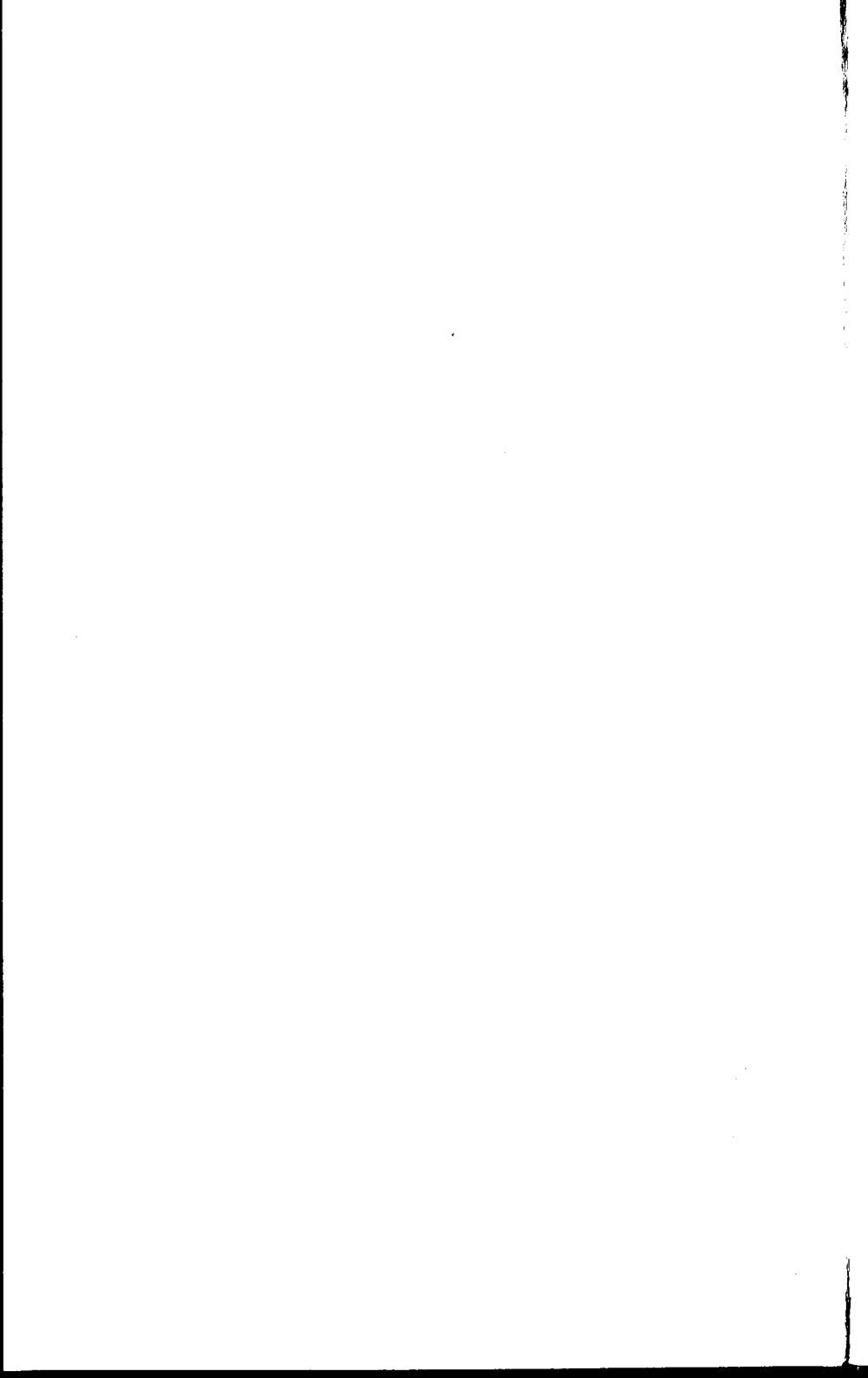


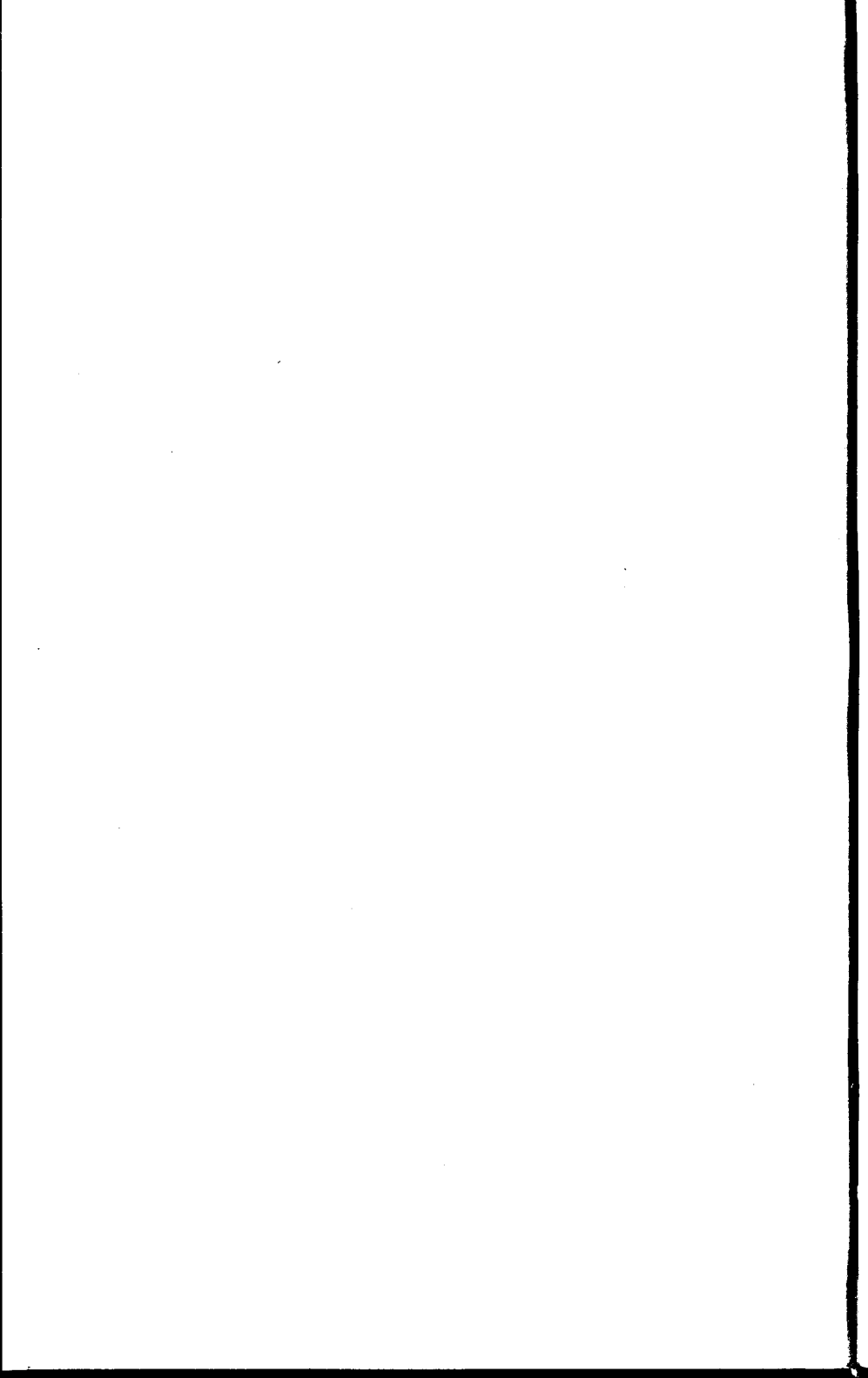
毛澤東詩詞

MAO TSETUNG

POEMS



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MAO TSETUNG
POEMS

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毛泽东

平如月夜月甚
時常靜好
南心靜事因
此燃燈道是
空閒處
會道道身
空之氣味
地心空
空如白
白如

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MAO TSETUNG
POEMS



CHANGSHA

— to the tune of *Chin Yuan Chun*

1925

Alone I stand in the autumn cold
On the tip of Orange Island,
The Hsiang flowing northward;
I see a thousand hills crimsoned through
By their serried woods deep-dyed,
And a hundred barges vying
Over crystal blue waters.
Eagles cleave the air,
Fish glide in the limpid deep;
Under freezing skies a million creatures contend in
freedom.
Brooding over this immensity,
I ask, on this boundless land
Who rules over man's destiny?

I was here with a throng of companions,
Vivid yet those crowded months and years.

Young we were, schoolmates,
At life's full flowering;
Filled with student enthusiasm
Boldly we cast all restraints aside.
Pointing to our mountains and rivers,
Setting people afire with our words,
We counted the mighty no more than muck.
Remember still
How, venturing midstream, we struck the waters
And waves stayed the speeding boats?

YELLOW CRANE TOWER

— to the tune of *Pu Sa Man*

Spring 1927

Wide, wide flow the nine streams through the land,
Dark, dark threads the line from south to north.
Blurred in the thick haze of the misty rain
Tortoise and Snake hold the great river locked.

The yellow crane is gone, who knows whither?
Only this tower remains a haunt for visitors.
I pledge my wine to the surging torrent,
The tide of my heart swells with the waves.

CHINGKANGSHAN

— to the tune of *Hsi Chiang Yueh*

Autumn 1928

Below the hills fly our flags and banners,
Above the hilltops sound our bugles and drums.
The foe encircles us thousands strong,
Steadfastly we stand our ground.

Already our defence is iron-clad,
Now our wills unite like a fortress.
From Huangyangchieh roars the thunder of guns,
Word comes the enemy has fled into the night.

THE WARLORDS CLASH

— to the tune of *Ching Ping Yueh*

Autumn 1929

Sudden veer of wind and rain
Showering misery through the land,
The warlords are clashing anew —
Yet another Golden Millet Dream.

Red banners leap over the Ting River
Straight to Lungyen and Shanghang.
We have reclaimed part of the golden bowl
And land is being shared out with a will.

THE DOUBLE NINTH

— to the tune of *Tsai Sang Tzu*

October 1929

Man ages all too easily, not Nature:
Year by year the Double Ninth returns.
On this Double Ninth,
The yellow blooms on the battlefield smell sweeter.

Each year the autumn wind blows fierce,
Unlike spring's splendour,
Yet surpassing spring's splendour,
See the endless expanse of frosty sky and water.

NEW YEAR'S DAY

— to the tune of *Ju Meng Ling*

January 1930

Ninghua, Chingliu, Kueihua —
What narrow paths, deep woods and slippery moss!
Whither are we bound today?
Straight to the foot of Wuyi Mountain.
To the mountain, the foot of the mountain,
Red flags stream in the wind in a blaze of glory.

ON THE KUANGCHANG ROAD

— to the tune of *Chien Tzu Mu Lan Hua*

February 1930

The whole wide world is white,
Through the snow eagerly we press on.
Craggs loom above our heads,
We cross the great pass, red flags waving in the wind.

Where are we bound?
To the snow-swept River Kan.
Yesterday the order was given,
One hundred thousand workers and peasants march
on Kian.

MARCH FROM TINGCHOW TO CHANGSHA

— to the tune of *Tieb Lien Hua*

July 1930

In June Heaven's armies chastise the corrupt and
evil,

Seeking to bind roc and whale with a league-long
cord.

Red glows the far side of the Kan,

Thanks to our wing under Huang Kung-lueh.

A million workers and peasants rise up,

Sweeping Kiangsi straight towards Hunan and
Hupeh.

To the *Internationale's* stirring strains

A wild whirlwind swoops from the sky.

AGAINST THE FIRST "ENCIRCLEMENT" CAMPAIGN

— to the tune of *Yu Chia Ao*

Spring 1931

Forests blaze red beneath the frosty sky,
The wrath of Heaven's armies soars to the clouds.
Mist veils Lungkang, its thousand peaks blurred.
All cry out in unison:
Our van has taken Chang Hui-tsan!

The enemy returns to Kiangsi two hundred thousand
strong,
Fumes billowing in the wind in mid-sky.
Workers and peasants are wakened in their millions
To fight as one man,
Under the riot of red flags round the foot of Puchou!*

*AUTHOR'S NOTE:

The story of Kungkung butting against Mount Puchou:

The chapter "On Astronomy" in *Huai Nan Tzu* says: "In ancient times Kungkung and Chuanhsu fought each other for the throne. In a fit of rage Kungkung butted against Mount Puchou, breaking the pillars of heaven and snapping the ties of the earth. Then the sky shifted towards the northwest, tilting the sun, moon and stars; the earth sank in the southeast so that dust and water gathered there."

"The Chronicle of Chou" in *Kuo Yu* says: "In ancient times Kungkung, departing from the right way, gave himself up to pleasure and unbridled licence. He tried to stem the hundred streams, destroy hills and silt up low places, and thus brought disasters to the whole earth. Heaven did not give its blessing, nor the people their help. Calamities and troubles broke out and Kungkung perished." The ancient commentator Wei Chao quotes from the Palace Officer Chia, *i.e.*, Chia Kuei of the Later Han Dynasty: "Kungkung was a lord of the Chiang clan, a descendant of the Fiery Emperor. When Emperor Chuanhsu's power was on the decline, Kungkung attacked other vassal lords and fought Kaohsin for the throne."

In "The Annals of the Three Emperors", Szuma Chen's addenda to Szuma Chien's *Historical Records*, it is said: "Towards the end of her [Nuwa's] reign, a lord named Kungkung became powerful through his resourcefulness and the severe discipline he enforced. He did not rule like a king but like an autocrat. Representing the element of water, he wanted to succeed Nuwa who represented the element of wood. He

fought Chuyung and was defeated. In a fit of rage he knocked his head against Mount Puchou, so that the pillars of heaven were broken and the ties of the earth torn."

These are the different versions of the legend. I prefer the version in *Huai Nan Tzu*, which presents Kungkung as a victorious hero. Please note: "In a fit of rage Kungkung butted against Mount Puchou, breaking the pillars of heaven and snapping the ties of the earth. Then the sky shifted towards the northwest, tilting the sun, moon and stars; the earth sank in the southeast so that dust and water gathered there." Did Kungkung perish in the attempt? *Huai Nan Tzu* is silent on this question. We may take it that he did not, but came out victorious.

AGAINST THE SECOND "ENCIRCLEMENT" CAMPAIGN

— to the tune of *Yu Chia Ao*

Summer 1931

The very clouds foam atop White Cloud Mountain,
At its base the roar of battle quickens.
Withered trees and rotten stumps join in the fray.
A forest of rifles presses,
As the Flying General descends from the skies.

In fifteen days we have marched seven hundred li
Crossing misty Kan waters and green Fukien hills,
Rolling back the enemy as we would a mat.
A voice is heard wailing;
His "Bastion at every step" avails him nought!

TAPOTI

— to the tune of *Pu Sa Man*

Summer 1933

Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet —
Who is dancing, waving this coloured ribbon against
the sky?

The sun returns slanting after the rain
And hill and pass grow a deeper blue.

A furious battle once raged here,
The village walls, bullet-scarred,
Now adorn hill and pass
And make them doubly fair.

HUICHANG

— to the tune of *Ching Ping Yueh*

Summer 1934

Soon dawn will break in the east.
Do not say "You start too early";
Crossing these blue hills adds nothing to one's years,
The landscape here is beyond compare.

Straight from the walls of Huichang lofty peaks,
Range after range, extend to the eastern seas.
Our soldiers point southward to Kwangtung
Looming lusher and greener in the distance.

LOUSHAN PASS

— to the tune of *Yi Chin O*

February 1935

Fierce the west wind,
Wild geese cry under the frosty morning moon.
Under the frosty morning moon
Horses' hooves clattering,
Bugles sobbing low.

Idle boast the strong pass is a wall of iron,
With firm strides we are crossing its summit.
We are crossing its summit,
The rolling hills sea-blue,
The dying sun blood-red.

THREE SHORT POEMS

— to the tune of *Shih Liu Tzu Ling*

1934-1935

I

Mountains!

I whip my swift horse, glued to my saddle.

I turn my head startled,

The sky is three foot three above me!*

II

Mountains!

Like great waves surging in a crashing sea,

Like a thousand stallions

In full gallop in the heat of battle.

III

Mountains!

Piercing the blue of heaven, your barbs unblunted!

The skies would fall

But for your strength supporting.

***AUTHOR'S NOTE:**

A folk song runs:

Skull Mountain up above,

Treasure Mountain down below,

The sky is only three foot three away.

Bend your head if you go by foot,

Dismount if you go by horse.

THE LONG MARCH

— a *lu shih*

October 1935

The Red Army fears not the trials of the Long
March,
Holding light ten thousand crags and torrents.
The Five Ridges wind like gentle ripples
And the majestic Wumeng roll by, globules of clay.
Warm the steep cliffs lapped by the waters of Golden
Sand,
Cold the iron chains spanning the Tatu River.
Minshan's thousand li of snow joyously crossed,
The three Armies march on, each face glowing.

KUNLUN

— to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao*

October 1935

Far above the earth, into the blue,
You, wild Kunlun, have seen
All that was fairest in the world of men.
Your three million white jade dragons in flight*
Freeze the sky with piercing cold.
In summer days your melting torrents
Flood the streams and rivers,
Turning men into fish and turtles.
Who has passed judgement on the good and ill
You have wrought these thousand autumns?

To Kunlun now I say,
Neither all your height
Nor all your snow is needed.
Could I but draw my sword o'ertopping heaven,
I'd cleave you in three:
One piece for Europe,

One for America,
One to keep in the East.
Peace would then reign over the world,
The same warmth and cold throughout the globe.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:*

An ancient poet said: "While the three million white jade dragons were fighting, the air was filled with their tattered scales flying." Thus he described the flying snow. I have borrowed the image to describe the snow-covered mountains. In summer, when one climbs to the top of Minshan, one looks out on a host of mountains, all white, undulating as in a dance. Among the local people a legend was current to the effect that all these mountains were afire until the Monkey King borrowed a palm leaf fan and quenched the flames, so that the mountains turned white.

MOUNT LIUPAN

— to the tune of *Ching Ping Yueh*

October 1935

The sky is high, the clouds are pale,
We watch the wild geese vanish southward.
If we fail to reach the Great Wall we are not men,
We who have already measured twenty thousand li.

High on the crest of Mount Liupan
Red banners wave freely in the west wind.
Today we hold the long cord in our hands,
When shall we bind fast the Grey Dragon?

SNOW

— to the tune of *Chin Yuan Chun*

February 1936

North country scene:

A hundred leagues locked in ice,

A thousand leagues of whirling snow.

Both sides of the Great Wall

One single white immensity.

The Yellow River's swift current

Is stilled from end to end.

The mountains dance like silver snakes

And the highlands* charge like wax-hued elephants,

Vying with heaven in stature.

On a fine day, the land,

Clad in white, adorned in red,

Grows more enchanting.

This land so rich in beauty

Has made countless heroes bow in homage.

But alas! Chin Shih-huang and Han Wu-ti

Were lacking in literary grace,
And Tang Tai-tsung and Sung Tai-tsu
Had little poetry in their souls;
And Genghis Khan,
Proud Son of Heaven for a day,
Knew only shooting eagles, bow outstretched.
All are past and gone!
For truly great men
Look to this age alone.

**AUTHOR'S NOTE:*

The highlands are those of Shensi and Shansi.

THE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY CAPTURES NANKING

— a *lu shih*

April 1949

Over Chungshan swept a storm, headlong,
Our mighty army, a million strong, has crossed the
Great River.
The City, a tiger crouching, a dragon curling,
outshines its ancient glories;
In heroic triumph heaven and earth have been over-
turned.
With power and to spare we must pursue the
tottering foe
And not ape Hsiang Yu the conqueror seeking idle
fame.
Were Nature sentient, she too would pass from
youth to age,
But Man's world is mutable, seas become mulberry
fields.

REPLY TO MR. LIU YA-TZU

— a *lu shih*

April 29, 1949

I still remember our drinking tea in Kwangchow
And your asking for verses in Chungking as the
leaves yellowed.

Back in the old capital after thirty-one years,
At the season of falling flowers I read your polished
lines.

Beware of heartbreak with grievance overfull,
Range far your eye over long vistas.

Do not say the waters of Kunming Lake are too
shallow,

For watching fish they are better than Fuchun River.

LIU YA-TZU'S POEM
MY THOUGHTS
PRESENTED TO CHAIRMAN MAO

— a *lu shih*

You excel as the maker of a new epoch!
Hard it was for me to laud Light in dark times.
Lecturing on classics, I am no time-serving scholar
And, to my sorrow, have met with no warm reception.
Remorse fills me at the thought of my misspent life,
Yet my heart will remain true to the end.
O for glad tidings from the southern expedition!
Lake Fenhu will then be my hermit resort.

REPLY TO MR. LIU YA-TZU

— to the tune of *Wan Hsi Sha*

October 1950

At a song and dance performance during the National Day celebrations of 1950, Mr. Liu Ya-tzu wrote an impromptu poem to the tune of *Wan Hsi Sha*, to which I replied, using the same rhyme sequence.

The night was long and dawn came slow to the
Crimson Land.

For a century demons and monsters whirled in a
wild dance,

And the five hundred million people were disunited.

Now the cock has crowed and all under heaven is
bright,

Here is music from all our peoples, from Yutien too,

And the poet is inspired as never before.

LIU YA-TZU'S POEM

— to the tune of *Wan Hsi Sha*

On October 3, I attended a soirée in Huai Jen Tang. Performances were given by ensembles from the various nationalities in the Southwest, Sinkiang, Yenpien in Kirin Province, and Inner Mongolia. At Chairman Mao's request, I composed the following poem to celebrate the great unity of the nationalities.

Displays of fiery trees and silver flowers, a night without
darkness.

Brothers and sisters skip by gracefully in dance.

The strains of *The Full Moon** rise with joyful swell.

But for one man's wise leadership,

How could the hundred nationalities assemble?

This merry eve's festive gathering surpasses all!

*LIU YA-TZU'S NOTE:

There is a Kazakh folk song in Sinkiang called *The Full Moon*.

PEITAIHO

— to the tune of *Lang Tao Sha*

Summer 1954

A rainstorm sweeps down on this northern land,
White breakers leap to the sky.
No fishing boats off Chinwangtao
Are seen on the boundless ocean.
Where are they gone?

Nearly two thousand years ago
Wielding his whip, the Emperor Wu of Wei
Rode eastward to Chiehshih; his poem survives.
Today the autumn wind still sighs,
But the world has changed!

SWIMMING

— to the tune of *Shui Tiao Keh Tou*

June 1956

I have just drunk the waters of Changsha
And come to eat the fish of Wuchang.
Now I am swimming across the great Yangtze,
Looking afar to the open sky of Chu.
Let the wind blow and waves beat,
Better far than idly strolling in a courtyard.
Today I am at ease.
“It was by a stream that the Master said —
‘Thus do things flow away!’ ”

Sails move with the wind.
Tortoise and Snake are still.
Great plans are afoot:
A bridge will fly to span the north and south,
Turning a deep chasm into a thoroughfare;

Walls of stone will stand upstream to the west
To hold back Wushan's clouds and rain
Till a smooth lake rises in the narrow gorges.
The mountain goddess if she is still there
Will marvel at a world so changed.

REPLY TO LI SHU-YI

— to the tune of *Tieb Lien Hua*

May 11, 1957

I lost my proud Poplar and you your Willow,
Poplar and Willow soar to the Ninth Heaven.
Wu Kang, asked what he can give,
Serves them a laurel brew.

The lonely moon goddess spreads her ample sleeves
To dance for these loyal souls in infinite space.
Earth suddenly reports the tiger subdued,
Tears of joy pour forth falling as mighty rain.

FAREWELL TO THE GOD OF PLAGUE

— two *lu shih* poems

July 1, 1958

When I read in the *Renmin Ribao* of June 30, 1958 that schistosomiasis had been wiped out in Yukiang County, thoughts thronged my mind and I could not sleep. In the warm morning breeze next day, as sunlight falls on my window, I look towards the distant southern sky and in my happiness pen the following lines.

I

So many green streams and blue hills, but to what
avail?

This tiny creature left even Hua To powerless!
Hundreds of villages choked with weeds, men wasted
away;

Thousands of homes deserted, ghosts chanted mourn-
fully.

Motionless, by earth I travel eighty thousand li a
day,

Surveying the sky I see a myriad Milky Ways from
afar.

Should the Cowherd ask tidings of the God of Plague,
Say the same griefs flow down the stream of time.

II

The spring wind blows amid profuse willow wands,
Six hundred million in this land all equal Yao and
Shun.

Crimson rain swirls in waves under our will,
Green mountains turn to bridges at our wish.
Gleaming mattocks fall on the Five Ridges heaven-
high;
Mighty arms move to rock the earth round the Triple
River.

We ask the God of Plague: "Where are you bound?"
Paper barges aflame and candle-light illuminate the
sky.

SHAOSHAN REVISITED

— a *lu shih*

June 1959

I visited Shaoshan on June 25, 1959 after an absence of thirty-two years.

Like a dim dream recalled, I curse the long-fled
past —

My native soil two and thirty years gone by.

The red flag roused the serf, halberd in hand,

While the despot's black talons held his whip aloft.

Bitter sacrifice strengthens bold resolve

Which dares to make sun and moon shine in new skies.

Happy, I see wave upon wave of paddy and beans,

And all around heroes home-bound in the evening
mist.

ASCENT OF LUSHAN

— a *lu shih*

July 1, 1959

Perching as after flight, the mountain towers over
the Yangtze;

I have overleapt four hundred twists to its green crest.

Cold-eyed I survey the world beyond the seas;

A hot wind spatters raindrops on the sky-brooded
waters.

Clouds cluster over the nine streams, the yellow crane
floating,

And billows roll on to the eastern coast, white foam
flying.

Who knows whither Prefect Tao Yuan-ming is gone
Now that he can till fields in the Land of Peach
Blossoms?

MILITIA WOMEN
INSCRIPTION ON A PHOTOGRAPH

— a *chueh chu*

February 1961

How bright and brave they look, shouldering
five-foot rifles

On the parade ground lit up by the first gleams of
day.

China's daughters have high-aspiring minds,
They love their battle array, not silks and satins.

REPLY TO A FRIEND

— a *lu shih*

1961

White clouds are sailing above Mount Chiuyi;
Riding the wind, the Princesses descend the green hills.
Once they speckled the bamboos with their profuse
tears,
Now they are robed in rose-red clouds.
Tungting Lake's snow-topped waves surge skyward;
The long isle reverberates with earth-shaking song.
And I am lost in dreams, untrammelled dreams
Of the land of hibiscus glowing in the morning sun.

THE FAIRY CAVE
INSCRIPTION ON A PICTURE
TAKEN BY COMRADE LI CHIN

— a *chueh chu*

September 9, 1961

Amid the growing shades of dusk stand sturdy
pines,
Riotous clouds sweep past, swift and tranquil.
Nature has excelled herself in the Fairy Cave,
On perilous peaks dwells beauty in her infinite variety.

REPLY TO COMRADE
KUO MO-JO

— a *lu shih*

November 17, 1961

A thunderstorm burst over the earth,
So a devil rose from a heap of white bones.
The deluded monk was not beyond the light,
But the malignant demon must wreak havoc.
The Golden Monkey wrathfully swung his massive
cudgel
And the jade-like firmament was cleared of dust.
Today, a miasmal mist once more rising,
We hail Sun Wu-kung, the wonder-worker.

KUO MO-JO'S POEM
ON SEEING
THE MONKEY SUBDUES THE DEMON

— a *lu shih*

Confounding humans and demons, right and wrong,
The monk was kind to foes and vicious to friends.
Endlessly he intoned "The Incantation of the Golden Hoop",
And thrice he let the White Bone Demon escape.
The monk deserved to be torn limb from limb;
Plucking a hair means nothing to the wonder-worker.
All praise is due to such timely teaching,
Even the Pig grew wiser than the fools.

ODE TO THE PLUM BLOSSOM

— to the tune of *Pu Suan Tzu*

December 1961

On reading Lu Yu's *Ode to the Plum Blossom*, I countered it with the following lines.

Wind and rain escorted Spring's departure,
Flying snow welcomes Spring's return.
On the ice-clad rock rising high and sheer
A flower blooms sweet and fair.

Sweet and fair, she craves not Spring for herself alone,
To be the harbinger of Spring she is content.
When the mountain flowers are in full bloom
She will smile mingling in their midst.

LU YU'S POEM

ODE TO THE PLUM BLOSSOM

— to the tune of *Pu Suan Tzu*

Outside the post-house, beside the broken bridge,
Alone, deserted, a flower blooms.
Saddened by her solitude in the falling dusk,
She is now assailed by wind and rain.

Let other flowers be envious!
She craves not Spring for herself alone.
Her petals may be ground in the mud,
But her fragrance will endure.

WINTER CLOUDS

— a *lu shih*

December 26, 1962

Winter clouds snow-laden, cotton fluff flying,
None or few the unfallen flowers.
Chill waves sweep through steep skies,
Yet earth's gentle breath grows warm.
Only heroes can quell tigers and leopards
And wild bears never daunt the brave.
Plum blossoms welcome the whirling snow;
Small wonder flies freeze and perish.

REPLY TO COMRADE KUO MO-JO

— to the tune of *Man Cbiang Hung*

January 9, 1963

On this tiny globe
A few flies dash themselves against the wall,
Humming without cease,
Sometimes shrilling,
Sometimes moaning.
Ants on the locust tree assume a great-nation swagger
And mayflies lightly plot to topple the giant tree.
The west wind scatters leaves over Changan,
And the arrows are flying, twanging.

So many deeds cry out to be done,
And always urgently;
The world rolls on,
Time presses.
Ten thousand years are too long,
Seize the day, seize the hour!

The Four Seas are rising, clouds and waters raging,
The Five Continents are rocking, wind and thunder
roaring.

Our force is irresistible,
Away with all pests!

KUO MO-JO'S POEM

— to the tune of *Man Chiang Hung*

When the seas are in turmoil
Heroes are on their mettle.
Six hundred million people,
Strong in unity,
Firm in principle,
Can shore up the falling heavens
And create order out of the reign of chaos.
The world hears the cock crowing
And day breaks in the east.

The sun rises,
The icebergs melt.
Gold is not pinchbeck
And can stand the proof of flames.
Four great volumes
Show us the way.
How absurd for Chieh's dog to bark at Yao;
The clay oxen plunge into the sea and vanish.
The red flag of revolution is unfurling in the east wind,
The universe is glowing red.

REASCENDING CHINGKANGSHAN

— to the tune of *Shui Tiao Keb Tou*

May 1965

I have long aspired to reach for the clouds
And I again ascend Chingkangshan.
Coming from afar to view our old haunt,
I find new scenes replacing the old.
Everywhere orioles sing, swallows dart,
Streams babble
And the road mounts skyward.
Once Huangyangchieh is passed
No other perilous place calls for a glance.

Wind and thunder are stirring,
Flags and banners are flying
Wherever men live.
Thirty-eight years are fled
With a mere snap of the fingers.

We can clasp the moon in the Ninth Heaven
And seize turtles deep down in the Five Seas:
We'll return amid triumphant song and laughter.
Nothing is hard in this world
If you dare to scale the heights.

TWO BIRDS: A DIALOGUE

— to the tune of *Nien Nu Chiao*

Autumn 1965

The roc wings fanwise,
Soaring ninety thousand li
And rousing a raging cyclone.
The blue sky on his back, he looks down
To survey Man's world with its towns and cities.
Gunfire licks the heavens,
Shells pit the earth.
A sparrow in his bush is scared stiff.
"This is one hell of a mess!
O I want to flit and fly away."

"Where, may I ask?"

The sparrow replies,

"To a jewelled palace in elfland's hills.

Don't you know a triple pact was signed

Under the bright autumn moon two years ago?

There'll be plenty to eat,
Potatoes piping hot,
Beef-filled goulash."

"Stop your windy nonsense!

Look, the world is being turned upside down."

NOTE ON THE VERSE FORM

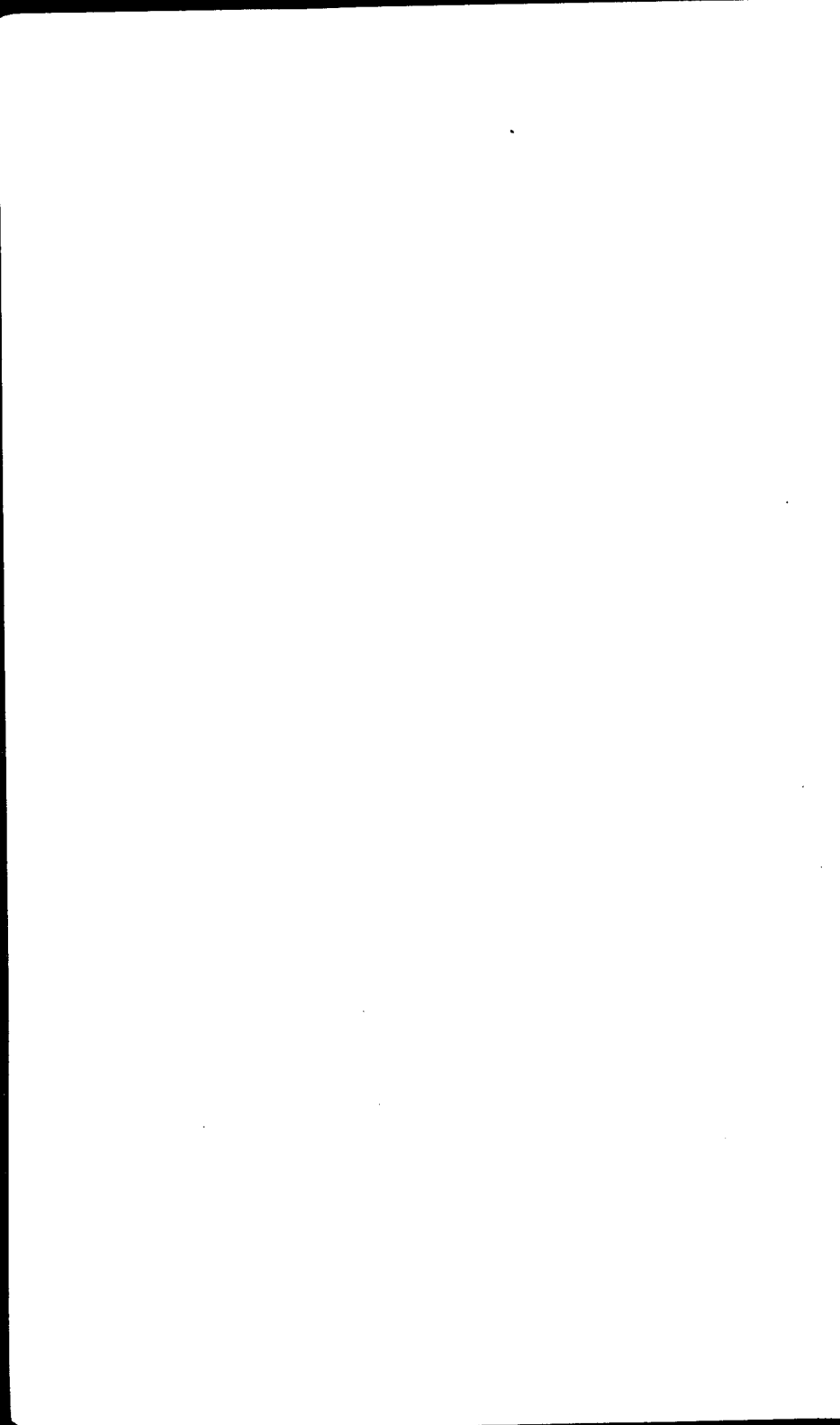
All the poems in this volume are written in classical Chinese verse forms. Those which carry the subtitle "to the tune of . . ." belong to the type of verse called *tzü*. The rest are either *lu* or *chueh*, two varieties of the type *shih*.

The *tzü* originated in the Tang Dynasty (A.D. 618-907) as lines sung to certain tunes. Each tune prescribes a strict tonal pattern and rhyme scheme, with a fixed number of lines of a standardized varying length. Names like *Chin Yuan Chun*, *Pu Sa Man*, etc. indicate not the themes of the respective poems but the tunes to which they are written.

Lu and *chueh* are the two forms of the *shih*, which, after inchoate beginnings in preceding ages, became fully established in the Tang Dynasty. With a strict tonal pattern and rhyme scheme the *lu* or *lu shih* consists of eight lines of either five or seven characters each; the third line should be matched to the fourth and the fifth to the sixth in both sound and sense. The *lu shih* in this volume are of the seven-character kind. The *chueh* or *chueh chu* consists of four lines of either five or seven characters each. It is a sort of truncated *lu*, but the third and fourth lines, though still counterpointed in sound, need not be antithetical in sense. The *chueh chu* in this volume are of the seven-character kind.

TRANSLATORS





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