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ARTHUR  
WALEY  
(POEMS FROM THE  
CHINESE)

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*From the "Book of Odes"*

ANON. (c. 1000 B.C.)

AS a boat is danced  
Where the waves will,  
So I on my bed  
In torment tossed  
Lie long awake;  
Nor wine, nor sport  
Can ease my pain.

Oh that my heart were a glass  
Wherein I might read!  
To my brothers I went,  
Sought help and found it not,  
But anger only.

My heart is not a stone,  
To be rolled aside;  
My heart is not a mat,  
To be folded away.  
What have I done? If I a jot have erred,  
Show me my fault!

My heart is dull with dread;  
I am girt around  
With the scorn of little men.  
Much torment have I seen,  
Much insolence endured,  
Have sunk in idle thought  
And, waking, beat my breast.

O Sun, O Moon,  
Why have you dwindled and changed? . . .  
Sorrow to my heart

Clings like an unwashed dress;  
I am borne down  
By useless thoughts, and cannot  
Take wing to fly away.

*Odes, I., 3, i.*

*From the "Book of Odes"*

ANON. (c. 1000 B.C.)

ALL day the wind blew wild.  
You looked at me and laughed;  
But your jest was lewdness and your laughter mockery.  
Sick was my heart within.

All day the wind blew with a whirl of dust.  
Kindly you seemed to come,  
Came not, nor went away.  
Long, long I think of you.

The dark wind will not suffer  
Clean skies to close the day.  
Cloud trails on cloud. Oh, cruel thoughts!  
I lie awake and moan.

The sky is black with clouds;  
The far-off thunder rolls;  
I have woken and cannot sleep, for the thought of you  
Fills all my heart with woe.

*Odes, I., 3, v.*

*From the "Book of Odes"*

ANON. (c. 1000 B.C.)

THERE grows an elm-tree on the hill,  
And by the mere an alder-tree—  
You have a coat, but do not wear it,  
You have a gown, but do not trail it,  
You have a horse, but do not ride it,  
A coach, but do not drive it,  
So will it be till you are dead  
And others can enjoy them!  
There grows a gum-tree on the hill,  
And by the mere a chestnut-tree.  
You have wine and food, why do you forget  
Sometimes to play your lute,  
Sometimes to laugh and sing,  
Sometimes to steal new playtime from the night?  
Shall it be so till you are dead  
And others have your house?

*Odes, I, 10, ii.*

*Cock-Crow Song*

ANON. (1st cent. B.C.)

IN the eastern quarter dawn breaks, the stars flicker pale.  
The morning cock at Ju-nan mounts the wall and crows.  
The songs are over, the clock<sup>1</sup> run down, but still the feast  
is set.  
The moon grows dim and the stars are few; morning has  
come to the world.  
At a thousand gates and ten thousand doors the fish-shaped  
keys turn.  
Round the Palace and up by the Castle, the crows and  
maggies are flying.

<sup>1</sup> A water-clock.

## *Meeting in the Road*

ANON. (1st cent. B.C.)

IN a narrow road where there was not room to pass  
My carriage met the carriage of a young man.  
And while his axle was touching my axle  
In the narrow road I asked him where he lived.  
"The place where I live is easy enough to find,  
Easy to find and difficult to forget.  
The gates of my house are built of yellow gold,  
The hall of my house is paved with white jade,  
On the hall table flagons of wine are set,  
I have summoned to serve me dancers of Han-tan.<sup>1</sup>  
In the midst of the courtyard grows a cassia-tree,—  
And candles on its branches flaring away in the night."

## *On the Death of his Mistress*

BY THE EMPEROR WU-TI (157-87 B.C.)

THE sound of her silk skirt has stopped.  
On the marble pavement dust grows.  
Her empty room is cold and still.  
Fallen leaves are piled against the doors.  
Longing for that lovely lady,  
How can I bring my aching heart to rest?

<sup>1</sup> Capital of the Kingdom of Chao, where the people were famous for their beauty.



## *The Lychee-Tree*

BY WANG I (c. A.D. 120)

SOMBRE as the heavens when morning clouds arise,  
Bushy as a great broom held across the sky,  
Vast as the spaces of a lofty house,  
Deep fretted as a line of stony hills.  
Long branches twining,  
Green leaves clustering,  
And all a-glimmer like a mist that lightly lies  
Across the morning sun;  
All spangled, darted with fire like a sky  
Of populous stars.  
Shell like a fisherman's red net;  
Fruit white and lustrous as a pearl, . . .  
Lambent as the jewel of Ho, more strange  
Than the saffron-stone of Wu.  
Now sigh we at the beauty of its show,  
Now triumph in its taste.  
Sweet juices lie in the mouth;  
Soft scents invade the mind.  
All flavours here are joined, yet none is master;  
A hundred diverse tastes  
Blend in such harmony no man can say  
That one outstrips the rest. Sovereign of sweets,  
Peerless, pre-eminent fruit, who dwellest apart  
In noble solitude!

## *The Wangsun*<sup>1</sup>

BY WANG YEN-SHOU, SON OF WANG I (c. A.D. 130)

SUBLIME was he, stupendous in invention,  
Who planned the miracles of earth and sky.  
Wondrous the power that charged  
Small things with secret beauty, moving in them all.  
See now the wangsun, crafty creature, mean of size,  
Uncouth of form; the wrinkled face  
Of an aged man; the body of a little child.  
See how in turn he blinks and blenches with an air  
Pathetically puzzled, dimly gazes  
Under tired lids, through languid lashes  
Looks tragic and hollow-eyed, rumples his brow,  
Scatters this way and that  
An insolent, astonished glare;  
Sniffs and snorts, snuffs and sneezes,  
Snicks and cocks his knowing little ears!  
Now like a dotard mouths and chews;  
Or hoots and hisses through his pouted lips;  
Shows gnashing teeth, grates and grinds ill-temperedly,  
Gobbles and puffs and scolds.  
And every now and then,  
Down to his belly, from the larder that he keeps  
In either cheek, he sends  
Little consignments lowered cautiously.  
Sometimes he squats  
Like a puppy on its haunches, or hare-like humps  
An arching back;  
Smirks and wheedles with ingratiating sweetness;  
Or suddenly takes to whining, surly snarling;  
Then, like a ravening tiger, roars.

He lives in thick forests, deep among the hills,  
Or houses in the clefts of sharp, precipitous rocks.

<sup>1</sup> A kind of small, tailless ape (?).



## *The Bones of Chuang Tzu*<sup>1</sup>

BY CHANG HĒNG (A.D. 78-139)

I, CHANG P'ING-TZU, had traversed the Nine Wilds  
and seen their wonders,  
In the eight continents beheld the ways of Man,  
The Sun's procession, the orbit of the Stars,  
The surging of the dragon, the soaring of the phoenix in  
his flight.

In the red desert to the south I sweltered,  
And northward waded through the wintry burghs of Yu.  
Through the Valley of Darkness to the west I wandered,  
And eastward travelled to the Sun's extreme abode,  
The stooping Mulberry Tree.

So the seasons sped; weak autumn languished,  
A small wind woke the cold.

And now with rearing of rein-horse,  
Plunging of the tracer, round I fetched  
My high-roofed chariot to westward.  
Along the dykes we loitered, past many meadows,  
And far away among the dunes and hills.  
Suddenly I looked and by the roadside  
I saw a man's bones lying in the squelchy earth,  
Black rime-frost over him; and I in sorrow spoke  
And asked him, saying, "Dead man, how was it?  
Fled you with your friend from famine and for the last  
grains  
Gambled and lost? Was this earth your tomb,  
Or did floods carry you from afar? Were you mighty,  
were you wise,  
Were you foolish and poor? A warrior, or a girl?"  
Then a wonder came; for out of the silence a voice—  
Thin echo only, in no substance was the Spirit seen—

<sup>1</sup> The great Taoist philosopher, whose works have been translated by Professor Giles.

Mysteriously answered, saying, "I was a man of Sung,  
Of the clan of Chuang! Chou was my name.  
Beyond the climes of common thought  
My reason soared, yet could I not save myself;  
For at the last, when the long charter of my years was told,  
I too, for all my magic, by age was brought  
To the Black Hill of Death.  
Wherefore, O Master, do you question me?"

Then I answered:

"Let me plead for you upon the Five Hill-tops,  
Let me pray for you to the Gods of Heaven and the Gods  
of Earth,

That your white bones may arise,  
And your limbs be joined anew.  
The God of the North shall give me back your ears;  
I will scour the Southland for your eyes;  
From the sunrise will I wrest your feet;  
The West shall yield your heart.  
I will set each several organ on its throne;  
Each subtle sense will I restore.  
Would you not have it so?"

The dead man answered me:

"O Friend, how strange and unacceptable your words!  
In death I rest and am at peace; in life I toiled and strove.  
Is the hardness of the winter stream  
Better than the melting of spring?  
All pride that the body knew,  
Was it not lighter than dust?  
What Ch'ao and Hsü despised,  
What Po-ch'eng fled,  
Shall I desire, whom death  
Already has hidden in the Eternal Way—  
Where Li Chu cannot see me  
Nor Tzù Yeh hear me,  
Where neither Yao nor Shun can praise me  
Nor the tyrants Chieh and Hsin condemn me,  
Nor wolf nor tiger harm me,

Lance prick me nor sword wound me?  
Of the Primal Spirit is my substance; I am a wave  
In the river of Darkness and Light.  
The Maker of All Things is my Father and Mother,  
Heaven is my bed and earth my cushion,  
The thunder and lightning are my drum and fan,  
The sun and moon my candle and my torch,  
The Milky Way my moat, the stars my jewels.  
With Nature am I conjoined;  
I have no passion, no desire.  
Wash me and I shall be no whiter,  
Foul me and I shall yet be clean.  
I come not, yet am here;  
Hasten not, yet am swift.”  
The voice stopped, there was silence.  
A ghostly light  
Faded and expired.  
I gazed upon the dead, stared in sorrow and compassion.  
Then I called upon my servant that was with me  
To tie his silken scarf about those bones  
And wrap them in a cloak of sombre dust;  
While I, as offering to the soul of this dead man,  
Poured my hot tears upon the margin of the road.

### *The Dancers of Huai-Nan*

BY CHANG HĒNG  
(*A Fragment*)

*I saw them dancing at Huai-nan and made this poem  
of praise:*

THE instruments of music are made ready,  
Strong wine is in our cups;  
Flute-songs flutter and a din of magic drums.  
Sound scatters like foam, surges free as a flood. . . .

And now when the drinkers were all drunken  
And the sun had fallen to the west,  
Up rose the fair ones to the dance,  
Well painted and apparelled,  
In veils of soft gossamer  
All wound and meshed;  
And ribbons they unravelled,  
And scarfs to bind about their heads.  
The wielder of the little stick  
Whispers them to their places, and the steady drums  
Draw them through the mazes of the dance.  
They have raised their long sleeves, they have covered  
their eyes;

Slowly their shrill voices  
Swell the steady song.

And the song said :

*As a frightened bird whose love  
Has wandered away from the nest,  
I flutter my desolate wings.  
For the wind blows back to my home,  
And I long for my father's house.*

Subtly from slender hips they swing,  
Swaying, slanting delicately up and down.  
And like the crimson mallow's flower  
Glow their beauty, shedding flames afar.  
They lift languid glances,  
Peep distrustfully, till of a sudden  
Ablaze with liquid light  
Their soft eyes kindle. So dance to dance  
Endlessly they weave, break off and dance again.  
Now flutter their cuffs like a great bird in flight,  
Now toss their long white sleeves like whirling snow.  
So the hours go by, till now at last  
The powder has blown from their cheeks, the black from  
their brows,  
Flustered now are the fair faces, pins of pearl

Torn away, tangled the black tresses.  
With combs they catch and gather in  
The straying locks, put on the gossamer gown  
That trailing winds about them, and in unison  
Of body, song and dress, obedient  
Each shadows each, as they glide softly to and fro.

### *Hot Cake*

BY SHU HSI (c. A.D. 281)

WINTER has come; fierce is the cold;  
In the sharp morning air new-risen we meet.  
Rheum freezes in the nose;  
Frost hangs about the chin.  
For hollow bellies, for chattering teeth and shivering knees  
What better than hot cake?  
Soft as the down of spring,  
Whiter than autumn wool!  
Dense and swift the steam  
Rises, swells and spreads.  
Fragrance flies through the air,  
Is scattered far and wide,  
Steals down along the wind and wets  
The covetous mouth of passer-by.  
Servants and grooms  
Throw sidelong glances, munch the empty air.  
They lick their lips who serve;  
While lines of envious lackeys by the wall  
Stand dryly swallowing.



## *New Corn*

BY T'AO CH' IEN (A.D. 365-427)

SWIFTLY the years, beyond recall.  
Solemn the stillness of this fair morning.  
I will clothe myself in spring-clothing  
And visit the slopes of the Eastern Hill.  
By the mountain-stream a mist hovers,  
Hovers a moment, then scatters.  
There comes a wind blowing from the south  
That brushes the fields of new corn.

## *Plucking the Rushes*

*A Boy and Girl are sent to gather Rushes for Thatching*

ANON. (4th cent.)

GREEN rushes with red shoots,  
G Long leaves bending to the wind—  
You and I in the same boat  
Plucking rushes at the Five Lakes.  
We started at dawn from the orchid-island:  
We rested under the elms till noon.  
You and I plucking rushes  
Had not plucked a handful when night came!

## *Wild Geese*

BY SHĒN YŌ (A.D. 441-513)

WHERE bright waters flood the Spring shore  
W A journeying flock swerves with bended wing;  
They sip the wavelets, tug the yielding weeds,  
Their folded wings flaked with icy dew,

A-flock they sail, pushing the quiet stream,  
Or singly each his own gleam pursues.  
Now almost earthward they trail a dipping flight;  
Now upward quavering tumbled legions rise.  
Each rushing wing skims the rippled lake;  
At one swoop they are gone to their native land.

### *Lo-Yang*

BY THE EMPEROR CH' IEN WEN-TI (6th cent.)

A BEAUTIFUL place is the town of Lo-yang:  
The big streets are full of spring light.  
The lads go driving out with harps in their hands:  
The mulberry girls go out to the fields with their baskets.  
Golden whips glint at the horse's flank,  
Gauze sleeves brush the green boughs.  
Racing dawn, the carriages come home,—  
And the girls with their high baskets full of fruit.

### *To Tan Ch'iu, the Hermit*

BY LI PO (A.D. 701-762)

MY friend is lodging high in the Eastern Range,  
Dearly loving the beauty of valleys and hills.  
At green Spring he lies in the empty woods,  
And is still asleep when the sun shines on high.  
A pine-tree wind dusts his sleeves and coat;  
A pebbly stream cleans his heart and ears.  
I envy you, who far from strife and talk  
Are high-propped on a pillow of blue cloud.

## *Clearing at Dawn*

By LI PO

THE fields are chill, the sparse rain has stopped;  
The colours of Spring teem on every side.  
With leaping fish the blue pond is full;  
With singing thrushes the green boughs droop.  
The flowers of the field have dabbled their powdered  
cheeks;  
The mountain grasses are bent level at the waist.  
By the bamboo stream the last fragment of cloud  
Blown by the wind slowly scatters away.

## *Picnics*

By WANG WEI (A.D. 699-759)

### I

WHERE Yang the Scholar talks of Holy Writ  
The Prince of Huai comes with cup in hand.  
Late he drinks, till the birds falter in their song,  
And fallen flowers heap the place where he sat.  
Homeward we turn, the silver lamps are lit;  
The forest floor is scattered with trinkets of jade.  
The fortress-city sleeps behind solemn gates;  
We pack its entries with a music of pipes and song.

### II

ON scented furs softly the guests recline,  
The palace wantons have spread their silken screen;  
Flowers from the rivulet dull their painted cheeks,  
The mountain moon dims the candle's light.  
Black at the window are heaped the ridges of the hill;  
The curtained doors are cold with the fountain's spray.  
At last we go—and carry with us in our train  
Ballad and dance, lest the way seem dull and long.

## *Stone Fish Lake*

BY YÜAN CHIEH (A.D. 723-772)

I LOVED you dearly, Stone Fish Lake,  
With your rock-island like a swimming fish!  
On the fish's back is the Wine-cup Hollow,  
And round the fish,—the flowing waters of the Lake.  
The boys on the shore sent little wooden ships,  
Each made to carry a single cup of wine.  
The island-drinkers emptied the liquor-boats  
And set their sails and sent them back for more.  
On the shores of the Lake were jutting slabs of rock  
And under the rocks there flowed an icy stream.  
Heated with wine, to rinse our mouths and hands  
In those cold waters was a joy beyond compare!

Of gold and jewels I have not any need;  
For Caps and Coaches I do not care at all.  
But I wish I could sit on the rocky banks of the Lake  
For ever and ever staring at the Stone Fish.

## *Passing T'ien-Mên Street in Ch'ang-an and seeing a Distant View of Chung-nan<sup>1</sup> Mountain*

BY PO CHÜ-I (A.D. 772-846)

THE snow has gone from Chung-nan, spring is almost  
come.  
Lovely in the distance its blue colours against the brown  
of the streets.  
A thousand coaches, ten thousand horsemen pass down the  
Nine Roads;  
Turns his head and looks at the mountains,—not one man!

<sup>1</sup> Part of the great Nan Shan Range, fifteen miles south of Ch'ang-an.

*Planting Flowers on the Eastern  
Embankment*

BY PO CHÜ-I

*Written when Governor of Chung-Chou*

I TOOK money and bought flowering trees  
And planted them out on the bank to the east of the  
Keep.

I simply bought whatever had most blooms,  
Not caring whether peach, apricot, or plum.  
A hundred fruits, all mixed up together;  
A thousand branches, flowering in due rotation.  
Each has its season coming early or late;  
But to all alike the fertile soil is kind.  
The red flowers hang like a heavy mist;  
The white flowers gleam like a fall of snow.  
The wandering bees cannot bear to leave them;  
The sweet birds also come there to roost.  
In front there flows an ever-running stream;  
Beneath there is built a little flat terrace.  
Sometimes I sweep the flagstones of the terrace;  
Sometimes, in the wind, I raise my cup and drink.  
The flower-branches screen my head from the sun;  
The flower-buds fall down into my lap.  
Alone drinking, alone singing my songs,  
I do not notice that the moon is level with the steps.  
The people of Pa do not care for flowers;  
All the spring no one has come to look.  
But their Governor-General, alone with his cup of wine,  
Sits till evening and will not move from the place!

*Dreaming that I went with Li and Yü  
to visit Yüan Chên*

BY PO CHÜ-I

*Written in Exile*

AT night I dreamt I was back in Ch'ang-an;  
I saw again the faces of old friends.  
And in my dreams, under an April sky,  
They led me by the hand to wander in the spring winds.  
Together we came to the village of Peace and Quiet;  
We stopped our horses at the gate of Yüan Chên.  
Yüan Chên was sitting all alone;  
When he saw me coming, a smile came to his face.  
He pointed back at the flowers in the western court;  
Then opened wine in the northern summer-house.  
He seemed to be saying that neither of us had changed;  
He seemed to be regretting that joy will not stay;  
That our souls had met only for a little while,  
To part again with hardly time for greeting.  
I woke up and thought him still at my side;  
I put out my hand; there was nothing there at all.

*The Cranes*

BY PO CHÜ-I (A.D. 830)

THE western wind has blown but a few days;  
Yet the first leaf already flies from the bough.  
On the drying paths I walk in my thin shoes;  
In the first cold I have donned my quilted coat.  
Through shallow ditches the floods are clearing away;  
Through sparse bamboos trickles a slanting light.  
In the early dusk, down an alley of green moss,  
The garden-boy is leading the cranes home.

## *On His Baldness*

(A.D. 832)

AT dawn I sighed to see my hairs fall;  
At dusk I sighed to see my hairs fall.  
For I dreaded the time when the last lock should go. . . .  
They are all gone and I do not mind at all!  
I have done with that cumbrous washing and getting dry;  
My tiresome comb for ever is laid aside.  
Best of all, when the weather is hot and wet,  
To have no top-knot weighing down on one's head!  
I put aside my dusty conical cap  
And loose my collar-fringe.  
In a silver jar I have stored a cold stream;  
On my bald pate I trickle a ladleful.  
Like one baptized with the Water of Buddha's Law,  
I sit and receive this cool, cleansing joy.  
Now I know why the priest who seeks Repose  
Frees his heart by first shaving his head.

## *My Servant Wakes Me*

By PO CHÜ-I (A.D. 839)

MY servant wakes me: "Master, it is broad day.  
Rise from bed; I bring you bowl and comb.  
Winter comes and the morning air is chill;  
To-day your Honour must not venture abroad."  
When I stay at home, no one comes to call;  
What must I do with the long, idle hours?  
Setting my chair where a faint sunshine falls  
I have warmed wine and opened my poetry books.

*Since I Lay Ill*

By Po CHÜ-I (A.D. 840)

SINCE I lay ill, how long has passed?  
Almost a hundred heavy-hanging days.  
The maids have learnt to gather my medicine-herbs;  
The dog no longer barks when the doctor comes.  
The jars in my cellar are plastered deep with mould;  
My singers' carpets are half crumbled to dust.  
How can I bear, when the Earth renews her light,  
To watch from a pillow the beauty of Spring unfold?

*A Dream of Mountaineering*

By Po CHÜ-I

*Written when he was over Seventy*

AT night, in my dream, I stoutly climbed a mountain,  
Going out alone with my staff of holly-wood.  
A thousand crags, a hundred hundred valleys—  
In my dream-journey none were unexplored.  
And all the while my feet never grew tired  
And my step was as strong as in my young days.  
Can it be that when the mind travels backward  
The body also returns to its old state?  
And can it be, as between body and soul,  
That the body may languish, while the soul is still strong?  
Soul and body—both are vanities:  
Dreaming and waking—both alike unreal.  
In the day my feet are palsied and tottering;  
In the night my steps go striding over the hills.  
As day and night are divided in equal parts—  
Between the two, I get as much as I lose.



## *Resignation*

By PO CHÜ-I

KEEP off your thoughts from things that are past and done;  
For thinking of the past wakes regret and pain.  
Keep off your thoughts from thinking what will happen;  
To think of the future fills one with dismay.  
Better by day to sit like a sack in your chair;  
Better by night to lie like a stone in your bed.  
When food comes, then open your mouth;  
When sleep comes, then close your eyes.

## *The Pitcher*

By YÜAN CHĒN (A.D. 779-831)

I DREAMT I climbed to a high, high plain;  
And on the plain I found a deep well.  
My throat was dry with climbing and I longed to drink,  
And my eyes were eager to look into the cool shaft.  
I walked round it, I looked right down;  
I saw my image mirrored on the face of the pool.  
An earthen pitcher was sinking into the black depths;  
There was no rope to pull it to the well-head.  
I was strangely troubled lest the pitcher should be lost,  
And started wildly running to look for help.  
From village to village I scoured that high plain;  
The men were gone; the dogs leapt at my throat.  
I came back and walked weeping round the well;  
Faster and faster the blinding tears flowed—  
Till my own sobbing suddenly woke me up;  
My room was silent, no one in the house stirred;

The flame of my candle flickered with a green smoke;  
The tears I had shed glittered in the candle-light.  
A bell sounded; I knew it was the midnight-chime;  
I sat up in bed and tried to arrange my thoughts:  
The plain in my dream was the graveyard at Ch'ang-an,  
Those hundred acres of untilled land.  
The soil heavy and the mounds heaped high;  
And the dead below them laid in deep troughs.  
Deep are the troughs, yet sometimes dead men  
Find their way to the world above the grave.  
And to-night my love who died long ago  
Came into my dreams as the pitcher sunk in the well.  
That was why the tears suddenly streamed from my eyes,  
Streamed from my eyes and fell on the collar of my dress.

### *The South*

BY WANG CHIEN (c. A.D. 750-835)

**I**N the southern land many birds sing;  
Of towns and cities half are unwalled.  
The country markets are thronged by wild tribes;  
The mountain-villages bear river-names.  
Poisonous mists rise from the damp sands;  
Strange fires gleam through the night-rain.  
And none passes but the lonely fisher of pearls  
Year by year on his way to the South Sea.

## *Immeasurable Pain*

By LI HOU-CHU, LAST EMPEROR OF THE SOUTHERN  
T'ANG DYNASTY (DEPOSED IN A.D. 975)

**I**MMEASURABLE pain!  
My dreaming soul last night was king again.  
As in past days  
I wandered through the Palace of Delight,  
And in my dream  
Down grassy garden-ways  
Glided my chariot smoother than a summer stream;  
There was moonlight,  
The trees were blossoming,  
And a faint wind softened the air of night,  
For it was Spring.

## *The Cicada*

BY OU-YANG HSIU

*In the summer of the first year of Chia-yu (A.D. 1056) there was a great flood. By order of the Emperor, I went to the Wine Spring Temple to pray for fine weather, when I heard a cicada singing. Upon which subject I wrote this poem:*

**H**USHED was the courtyard of the temple;  
Solemn stood I, gazing  
At the bright roofs and gables,  
The glorious summits of that towering shrine.  
Untroubled were my thoughts, intently prayed  
My fasting soul, for every wandering sense  
Was gathered to its home.  
Unmoved I watched the motions of the world,





His nobleness of heart!

Thus, though he shares  
The brief span of all creatures, yet his song  
A hundred ages echoes after him.

But you, cicada,

What know you of this? Only for yourself  
You make your music. . . ."

So was I pondering, comparing,  
Setting difference by difference, gain by gain,  
When suddenly the clouds came back and overhead  
The storm blazed and crashed, spilling huge drops  
Out of the rumbling sky. . . .

And silent now

Was the cicada's voice.

### *The Herd-Boy*

By LU YU (A.D. 1135-1209)

**I**N the southern village the boy who minds the ox  
With his naked feet stands on the ox's back.  
Through the hole in his coat the river wind blows;  
Through his broken hat the mountain rain pours.  
On the long dyke he seemed to be far away;  
In the narrow lane suddenly we were face to face.  
The boy is home and the ox is back in its stall;  
And a dark smoke oozes through the thatched roof.

## *Boating in Autumn*

A WAY and away I sail in my light boat;  
My heart leaps with a great gust of joy.  
Through the leafless branches I see the temple in the wood;  
Over the dwindling stream the stone bridge towers.  
Down the grassy lanes sheep and oxen pass;  
In the misty village cranes and magpies cry.  
Back in my home I drink a cup of wine  
And need not fear the greed<sup>1</sup> of the evening wind.

<sup>1</sup> Which "cats" men.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

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