lone; no footfall
echoes there.

How sadly Spring its flowers must bring to each
deserted door!

登 古 鄴 城

岑 參

下	馬	登	鄴	城
城	空	復	何	見
東	風	吹	野	火
暮	入	飛	雲	殿
城	隅	對	望	陵
漳	水	流	不	復
武	帝	中	人	去
年	年	色	爲	誰
				來

"Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign."

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 208.

人 日 寄 杜 二 拾 遺

岑 參

人	日	題	詩	寄	草	堂
遙	憐	故	人	思	故	鄉
柳	條	弄	色	不	忍	見
梅	花	滿	枝	空	斷	腸
身	在	南	蕃	無	所	預
心	懷	百	憂	復	千	慮
今	年	人	日	空	想	憶
明	年	人	日	知	何	處
一	臥	東	山	三	十	春
豈	知	書	劍	老	風	塵
龍	鍾	還	忝	二	千	石
愧	爾	東	西	南	北	人

TO TU FU

By Ts'en Ts'an

To Cheng-tu lo! as greeting a New Year verse I send.
Ah, pity him who from his home a banished age must
spend!

The fresh green shoots of willow I cannot bear to see.
The plum trees full of blossom my very vitals rend.

As Prefect here in Szechwan I have no grasp of things.
With thousand fears and worries my anxious duty
stings.

This New Year we are distant far; I merely dream
of you.

But who can tell if next year another meeting brings?

Like him who on the Eastern Hills for thirty years had
slept

Perchance from age my book and sword to scattered
dust have crept.

Two thousand piculs salary although my dotage win,
Ah! had I only, free as you, my power of roaming
kept!

Notes:—人日=7th of 1st moon.

草堂=Tu Fu's home at Cheng-tu.

南蕃 i.e., Szechwan.

書劍—Book and Sword—the impedimenta and insignia of the scholar. The latter has, as in Europe, fallen into disuse.

(Perhaps also used to signify "body and mind.")

Hence perhaps the Magic sword of the Taoist—as Virgil became a magician.

RECOLLECTION

By Wen Ting-hsün

Alone upon this river tower
 What gloomy thoughts my heart devour!
 Like waters still the moonbeams flow.
 The river joins the sky below.
 But where are they who with me came
 To gaze upon her lambent flame?
 The scene is much like last year's: yet
 Those gone how can my heart forget?

江樓書懷

溫庭筠

獨上江樓思悄然
 月光如水水如天
 同來玩月人何在
 風景依稀似去年

SPRIGS OF WILLOW (An allusion)

By Wen Ting-hsün

Beside the Hall of Hsi Shih by Yeh-ch'eng's city wall
The willow branches stretch their hands in mute
appeal to all.

Their shadows on the river with those of sails compete;
Their nearer bendings brush the bank with salutation
sweet.

What bound the Wanderer's heart-strings and bade
him turn again

Was not the verdure of the grass all lush with vernal
rain.

楊 柳 枝

溫 庭 筠

館 娃 宮 外 鄴 城 西

遠 映 征 帆 近 拂 堤

繫 得 王 孫 歸 意 切

不 關 春 草 綠 萋 萋

Notes:—Hsi Shih: see the poems by Li Po and Tu Fu and p. 189 in this volume and notes thereto.

Yeh Ch'eng: the capital of the state of Wei (魏) where are many poplars and willows, on the Ling-yen Hill (靈岩山) near Ku Su, the residence of Hsi Shih. The ruins of Yeh Ch'eng are described on page 154 of this volume.

ANCHORED BY NIGHT

By Chang Chi

The failing of the moonlight the cawing crow awakes,
And glitters all the sky above with shining frosty
flakes.

The maples on the river bank, the lamps the fishers
bear,

Cast gloomy shadows through the night that vex our
rest with care.

From yonder Chill Hill Temple by Soochow's ancient
town

The sudden booming of the bell, the midnight calling
down,

Comes with a clang that startles our ship-borne
comrades' ears.

Imagination's pulses beat quick with shadowy fears.

楓 橋 夜 泊

張 繼

月 落 烏 啼 霜 滿 天

江 楓 漁 火 對 愁 眠

姑 蘇 城 外 寒 山 寺

夜 半 鐘 聲 到 客 船

節 婦 吟

張 繼

君	知	妾	有	夫
贈	妾	雙	明	珠
感	君	纏	綿	意
繫	在	紅	羅	襦
妾	家	高	樓	連
良	人	執	戟	明
知	君	用	心	如
事	夫	誓	擬	同
還	君	明	珠	雙
恨	不	相	逢	未
				嫁
				時

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

By Chang Chi

That I am duly married, assuredly you know,
And yet to me you send as gift twin pearls of mystic
glow.

For this your kind devotion my heart must grateful
be.

I hung within my red silk vest those pearls I might
not show.

My dwelling is a lofty one within a stately dome.

My husband is a soldier who guards the Emperor's
home.

I recognize your love as bright as shining sun or moon:
Yet swear to serve my husband, and never from him
roam.

With your bright pearls I send again twin tears as
crystal clear,

Regretting that we had not met ere Fortune placed me
here.

A VILLAGE SCENE

By Ssu K'ung-shu

Returning from my fishing my skiff I left unbound.
 The moonlight brings sweet slumber on all the village
 round.
 'Though by the wind all night pursued, my shallop
 cannot stray.
 'Tis grounded where the rushes in shallow ripples play.

江 村 卽 事

司 空 曙

罷 釣 歸 來 不 繫 船
 江 村 月 落 正 堪 眠
 縱 然 一 夜 風 吹 去
 只 在 蘆 花 淺 水 邊

詠 柳 花

薛 能

浮	生	失	意	頻
起	絮	又	飄	淪
發	自	誰	家	樹
飛	來	獨	院	春
朝	容	蒙	斷	砌
晴	影	過	誰	憐
亂	掩	宮	中	蝶
繁	衝	陌	上	人
隨	波	應	到	海
霑	雨	或	依	塵
會	向	慈	恩	日
輕	輕	對	此	身

THE SONG OF THE WILLOW FLOWERS

By Hsieh Neng

Cast into Life—without an object born—

Oh, Willow Catkins by Time's eddies torn—

Ah! what fond Tree has cast you on the air
To fly with Spring into my Yard forlorn?

At morn your carpet hides the flagstones bare,

Your sunlit gliding shadows wake no care.

The butterflies are shrouded in your clouds,
As well as those ascending Heaven's stair.

The River bears you to the Ocean's breast.

Or clogging Rain amid the dust has pressed.

Oh, when the day of Love and Joy be come.
May You as lightly on my bosom rest!

Notes:—Spring is Love.

River: The Stream of Time.

Ocean: The Ocean of the Past, which stands ever still. Nur ewig still steht die Vergangenheit.

Clogging Rain: The gross delights of sensuality.

Heaven's stair: "To be wise and love, is granted only to the Gods above."

一 葉 落

薛 能

(淮南子：一葉落，而天下知秋)

輕	葉	下	悠	悠
天	高	片	影	流
隨	風	來	此	地
何	樹	發	先	秋
變	色	黃	應	近
辭	林	綠	尙	稠
無	雙	浮	水	面
孤	絕	落	關	頭
乍	見	誠	難	覺
將	彫	勢	未	休
客	心	空	月	比
誰	肯	問	新	愁

THE FALLING LEAF

By Hsieh Neng

From Heaven's height a Flake of shadow glides.

A light Leaf idly sailing downward goes,
Is wafted by the zephyrs to the Earth.

Which Tree is it that first the Autumn shows?

Its color changed! The Yellow must be nigh.

The Woods it left are glossy yet with Green.
Alone it floats upon the water clear;
Or lone descends upon the Pass unseen.

At sight of it a sadness touches me.

This Sereness will not end with one, I fear.
So far from Thee—my heart a vacant moon!
Why wish to know another sorrow near?

Note:—The Yellow is the yellow tinge of autumn foliage, the Yellow Springs of Hades.

春 江 花 月 夜

張 若 虛

春	江	潮	水	連	海	平
海	上	明	月	共	潮	生
春	艷	隨	波	千	萬	里
何	處	春	江	無	月	明
江	流	宛	轉	繞	芳	甸
月	照	花	林	皆	如	霰
空	裏	流	霜	不	覺	飛
汀	上	白	沙	看	不	見
江	天	一	色	無	纖	塵
皎	皎	空	中	孤	月	輪
江	畔	何	人	初	見	月
江	月	何	年	初	照	人
人	生	代	代	無	窮	已
江	月	年	年	望	相	似
不	知	江	月	照	何	人
但	見	長	江	送	流	水

悠愁子樓徊臺去來聞君度文花家盡斜霧路歸樹
悠勝舟月徘徊鏡不還相照不成落還欲西海限人江
去不扁明月妝捲拂不流光水夢不去復藏無幾滿
片上夜思上人中上望華飛躍潭半春月沈湘月情
一浦今相樓離簾砧相月長潛閒春流落沈瀟乘搖
雲楓家處憐照戶衣時逐雁龍夜憐水潭月石知月
白青誰何可應玉搗此願鴻魚昔可江江斜碣不落

MOON THOUGHTS

By Chang Jo-hsiü

Over a river by the ocean floating
That flows not for the tide
The moon uprises on the waters' motion
With equal kingdom wide.
The Ocean's face is radiant with her glory.
Perfumed through flowery banks the river flows,
And serpents with a winding desultory
By flowering woods that gleam as purest snows,
So white that ivory no outline shows,
Nor seen the white sand on the shore thereby.
The fleckless sky meets with the stainless sea:
And wheel-large floats in vast eternity
The moon, upon the flawless crystal sky.

Who by this river first beheld her face?
Whom by this river did the moon first see?
Ah, many generations of his race
Have come, and past into infinity
While she rode lightly in immensity.
I do not know for whom her beams always
Shine—but the river waters flow away!
And one white fleck of cloud them follows too,
Tracing their windings with its pearly hue.
To-night who floats upon the tiny skiff?
From what high tower yearns out upon the night
The dear beloved in the pale moonlight,
Alone, so lonely with the lonely moon?

In the deep chamber where her hair she braids,—
 And where the moon oft kissed our arms entwined—
 Where, oh, we parted—lo, she rolls the blind
 And inward steps the moon with silent pace:
 Or noiseless gazes on her thoughtful face
 When busied in the working of her maids.

To each unknown our thoughts go forth to meet.
 How would I ride the moonbeams to thy feet!
 The wild swans and the geese go sailing by
 But rob not any brightness from the sky:
 And fishes ripples on the water pleat.

Last night, when dreaming, ah, I seemed to see
 That many flowers had fallen by this stream.
 And low I moaned, "Already spring will flee
 And I can barely see thee in a dream."
 The waters bear away the spring; and now
 But scattered stars remain upon the bough.
 The moon is sinking to her western hall,
 Darkened and drooping in the sea mists' pall.

From thee to me I cannot tell how far!
 How many with the moon home wandered are
 I cannot tell—But as the shadowy trees
 Stir on the stream with sighings sad and lone,
 So sighs my soul to thee, my own, my own!

SPRING IN THE HAREM

By Ts'ui Tao-jung

My husband to the wars has gone
 And I a cloak for him would make:
 To wrap him from that rugged clime
 Lest bitter cold his slumbers break.
 But when I tried to cut the words
 Of "Happy Spring" as omen fair,
 The chilling breath that winter leaves
 Benumbed and left me helpless there.
 If cold am I, far colder thou
 Upon those desert plains and bare!
 Thou lookest for thy cloak and I
 Of sending it despair.

春 閨

崔 道 融

欲	剪	宜	春	字
春	寒	入	剪	刀
遼	陽	在	何	處
莫	望	寄	征	袍

Note:

"CUT THE WORDS OF HAPPY SPRING:"

Chinese women are very sensitive to cold, and in cold weather, before attempting sewing or embroidery, cut out in paper the words "Happy Spring" to see whether their fingers are in trim for the work.

春 從 何 處 來

白 行 簡

欲	識	春	生	處
先	從	木	德	來
入	門	潛	報	柳
度	嶺	暗	驚	梅
透	雪	銀	花	散
消	冰	水	鑑	開
曉	迎	郊	祀	發
夜	逐	斗	杓	回
淑	氣	空	中	變
新	聲	曲	裏	催
偏	能	調	律	呂
應	是	候	陽	臺

WHENCE COMES THE SPRING ?

By Po Hsing-chien .

If thou wouldst know from whence the Spring is born,
It rises from the virtues of the trees.
Its slow approach to willows first it tells:
Crossing the mountains wakes the sleeping plum:
Entering the snows, it melts their silver flowers:
Ungeals the ice; loosens the water's glass.
At dawn it comes all holy from the East:
At night to East the Dipper's handle turns.
Its balmy breath in vasty space renewed
Comes in rejoicing with a new-born song.
But ere it spreads o'er all its mantle green
It needs the sun to mount the Tower of Pride.

THE NEGLECTED BEAUTY

By Wang Ch'ang-ling

Than colors of the peony my raiment is more fair.
 The breeze across the Palace lake takes fragrance from
 my hair.
 My love is hidden in my breast, a fan conceals my pain,
 A clear Moon in an Autumn Night, I wait my Lord in
 vain.

西 宮 秋 怨

王 昌 齡

芙 蓉 不 及 美 人 妝
 水 殿 風 來 珠 翠 香
 却 恨 含 情 掩 秋 扇
 空 懸 明 月 待 君 王

“My face is but a moon, and clouded too.”

—Love's Labour's Lost, Act V, Sc. 2.

LEAVE ME NOT

By Meng Hsiao

You wish to go—and yet your robe I hold.

Where are you going—tell me, dear,—to-day?

Your late returning does not anger me,

But that another steal your heart away.

古 別 離

孟 郊

欲 去 牽 郎 衣

郎 今 到 何 處

不 恨 歸 來 遲

莫 向 臨 卬 去

Note: 臨卬 Was the Suburra of Ch'ang-an.

“Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us.”

—The Comedy of Errors, Act III, Sc. 2.

餘杭醉歌贈吳山人

丁仙芝

曉	幕	紅	襟	燕					
春	城	白	項	烏					
只	來	梁	上	語					
不	向	府	中	趨					
城	頭	坎	坎	鼓	聲	曙			
滿	庭	新	種	櫻	桃	樹			
桃	花	昨	夜	撩	亂	開			
當	軒	發	色	映	樓	臺			
十	千	兌	得	餘	杭	酒			
二	月	春	城	長	命	杯			
酒	後	留	君	待	明	月			
還	將	明	月	送	君	回			

AN INVITATION

By Ting Hsien-chih

As at break of daylight chirping
 Comes the robin to my sill,
 As in Spring the whitethroat twitters
 On the eaves so blithe and shrill,
 So you hover, never enter,
 Keep me waiting, waiting still.
 When rat-a-tat the drums awake
 And sleep the city flees,
 I see the garden flaunting fair
 With new set cherry trees.
 Last night a myriad blooms were born
 Whose tender pink the flushing dawn
 Reflects in coloured seas.
 I've bought a goodly store of wine.
 The second moon, the Spring Divine
 The time to fill the chalice high
 Is come: and when we've drunken deep
 Will we a moonlight vigil keep.
 Yea, till she fade and wax again
 Shall you rejoicing here remain.

Notes:—Drums awake: There is in Chinese cities no noise of wheeled traffic. The soldiers beat their drums at sunset and sunrise.

The second moon: about April, equivalent in temperature in most parts of China to an English summer.

“White throat twitters”—cf:

“To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night.”

—L'Allegro.

HOPE

By Li Shang-yin

The dawn is clear: no breath the dew to shake.
 And at the window I alone awake.
 Amidst the smiling flowers the orioles sing.
 If not for me for whom this happy Spring?

早 起

李 商 隱

風 露 澹 清 晨

簾 間 獨 起 人

鶯 花 啼 又 笑

畢 竟 是 誰 春

THE SPRING

By Chang Chung-sur

The geese in lofty flight recross

The Tai-yeh lake:

And in the Emperor's garden all

The new buds break.

The year brings light to every place

If palace or if cot:

But no one knows what colors yet

The spring will take.

漢苑行

張仲素

回雁高飛太液池

新花低發上林枝

年光到處皆堪賞

春色人間總未知

THE AUTUMN MOON

By Tu Shen-yen

In autumn's sky high floats the silver Moon.
 One mourner gazes on the lonely night.
 Her bow, now bent into a crescent, soon
 Will fanlike open to a globe of light.
 Such dazzling purity how many dews
 Have tear-like laved? With, ah, what icy thrill
 Thy shining, frozen surface still imbrues
 The breeze that pierces with a sudden chill
 This summer garb of mine! Such shudders rend
 The heart that quivers for the distant friend.

和 康 五 望 月 有 懷

杜 審 言

明	月	高	秋	迴
愁	人	獨	夜	看
暫	將	弓	竝	曲
翻	與	扇	俱	團
露	濯	清	輝	苦
風	飄	素	影	寒
羅	衣	此	一	鑒
頓	使	別	離	難

X X X ABSENCE

By Wei Ch'eng-ch'ing

My eagerness chases the sun and the moon.
 I number the days till I reach my home.
 The winds of autumn they wait not for me,
 But hurry on thither where I would be.

蜀 道 後 期

韋 承 慶

客	心	爭	日	月
來	往	預	期	程
秋	風	不	相	待
先	至	洛	陽	城

EHEU FUGACES

X X X By Wei Ch'eng-ch'ing

Mournfully, mournfully rolls the Long River.
 Saddened, ah saddened, the stranger's breast.
 The flowers as they fall his fate recall,
 As each flutters down in the earth to rest.

南 行 別 弟

韋 承 慶

澹	澹	長	江	水
悠	悠	遠	客	情
落	花	相	與	恨
到	地	一	無	聲

經 漂 母 墓

劉 長 卿

昔	賢	懷	一	飯
茲	事	已	千	秋
古	墓	樵	人	識
前	朝	楚	水	流
渚	蘋	行	客	薦
山	木	杜	鵑	愁
春	草	茫	茫	綠
王	孫	舊	此	遊

PIAO MU'S TOMB

By Liu Chang-ch'ing

The hero remembered the old mother's meal—
 This tale that I tell happened ages ago—
 The tomb that he built her the fuel-gatherers know.
 Of that Dynasty only the rivers yet flow.

With islet-grown frog-bite the passers adore.
 The goatsucker wails on the high wooded shore.

The Spring makes the grasses as verdant, I feel,
 As when princely Han Hsin passed by here of yore.

Notes:—Han Hsin (韓信) when in distress on being given a meal by Piao Mu said that some day he would recompense her. She replied that she did it merely from regard to a Prince's descendant, as Han Hsin was, and needed no recompense. After the foundation of the Han (韓) Dynasty, in the establishment of which Han Hsin's generalship greatly assisted, he made this tomb to her memory. The tomb is thirteen miles west of Huai-an Fu (淮安府). Opposite to it is the tomb of Han Hsin's own mother, the two being called the Eastern and Western Graves. The Han Dynasty ruled in Ch'u.

“In the 3rd and 4th moon the goatsucker wails all night until the dawn with a bitter lamenting.”

“By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
 The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow.”

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 155.

A WINTER SCENE

By Liu Chang-ch'ing

The daylight far is dawning across the purple hill.
 And white the houses of the poor with winter's breath-
 ing chill.
 The house dog's sudden barking, which hears the
 wicket go,
 Greets us at night returning through driving gale and
 snow.

逢 雪 宿 芙 蓉 山

劉 長 卿

日 暮 蒼 山 遠

天 寒 白 屋 貧

柴 門 聞 犬 吠

風 雪 夜 歸 人

Note:—Hibiscus Hill is in the Tu-ch'ang district of Nan-k'ang Prefecture. Its peaks of various sizes look like the petals of a hibiscus flower.

THE AUTUMN FESTIVAL

By Wang Chien

The slanting moonbeams light the court; the crows
roost in their bowers.

Without a sound the chilly dew has wet the cassia
flowers.

Upon the moon to-night so clear all human eyes
must gaze.

But what fond breast will ponder on the coming
Autumn days?

十五夜望月

王建

中庭地白樹棲鴉
冷露無聲濕桂花
今夜月明人盡望
不知秋思在誰家

THE ANCIENT PALACE

By Wang Chien

The ancient Palace lies in desolation spread.

The very garden flowers in solitude grow red.

Only some withered dames with whitened hair
remain,

Who sit there idly talking of mystic monarchs dead.

故 行 宮

王 建

寥 落 故 行 宮

宮 花 寂 寞 紅

白 頭 宮 女 在

閒 坐 說 玄 宗

Note: The Palace: is that of Yang Kuei Fei.

“Time’s glory is to calm contending kings . . .
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers.”

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 135.

X X HSI SHIH'S WASHING STONE

By Lou Ying

When Hsi Shih steeped her yarn
 Beside the purling brook,
 Like mosses on her washing stone
 Men's hearts with yearning shook.
 But since she went to Ku Su
 And thence returned no more,
 For whom do Peach and Plum trees bloom
 Along the vernal shore?

西 施 石

樓 穎

西 施 卽 日 浣 紗 津
 石 上 青 苔 思 殺 人
 一 去 姑 蘇 不 復 返
 岸 傍 桃 李 爲 誰 春

Note:—Beauty is departed, leaving but its dream. See other poems in this volume by Li Po, Tu Fu, etc., on this subject.

On the side of T'u-ch'eng Hill (土城山) is a stone called "Hsi Shih's washing yarn stone."

X PEACH FLOWER CAVE

By Chang Hsü

We caught mid the wreathing mists
 A glimpse of the spanning bridge;
 And asked of the fishing boats
 By the jetty's western ridge.
 "The peach flowers float," they said,
 "All day down the gushing stream,
 By the Clear Torrent's side
 Is the Peach Flower Cave, we deem."

桃 花 谿

張 旭

隱 隱 飛 橋 隔 野 烟
 石 磯 西 畔 問 漁 船
 桃 花 盡 日 隨 流 水
 洞 在 清 溪 何 處 邊

Note:—The Peach Flower Cave is southwest of T'ao-yuan Hsien (桃源縣) in Ch'ang-te Fu (常德府). To the north of the cave is the Peach Flower Cascade.

DISAPPOINTMENT

By Hsü Chün

From the sea the Swallow
 Flying to his nest
 Sees the silver sunlight
 Sloping to the West;
 Homes of the Five Nobles
 Noting from afar,
 Where the Gates of Refuge
 Ought to stand ajar.
 But, ah! those halls are barred and fast:
 No footstep enters there.
 The eastern wind has overcast
 The bloom it brought to bear!

客有卜居不遂薄游汧

隴因題

許渾

海	燕	西	飛	白	日	斜
天	門	遙	望	五	侯	家
樓	台	深	鎖	無	人	到
落	盡	東	風	第	一	花

Notes:—The scene described is on the River Ch'ien (汧), a branch of the Wei River (渭) in Shensi. The halls look in the sunset distance like clouds. The East wind has slain the first flower (hope) that its caress opened.

FALLAX PUER

By Tsui Kuo-fu

The golden steps, ah! I had swept so clean!
 The frost I brushed away was white as snow.
 He came not. To my room I entering
 The curtains drew, and touched the lute's sweet string.
 To see the Autumn Moon were double woe!

古 意

崔 國 輔

淨 掃 黃 金 階

飛 霜 皎 如 雪

下 簾 彈 箏 篋

不 忍 見 秋 月

Note:—The Autumn Moon reminds me of being a “fan in autumn”—i.e., discarded.

THE TOWER

By Yang Shih-ngo

The huai trees nodding blossoms the city girdle round.
The night rain from the hills has brought the river's
bubbling sound.

In Autumn's gale from sheltered ways each horse and
cart has fled.

Alone on this high tower I feel (the ghosts of nations
dead.)

登樓

羊士諤

槐花蕭疏繞郡城
夜添山雨作江聲
秋風南陌無車馬
獨上高樓故國情

Note:—cf. Longfellow's "The Town of Prague."

ANCHORED AT NIGHT

By Tu Mu

The mist half hides the water chill. The moon-lit
sand gleam'd dim.

At night we anchored on the Huai beside a hostel
trim.

The singing girls know nothing of a fallen nation's
shame.

Their lay of "Love amidst the Flowers" across the
river came.

泊 秦 淮

杜 牧

煙	籠	寒	水	月	籠	沙
夜	泊	秦	淮	近	酒	家
商	女	不	知	亡	國	恨
隔	江	猶	唱	後	庭	花

Note: 商女 Professional singing girls.

REGRETS

By Chao Ku

Upon the River Tower alone how sorrowful am I!

The moonbeams join the water; the water meets the
sky.

All those who came this Moon to view, ah! whither
are they gone?

This scene appears to me like one of ages long gone
by.

江樓書懷

趙 嘏

獨 上 江 樓 思 悄 然

月 光 如 水 水 如 天

同 來 玩 月 人 何 在

風 景 依 稀 似 去 年

Note:—依 稀 = 彷彿.

THE BRAZEN TOWER

By Liu T'ing-ch'i

The Brazen Tower looks down upon the lone abandoned grave.

The dust of Tsao Tsao's heir reposes by the river's wave.

Towards this sunset gazing their glory we deplore.

A dream of their sweet dancing girls, fond memory, haunts us more.

銅雀臺

劉廷琦

銅	臺	宮	觀	委	灰	塵
魏	主	園	陵	漳	水	濱
卽	今	西	望	猶	堪	思
况	復	當	時	歌	舞	人

Note:—The Lord of Wei is Tsao Tsao.

Yuan-Ling is the grave of the Heir Apparent.

“Whose part in all the pomp that fills

The circuit of the summer hills,

Is—that his grave is green.”

—Bryant: “June.”

花 發 上 林

王 表

上	苑	春	何	早
繁	花	已	滿	林
笑	迎	明	主	仗
香	拂	美	人	簪
地	接	樓	臺	近
天	垂	雨	露	深
晴	光	來	舞	蝶
夕	景	動	棲	禽
欲	托	凌	雲	勢
先	開	捧	日	心
試	看	桃	李	樹
何	處	不	成	陰

YOUR GARDEN FLOWER

(A Serenade)

By Wang Piao

How early to your Garden comes the Spring!

How all your Woods are filled with Flowers fair!
 Like guards they smile upon their Mistress dear,
 And sweetly stoop to brush my Lady's hair.

The Earth is happy in your near abode.

Your bounteous Heaven scatters rain and dew.

The Butterflies come thronging to your Light.

And birds at evening wake from dreams of you.

I inly feel your Sun my heart has sought;

And yearn amid your lofty Clouds to soar.

What other place appears not dark beside

The Peach and Plum trees leading to your Door!

Note:—"The Peach and Plum trees," i.e., the *lilia mista rosis*.

"The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
 And pinched the lily tincture of her face."

—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Sc. 2.

效古秋夜長

錢起

秋	漢	飛	玉	霜		
北	風	掃	荷	香		
含	情	紡	織	孤	燈	盡
拭	淚	相	思	寒	漏	長
簷	前	碧	雲	淨	如	水
月	弔	樓	烏	啼	雁	起
誰	家	少	婦	事	鴛	機
錦	幕	雲	屏	深	掩	扉
白	玉	牕	中	聞	落	葉
應	憐	寒	女	獨	無	依

AN AUTUMN NIGHT

By Ch'ien Ch'i

The Milky Way is shining as bright as pearling frost.
 The water lilies' fragrance in northern winds is lost.
 Beside a lonely lamp she weaves, and hides her love
 away.

Her tears she wipes to note how slow the clock drips
 out the day.

The moonlit clouds are floating like mist before the
 eaves.

The wild goose flaps, as cawing the crow his roosting
 leaves.

Ah! what young wife is working a love bird on her
 loom?

An inlaid silken screen conceals her inner sleeping
 room.

Beside the lucent window she hears the falling leaves.
 Alas for her whose solitude a lover's absence grieves!

Note:—"The clock drips out the day," i.e., a water clock.

"Oh, thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless."

—Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act V, Sc. 4.

"But my kisses bring again, bring again;
 Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain."

—Measure for Measure, Act IV, Sc. 1.

MOON DREAM

By Kao Shih

Cool rides the Moon in Night's clear space.
 My floating skiff is aimless still.
 Dream-lost in wastes of waves and wind
 With Autumn I reclothe the Hill.
 That Autumn trembles to the Fall
 Makes grief the wanderer's bosom thrill.

東 平 路 作

高 適

清 曠 涼 夜 月
 徘徊 孤 客 舟
 渺 然 風 波 上
 獨 夢 前 山 秋
 秋 至 復 搖 落
 空 令 行 者 愁

“NONE SHALL BE ALONE IN HIS
APPOINTED TIMES”

By Kao Shih.

In glory Kings have flourished here :
And wise men came to view their state.
Behold ! the vista of the years—
A ruined tower recalls their fate !
Throughout all Space the Winds of Woe
The ripened Grass lay desolate.

宋 中

高 適

梁	王	昔	全	盛
賓	客	復	多	才
悠	悠	一	千	年
陳	跡	唯	高	臺
寂	寞	向	秋	草
悲	風	千	里	來

Note:—The above refers to the capital city of Liang Hsiao Wang of the Han Dynasty (漢代梁孝王) called later Ti-ch'iu (商丘) in Honan Province.

“Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
He's both their parent, and he is their grave.”

—Pericles, Act II, Sc. 3.

田 家 雜 興

儲 光 義

種	桑	百	餘	樹
種	黍	三	十	畝
衣	食	既	有	餘
時	時	會	賓	友
夏	來	菰	米	飯
秋	至	菊	花	酒
孺	人	喜	逢	迎
稚	子	解	趨	走
日	暮	閒	園	裏
團	團	蔭	榆	柳
酪	酊	乘	夜	歸
涼	風	吹	戶	牖
清	淺	望	河	漢
低	昂	看	北	斗
數	甕	猶	未	開
來	朝	能	飲	否

RUSTIC FELICITY

By Chu Kuang I

My little farm fivescore of silk trees grows
 And acres five of grain in ordered rows.
 Thus having food and clothing and to spare
 My bounty often with my friends I share.

The Summer brings the ku-mi rice so fine;
 Chrysanthemums in Autumn spice the wine.
 My jolly spouse is glad my friends to see:
 And my young son obeys me readily.

At eve I dawdle in the garden fair
 With elms and willows shaded everywhere.
 When, wine-elated, Night forbids me stay,
 Through door and window grateful breezes play.

Bright, shoal and plain I see the Milky Way;
 And high and low the Bear o'er Heaven sway.
 As yet intact, some Bottles bear their Seal.
 And shall to-morrow their contents reveal?

Notes:—"Wine-elated:" The Chinese, although a sober race, are fond of a little conviviality at times and to *desipere in loco*. In this connection I remember a Japanese gentleman relating the tale of an assault commencing: "We were at the Japanese Hotel, all getting very happily drunk together." So Horace Carmen 4.11, *Est mihi nonum superantis annum Plenus Albani cadus*.

"Ku-mi:" An ancient kind of rice, species unknown. The annotator says it is 彫胡米.

吳 宮 教 美 人

吳 秘

有	客	陳	兵	畫
功	成	欲	霸	吳
玉	顏	承	將	略
金	鈿	指	軍	符
轉	珮	風	雲	暗
鳴	鞞	錦	繡	趨
雪	花	頻	落	粉
香	汗	盡	流	珠
掩	笑	誰	欺	令
嚴	刑	必	用	誅
至	今	孫	子	術
猶	可	靜	邊	隅

THE AMAZON CORPS

By Wu Pi

A training scheme a stranger brought
Which used would make you Lord of Wu.
The General was a lovely maid,
Her helm all gold and jewels inlaid,
As she the Marshal's baton swayed,
And told them what to do.

Her soldiers all were ladies fair,
And as they turned them round,
Like wind and rain about their waist
Their jewelry rattled. When in haste
To sound of drum the army raced,
Like snowy petals o'er the ground
The powder flew; and pearling dew
Ran down in rivers rare.

They wish to laugh, but do not dare
Lest they should lose their heads—
You say that this is but a dream;
But if this Sun-tze's clever scheme
Were used again to-day, I deem
We'd sleep safe in our beds.

Note:—(History). Sun Wu called upon the Prince of Wu about matters of military strategy. The Prince sent out the ladies of the Palace, whom Sun-tze divided into two companies, making the Prince's best-beloved concubine their leader. The women at first took it all as a joke, but were reprimanded. As they kept on sniggering Sun-tze had two of the leaders executed in the cause of Wu. The Prince seeing from this that Sun could handle soldiers made him a General. He conquered Hupeh, etc.

投 珠 於 淵

獨 孤 綬

至	道	歸	淳	朴
明	珠	被	棄	捐
失	眞	來	照	乘
成	性	却	沈	淵
不	是	靈	蛇	吐
猶	疑	合	浦	旋
岸	傍	隨	日	落
波	底	共	星	懸
至	遠	終	無	脛
懷	貪	豈	比	肩
欲	知	恭	儉	德
所	寶	在	惟	賢

THE PEARL (Memoriam)

By Tu Ku-yuan

To turn us back to Natural purity
 Is, after all, the highest State.
 And for this cause the Pearl was thrown away
 An offering to Fate.

For it had lost its Purity to serve
 As mere adornment to a Prince's car.
 But when it plunged again within the Gulf
 Such use no more could mar.

Had not a Fairy Serpent spat it forth,
 What hope it could regain its element?
 It sunlike sank where Western Deeps reflect
 The starry Firmament.

So far it went—not all its force its own—
 Who covets never can with such compare—
 To honor frugal virtue would you learn?
 Grasp Wisdom's jewels rare!

Notes:—合浦旋: Return to Ho-pu, i.e., Pakhoi, where many pearls are found. To return to the place of origin.

隨日落: Went down with the Sun, i.e., entered the Western Heaven: died.

終無歷: After all had no feet, i.e., could not move by itself, i.e., needed the divine volition to throw it.

As is also recorded of a king of Ceylon, the Prince of Sui once saw a wounded serpent, which he cured. The serpent, in gratitude gave him a large pearl,—hence called the Sui Hou Pearl,—which he attached to his chariot as a lamp. In a time of famine he was besought to sell it to buy food for his people, but he declined. When numbers had died of starvation and there was no food to be purchased, he threw away the Pearl as an offering to Fate. The story seems to be connected with Buddhist legend, and to be applied here to some one withdrawing from mundane favors.

THE WATERS OF E

By Lo Pin-wang

From this spot the Prince rose and fled.
 The hair on the assassin's head
 Raised his hat. Though the ancients are dead,
 Still chill flows the water with dread.

易 水 送 別

駱 賓 王

此	地	別	燕	丹
壯	士	髮	衝	冠
昔	時	人	已	沒
今	日	水	猶	寒

CONTENT

By Ho Chih-chang

The Lord of All to us is all unknown.
 And yet these Woods and Springs must
 Some One own.

Let us not murmur if our Wine we Buy:
 In our own Purse have we Sufficiency.

題 袁 氏 別 業

賀 知 章

主	人	不	相	識
偶	坐	爲	林	泉
莫	謾	愁	沽	酒
囊	中	自	有	錢

THE FISHERMAN

By Liao Tsung-yuan

Amid the western hills there slept an aged fisherman.
 At dawn he lit a bamboo fire, drew river water wan.
 And as the mist clouds rolled away the light showed
 no one there.

The mountain torrents flowed in green; his whoop was
 free from care.

One glance around the sky he gave; pushed off to
 middle stream.

The mystic caves retain him not; the clouds his pilots
 seem.

漁 翁

柳 宗 元

漁	翁	夜	傍	西	巖	宿
曉	汲	清	湘	燃	楚	竹
煙	銷	日	出	不	見	人
款	乃	一	聲	山	水	綠
迴	看	天	際	下	中	流
巖	上	無	心	雲	相	逐

Note:—款乃 “Or-him” an onomatopœia.

THE DEBAUCH

By Wang Chi

Fill up this day the sorrow-drugging bowl!
What matter though we drown the brighter soul?
With wine o'ercome when all our fellows be,
Can I alone sit in sobriety?

過 酒 家

王 績

此 日 長 昏 飲
非 關 養 性 靈
眼 看 人 盡 醉
何 忍 獨 爲 醒

BEAUTY IN DISGRACE

By Wang Ch'ang-ling

At dawn I sweep my room and see the Palace gates
set wide.

A fan neglected, to and fro I waft from side to side.
The night-chilled crow is lovelier than I, once held so
fair.

His face reflects the glory of the Sun that rises there.

長 信 秋 詞

王 昌 齡

奉 箒 平 明 金 殿 開
且 將 團 扇 共 徘徊
玉 顏 不 及 寒 鴉 色
猶 帶 昭 陽 日 影 來

“The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away:
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.”

LONGING

By Wang Ch'ang-ling

Within the Western Quarter upon this lofty tower
 The beacon fire lies ready against the fated hour.
 Across the yellow twilight upon its sea-breeze wings
 The stir of coming Autumn its melancholy brings.
 Above the Pass and o'er the Hills the lonely Moon is
 bright;
 And thrills to hear my homesick flute cry wailing
 through the night.
 The thought of our sweet chamber; the longing and
 the smiles,
 Why should they come to vex me across so many
 miles?

從 軍 行

王 昌 齡

烽 火 城 西 百 尺 樓
 黃 昏 獨 坐 海 風 秋
 更 吹 羌 笛 關 山 月
 無 那 金 闥 萬 種 愁

THE PAINS OF LOVE

By Chia Chih

The yellow willow waves above; the grass is green
below.

The peach and pear tree blossoms in masséd fragrance
grow.

The East Wind does not bear away the sorrow at my
heart.

Spring's growing days but lengthen out my still
increasing woe.

春 思

賈 至

草 色 青 青 柳 色 黃
桃 花 歷 亂 李 花 香
東 風 不 爲 吹 愁 去
春 日 偏 能 惹 恨 長

THE FALLEN GARDEN

By Chia Chih

About the Garden flies at dusk an aimless crow or two.
A house or two are scattered round as far as eye can
view.

The trees not knowing all have gone, that they alone
are left,

Their Flowers with returning Spring as formerly renew.

山 房 春 事

賈 至

梁 園 日 暮 亂 飛 鴉
極 目 蕭 條 三 兩 家
庭 樹 不 知 人 去 盡
春 來 還 發 舊 時 花

“And round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed,
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.”

—Poe: The Haunted Palace.

PARTING

By Ch'ang Chien

Bright blow the flowers, the willow weeps beside the
river clear.

Within the grove a twig is stirred by zephyrs breath-
ing near.

If on this bank, amid such scenes fond sorrow fills my
heart,

What grief must murder all my breast on Yonder
Shore to part!

送 丁 文 六

常 建

花 映 垂 楊 溪 水 清
微 風 林 裏 一 枝 輕
卽 今 江 北 還 如 此
愁 殺 江 南 離 別 情

破 山 寺 後 禪 院

常 建

清 晨 入 古 寺

初 日 照 高 林

曲 徑 通 幽 處

禪 房 花 木 深

山 光 悅 鳥 性

潭 影 空 人 心

萬 籟 此 俱 寂

惟 聞 鐘 磬 音

THE HALL OF SILENCE

By Ch'ang Chien

Where the sun's eye first
Peers above the pines,
On the ancient temple
Early daylight shines.
To retirement guiding
Leads the winding way:
Round the Cell of Silence
Flowers and Foliage stray.
Hark! the birds rejoicing
In the mountain light!
Like one's dim reflection
On a pool at night
Lo! the heart is melted
Wav'ring out of sight.
All is hushed to silence.
Harmony is still.
The bell's low chime alone
Whispers round the hill.

IN MONGOLIA

Wang Chih-huan

The Yellow River rises far from fleecy cloudland tossed.
Mid peaks so high our tiny town to sight is almost
lost.

Why need my Mongol flute bewail the elm and willow
missed?

Beyond the Yü-men Pass the breath of Spring has
never crossed.

涼 州 詞

王之渙

黃 河 遠 上 白 雲 間
一 片 孤 城 萬 仞 山
羌 笛 何 須 怨 楊 柳
春 風 不 渡 玉 門 關

Notes:—The Yellow River is supposed to rise in the Kun-lun Mountains.

“Elm and willow:”—The flute complains that the time of plucking green (cf. the translator’s “Stealing Green at Pakhoi”), the Spring Festival, has come—but the spring verdure does not appear in time in this northern climate. A sprig of willow is given to departing friends.

The Ch’iang are a tribe of Ouigours.

THE FLUTE THAT WAILS BY NIGHT

By Li I

Below the Hui-lo Peak the sand shines clear and white
as snow.

Around Shou-chiang city like frost the moonbeams
flow.

Who blows yon wailing reedy flute whose echo shrills
my ear,

And tunes the warrior's heart all night to dream of
home so dear?

夜 上 受 降 城 聞 笛

李 益

回 樂 峯 前 沙 似 雪

受 降 城 外 月 如 霜

不 知 何 處 吹 蘆 管

一 夜 征 人 盡 望 鄉

Notes: Hui-lo Peak is 130 miles west of 大同府 in Shansi.

蘆管 A reed flute.

YANG KUEI-FEI IN DISGRACE

By Li I

With freshened dew the flowers are damp in Spring-
tide's fragrant bowers.

In Chao-yang Court the sound of songs disturbs the
moon-lit hours.

As slow as if it held the sea drips on the water clock.
Its tedious dripping seems to me the long drawn night
to mock.

宮 怨

李 益

露 濕 晴 花 春 殿 香
月 明 歌 吹 在 昭 陽
似 將 海 水 添 宮 漏
共 滴 長 門 一 夜 長

Note:—長門: The residence of the Empress when out of favor.

“Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps,
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.”

—The Rape of Lucrece, V. 225.

THE DULLNESS OF THE HAREM

By Ssu Ma Li

The willows interlacing the gilded mansion hide.
 At dawn the oriole sorrow trills through all the Palace
 wide.

The Flowers from year to year that fall what mortal
 eye can view
 Still carried with their Spring away upon the moat's
 dull tide?

宮 怨

司 馬 禮

柳 色 參 差 掩 畫 樓
 曉 鶯 啼 送 滿 宮 愁
 年 年 花 落 無 人 見
 空 逐 春 泉 出 御 溝

Note :—The Flowers are the maidens of the Harem.
 Spring typifies Youth and Love.

THE RUINED CITY

By Liu Yu-hsi

By hills enclosed, surrounded by its ancient country
 fair,
 Revealing when the tide recedes its desolation bare,
 The moon that o'er the river Huai climbed up the
 Eastern Tower
 Still comes to overpeer its wall in midnight's lonely
 hour.

石 頭 城

劉 禹 錫

山 圍 故 國 周 遭 在
 潮 打 空 城 寂 寞 回
 淮 水 東 邊 舊 時 月
 夜 深 還 過 女 牆 來

Note:—石頭城 is west of 應天府 (Nanking).
 "Rude fragments now
 Lie scattered where the shapely column stood,
 Her palaces are dust."

—Cowper: The Task.

TEMPUS EDAX

By Liu Yu-hsi

Beside the bridge of Chu-ch'io wild flowers and grasses
grow.

Along the ancient pathway the evening sunbeams flow.

The swallows that once circled round the halls of
lordly pride

Now twitter round the humble homes these later ages
know.

烏 衣 巷

劉 禹 錫

朱 雀 橋 邊 野 草 花

烏 衣 巷 口 夕 陽 斜

舊 時 王 謝 堂 前 燕

飛 入 尋 常 百 姓 家

Note:—烏衣巷在應天府南：晉王導謝安居此，其子弟皆烏衣：因名。巷口有朱雀橋

THE WIND OF AUTUMN

By Liu Yu-hsi

The Autumn Wind from whence is hither borne?
 The geese in flocks it hisses forth in scorn.
 At dawn our garden trees before it fall.
 The lonely Wanderer hears it first of all.

秋 風 引

劉 禹 錫

何	處	秋	風	引
蕭	蕭	送	雁	羣
朝	來	入	庭	樹
孤	客	最	先	聞

THE STORK TOWER

By Wang Chih-huan

Round the day-hiding hill the sunbeams pour.
 The Son of Sorrows melts into the Sea.
 But would we wish the Farthest Verge to see,
 There still is left to mount One Story more.

登 鶴 雀 樓

王 之 渙

白	日	依	山	盡
黃	河	入	海	流
欲	窮	千	里	目
更	上	一	層	樓

DESIRE

By Li Tuan

The blinds I raised ; with joy the New Moon saw.
 The steps descended, eager to adore.
 My whispered prayer might not be heard of *men*.
 The North Wind's fingers at my girdle tore.

拜 新 月

李 端

開 簾 見 新 月
 卽 便 下 階 拜
 細 語 人 不 聞
 北 風 吹 裙 帶

Note :—Compare :

“ And Venus loves the whisper of plighted youth and Maid,
 In April's ivory moonlight beneath the chestnut's shade.”

SNOW ON CHUNG-NAN HILLS

By Tsu Yung

Dawn-shaded peaks of Chung-nan Hills their lovely
forms display.

Their mass of snow amidst the clouds seems floating
far away.

The woods stand out against the sky in colours clear
and bright,

Yet stretching o'er the city's morn the chilly hands of
night.

終 南 望 餘 雪

祖 詠

終 南 陰 嶺 秀

積 雪 浮 雲 端

林 表 明 霽 色

城 中 增 暮 寒

SU'S PLEASANCE

By Tsu Yung

To this retiréd pleasaunce when I rove
 The wish for solitude in me upwells.
 Before the portals high yon mountain swells.
 The placid Lee reflects the garden's grove.
 Last winter's snow the bamboo brakes retain.
 Dark glooms the court ere shades of evening fall.
 I sit alone to hear the birds that call
 Beyond the pale of men the Spring again.

蘇氏別業

祖詠

別	業	居	幽	處
到	來	生	隱	心
南	山	當	戶	牖
澧	水	映	園	林
竹	覆	經	冬	雪
庭	昏	未	夕	陰
寥	寥	人	境	外
閑	坐	聽	春	禽

Note:—南山 is Chung-nan Hill.

澧水 An affluent of the Tung-ting Lake.

宿天竺寺

陶翰

松	柏	亂	巖	口
山	西	微	徑	通
天	開	一	峯	見
宮	闕	生	虛	空
正	殿	倚	霞	壁
千	樓	標	石	叢
夜	來	猿	鳥	靜
鐘	梵	寒	雲	中
岑	翠	映	湖	月
泉	聲	亂	溪	風
心	超	諸	境	外
了	與	懸	解	同

明	發	氣	候	改
起	視	長	崕	東
湖	色	濃	蕩	漾
海	光	漸	瞳	矚
葛	仙	踪	尙	在
許	氏	道	猶	崇
獨	往	古	來	事
幽	懷	期	二	公

TIEN CHU TEMPLE

By T'ao Han.

With tangled firs and pines the cave is hid.
 Around the western hill a pathway creeps.
 One lofty crag is outlined on the sky.
 The temple towers are hung in airy deeps.

On dawn-flushed cliff reclines the Buddhas' home.
 Mid masséd rocks high balconies appear.
 To birds and monkeys Night lone silence brings.
 The bell's deep booming chills the clouds with fear.

The peak's green shadow tints the lake-borne Moon.
 The gorge-wind's song the torrent's music mars.
 My soul expands above the realms of air
 And hangs suspended with eternal stars.

The morrow's dawn yet other prospect brings.
 I wake to see the eastern bounds long drawn.
 Waves stir the oily surface of the lake
 As o'er pale seas the darkness glows to morn.

The old Immortals' traces still are here.
 To us lies clear the Pathway they impressed.
 And as my soul harks back to ages gone
 I, darkly groping, feel them in my breast.

Notes:—蕩漾: 水搖動之貌

Immortals: Ko and Hsü (葛許), students of Taoism, who retired from the world to this temple, which is five miles west of Hangchow.

和趙員外桂陽橋遇佳人

宋之問

江	雨	朝	飛	浥	細	塵
陽	橋	花	柳	不	勝	春
金	鞍	白	馬	來	從	趙
玉	面	紅	粧	本	姓	秦
妬	女	猶	憐	鏡	中	髮
侍	兒	堪	感	路	旁	人
蕩	舟	爲	樂	非	吾	事
自	嘆	空	闈	夢	寐	頻

“And all my nightly dreams
 Are where thy dark eye glances,
 And where thy footstep gleams.”

—Poe.

THE MAID I MET ON KUEI-YANG BRIDGE

By Sung Chih-wen

'Twas dawn and the sprays from the river
 And mist had enmoistened the air.
 The flowers and the willows of Springtime
 By the Bridge breathed their essences rare.
 On a white horse with clear golden saddle
 Came riding a beauty so fair—
 Of the daughters of Ch'in must she be:
 Such grace can come only from there.

The locks that her mirror reflecteth
 Her envious handmaids adore.
 That caress to her babe my too tender heart swayed.
 She passed. I shall see her no more!

The passions of dissolute loving
 My true heart has never obeyed.
 Yet I sigh in my cold lonely chamber
 When I think of that beautiful maid.
 I sigh in my desolate chamber,
 And dream of that beautiful maid.

Notes:—Ancient Poetry:

燕趙多佳人 "In Yen and Chao are many fair women.
 美者顏如玉 The faces of the fairest are like jade."

And again:

日出東南隅 "In the South East the sunrise appears
 照我秦氏樓 The mansion of Ch'in to invade.
 秦氏有好女 A beautiful daughter has he;
 自名爲羅敷 And Lo-fu the name of the maid."

黃 鶴 樓

崔 顥

昔	人	已	乘	黃	鶴	去
此	地	空	餘	黃	鶴	樓
黃	鶴	一	去	不	復	返
白	雲	千	載	空	悠	悠
晴	川	歷	歷	漢	陽	樹
芳	草	萋	萋	鸚	鵒	州
日	暮	鄉	關	何	處	是
煙	波	江	上	使	人	愁

THE HUANG HO LOU

By Ts'ui Hao

The sage of old has flown away upon a Yellow Crane,
And left its Tower alone to mark where mortals saw
him last.

The Yellow Crane once flown away—it never comes
again.

Long years have past—yet white and ghast the empty
clouds remain.

Mid winding groves of Hanyang's trees the stream
pellucid flows.

On Parrot Isle the fragrant grass in wild luxuriance
grows.

My village from my gazes the dying sunbeams part.
The river hid the mist amid calls shadows o'er my
heart.

Notes:—The Huang Ho Lou (Tower of the Yellow Crane) is at Wuchang, built on the trace of the Yellow Crane. The story goes that when Fei Wen-shu, called Tze-an (費文書:子安), became a spirit and flew away on the back of the Yellow Crane, it rested here, leaving the print of its foot. The Yellow Crane is an emblem of becoming a spirit, i.e., of decease; whence the melancholy ending of the poem. Parrot Isle (Ying-wu Chou) is opposite to Wuchang; and is so called by the people in memory of Mi-heng (彌衡)—who was slain by Huang Tsu (黃祖) and buried there—because he wrote the "Parrot Lays." ("Parrot" in Chinese is used in the sense of the "gift of tongues.")

Hao: The name of the author means "Radiant." So the name of the Welsh poet "Taliessin" means "Radiant Brow"; and Byron speaks of Apollo "with brow all radiant from the fight."

THE HILLS OF SPRING

By Yü Liang-shih

The Hills of Spring, the Hills of Spring so many
 pleasures dight
 That pure enjoyment leaves me here oblivious of Night.
 Within the water that my hands scoop up the Moon
 embowers;
 And all my clothes are fragrant with the heavy scent
 of flowers.

Although the mood aye urges me, still verseless I
 remain.

I wish to go; but, ah! I quit this scented scene with
 pain.

To see from whence the bell's sweet chime, I south-
 ward gaze, and lo!

The bell tower hidden deeply in yon verdant sea below.

春 山 夜 月

于 良 史

春	山	多	勝	事
賞	玩	夜	忘	歸
掬	水	月	在	手
弄	花	香	滿	衣
興	來	無	詩	近
欲	去	惜	芳	菲
南	望	鐘	鳴	處
樓	臺	深	翠	微

岳陽樓晚景

張均

晚景寒鴉集

秋風旅雁歸

水光浮日出

霞彩映江飛

洲白蘆花吐

園紅柿葉稀

長沙卑濕地

九月未成衣

THE AUTUMN SEEN FROM YOYANG TOWER

By Chang Chün

The crows are flocking homeward all chilled in
twilight's close.

Upon the Autumn gale the geese their passage wing
away.

Across the tinted waters there floats the orb of day;
And flickers on the river the sunset's hazy ray.

With autumn-flowers of madder the whitened islets
sway.

Through scanty leaves all red the rich persimmon
glows.

How flat and damp Changsha this temperature shows,
Where yet October's air is braved with summer
clothes.

Note: In autumn the flowers of the madder are white. The persimmon ripens in the Fall, and the leaves assume a reddish brown colour. (This fruit in outward appearance resembles a tomato.)

A RUIN

By Han Wu

Upon the yard looks in the placid moon
 Down float the petals of the wild pear trees.
 I gaze adown the vacant steps alone.
 The swing sways with the motion of the breeze.

效 崔 國 輔 體

韓 渥

澹	月	照	中	庭
海	棠	花	自	落
獨	立	俯	閒	階
風	動	秋	千	索

A LOVER'S DREAM

Anonymous

Oh, drive the golden orioles
 From off our garden tree!
 Their warbling broke the dream wherein
 My lover smiled to me.

伊 洲 歌

打	起	黃	鶯	兒
莫	教	枝	上	啼
啼	時	驚	妾	夢
不	得	到	遼	西

Note:—The golden oriole is the equivalent of the nightingale (the "night-warbler"), the *Tereus* of passion.

"The oriole should build and tell
 His love-tale, close beside my cell."

—Bryant.

焦 節 婦 行

天肩虎前里死聲生卸賣中嫁頭下秋游露頭
 滿上豺麀鄉如呱宜時街家不海泉九遠上邊
 霜肩似行守不呱還一向憂妾青黃十事枝天
 喚裏發畢君在兒死襦翁勿碎力目度賈似白
 齊刀促未爲雖有欲羅鄰慎可努瞑一學已亦
 鷄郎胥聲斃身頭時鈿託行身當當閒成存在
 雄看里語斃妾牀此翠轉郎妾生死等兒妾郎

築漆寒室腥驚立明懼據衣去
 瘡如缸在血魂體分不何血衣

一此裏
 沙渡場

吹月青鬼來神鬪難妾定飄此知遲滅垂風飛行沙
 頭輪點戶面見提汚來歸來穿已何燈繩海時隨骨
 城如一在四瞥手血前郎暗曾妾來一長瀚幾尙白
 更雲犛蟀然頭人體近是風時歸怪頭上聞兮死郎
 五黑犛蟋忽舉一遍汝果一去郎但床梁又郎妾看

萬里

LENORE

Author Unknown

The cocks crow all together.
 The air is full of frost.
 I see your sword and bundle
 On either shoulder tossed.
 Like jackals and like tigers
 They chase you from the town.
 Before our speech is ended
 The white dust settles down.
 In loneliness and sorrow
 Our village sees me lie.
 My life for you I keep alive,
 Yet easier far to die.
 Your child beside the pillow
 With baby wailings cries.
 Though much I would prefer to die
 Yet here my duty lies.
 My ornaments and silken robes
 All now I lay a-down
 And bid our ancient neighbor
 Go sell them in the town.
 But in your journeys vex you not
 For those thus left behind.
 I sooner were in pieces torn
 Than change my loving mind.
 But if you live, your duty do
 In you wild Tsaidam snows;

And if you die, in Hades dim
Your peaceful eyelids close.
Wait but till nineteen autumns past
Our child to manhood grown
Has left his school to wander forth
To win his bread alone.
Then like the dewdrop on the bough
I cannot long remain
While your dark locks are turned to white
Upon yon desert plain.
The dawn breaks on the City
The horns of gathering cry.
The misty moon is dimly seen
Amid the murky sky.
Amidst the chilly gloom a lamp
In lonely darkness gleams.
The cricket chirrup by the door.
Some spirit present seems.
A rank and sudden smell of gore
Rises on every side.
I shriek to see a dreadful ghost.
Ah, what may this betide?
Its hand holds forth a hollow skull
As there it standeth grim.
Defiled with dust and bloody stains
It loometh vaguely dim.
"Come in, come in before me.
Indeed I do not dread!

And thou indeed my husband art,
 What proof to prove the dead ? ”
 In sudden gust of darkling wind
 His blood-stained garments sway.
 “ Alas ! that garment clothed you, love,
 What time you went away ! ”
 “ I know you are here.
 Why come you so late ? ”
 In gloom the lamp fails ;
 The rope from the beam
 Hangs quivering and straight.
 “ In my eyes is the gleam.
 In my ears is the roar
 Of the breakers that burst
 On a long sandy shore.
 When came you in, Love ?
 Oh, how flew you here ?
 My spirit now comes, Love.
 I follow anear,
 Your white bones to view in
 That desert so drear.”

Note :—There is a poem called “ William and Helen ” by Sir Walter Scott which was inspired by a translation of Bürger’s “ Leonore ” and the subject matter of which is very similar to the above.

A similar subject occurs in the Border Ballads, and in Ossian.

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H25

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