

# **Chinese Poems**

## **Translated**

# **Into English**

**Alan Steinle and Friends**

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## CONTENTS

杜甫 (Du Fu)	3
月夜 (Moonlit Night)	3
对雪 (The Snow Is My Only Companion)	4
秋雨叹三首 (一) (Grieving the Autumn Rains)	5
李白 (Li Bai)	6
黃鶴樓送孟浩然之廣陵 (At the Tower of the Yellow Crane, Saying Goodbye to Meng Haoran, Who Is Leaving for Guangling Province)	6
静夜思 (Thoughts on a Quiet Night)	7

## 月夜

杜甫

今夜鄜州月  
闺中只独看  
遥怜小儿女  
未解忆长安  
香雾云鬟湿  
清辉玉臂寒  
何时倚虚幌  
双照泪痕干

### **Moonlit Night**

Du Fu

The moon shines brightly on Fuzhou tonight.  
Alone in her room, she looks at the light.

She pities her children, so far from their dad.  
She misses Chang'an—she's lonely and sad.

Her long supple hair with perfume is sprayed.  
The clear moon shines on cool arms of jade.

When, near the curtain, will our hearts soar?  
We'll sit in the moonlight, tears falling no more!

## 对雪

杜甫

战哭多新鬼  
愁吟独老翁  
乱云低薄暮  
急雪舞回风  
瓢弃樽无绿  
炉存火似红  
数州消息断  
愁坐正书空

### **The Snow Is My Only Companion**

Du Fu

After the battle, we mourn for the dead.  
I'm old and alone, grief filling my head.

Dark, ominous clouds are filtering down.  
The cold wind and snow are swirling around.

There is no wine left in the calabash bowl,  
but the stove is still hot from the smoldering coal.

The news cannot reach us from our dearest kin.  
I sit down to write, but I cannot begin.

## 秋雨叹三首 (一)

杜甫

雨中百草秋烂死  
阶下决明颜色鲜  
著叶满枝翠羽盖  
开花无数黄金钱  
凉风萧萧吹汝急  
恐汝后时难独立  
堂上书生空白头  
临风三嗅馨香泣

### Grieving the Autumn Rains

Du Fu

The grass has decayed from all the rain we've seen,  
but the cassia below the steps remains bright green.

Your feather-like leaves escaped the autumn showers.  
Like golden coins are your many blooming flowers.

You can feel the bitter wind's persistent attack.  
Can your stalk endure the force, or will it crack?

Above the steps, I let down my graying hair.  
I smell the fragrant cassia, but I feel despair.

## 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，  
唯見長江天際流。

## **At the Tower of the Yellow Crane, Saying Goodbye to Meng Haoran, Who Is Leaving for Guangling Province**

Li Bai

I say farewell to my departing friend.  
The spring has come, and seeds like mists descend.  
The lonely boat sails past my vision's end.  
There's nothing left where sky and river blend.

## 静夜思

李白

床前明月光  
疑是地上霜  
举头望明月  
低头思故乡

## Thoughts on a Quiet Night

Li Bai

Before my couch, the light shines all around.  
It looks like silver frost upon the ground.  
I look up at the moon, both bright and round.  
My head then falls, my homesickness profound.