

li bai vii-01

the song of xian yang

the sinking sun disappears behind the xian mountains
while a man with his hat askew wanders off into the flowers
the children of xian lang are clapping their hands
blocking the road and singing the waging song of the flute
a passerby asks politely why are they all laughing
they are laughing themselves silly over the drunken shan jian

with the magic heron potion
with the magic cup of parrots
for each of the 36,000 days in a hundred years
one must always empty 300 cups

if one gazes on the duck's head green waters of the han from afar
it is the green of just pressed grape wine
it is as if the river becomes spring wine
from the accumulated skins you might build a balcony as once did jie gui
i would exchange a wonderful horse costing a thousand pieces of gold for all our pleasure
lift us up laughing into the saddle and sing the song of falling plum blossoms
on the side of the accompanying carriage will hang a large jug of wine
the phoenix pipe organ and the dragon flute will be playing
li si distressed at the execution of xian yang will remember his brown hunting dog
would he not like to be here in this moonlight with an empty cup of gold

have you not seen
the famous stone in memory of yang hu of the jin dynasty
the turtle at the head of the stone has gone to pieces and is covered with moss
no more tears can fall out for his sake
no more agonies of the heart suffered for him
one needs only the unbuyable cool wind and bright moon for a party

the gem mountain will fall in upon itself without anyone's help
so call for the wine maker of shu zhou
call for the large vessels of the strong men of yu zhang
li tai bo wants to share his wine and live and die together
where today are the clouds and rain of king xiang of chu
at night they flow to the east in the waters of the great river
while we can only hear the melancholy cries of the forest apes

murphy getting into the spirit of the wassail

1/27/2011 10:00 AM

li bai vii-02

the song of the southern capitol nan yang

the southern city is exceedingly beautiful
wu que mountain lies west beyond its protective wall
the emperor guang wu di made this his home
thousands of merchants ply their trade
tall buildings front the wide streets
beautiful villas stretch up into the green mountains

many heroes came from this area
they stretch into the past and can no longer be reached
tao zhu gong and bo li xi
their fame reverberating between heaven and earth
here yin li hua was known for her beautiful jade features
the girls of han known for their radiant red complexion
virginal singers stopped the very clouds from moving
graceful dancers were everywhere to be seen

walks are nowhere more beguiling than in nan yang and lo yang
winds fill the robes of officials on horses and in carriages
a horseback trip is made to the ruins of hong yang
a hawking expedition is made to the banks of the bai he
who knows when the other zhu go liang lived in nan yang
for many years his songs complaining of his graying temples

murphy remembering austin in its early heyday

1/27/2011 2:05 PM

li bai vii-03

a boat

a boat of light wood with dark wood oars
young musicians on its benches with flutes of gold and jade
exquisite wine filling cups time and time again
accepting the pleasure and carried away by the waves

the immortals are waiting for me, riding their yellow storks
while i sail amidst the white gulls at peace and at ease
the poetry of kai bing rises to the height of the stars
remembering stories of the king of zhou living in these desert hills

when drunkenness excites me, my brush pauses as i sing of the five sacred mountains
i am happy and proud and laugh at all pretensions
power, wealth, honor, when these become important to me
then will the yellow river flow back up to the northwest

murphy replete with his daily ration of rum

1/7/2011 9:55 AM

li bai vii-04

with the imperial entourage i look over the dragon lake and the splendors of the pasture and gardens
while listening to the songs of the many orioles

the spring wind has greened the grass on ying zhou island
looking down from the purple hall of the red tower shows it at its best
the willows on the south shore are halfway to their splendor
a swirling abundance of flowers rub against the wall reliefs
from a hundred feet above the trees' fine branches reach down
in the tree tops the beautiful birds broadcast their harmony
their songs bring the joyous feelings of new spring

the purple clouds of dusk greet these fresh sounds
a thousand gates and ten thousand apartments echo their joy
at this time the emperor is staying in chang an
the five color auspicious clouds cover the imperial throne

the garden is refreshed every day unless abandoned by the emperor
with the return of the son of heaven the carriage enters a flowery park
first he visits the peng lai lake to see the dancing cranes
then he goes to the zhi ruo dian to listen to the orioles
the new orioles flit in and around the shan lin park
they desire to mix their songs with the imperial music

murphy sidling along, content to be in the background

1/28/2011 11:04 AM

li bai vii-05

the song of the jade cup

the powerful man beats time on his jade cup
his brave heart deplores his advancing years
after three cups he loosens his sword and dances in the moonlight
as suddenly the song releases his torrential tears

once there came a man from the phoenix palace carrying an imperial decree
invited to attend a state banquet i went to the imperial feast
i was honored as one of a thousand chariots visiting his heavenly residence
but the worthy men of the palace saw fit to scoff at me
the next morning i chose from among the many horses of the imperial stables
and received a coral encrusted whip from his majesty as a gift

the world now knows me, and not the other dong fang so
he is a mere hermit attending the court, a banished immortal among men
the beautiful xi zhi was moved to laughter as she wrinkled her brow again
the ugly girl tried to achieve beauty but fell far short
and although the emperor maintained the dignity of his being
he could not prevent the carnage of petty jealousies in his palace

murphy acting as if he really belonged at the head table

1/29/2011 9:03 AM

li bai vii-06

the song of the land of bin, offered to my elder brother li cin, chang shi of xin ping

the wind toys with the bare branches of trees in a courtyard of the land of bin
the jing river is at flood and is filled with boisterous waves
the plaintive wild geese loose their shrill cries into the evening
sad clouds darken the sky as the cold of night descends

i remember as if yesterday leaving there to begin my travels
the next morning i made my farewell visit to the prefect
i did not foresee the splendor of home changing into suffering among strangers
now my clothes are inadequate for these treacherous snows and icy winds

would i could find long dead ashes becoming warm again
how can the blowing leaf find its way back to its tree
my brother you live in glory and joy from morning to night
your glorious large hall filled with beautiful faces of jade

maidens of zhao sing lengthy songs to make the colored clouds ring
beauties from yan dressed in red lead the drunken dances
dressed in furs you pour liquid dawn from wine jars as did yang xiu
this strong man hums a sad song in a desire to be pitied

first comes splendor, then follows misery, one then the other
why cannot your surplus glow extend to enfold your poor little brother

murphy far from texas in the cold of boston's winter

1/30/2011 8:43 AM

li bai vii-07

the song of the cloud terrace of the western giant mountain, escorting master dan qiu

the giant mountain of the west stands tall and powerful
looking down the yellow river is a silk thread from the end of the world
yet the river pushes hard against the mountain causing earthquakes
the swirling vortex-hubs of wheels thundering through the land of qin

the river glows in the sun as the vapors rise and roil in their beautiful colors
only once in a thousand years does the yellow river run clear as it does now
the river god once giving a loud cry split the giant mountain with his hand
so the huge waves could shoot like an arrow on down to the eastern sea

even today the three summits on the western mountains pitch backwards as if to fall
back into the green walls and red rock canyons of the opening of the river god
here the white emperor guardian of the western mountain holds the secret elixir of life
his rocks change into lotus blossoms which form secret terraces among the clouds

here galleries of clouds grace the terraces with synergies of the dao and heaven
here one can find the immortal master dan qiu
here the venus star carries the master from the heavens back to the terraces
here the fairy ma gu scratches his back with her long nails

and although the emperor commands the gates of heaven and earth
he contacts dan qiu in the heavens when he talks with the heavens
in the imperial court with its nine staggered gates he goes in and out with glory
in the morning he goes to the islands of the immortals and returns home each night

you dan qiu are my friend and we drink together out of the jade cups
would that i could also fly up to the heavens on the back of the two dragons

murphy eschewing his rightful place as advisor to the rulers of the people

1/31/2011 8:55 AM

li bai vii-08

the song of yuan dan qiu

yuan dan qiu
loves the spirits and the immortals
in the mornings he drinks from the clear waters of the flowing ying
in the evening he returns to the purple mists of the high rocks
on the 36 peaks he wanders all around
again and again he wanders around
and rises to the stars and the rainbows
his body rides on a dragon, wind blowing from its ears
he crosses over rivers, crosses over the seas, and enters heaven
his thirst for travel is eternal and knows no boundaries

murphy time and time again wishing he could accomplish the impossible

1/31/2011 9:05 AM

li bai vii-09

the song of the brave man in fu feng

in the third month the barbaric sands of mongolia swept into lo yang
this intrusion caused the inhabitants of the city to moan and to cry
the water under the heaven's ford bridge ran red towards the sea
and white bones lay on top of each other like tangled flax

i also fly to the east to the land of wu
ominous clouds accompany me and the way is long
only in the east will i again see the sun and hear the morning crow
the people open the town's gate and sweep away the fallen flowers

the chestnut and willow touch the balustrade overlooking the fountain
i get drunk in fu feng in the house of the brave man
the brave man of fu feng is a wonder of the world
his will is in line with mine and together we can move mountains

as a man he does not rely on the good graces of a friendly general
when drinking wine he perhaps thinks of his next meeting with a minister
he sets delicious food before his guests presented on carved platters
a pleasant breeze cools his singers from wu and his dancers from zhao

ping yuan, meng chang, qun shen, xin ling, from the time of the six kingdoms
opened their hearts and shared their thoughts as do you, sir
each of these men had 3,000 clients in their halls
how many of these later repaid the graces received?

i reach for my long sword
i raise my eyebrows in exaltation
how clearly i see the stones lying under the waters
i toss away my cap
i laugh with you
i drink your wine
i sing for you

i am another zhang liang before he followed chi zi
you are huang shi gong on the bridge and you know my heart

murphy taking the oath to serve his country as a marine

2/2/2011 12:34 PM

li bai vii-10

song written looking at a wall painting in candlelight with my cousin li shu qing, district secretary for jin cheng

the sland of the immortals is seen on the whitewashed wall in the high hall
illuminated by the candle we peer into paradise in its purity
surrounded by high waves, mighty mountains rise into the heavens
the tops of the waves are white like the land dan qiu where it is never night

behind the mountains we identify the red walls of she giang
in the glow of the candles it seems as f the mountain mists have just lifted
you would think you were in shan yin xian after a big snowfall
there are winding gorges and emerald green streams whose waters make no noise

we are people of the qin dynasty discovering in the moon light the peach blossom spring
although aware, we are transfixed, our souls are transfigured
only imagining the cries of the apes in these mountains brings us back
i share with you, my cousin, the strength of this vision

we can hear a song and humming it we walk back into the dawn
then we look back at the sailor in the picture hoisting his sail clouds
and both wish to accompany him to reach the islands of the immortals

murphy telling the story of the picture show for his cousins who didn't get to go

2/3/2011 8:55 AM

li bai vii-11

the song of the white-haired man

the white-haired man, huai nan xiao shan
lives in the small mountains south of the huai river
at night he sleeps on a cloud under a pine tree
in the morning he makes his meal of stalactites

the small mountain reaches down to the river
green hills and steep cliffs are surrounded by clear water
i follow the white-haired man as he moves
he drinks only one cup of liquid at the red break of day

he wanders over to some flowers, plays his lute, sits on the blue-green moss
the spring wind blows through the ivy covered trees
outside the southern windows rises the sighing of the pines
leaning on a rock wall i listen with a clean heart and ear

you can look out and see the white-haired man
but you cannot approach him
the eight scholars take him by the hand up into the five-colored clouds
what remains behind are the cassia trees and i, full of grief

murphy agape, witnessing a miracle

2/4/2011

li bai vii-12

song on the park of king xiao of liang

i embark on the huang he leaving for the capital
the sail is hoisted, but it is difficult to board because of the high waves
the sky is huge, the water wide, i hate the long journey
i ask about the ancient places as we come to the region of the ping tai balcony
this balcony awakens in this traveler a great many sad thoughts
drinking wine i write a song about the park of king xiao of liang
remembering the song of yuan ji from peng chi lake in he nan
especially his verse “the green water wells up in waves”

the waves rush in and prevent me from viewing the old country
the road is long, when will i return to the west again
who among us understands that life has no time for grief
let us drink good wine and climb the high tower
on the flat roof is a slave waving a large fan
in the fifth month it is not yet hot, more like a cool autumn
on platters of jade strawberries are set before us
the salt of wu looks like flowers and is glossy white like snow
we reach for the salt and take up the wine in unadulterated joy
are we not imitating bo yi and shu qi in their service to sublime virtue

the people of antiquity valued xin ling zhun as a hero
yet today men plow and sow the ground over his grave
the wandering moon over the mountains shines down only on forgotten ruins
the trees have become old and are lost in the clouds that rise from cang wu
where today lies the palace of the king of liang
mei sheng and xu ma xiang ru have come and failed to find the spot
shadows of dances, sounds of songs, all melted away in the floods of the clear lake
everything else has washed into the bien river to the east toward the sea

lost in thought, humming to myself, tears soaking my clothes
i will buy yellow gold in a frenzy since i cannot return home
i throw the highest score of five-white twice in the game of six stones
torn in two, drunk with wine, i stay to see the dawn
i sing and play
my thoughts wander into the distance
i think suddenly of xian an in the eastern mountains
thinking of helping his people before it became too late

murphy maudlin in his cups

2/5/2011 9:08 AM

li bai vii-13

song of ming gao mountain escorting cen as he leaves to report to the emperor

the mountain spirit in the rhapsodies of chu thinks of ming gao mountain
he is slowed by the accumulated snow, his heart is in turmoil
he fears he cannot cross the great river
the ice floes are like dragon scales and leave no room for a small boat
how incomparably high, reaching to the sky, is the essence of the mountain
we hear with great clarity the sounds of heaven come down
the white shining glacier rests on the crest
it is ridged and buckled like the great waves in the sea
and the waves of the ocean are sore troubled
the dark monkey and the black bear
hang their tongues high up on the mountain
as swaying branches loosen stones to slide and fall
the heart is made to tremble, the soul is in fear
the rocks jut their jagged presence blocking the way
it is believed that the stars themselves hang from the sharp ridges

i give you escort on the day of your return to the palace
this gives birth to this new song of the ming gao mountain
drums and wind instruments are played, strings are plucked
a banquet is given on the balcony by the banks of the clear, cool lake
are you not going, why are you waiting here
you are like the yellow goose who is still looking around
you incorporate within yourself all the flowers in the gardens of the king of liang
you have brought your great talents to to bear on the country east of the lo river
and i sincerely trust your curtained carriage will carry you past all obstacles
you will pass through secluded locations and over the steepest mountains
you will play your guitar as you pass through wind-blown pines of quiet valleys

i look upon you and see you disappear, my heart fills to overflowing
climbing ivy covers all in a great darkness, hail falls in abundance
water shoots across in front of the cave and tumbles to the ground below
a tiger roars in the valley and brings a tempest with it
the dragon lies hidden in the ravine and spits out clouds
the lone crane sends its shrill voice ringing through the trees
the flying squirrel squeals its cries of hunger
one's soul is isolated in this desolate loneliness
and shrinks from the mountainous wasteland in great distress

chickens rush together in great numbers to fight for their food
the phoenix flies alone and has no companion
the lizard makes fun of the dragon
the fisheye is confused with the pearl
the ugly concubine mo mu is dressed in brocade
the beautiful xi shi carries with her a full load of firewood

if chao fu and xu yu were in their official robes, shackled
it would be as when kui and lung were toiling in a street tavern
following their passion in the affairs of state
why weep piteously and thereby help chu
why laugh boastfully and send qin into retreat
i really cannot understand the two men
buying glory by sacrificing honor to dazzle the world
rather i would leave and throw my body into the river
the white gull has flown
to be with you forever, my friend

murphy resigning as principal rather than associate with the others

2/7/2011 11:13 AM

li bai vii-14

song of the ming gao mountain given to my elderly relative li qing at his farewell banquet as he returns to wu yai

i remember as if it were yesterday i was dreaming of my return to ming gao
my hand was disturbing the reflection of the white moon in the reflection pool
when i awoke, i was lying on cushions and mats and not the emerald green mountain
full of longing i looked to the east blocked by the mountains of qin
there in the spring of my life i worked in the unicorn towers
and as i write i remember the beauty of yi yang and its mountains
the wind rustled through the dark pines of the old paths there
it fluttered the green flowers of the flax as if they were a lawn of silk

in my house lives an old immortal who loves the pure and true
in knowledge and calligraphy he surpasses the ancients
he will rest on ming gao mountain, far from the dust of the world
but "on ming gao mountain" is vague, where is it

there, there where the water shoots over the five walls of the gorge
there, there hard by the path of the wood gatherers
he will wear a coat of green clouds
and his sleeves will brush aside the purple mists

if your journey should take you to the song mountain
think of me and stop to pick some flowers
there, there from the local birch trees which blossom three times a year

murphy honoring his grandfather and his wisdom

2/7/2011 11:36 AM

li bai vii-15

the song of the lao lao pavilion

the lao lao pavilion in nan ging is a hall for farewell banquets
it is enclosed by lush vines where it sits by the side of the road
feelings for old friends do not disappear as the eastward waters do
in this pavilion there is always a plaintive wind through silver poplars
in my mind i climb into a simple boat with xie ling yun
and sing with a clear voice "bright snow flies at night over the current"
once on the island of cattle xie shang listened while yuan hong sang
the frosted bamboo move in the autumn moonlight
i lie alone behind the curtain and give myself a long time dream

murphy thinking of the long ago times back in college

2/8/2011 9:10 AM

li bai vii-16

the six heng jiang songs (where sun cu defeated liu yu) (1)

people say that heng jiang was magnificent

i say that heng jiang was ugly

when the wind blows down from the mountain for three days

white waves rise higher than the pagoda of the wa guan temple

murphy detesting the necessity for warfare

2/8/2011 12:02 PM

li bai vii-17

the six heng jiang songs (where sun cu defeated liu yu) (2)

the tide of the sea on its way south reaches up to xun yang
the rocks of the island of cattle have always been as dangerous as ma dang mountain
when you examine the stream at heng jiang the current, wind, and waves are loathsome
the entire stream has still a thousand miles more of suffering to endure

murphy forced to use an old word “eldritch” to communicate his fears

2/8/2011 12:12 PM

li bai vii-18

the six heng jiang songs (where sun cu defeated liu yu) (3)

heng jiang faces west and has as its main problem the streams coming from the west
the han river joins its course here with the great yang zi
how can any man hope to navigate the white mountain-high waves
all sailors fear they will be killed here by this wild maelstrom

murphy opting out of the white water rafting and seeking a cozy bar

2/8/2011 12:25 PM

li bai vii-19

the six heng jiang songs (where sun cu defeated liu yu) (4)

the sea god brings with him the return of an evil wind
the waves pound the tian men mountain and split the rocks
even the che river during the storms of the 8th month isn't this rough
waves here are like endless mountains with whitecaps of snow

murphy awed by the rumble of niagara falls

2/8/2011 12:34 PM

li bai vii-20

the six heng jiang songs (where sun cu defeated liu yu) (5)

the guard at the rest house at heng jiang speaks to me
he points out the clouds in the east rising from the sea
he asks “why do you wish to cross the river here?”
where the wind and the waves are so powerful, it cannot be done

murphy hell bent on racing his motorcycle

2/8/2011 12:40 PM

li bai vii-21

the six heng jiang songs (where sun cu defeated liu yu) (6)

the moon shines on the courtyard, the wind blasts from heaven, but the fog stays
the whale rushes in from the east pushing the hundred rivers back in their courses
here the waves rise and shake the three mountains at nan ging
oh, friend, pray do not set out over the river, return to the homeland!

murphy deciding discretion is the true virtue when danger looms

2/8/2011 12:46 PM

li bai vii-22

written in the moonlight atop the western gate tower in jin ling

the night here in jin ling was still but now there is a cool breeze
alone i climb the lookout tower to look out on wu and yue
ripples in the water cause reflections to beat against the wall
the glistening dew pearls in the autumn moonlight

under the moon i linger deep in thought, then turn to go home
rarely do we see what links us to the ancient world
by this i mean “the clear stream which shimmers like white silk”
the poem where these words occur is now fresh in my mind

murphy quoting yeats to back up his argument about meter

2/9/2011 8:28 AM

li bai vii-23

the song of east mountain

i walked with a young maiden on east mountain
i was thinking of xie an in longing and with sorrow
this young woman beamed like moonlight in the spring
his young woman lies in a cold forgotten tomb covered by weeds
his dream of a white partridge was 300 years ago
i sacrificed wine and sprinkled it for his spirit and his beauty
later awakened from drunkenness i danced like a tartar
the autumn wind blew my purple silk skullcap off my head
he has had his time, and now i shall have mine

murphy reminding himself to think of the moment and less about the past

2/9/2011 8:45 AM

li bai vii-24

the song of da shi

the order name of the buddhist monk da shi was sam ha
i spoke with him about the three schools of buddhism
in these discussions he has recited many sutras
yet what he added in his own words was even more instructive

this monk originally lived in southern india
and he came to china to study ascetism
his own writings had the clarity of the moonlit skies of autumn
his heart as pure as the lotus blooming from the mud of the world

his thoughts were sincere and clear
his appearance striking
his being was in balance
but not overdone and friendly

in his begging bowl he had thousand year old bone relics
in his hands he held a 10,000 year old fir walking stick
it is a pity i had such a short time leading the vagabond life
and so had too few discussions with him about the emptiness of life

a word from him filled one with remorse for capital sins
an admonition given twice made even a slight sin impossible

murphy sitting on the ledge waiting for his vision

2/9/2011 12:39 PM

li bai vii-25

the song of white clouds for liu (16th of his clan) as he leaves to return to the mountains

over the mountains of chu, over the mountains of qin, white clouds float
everywhere there are these white clouds to follow you
steadfastly they will follow you
when you enter the mountains of chu
the clouds will follow you there also
when you move beyond the xiang river
the clouds will be above the stream
they are as attached as the mistletoe on spruce
that is how they find their peace
my friend, you must return, and soon

murphy, as usual, called upon to make the benediction

2/9/2011 12:52 PM

li bai vii-26

the song of jin ling, taking leave of fan xuan

the shi tou mountain looms like a crouching tiger
i am with you on the blue waters on top of the waves
the changing forms of the zhong mountains writhe like dragons
beautiful colors are sprinkled throughout the trees of li yang

more than 40 emperors ruled here in jin ling, for over 300 years
the waters have carried their fame, the traces of their very being, east to the sea
for suddenly hou jing came riding in on his white horse
bringing, in the reign of the tai qing period, the disastrous siege of jin ling

oh, how powerful was jin ling during the time of the six dynasties
yet nothing is left of those noble and brave men who were there
the uniforms and bodies of the public servants dissipated like smoke and fog
the throne of gold encrusted with precious stones plundered and gone

upon the sword buckled to my waist i swear, and, in vain, sing of my sorrow
bleached bones of the chen and liang dynasties lie twisted together here like discarded hemp
heaven's son chen shu bao hid in the jing yang palace like a dragon in its well
who sings now of the jade trees and the flowers of the imperial harem

this country's heart rending sorrow is beyond our knowing
for all we have before our eyes now is the richness of spring's glory
my heart accompanies you on your journey away on the river for thousands of miles
years from now, when you return, ask for me, the old hermit on the southern mountain

murphy always saying goodbye to his students leave him

2/10/2011 12:24 PM

li bai vii-27

the song of laughter

laugh out loud, laugh ha ha
do you not see it
bend your back like a sickle
the ancients knew how to be appointed a duke or an earl
keep yourself straight as a taut string
the ancients knew you would die in the field
zhang yi needed only a three inch tongue
su qin did not even have two acres to farm

laugh full loud, laugh ha ha
do you not see it
the old man from zang lang sings a song
“ i always return to wash my feet in zang lang”
for his entire life he was not accorded his worth
whereas li sao wrote and abandoned his people for his studies

laugh out loud, laugh ha ha
in xiao there arose yu xiang
qu ping of chu bartered his life
and bought a thousand year glory with it
what purpose did chao yu have for washing his ear
and why did yi and qi have to die of starvation
there was certainly no perfection they could achieve

you love fame, i love to keep wine around
when i drink wine i hear only glad tidings
but smug vainglory, what does it bring
a man poor and good also has his day

i greet princes, but a prince does not greet me
a royal tiger does not see the meat on the cutting board
small tacks are not formed in a large blast furnace

laugh full loud, laugh ha ha
ning wu zi! zhu mai chun!
they sang as they went along
beating the rhythm on a horn
carrying brushwood on their backs
today i met the prince and he did not know me
why should i not treat madmen the same

murphy keeping down to escape the flying bullets

2/14/2011 9:26 AM

li bai vii-28

the song of sorrow

sorrow and woe; oh, sorrow and woe
host you have wine but pour it not
hear the song of sorrow i sing
yet i will laugh as i sing it
no one on earth knows my heart
host, you have many buckets of wine
i give voice to long words of sadness
the song, the wine, both, together
a cup is worth a thousand ounces of gold

sorrow and woe; oh, sorrow and woe
if the sky is to exist for a long time
then the earth must also be kept steady
a hall full of gold and precious stones cannot protect you
you can enjoy wealth and high position for a hundred years
what is that; the law of death ending life applies to everyone
the lonely ape on the grave mound complains to the moon at night
now we have this wine in our cups
drink!

sorrow and woe; oh, sorrow and woe
the phoenix is not coming here
the stream does not bring a sign of divination
wei zi left the country
zhi zi was a slave
the han emperor abandoned his generals
li, the king of chu, banished the great qu

sorrow and woe; oh, sorrow and woe
li si in the qin was quick to repent
i wish glory and fame to stay far away from me
how fan zi loved the five seas
if you are successful then you withdraw
a sword can be used for one thing only
books will teach you nothing but names and dynasties
hui shi had thousands of war wagons
bu shi, regal though he was, did not make a classic ruler

delay becoming a high official when your hair is still black
but do not delay learning until your hair is white

murphy wanting it all to do over again

2/15/2011 8:34 AM