**“A Song of an Autumn Night” by Wang Wei**

Under the crescent moon a light autumn dew

Has chilled the robe she will not change --

And she touches a silver lute all night,

Afraid to go back to her empty room.

**“A Green Stream” by Wang Wei**

I have sailed the River of Yellow Flowers,

Borne by the channel of a green stream,

Rounding ten thousand turns through the mountains

On a journey of less than thirty miles....

Rapids hum over heaped rocks;

But where light grows dim in the thick pines,

The surface of an inlet sways with nut-horns

And weeds are lush along the banks.

...Down in my heart I have always been as pure

As this limpid water is....

Oh, to remain on a broad flat rock

And to cast a fishing-line forever!

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**“Lines For a Taoist” Adept by Li Po**

My friend lives high on East Mountain.

His nature is to love the hills and gorges.

In green spring he sleeps in empty woodland,

Still there when the noon sun brightens.

Pine-tree winds to dust his hair.

Rock-filled streams to cleanse his senses.

Free of all sound and stress,

Resting on a wedge of cloud and mist.

**“Summer in the Mountains” by Li Po**

Gently I stir a white feather fan,

With open shirt sitting in a green wood.

I take off my cap and hang it on a jutting stone;

A wind from the pine-tree trickles on my bare head.