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章八句



閟睢三章一章四句二章

THE BOOK OF POETRY

JAMES LEGGE

Global Grey ebooks

THE BOOK OF POETRY

TRANSLATED BY
JAMES LEGGE

1931

The Book Of Poetry By James Legge.

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CONTENTS

Preface

PART 1. LESSONS FROM THE STATES

Book 1. The Odes Of Chou And The South

Book 2. The Odes Of Shao And The South

Book 3. The Odes Of P'ei

Book 4. The Odes Of Yung

Book 5. The Odes Of Wei

Book 6. The Odes Of The Royal Domain

Book 7. The Odes Of Chêng

Book 8. The Odes Of Ch'I

Book 9. The Odes Of Wei

Book 10. The Odes Of T'Ang

Book 11. The Odes Of Ch'In

Book 12. The Odes Of Ch'Ên

Book 13. The Odes Of Kuei

Book 14. The Odes Of Ts'ao

Book 15. The Odes Of Pin

PART 2. MINOR ODES OF THE KINGDOM

Book 1. Decade Of Lu Ming

Book 2. The Decade Of Pai Hua

Book 3. The Decade Of T'ung Kung

Book 4. The Decade Of Ch'i Fu

Book 5. The Decade Of Hsiao Min

Book 6. The Decade Of Pei Shan

Book 7. Decade Of Sang Hu

Book 8. The Decade Of Tu Jên Shih

PART 3. GREATER ODES OF THE KINGDOM

Book 1. Decade Of King Wên

Book 2. Decade Of Shêng Min

Book 3. Decade Of Tang

PART 4. ODES OF THE TEMPLE AND THE ALTAR

BOOK 1. SACRIFICIAL ODES OF CHOU

Section 1. Decade Of Ch'Ing Miao

Section 2. The Decade Of Ch'en Kung

Section 3. The Decade Of Min Yü Hsiao Tzŭ

Book 2. The Praise Odes Of Lu

Book 3. The Sacrificial Odes Of Shang

PREFACE

IN the third chapter of the Prolegomena the author has endeavoured to state clearly the principles on which the metrical version of the Book of China's ancient poetry, published in the present volume, has been made, and will only repeat here that his readers will find in it, in an English dress, the Chinese poems themselves, and not others composed by paraphrase from them. It remains for him to relate how he came to undertake the work, and the assistance that he has received in completing it.

While preparing his larger and critical work on the She, published at Hong-Kong in 1871, though, as he has stated in the chapter referred to, he did not think that the collection as a whole was worth the trouble of versifying; it often occurred to him that not a few of the pieces were well worth that trouble; and if he had had the time to spare, he would then have undertaken it. Occupied with other Chinese classics, the subject of versifying any portion of the She passed from his mind until he received in the spring of 1874, from his nephew, the Rev. John Legge, M.A., of Brighton in Victoria, Australia, a suggestion that he should bring out a metrical version of the whole Book. To encourage him to do so, his nephew promised his own assistance, and that of his brother, the Rev. James Legge, M.A., of Hanley, Staffordshire, while another helper might be found in the Rev. Alexander Cran, M.A., of Fairfield, near Manchester.

A plan for the versification of all the pieces was drawn out in harmony with this suggestion, and the principles on which the versions should be made were laid down. Various causes, however, operated to prevent each of his helpers from doing all the portion that had been assigned to him, and many of the versions which were sent had to be altogether set aside. Fully three-fourths of the volume are the author's own, while he had much to do in revising the other fourth. To all his three associates he tenders his most cordial thanks. Many of the pieces have a beauty which they would not have possessed but for them; and several of them—of those especially from Australia—as they came to him, glowed with more of the fire of poetry than they now show.

To another gentleman he has also to acknowledge his great obligation. When he was beginning to see the end of his task, he asked his old Hong Kong friend, W. T. Mercer, Esq., M.A. Oxford, to read and revise his manuscript before it went to the press. He knew he could not have a kinder critic, nor an abler, -as all will say who are acquainted with Mr. Mercer's own volume of "Under the Peak; or, Jottings in Verse, during a lengthened residence in the Colony of Hong-Kong," published in 1869.

Mr. Mercer kindly acceded to the request, and went over every one of the pieces, pruning, correcting, and smoothing the versification, and making otherwise various suggestions. He recast some of the pieces in the first Part. The author has appended two of his recastings to his own versions, and 1. ii. V. should have been mentioned as entirely his. In other cases it was found advisable to remake the pieces. To Mr. Mercer also the Work is indebted, as the reader will perceive, for Latin versions of some of the pieces.

Two metrical versions in German of the old Chinese poems have existed for a good many years. The one was published at Altona, in 1833, with the title:—"Schi-King, Chinesisches Liederbuch, gesammelt von Confucius, dem Deutschen angeeignet von Friedrich Rückert;" the other at Crefeld, in 1844, with the title:—"Schi-King, oder Chinesische Lieder, gesammelt von Confucius. Neu und frei nach P. La Charne's lateinischer Uebertragung bearbeitet. Für's deutsche Volk herausgegeben von Johann Cramer." Of these the former by Rückert has much the greater merit, and the second translator had it constantly before him. The present version, however, is under no obligation to either, nor can a comparison be instituted between it and them. Cramer says that his version was "freely" made from Lacharme's Latin translation; nor had Rückert any other original. Of the character of Lacharme's translation the author has spoken in the preface to his larger Work.

122, King Henry's Road, London,
April, 1876.

PART 1. LESSONS FROM THE STATES

BOOK 1. THE ODES OF CHOU AND THE SOUTH

I

The *Kuan Chü*; mainly allusive. Celebrating the virtue of the bride of King Wên, his quest for her, and welcoming her to his palace.

1 Hark! from the islet in the stream the voice
Of the fish hawks that o'er their nest rejoice!
From them our thoughts to that young lady go,
Modest and virtuous, loth herself to show.
Where could be found, to share our prince's state
So fair, so virtuous, and so fit a mate?

2 See how the duckweed's stalks, or short or long,
Sway left and right, as moves the current strong!
So hard it was for him the maid to find!
By day, by night, our prince with constant mind
Sought for her long, but all his search was vain.
Awake, asleep, he ever felt the pain
Of longing thought, as when on restless bed,
Tossing about, one turns his fevered head.

3 Here long, there short, afloat the duckweed lies;
But caught at last, we seize the longed-for prize.
The maiden modest, virtuous, coy, is found;
Strike every lute, and joyous welcome sound.
Ours now, the duckweed from the stream we bear,
And cook to use with other viands rare.
He has the maiden, modest, virtuous, bright;
Let bells and drums proclaim our great delight.

II

The *Ko T'an*; narrative. Celebrating the industry and dutifulness of King Wên's queen.

1 Sweet was the scene. The spreading dolichos
Extended far, down to the valley's depths,

With leaves luxuriant. The orioles
 Fluttered around, and on the bushy trees
 In throngs collected,—whence their pleasant notes
 Resounded far in richest melody.

2 The spreading dolichos extended far,
 Covering the valley's sides, down to its depths,
 With leaves luxuriant and dense. I cut
 It down, then boiled, and from the fibers span
 Of cloth, both fine and coarse, large store,
 To wear, unwearied of such simple dress.

3 Now back to my old home, my parents dear
 To see, I go. The matron I have told,
 Who will announcement make. Meanwhile my clothes,
 My private clothes I wash, and rinse my robes.
 Which of them need be rinsed? and which need not?
 My parents dear to visit, back I go.

III

The *Chüan Êrh*; narrative. Lamenting the absence of a cherished friend,
 probably of a husband.

1 Though small my basket, all my toil
 Filled it with mouse-ears but in part.
 I set it on the path, and sighed
 For the dear master of my heart.

2 My steeds, o'ertasked, their progress stayed,
 When midway up that rocky height.
 Give me a cup from that gilt vase,
 When shall this longing end in sight?

3 To mount that lofty ridge I drove,
 Until my steeds all changed their hue.
 A cup from that rhinoceros' horn
 May help my longing to subdue.

4 Striving to reach that flat-topped hill,
 My steeds, worn out, relaxed their strain;
 My driver also sank oppressed:
 I'll never see my lord again!

IV

The *Chiu Mu*; allusive. Celebrating T'ai Ssü's freedom from jealousy, and offering fervent wishes for her happiness.

1 In the south are the trees whose branches are bent,
 And droop in such fashion that o'er their extent
 All the dolichos' creepers fast cling.
 See *our* princely lady, from whom we have got
 Rejoicing that's endless! May her happy lot
 And her honors repose ever bring!

2 In the south are the trees whose branches are bent,
 And droop in such fashion that o'er their extent
 All the dolichos' creepers are spread.
 See our princely lady, from whom we have got
 Rejoicing that's endless! Of her happy lot
 And her honors the greatness ne'er fade!

3 In the south are the trees whose branches are bent,
 And droop in such fashion that o'er their extent
 All the dolichos' creepers entwine.
 See our princely lady, from whom we have got
 Rejoicing that's endless. May her happy lot
 And her honors complete ever shine!

V

The *Chung Ssü*; metaphorical. The fruitfulness of the locust; supposed to celebrate Tai Ssü's freedom from jealousy.

1 Ye locusts, wingèd tribes,
 Gather in concord fine;

Well your descendants may
In numerous bright hosts shine!

2 Ye locusts, wingèd tribes,
Your wings in flight resound;
Well your descendants may
In endless lines be found!

3 Ye locusts, wingèd tribes,
Together cluster strong;
Well your descendants may
In swarms forever throng!

VI

The *T'ao Yao*; allusive. Praise of a bride going to her future home.

1 Graceful and young the peach tree stands;
How rich its flowers, all gleaming bright!
This bride to her new home repairs;
Chamber and house she'll order right.

2 Graceful and young the peach tree stands;
Large crops of fruit it soon will show.
This bride to her new home repairs;
Chamber and house her sway shall know.

3 Graceful and young the peach tree stands,
Its foliage clustering green and full.
This bride to her new home repairs;
Her household will attest her rule.

VII

The *T'u Chüeh*; allusive, or narrative. Praise of a rabbit catcher as fit to be a prince's mate.

1 Careful he sets his rabbit nets all round;
Clang, clang his blows upon the pegs resound.

Stalwart the man and bold! his bearing all
Shows he might be his prince's shield and wall.

2 Careful he is his rabbit nets to place,
Where many paths of rabbits' feet bear trace.
Stalwart the man and bold! 'tis plain to see
He to his prince companion good would be.

3 Careful he is his rabbit nets to spread,
Where in the forest's depth the trees give shade.
Stalwart the man and bold! fit his the part
Guide to his prince to be, and faithful heart.

VIII

The *Fou I*; narrative. The song of the plantain gatherers.

1 We gather and gather the plantains;
Come gather them anyhow.
Yes, gather and gather the plantains,
And here we have got them now.

2 We gather and gather the plantains;
Now off the ears we must tear.
Yes, gather and gather the plantains,
And now the seeds are laid bare.

3 We gather and gather the plantains,
The seeds in our skirts are placed.
Yes, gather and gather the plantains,
Ho! safe in the girdled waist.

IX

The *Han Kuang*; allusive and metaphorical. The virtuous manners of the young women about the Han and Kiang rivers.

1 High and compressed, the southern trees
No shelter from the sun afford.

The girls free ramble by the Han,
 But will not hear enticing word.
 Like the broad Han are they,
 Through which one cannot dive;
 And like the Kiang's long stream,
 Wherewith no raft can strive.

2 Many the fagots bound and piled;
 The thorns I'd hew still more to make.
 As brides, those girls their new homes seek;
 Their colts to feed I'd undertake.
 Like the broad Han are they,
 Through which one cannot dive;
 And like the Kiang's long stream,
 Wherewith no raft can strive.

3 Many the fagots bound and piled;
 The southernwood I'd cut for more.
 As brides, those girls their new homes seek;
 Food for their colts I'd bring large store.
 Like the broad Han are they,
 Through which one cannot dive;
 And like the Kiang's long stream,
 Wherewith no raft can strive.

X

The Ju Fên; mainly narrative. The affection of the wives on the Ju, and their solicitude about their husbands' honor.

1 Along the raised banks of the Ju,
 To hew slim stein and branch I wrought,
 My lord away, my husband true,
 Like hunger pang my troubled thought!

2 Along the raised banks of the Ju,
 Branch and fresh shoot confessed my art.
 I've seen my lord, my husband true,
 And still he folds me in his heart.

3 As the toiled bream makes red its tail,
 Toil you, sir, for the royal house,
 Amidst its blazing fires, nor quail:—
 Your parents see you pay your vows.

XI

The *Lin Chih Chih*; allusive. Celebrating the goodness of the offspring and descendants of King Wên.

1 As the feet of the *lin*, which avoid each living thing,
 So our prince's noble sons no harm to men will bring.
They are the lin!

2 As the front of the *lin*, never forward thrust in wrath,
 So our prince's noble grandsons of love tread the path.
They are the lin!

3 As the horn of the *lin*, flesh-tipped, no wound to give,
 So our prince's noble kindred kindly with all live.
They are the lin!

BOOK 2. THE ODES OF SHAO AND THE SOUTH

I

The *Ch'iao Ch'ao*; allusive: Celebrating the marriage of a princess to the prince of another state.

1 In the magpie's nest
Dwells the dove at rest.
This young bride goes to her future home;
To meet her a hundred chariots come.

2 Of the magpie's nest
Is the dove possest.
This bride goes to her new home to live;
And escort a hundred chariots give.

3 The nest magpie wove
Now filled by the dove.
This bride now takes to her home her way;
And this numerous cars her state display.

II

The *Ts'ai Fan*; narrative. The industry and reverence of a prince's wife, assisting him in sacrificing.

1 Around the pools, the islets o'er,
Fast she plucks white southernwood,
To help the sacrificial store;
And for our prince does service good.

2 Where streams among the valleys shine,
Of southernwoods she plucks the white;
And brings it to the sacred shrine,
To aid our prince in solemn rite.

3 In headdress high, most reverent, she
The temple seeks at early dawn.

The service o'er, the headdress see
To her own chamber slow withdrawn.

III

The *Ts'ao Ch'ung*; narrative. The wife of some great officer bewails his absence on duty, and longs for the joy of his return.

1 Shrill chirp the insects in the grass;
All about the hoppers spring.
While I my husband do not see,
Sorrow must my bosom wring.
O to meet him!
O to greet him!
Then my heart would rest and sing.

2 Ascending high that southern hill,
Turtle ferns I strove to get.
While I my husband do not see,
Sorrow must my heart beset.
O to meet him!
O to greet him!
Then my heart would cease to fret.

3 Ascending high that southern hill,
Spinous ferns I sought to find.
While I my husband do not see,
Rankles sorrow in my mind.
O to meet him!
O to greet him!
Then my heart would peace be shrined.

IV

The *Ts'ai Pin*; narrative. The diligence and reverence of the young wife of an officer, doing her part in sacrificial offerings.

1 She gathers fast the large duckweed,
 From valley stream that southward flows;
 And for the pondweed to the pools
 Left on the plains by floods she goes.

2 The plants, when closed her toil, she puts
 In baskets round and baskets square.
 Then home she hies to cook her spoil,
 In pans and tripods ready there.

3 In sacred chamber this she sets,
 Where the light falls down through the wall.
 'Tis she, our lord's young reverent wife,
 Who manages this service all.

V

The *Kan T'ang*; narrative. The love of the people for the memory of the duke of Shao makes them love the trees beneath which he had rested.

1 O fell not that sweet pear tree!
 See how its branches spread.
 Spoil not its shade,
 For Shao's chief laid
 Beneath it his weary head.

2 O clip not that sweet pear tree!
 Each twig and leaflet spare.
 'Tis sacred now,
 Since the lord of Shao,
 When weary, rested him there.

3 O touch not that sweet pear tree!
 Bend not a twig of it now.
 There long ago,
 As the stories show,
 Oft halted the chief of Shao.

VI

The *Hsing Lu*; narrative and allusive. A lady resists an attempt to force her to marry, and argues her cause.

1 The dew thick on the wet paths lay;
Thither at early dawn my way
I might have ta'en; but I said, "Nay.
The dew is thick, at home I'll stay."

2 You say that sparrow has a horn.—
How could it else bore through your house?
You say this trial is a proof
That I exchanged betrothal vows.
But though you've made me here appear in court,
Yet at betrothal what you did fell short.

3 You say the rat's teeth are complete.—
How could it else bore through your wall?
You say this trial proves my vows
Of plighted troth were perfect all.
But though to court you've forced me here to come,
My will is firm;—I'll not with you go home.

VII

The *Kao Yang*; narrative. The easy dignity of the officers at some court.

1 Arrayed in skins of lamb or sheep,
With five silk braidings all of white,
From court they go, to take their meal,
All self-possessed, with spirits light.

2 How on their skins of lamb or sheep
The five seams wrought with white silk show!
With easy steps, and self-possessed,
From court, to take their meal, they go.

3 Upon their skins of lamb or sheep
Shines the white silk the seams to link.

With easy steps and self-possessed,
They go from court to eat and drink.

VIII

The *Yin Ch'i Lei*; allusive. A lady's admiration of her husband absent on public service, and her longing for his return.

1 Grand in the south the thunder rolls,
Beyond that lofty hill.

Why must he go, nor dare to stay

Brief space at rest and still?

Absent my noble lord I mourn,

May he return! May he return!

2 Grand in the south the thunder rolls
Along that mountain's side.

Why must he go from this, nor dare

Brief time at rest to bide?

Absent my noble lord I mourn,

May he return! may he return!

3 Grand in the south the thunder rolls,
Around that mountain's base.

Why must he go from this, nor dare

Indulge himself a space?

Absent my noble lord I mourn,

May he return! may he return!

IX

The *Piao Yu Mei*; narrative. Anxiety of a young lady to get married.

1 Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;

Only seven tenths left there now!

Ye whose hearts on me are set,

Now the time is fortunate!

2 Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;
 Only three tenths left there now!
 Ye who wish my love to gain,
 Will not now apply in vain!

3 No more plums upon the bough!
 All are in my basket now!
 Ye who me with ardor seek,
 Need the word but freely speak!

X

The *Hsiao Hsing*; allusive. The thankful submission to their lot of the inferior members of a harem.

1 Behold those starlets small,
 How three or five the east illumine!
 Swiftly we came when fell the gloom,
 And now at dawn the hall
 Of the harêm we leave, nor dare gainsay
 Our lot which grants us here no longer stay.

2 Behold those starlets small,
 Orion and the Pleiads bright!
 Swiftly we came as failed the light,
 And here brought to the hall
 Our coverlets and sheets. Now we return,
 Nor our inferior lot presume to mourn.

XI

The *Chiang Yu Ssŭ*; allusive. Jealousy cured; the restoration of good feeling in a harem.

1 See how the Chiang's great branches flow,
 Here leave its stream, and there back go!
 When first our lady came as bride,
 She would not have us by her side.

She would not have us by her side;
But soon a better course she tried.

2 The islets part the Chiang's broad course,
Which soon resumes its wonted force.
When first as bride our lady came,
To be with us she thought it shame.
To be with us she thought it shame;
Erelong she knew she was to blame.

3 The T'ò streams, from the river led,
Flow devious, and rejoin its bed.
When first we saw our lady here,
She would not deign us to come near.
She would not deign us to come near;
But to a song she changed her sneer.

XII

The *Yeh Yu Ssŭ Chün*; allusive and narrative. A virtuous young lady resists the attempts of a seducer.

1 In the wild lies an antelope dead,
Wrapt up in a mat of white grass.
With her thoughts of the spring comes a maid,
Whom a treacherous fop watches pass.

2 Scrubby oaks grow the forest around;
In the wild there lies stretched a dead deer,
Close and tight with the white matting bound.
As a gem see the maiden appear.

3 "Hold thy hand, and beware, sir," she cries.
"Be thou civil, and haste not to wrong.
Meddle not with my handkerchief's ties.
Do not make my dog bark. Pass along."

XIII

The *Ho Pi Nung I*; allusive. The marriage of one of the royal princesses.

1 Of flowers in clusters large and gay,
How bright the sparrow plum's display!
In reverent harmony on glide
The chariots of the royal bride.

2 These flowers their clusters large and gay,
As of the peach or plum display.
This grandchild of the peaceful king
Joy to the marquis' son shall bring.

3 As threads of silk together twine,
To form the angler's faithful line;
So may the union close abide
Of gallant prince and royal bride!

XIV

The *Tsou Yü*; narrative. Celebrating some prince in the south for his benevolence.

1 Five boars collect where grow the rushes rank and strong;
He only sends one arrow all the five among.
Oh! the *Tsou Yü* is he!

2 Five pigs collect where grows the mugwort rank and strong;
He only sends one arrow all the five among.
Oh! the *Tsou Yü* is he!

BOOK 3. THE ODES OF P'EI

I

The Pai Chou; mostly narrative. An officer of worth bewails the neglect and contempt with which he was treated.

1 It floats about, that boat of cypress wood,
 Now here, now there, as by the current borne.
 Nor rest nor sleep comes in my troubled mood;
 I suffer as when painful wound has torn
 The shrinking body. Thus I dwell forlorn,
 And aimless muse, my thoughts of sorrow full.
 I might with wine refresh my spirit worn;
 I might go forth, and, sauntering try to cool
 The fever of my heart; but grief holds sullen rule.

2 My mind resembles not a mirror plate,
 Reflecting all th' impressions it receives.
 The good I love, the bad regard with hate;
 I only cherish whom my heart believes.
 Colleagues I have, but yet my spirit grieves,
 That on their honor I cannot depend.
 I speak, but my complaint no influence leaves
 Upon their hearts; with mine no feelings blend;
 With me in anger they, and fierce disdain contend.

3 My mind is fixed, and cannot, like a stone,
 Be turned at will indifferently about;
 And what I think, to that, and that alone,
 I utterance give, alike within, without;
 Nor can like mat be rolled and carried out.
 With dignity, in presence of them all,
 My conduct marked, my goodness who shall scout?
 My foes I boldly challenge, great and small,
 If there be aught in me they can in question call.

4 How full of trouble is my anxious heart!
 With hate the blatant herd of creatures mean

Ceaseless pursue. Of their attacks the smart
 Keeps my mind in distress. Their venom'd spleen
 Aye vents itself; and with insulting mien
 They vex my soul; and no one on my side
 A word will speak. Silent, alone, unseen,
 I think of my sad case; then opening wide
 My eyes, as if from sleep, I beat my breast, sore-tried.

5 Thy disk, O sun, should ever be complete,
 While thine, O changing moon, doth wax and wane.
 But now our sun hath waned, weak and effete,
 And moons are ever full. My heart with pain
 Is firmly bound, and held in sorrow's chain,
 As to the body cleaves an unwashed dress.
 Silent I think of my sad case; in vain
 I try to find relief from my distress.
 Would I had wings to fly where ills no longer press!

II

The *Lü I*, metaphorical and allusive. The complaint, sad but resigned, of a neglected wife.

1 When the upper robe is green,
 With a yellow lining seen,
 There we have a certain token
 Right is wronged and order broken.
 How can sorrow from my heart
 In a case like this depart?

2 Color green the robe displays;
 Lower garment yellow's blaze.
 Thus it is that favorite mean
 In the place of wife is seen.
 Vain the conflict with my grief;
 Memory denies relief.

3 Yes, 'twas you the green who dyed,
 You who fed the favorite's pride.

Anger rises in my heart,
 Pierces it as with a dart.
 But on ancient rules lean I,
 Lest to wrong my thoughts should fly.

4 Fine or coarse, if thin the dress,
 Cold winds always cause distress.
 Hard my lot, my sorrow deep,
 But my thoughts in check I keep.
 Ancient story brings to mind
 Sufferers who were resigned.

III

The *Yen Yen*; allusive and narrative. Chuang Chiang relates her grief at the departure of Tai Kuei, and celebrates that lady's virtue.

1 With wings, not level, spread,
 About the swallows stir.
 Homeward the lady sped,
 And I escorted her.
 And when away from sight she passed,
 Like rain, my tears came falling fast.

2 The swallows fly about,
 Now up, now down, they dart.
 She to her home set out,
 And I was loth to part.
 Her form when distance from me kept,
 Long time I stood, and silent wept.

3 Above, beneath, then cry
 The flying swallows vent.
 Homeward she passed, and I
 Far with her southwards went.
 Her form when distance from me bore
 With bitter grief my heart was sore.

4 This lady Chung loved me
 With feeling true and deep.
 Docile and good was she,
 Nor failed the light to keep.
 Unworthy me her deed and word
 Taught to respect our former lord.

IV

The *Jih Yüeh*; narrative. Chuang Chiang complains of, and appeals against, the bad treatment which she received from her husband.

- 1 O sun so bright, O moon so fair,
 This lower earth that light,
 Behold this man, so bold to dare
 Transgress the ancient right.
 How shall he fix his restless mind?
 Would he not then to me be kind?
- 2 O sun, O moon, whose shining vault
 O'erspreads this earth below,
 Behold this man, with willful fault,
 Kindness refuse to show.
 His restless mind how shall he turn?
 He could not then my fondness spurn.
- 3 O sun, O moon, in upper sphere,
 That from the east come forth,
 This man speaks phrases sounding fair,
 But all of little worth.
 Were but his mind to goodness set,
 He could not me so much forget.
- 4 O sun so bright, O moon so fair,
 That from the east forth come;
 O parents dear, whose tender care
 Ne'er comes in this new home;
 If fixed his mind, 'gainst reason sage
 He could not thus my heart outrage.

V

The *Chung Fêng*; metaphorical and allusive. Chuang Chiang bemoans the supercilious treatment which she received from her husband.

1 Fierce is the wind and cold;

And such is he.

Smiling he looks, and bold

Speaks mockingly.

Scornful and lewd his words,

Haughty his smile.

Bound is my heart with cords

In sorrow's coil.

2 As cloud of dust wind-blown,

Just such is he.

Ready he seems to own,

And come to me.

But he comes not nor goes,

Stands in his pride.

Long, long, with painful throes,

Grieved I abide.

3 Strong blew the wind; the cloud

Hastened away.

Soon dark again, the shroud

Covers the day.

I wake, and sleep no more

Visits my eyes.

His course I sad deplore,

With heavy sighs.

4 Cloudy the sky, and dark;

The thunders roll.

Such outward signs will mark

My troubled soul.

I wake, and sleep no more

Comes to give rest.

His course I sad deplore,
 In anguished breast.

VI

The Chi Ku; narrative. Soldiers of Wei bewail their separation from their families, and anticipate that it will be final.

1 List to the thunder and roll of the drum!
 See how we spring and brandish the dart!
 Some raise Ts'ao's walls; some do field work at home;
 But we to the southward lonely depart.

2 Our chief, Sun Tzŭ-chung, agreement has made,
 Our forces to join with Chen and with Sung.
 When shall we back from this service be led?
 Our hearts are all sad, our courage unstrung.

3 Here we are halting, and there we delay;
 Anon we soon lose our high-mettled steeds.
 The forest's gloom makes our steps go astray;
 Each thicket of trees our searching misleads.

4 For death as for life, at home or abroad,
 We pledged to our wives our faithfulest word.
 Their hands clasped in ours, together we vowed,
 We'd live to old age in sweetest accord.

5 This march to the south can end but in ill;
 Oh! never shall we our wives again meet.
 The word that we pledged we cannot fulfill;
 Us home returning they never will greet.

VII

The *K'ai Fêng*; metaphorical and allusive. Seven sons of some family in Wei blame themselves for the restless unhappiness of their mother.

1 On that jujube tree the wind,
 From the south, blows soft and kind,
 Till each twig, in inmost place,
 Swells with life, and shines with grace.
 O how great the toil and care
 'Twas our mother's lot to bear!

2 On that jujube tree the wind,
 From the south, blows soft and kind,
 Till its branches all are seen
 Bright and rich in living green.
 Wise our mother is and good;
 Goodness we have never showed.

3 See that cool and crystal spring,
 How its waters comfort bring,
 Welling forth the city near,
 All who dwell in Chün to cheer!
 Pained our mother is and tried,
 As if help we seven denied.

4 In their yellow plumage bright,
 Lovely gleam those birds to sight,
 And their notes fall on the ear,
 Rich and, oh! so sweet to hear.
 Seven sons we, without the art
 To compose our mother's heart!

VIII

The *Hsiung Chih*; allusive and narrative. A wife deploras the absence of her husband, and celebrates his virtue.

1 Away the startled pheasant flies,
 With lazy movement of his wings.
 Borne was my heart's lord from my eyes;—
 What pain the separation brings!

2 The pheasant, though no more in view,
 His cry, below, above, forth sends.
 Alas! my princely lord, 'tis you,—
 Your absence, that my bosom rends.

3 At sun and moon I sit and gaze,
 In converse with my troubled heart.
 Far, far from me my husband stays!
 When will he come to heal its smart?

4 Ye princely men, who with him mate,
 Say, mark ye not his virtuous way.
 His rule is—covet nought, none hate;—
 How can his steps from goodness stray?

IX

The *P'ao Yu K'u Yeh*, allusive and narrative. Against the licentious manners of Wei.

1 Its bitter leaves still hang upon the gourd;
 Deep is the water where we cross the ford.
 Conditions these which well might make them pause,
 But bent are they to break the heavenly laws!
 "We'll cross," they say; "if deep, clothes on go through;
 If shallow, holding up our clothes will do."

2 To overflowing full the ford appears;
 The female pheasant's cry salutes their ears.
 Now will they pause, nor tempt the foaming stream.
 In vain the warning; more intent they seem.
 "The depth," they say, "our axles will not wet,
 And by her cry the pheasant calls her mate."

3 In early morn, when 'gins to dawn the day,
 In spring, the ice not yet dissolved away,
 The gentleman, who home his wife would bring,
 Presents the goose, whose notes harmonious ring.

Such is the rule that virtue's law lays down;
And such the rule which I will ever own.

4 The boatman beckons, waving oft his hand;
And with him others cross, but I here stand.
Others may cross, but not with them I go;
I wait my friend, the proper time to show.
I dare not rush to gratify mere lust;
By virtue's law my lusts control I must.

X

The *Ku Fêng*; metaphorical, allusive, and narrative. The plaint of a wife supplanted by another, and rejected by her husband.

1 The east wind gently blows,
With cloudy skies and rain.
'Twixt man and wife should ne'er be strife,
But harmony obtain.
Radish and mustard plants
Are used, though some be poor;
While my good name is free from blame,
Don't thrust me from your door.

2 I go along the road,
Slow, with reluctant heart.
Your escort lame to door but came,
There glad from me to part.
Sow thistle, bitter called,
As shepherd's-purse is sweet;
With your new mate you feast elate,
As joyous brothers meet.

3 Part clear, the stream of Ching
Is foul beside the Wei.
You feast elate with your new mate,
And take no heed of me.
Loose mate, avoid my dam,
Nor dare my basket move!

Person slighted, life all blighted,
 What can the future prove?

4 The water deep, in boat,
 Or raft-sustained, I'd go;
 And where the stream did narrow seem,
 I dived or breasted through.
 I labored to increase
 Our means, or great or small;
 When 'mong friends near, death did appear,
 On knees to help I'd crawl.

5 No cherishing you give,
 I'm hostile in your eyes.
 As peddler's wares for which none cares,
 My virtues you despise.
 When poverty was nigh,
 I strove our means to spare;
 You, now rich grown, me scorn to own;
 To poison me compare.

6 The stores for winter piled.
 Are all unprized in spring.
 So now, elate with your new mate,
 Myself away you fling.
 Your cool disdain for me
 A bitter anguish hath.
 The early time, our love's sweet prime,
 In you wakes only wrath.

XI

The *Shih Wei*; narrative. The officers of some state, who were refugees and in distress in Wei, exhort their ruler to return with them.

1 At this low ebb! At this low ebb!
 Why not, O prince, return to Li?
 But for your sake, why bide we here,
 Houseless beneath the dew to be?

2 At this low ebb! At this low ebb!
 Why not to Li go back again?
 But for your person, how should we
 Here in the mire so long have lain?

XII

The *Mao Ch'iu*; allusive and narrative. The refugee ministers of Li complain of those of Wei for not assisting them.

1 On that high sloping mound,
 With joints now parted wide,
 The plants of dolichos
 Show here we long abide.
 Wei's nobles, whom we uncles style,
 Why thus delay on us to smile?

2 They rest and do not stir;—
 Do they allies expect?
 Wherefore protract the time?
 Why us so much neglect?
 Some reason they could surely plead
 For conduct, strange in this our need.

3 In chariots of the west,
 Hither from danger borne,
 In Wei we live depressed,
 Our fox furs frayed and worn.
 Ye nobles, uncles, sooth to say,
 For us no sympathy display.

4 A remnant small of Li,
 Driven from our proper home;
 Children dispersed, we hoped
 That help from Wei would come.
 Alas! though grand the robes you wear,
 You stop your ears against our prayer.

XIII

The *Chien Hsi*; narrative and allusive. Half in scorn, half in sorrow, an officer of Wei tells of the mean services in which he was employed.

1 With mind indifferent, things I easy take.
In every dance I prompt appearance make:—
Then, when the sun is at his topmost height;
There, in the place that courts the public sight.

2 With figure large I in the courtyard dance.
And the duke smiles, when he beholds me prance.
A tiger's strength I have; the steeds swift bound;
The reins as ribbons in my hands are found.

3 See how I hold the flute in my left hand;
In right the pheasant's plume, waved like a wand;
With visage red, where rouge you think to trace,
While the duke pleased, sends down the cup of grace!

4 Hazels on hills; the *ling* in meadow damp;—
Each has its place, while I'm a slighted scamp.
My thoughts go back to th' early days of Chou,
And muse upon its chiefs, not equaled now.
O noble chiefs, who then the west adorned,
Would ye have thus neglected me and scorned?

XIV

The *Ch'üan Shui*; allusive and narrative. A daughter of the house of Wei, married in another state, expresses her longing to revisit Wei.

1 As the streamlet from its spring
Flows into the river Ch'i,
So my daily thoughts on wing
Fly, my native Wei, to thee;
For I long with cousins there
Counsel sweet and love to share.

2 For a night, at Tzu I stayed;
 Drank the cup to Ni when come;
 Parents, brothers, farewell bade;—
 Such the fate on leaving home.
 Parents are not now alive;
 Aunts and sister still survive.

3 Lo! I hasten home again,
 Let the rushing chariot wheel
 Pause at Kan, and part at Yen,
 Pebbles flashing to its steel.
 Does my heart go far astray,
 Panting for its native Wei?

4 By the Fei-ch'üan's winding stream
 Daily sighing thought will stray.
 Hsü and Ts'ao in memory gleam,
 Broken glints of childhood's day.
 Spring, my horses! Speed, my wheels!
 Gone the grief my bosom feels!

XV

The *Pei Mên*; metaphorical and narrative. An officer of Wei sets forth, rather jestingly, his hard lot, and his silence under it in submission to Heaven.

1 My way leads forth by the gate on the north;
 My heart is full of woe.
 I hav'n't a cent, begged, stolen, or lent,
 And friends forget me so.
 So let it be! 'tis Heaven's decree.
 What can I say,—a poor fellow like me?

2 The king has his throne, sans sorrow or moan;
 On me fall all his cares,
 And when I come home, resolved not to roam,
 Each one indignant stares.

So let it be! 'tis Heaven's decree.
 What can I say,—a poor fellow like me?

3 Each thing of the king, and the fate of the state,
 On me come more and more.
 And when, sad and worn, I come back forlorn,
 They thrust me from the door.
 So let it be! 'tis Heaven's decree.
 What can I say,—a poor fellow like me?

XVI

The *Pei Fêng*; metaphorical and narrative. Some one of Wei presses his friends to leave the country with him at once, in consequence of the prevailing oppression and misery.

1 As when the north winds keenly blow,
 And all around fast falls the snow,
 The source of pain and suffering great,
 So now it is in Wei's poor state.
 Let us join hands and haste away,
 My friends and lovers all.
 'Tis not a time will brook delay;
 Things for prompt action call.

2 As when the north winds whistle shrill,
 And drifting snows each hollow fill,
 The source of pain and suffering great,
 So now it is in Wei's poor state.
 Let us join hands, and leave for aye,
 My friends and lovers all,
 'Tis not a time will brook delay;
 Things for prompt action call.

3 We look for red, and foxes meet;
 For black, and crows our vision greet.
 The creatures, both of omen bad,
 Well suit the state of Wei so sad.
 Let us join hands and mount our cars,

My friends and lovers all.
 No time remains for wordy jars;
 Things for prompt action call.

XVII

The *Ching Nü*; narrative. A gentleman deplores his disappointment in not being met by a lady according to engagement, and celebrates her gifts and beauty.

1 O sweet maiden, so fair and retiring,
 At the corner I'm waiting for you;
 And I'm scratching my head, and inquiring
 What on earth it were best I should do.

2 Oh! the maiden, so handsome and coy,
 For a pledge gave a slim rosy reed.
 Than the reed is she brighter, my joy;
 On her loveliness how my thoughts feed!

3 In the pastures a *t'i* blade she sought,
 And she gave it, so elegant, rare.
 Oh! the grass does not dwell in my thought,
 But the donor, more elegant, fair.

XVIII

The *Hsin T'ai*; allusive and narrative. Satirizing the marriage of Duke Hsüan and Hsüan Chiang.

1 The New tower, fresh and bright, they show,
 Where its vast volume rolls the Ho;—
 For bride a palace rare.
 To Wei she came, a mate to find;
 She sought a husband young and kind,
 But found this misshaped bear.

2 There stands the New tower grand and high,
 Where with still stream the Ho flows by;—

For bride a palace rare.
 To Wei she came, a mate to find;
 She sought a husband young and kind,
 But found this misshaped bear.

3 As when the net for fish they set,
 And lo! a goose ensnared they get,
 They stamp with sudden ire;
 So might she stamp who came to wed
 The genial son, and in his stead
 Got but the humpbacked sire.

XIX

The Erh Tsü Ch'êng Chou; narrative. Surmises as to the death of two sons of Duke Hsüan.

1 The two youths went into their boats,
 Whose shadow on the water floats.
 What evil to them came?
 Anxious and wondering, long we muse;
 Our hearts are tossed with tossing views.
 Some one must be to blame.

2 Into their boats the two youths passed,
 And on the stream were carried fast.
 What was there to alarm?
 With longing thought we fain would trace,
 The secret of their ill-starred race.
 Did they not come to harm?

BOOK 4. THE ODES OF YUNG

I

The *Po Chou*; allusive. Protest of a widow against being urged to marry again.

1 In the mid Ho that cypress boat floats free,
 While friends a second marriage press on me.
 I see my husband's youthful forehead there,
 And on it the twin tufts of falling hair.
 Rather than wed again I'll die, I swear!
 O mother dear, O Heaven supreme, why should
 You not allow my vow, and aid my purpose good?

2 Near to the bank that cypress boat floats free,
 While friends a second marriage press on me.
 He was my only one, with forehead fair,
 And on it the twin tufts of falling hair.
 Till death to shun the evil thing I swear!
 O mother dear, O Heaven supreme, why should
 You not allow my vow, and aid my purpose good?

II

The *Ch'iang Yu T'zū*; allusive. The things done in the harem of the palace of Wei were too shameful to be told.

1 As grows on wall the Tribulus,
 And 'gainst the brush retains its hold;
 So let what's in the harem done
 By us without remain untold.
 What must be told would tongue defile
 With things unfit for speech, and vile.

2 As grows on wall the Tribulus,
 Which vainly to remove we try;
 So let what's in the harem done
 By us without unspoken lie.

If on details we condescend,
The narrative would have no end.

3 As grows on wall the Tribulus,
And cannot in the sheaf be tied;
So let what's in the harem done
By us without untouched abide.
If truth were in the tale laid bare,
How foul a scene were painted there!

III

The *Chün Tzŭ Chieh Lao*; narrative. Contrast between the beauty and splendor of Hsüan Chiang and her viciousness.

1 Pledged to her husband, his alone to be;
With headdress high, cross pins, and jewels rare;
Her movements graceful, elegant, and free;
As mountain stately, with imposing air;
Majestic as a river, large and fair;
Her robes the various figured forms display.
Fit seems it she such pictured robes should wear!
But, lady, vain is all your grand array;
No claim to it can you, in virtue wanting, lay.

2 Her pheasant-figured robe resplendent shines,
Her hair, jet-black, cloudlike surmounts her head;
Her own, no false locks with it she entwines.
Then see her ear plugs, of the precious jade;
Her comb pin, of the finest ivory made;
And her high forehead, shining pure and white.
Like visitant come down from heaven, arrayed
In fashion thus, for sacrificial rite,—
Well may we goddess call her, and no earthly wight.

3 At court now see her, on occasions great,
To meet the ruler, or guests entertain!
As rich and splendid is her robe of state,
With muslin 'neath it of the finest grain,

Which takes the place of warmer garment plain.
 Her eyes are clear, with forehead broad and high,
 Which the full temples on each side sustain.
 With woman such as this how few can vie!
 The beauty of the land, she charms the gazing eye!

IV

The *Sang-chung*; narrative. A. gentleman boasts of his intimacy and intrigues with various noble ladies.

1 The gold thread to gather I'm going,
 Where in Wei it spreads over the tree;
 But my thoughts forever are flowing
 To the beauty who captive holds me,—
 To the eldest Chiang. Yes, it is she!
 Freely did she agree in Sang-chung,
 She would come to me here in Shang-kung,
 And then company keep with me on to the Ch'i.

2 For the wheat about Wei I'm going
 To the north where it grows in each part.
 But my thoughts forever are flowing
 To the beauty who rules in my heart,—
 To the eldest I. Yes, it is she!
 Freely did she agree in Sang-chung,
 She would come to me here in Shang-kung,
 And then company keep with me on to the Ch'i.

3 For the mustard plant I am going
 Where in Wei it grows over the east.
 But my thoughts forever are flowing
 To the beauty on whose love I feast,—
 To the eldest Yung. Yes, it is she!
 Freely did she agree in Sang-chung,
 She would come to me here in Shang-kung,
 And then company keep with me on to the Ch'i.

V

The *Shun Chih Pên Pên*; allusive. Against Hsüan Chiang and Chao Po, as worse than beasts.

1 How bold the quails together rush,
 Each fighting for his mate!
 How strong the magpies, battling fierce
 Upon the same debate!
 This man, without a trait that's good,
 Is stained by vicious crime;
 Yet him as brother I regard:—
 Alas! woe worth the time!

2 How strong the magpies, battling fierce,
 Each one to keep his mate!
 How fierce the quails together rush,
 Upon the same debate!
 This woman, with no trait that's good,
 Is stained by vicious crime,
 Yet her I hail as marchioness:—
 Alas! woe worth the time!

VI

The *Ting Chih Fang Chung*; narrative. The praise of Duke Wên: his diligence, foresight, sympathy with the people, and prosperity.

1 At dusk the *Ting* star passed on to the west,
 And field work for the year was laid to rest.
 At Ch'u the duke his palace took in hand,
 And by the sun fixed how its walls should stand.
 All round about he planted many a tree,—
 Hazels and chestnuts, *t'ung* and *tzŭ*, and *i*,
 And varnish trees. The grove would yield erelong
 Abundant wood for lutes, to aid the voice of song.

2 He climbed those ruined walls, thence to inspect
 The site he wished for Ch'u-ch'iu to select.

His glance the land from Ch'u to T'ang mapped out
 Noting the hills and smaller heights about,
 He then came down, the mulberry trees to view,
 And judged the soil, and learned its nature true.
 These things once done, he asked the tortoise shell,
 Answer auspicious got,—and all succeeded well.

3 Thereafter, when there fell the copious showers,
 He often called his groom, and in the hours
 Of early dawn afield by starlight drove
 Among the laborers, and to cheer them strove.
 And many ways he had, not this alone,
 In which his character distinguished shone,
 To duty bound, assiduous in his cares;—
 And blessing came,—three thousand steeds and mares.

VII

The *Ti Tung*; metaphorical and narrative. Against lewd connections.

1 A rainbow in the east invites the gaze,
 But none a finger to it dares to raise.
 All view it with dislike; but viler she,
 Who hastes to marry 'gainst propriety!
 When from their early homes young women go,
 Parents and brothers they nigh cease to know.
 Important rules for step like this are made,
 And to surly rules obedience should be paid.

2 When rainbows in the west at morn appear,
 By morning's close the sky from rain is clear;
 So fleeting are the joys of lawless love;
 Licentious pleasures evanescent prove.
 When from their early homes young women go,
 Parents and brothers they nigh cease to know.
 Important rules for step like this are made,
 And to such rules obedience should be paid.

3 Ah! think of this young girl whose willful heart
 Is bent on marriage as her only part.
 She wrongs herself, to the right course untrue,
 Which every virtuous woman should pursue.
 She blames her lot, and, wanton, will not own
 Heaven's ordering of it on the parents thrown.
 For marriage ties the wisest rules are made,
 And to such rules obedience should be paid.

VIII

The *Hsiang Shu*; allusive. A man without propriety is not equal to a rat.

1 Behold a rat! Its skin has glossy sheen!
 Then mark that man's demeanor, poor and mean!
 Bearing of bearing void!—what means it? This:—
 'Twere better death than longer life were his!

2 Behold a rat! Its teeth can sharply bite!
 Then mark deportment careless of what's right!
 Manners thus careless of what's right declare
 'Twere well the man himself for death prepare.

3 Behold a rat! How small its limbs, and fine!
 Then mark the course that scorns the proper line!
 Propriety's neglect may well provoke
 A wish the man would quickly court death's stroke.

IX

The *Kan Mao*; narrative. The zeal of the officers of Wei to welcome men
 of worth.

1 Where Chün's suburbs lie remote,
 From the staffs the oxtails float.
 High the staffs, and each one bright
 With its silken bandlets white!
 Four cars drawn by steeds of fire

Welcome guest whom. all desire.
 Admirable, what will he
 Give to meet such courtesy?

2 In Chün's suburbs near the town,
 Fly the falcon banners, blown
 From the staffs that rise around,
 All with bands of white silk bound.
 Five cars drawn by horses strong
 Wait the guest who comes along.
 Courteous, worthy,—what shall he
 Pay for all this courtesy?

3 Now the walls of Chün we see;
 Feather'd streamers flutter free
 From the flagstaffs strong and stout,
 "Girt by silken bands about.
 Six cars drawn by steeds of fame
 Well attest the guest's high name.
 Sage profound, what can he say
 That such welcome will repay?

X

The *Tsai Ch'ih*; narrative. The baroness Mu of Hsü complains of not being allowed to go to Wei to condole with the marquis on the desolation of his state, and appeal to some great Powers on its behalf.

1 I wished to urge my steeds, and drive
 To Wei, to share my brother's grief,
 Not slacking till we should arrive
 And halt at Ts'ao, and find relief.
 Another went, o'er hill, through stream, cross plain;
 Here in deep sorrow I must still remain.

2 What I wished for you denied;
 Here in Hsü I must abide.
 And in your decision's spite
 I must hold my purpose right.

You, unkind, my purpose spurn;—
Not to Wei can I return.

I must slight your views as nought,
For I cannot quench my thought.

3 I'll climb the sides of that steep mound,
And pluck the lilies growing there.
Thoughts in my woman's heart abound,
And every thought might blossom bear.
In Hsü the people all my purpose blame;
Their childish, hasty thoughts cause me no shame.

4 I would through the land have gone,
Passed where fields of rich wheat shone,
Prayer have made to Ch'i's great state,
Help have sought for Wei's sore strait.
Nobles who o'er Wei preside,
Zeal like this you should not chide.
Hundreds are the plans you make;
Best the course I wished to take!

BOOK 5. THE ODES OF WEI

I

The *Ch'i Ao*; allusive. The praise of Duke Wu—his assiduous cultivation of himself; his dignity; his accomplishments.

1 How rich the clumps of green bamboo,
 Around each cove of Ch'i!
 They lead my thoughts to our Duke Wu;—
 Of winning grace is he!
 As knife and file make smooth the bone,
 As jade by chisel wrought and stone,
 Is stamp upon him set.
 Grave and of dignity serene;
 With force of will as plainly seen;
 Accomplished, elegant in mien;
 Him we can ne'er forget.

2 Strong grow the clumps of green bamboo,
 Around each cove of Ch'i.
 They lead my thoughts to our Duke Wu;—
 Of winning grace is he!
 His ear plugs are of pebbles fine;
 And gems like stars bright glittering shine,
 All o'er his cap of state.
 Grave and of dignity serene;
 With force of will as plainly seen;
 Accomplished, elegant in mien;
 Him we can ne'er forget.

3 How thick the clumps of green bamboo,
 Around each cove of Ch'i.
 They lead my thoughts to our Duke Wu;—
 Of winning grace is he!
 Pure as the finest tin or gold,
 And as the scepter princes hold
 So strong, while mild in mood!
 See him in car with lofty side,

Magnanimous and free from pride.
 His words to jest are oft allied,
 But never are they rude.

II

The *K'ao P'an*; narrative. A happy recluse.

1 By the stream in the vale his hut he has reared,
 That man tall and stout, looking free from all cares.
 He lives all alone; he sleeps, wakes, and then talks;—
 And ne'er to forget what he prizes, he swears.

2 In the bend of the mound his hut he has reared,
 That man tall and stout, gay and lightsome of heart.
 He lives all alone; he sleeps, wakes, and then sings;—
 He swears from this spot he will never depart.

3 There on that level height his hut he has reared,
 That man tall and stout, who himself so contains.
 He lives all alone; he sleeps, wakes, sleeps again;—
 He swears he'll ne'er tell what in his mind reigns.

III

The *Shih Jên*; narrative. Chuang Chiang as she appeared on her arrival in Wei. Her great connections; her beauty; her equipage; the riches of Ch'i.

1 The lady was of figure large and tall.
 In brodered robe, hid 'neath a garment plain,
 A bride, she came from Ch'i's high palace hall,
 In Wei, as wife of our great lord to reign.
 'Gainst her of no inferior birth the stain
 Could be alleged, sister of Ch'i's great heir.
 Of other grand alliances a train
 She could display, for her two sisters fair
 The highest dignity in Hsing and T'an did wear.

2 Like blades of white grass were her fingers fine;
 Her skin like purest ointment hard congealed;
 Her neck like larvæ on the tree which shine
 So long and white. Her opening lips revealed
 Her even teeth, behind their screen concealed,
 Like melon seeds. Her front cicada-square,
 Displayed her eyebrows curved upon its field,
 Like horns of silkworm moth; and dimples rare,
 With dark and lucid eyes, showed face beyond compare.

3 When, on her coming, near the city wall,
 She halted in the cultured fields, each eye
 Viewed with delight her figure large and tall.
 Her team of mettled steeds their bits tossed high,
 Round which was twined red cloth in rich supply.
 Then in her carriage she went on in state,
 Its pheasant screens oft followed by the cry,
 "Early retire from court, ye nobles great;
 The marquis leave unfired, to cherish this fit mate."

4 Where out of Ch'i into our state she passed,
 Its banks all green with rush and sedges rank,
 Northwards the Ho rolled on the waters vast
 Of its majestic stream, while in it sank
 With plashing sound the nets, which dripping, drank,
 The toiling fishers dropt into the wave,
 'Mong shoals of sturgeon, both the large and lank.
 Her sister ladies shone in dresses brave,
 And martial looked the officers, who escort gave.

IV

The *Mêng*; narrative, with the other elements interspersed. A woman, who had formed an improper connection, now cast off, relates and bemoans her sad case.

1 A simple-looking lad you seemed,
 When first you met my eye,
 By most a traveling merchant deemed,

Raw silk for cloth to buy.
 But your true aim was to propose
 That I should go with you;
 And through the Ch'i I went quite free,
 Until we reached Tun-ch'iu.
 'Twas then I said, "It is not I,
 Who would the time delay;
 Your go-between I have not seen,
 I must not run away.
 I pray, sir, do not angry be;
 In autumn be the day."

2 When autumn came, then climbed I oft
 That ruined wall, and gazed
 Towards Fu-kuan, my heart all soft,
 With expectation raised.
 When you came not, my hapless lot
 With streams of tears I mourned.
 At last your longed-for form I saw,
 And tears to smiles were turned.
 With words I strove to tell my love,
 While you averment made
 That shell and seeds good answer gave
 "No more delay," I said.
 "Your carriage bring; I'll go at once,
 My goods all in it laid."

3 When on the mulberry tree the leaves
 All hang in glossy state,
 The sight is fair. O dove, beware;
 Its fruits intoxicate.
 Ah! thou, young maiden, too wilt find
 Cause for repentance deep,
 If, by a lover's arts seduced,
 Thyself thou fail to keep.
 A gentleman who hastes to prove
 The joys of lawless love,
 For what is done may still atone;
 To thee they'll fatal prove.

Thou'lt try in vain excuse to feign,
 Lost like the foolish dove.

4 When sheds its leaves the mulberry tree,
 All yellow on the ground,
 And sear they lie. Such fate have I
 Through my rash conduct found.
 Three years with you in poverty
 And struggles hard I've passed;
 And now with carriage curtains wet,
 Through flooded Ch'i. I haste.
 I always was the same, but you
 A double mind have shown.
 'Tis you, sir, base, the right transgress;
 Your conduct I have known.
 Aye changing with your moods of mind,
 And reckless of my moan.

5 Three years of life I was your wife,
 And labored in your house;
 I early rose, late sought repose,
 And so fulfilled my vows.
 I never did, one morning's space,
 My willing work suspend,
 But me thus cruelly you treat,
 And from your dwelling send.
 All this my brothers will not own,
 At me they'll only jeer,
 And say I reap as I have sown;
 Reply they will not hear.
 In heart I groan, and sad bemoan
 My fate with many a tear.

6 Together were we to grow old;—
 Old now, you make me pine.
 The Ch'i aye flows within its banks,
 Its shores the lake confine.
 But you know neither bank nor shore,
 Your passions ne'er denied.

Back to my happy girlhood's time,
 With hair in knot still tied,
 I wildly go; I'll never know
 Its smiles and chat again.
 To me you clearly swore the faith,
 Which now to break you're fain.
 Could I foresee so false you'd be?
 And now regret is vain.

V

The *Chu Kan*; narrative. A daughter of the house of Wei, married in another state, expresses her longing to revisit Wei.

1 With long and tapering rods,
 You angle in the Ch'i.
 I think of you, dear friends,
 Here far removed from Wei.

2 Ch'üan-yüan upon the left,
 Ch'i on the right I view.
 But married far away,
 To home I bade adieu.

3 Those streams, this on the right,
 That on the left, appear.
 The laugh that shows your teeth,
 Your tinkling gems, I hear.

4 I watch the cedar oars
 On Ch'i, and boats of pine.
 O might I travel there,
 And soothe this heart of mine!

VI

The *Huan Lan*; allusive. Picture of a conceited young man of rank.

1 Feeble as branch of sparrow gourd, this youth,
 Wears spike at girdle, as if he, forsooth,
 Were quite a man; but though the spike he wears,
 He knows not us at whom he proudly stares.
 How easy and conceited is his mien!
 How drop his girdle ends, full jaunty seen!

2 Like leaf of sparrow gourd, that coxcomb young,
 With archer's thimble at his girdle hung!
 He wears the thimble, but he's not the swell
 To lord it over us who know him well.
 How easy and conceited is his mien!
 How drop his girdle ends, full jaunty seen!

VII

The *Ho Kuang*; narrative. Other things more difficult to overcome than distance may keep one from a place.

1 They tell me that the Ho is wide;—
 With a few reeds I could cross through.
 They tell me Sung is distant far;—
 Rising on tiptoe Sung I view.

2 They tell me that the Ho is wide;—
 A little boat it will not bear.
 They tell me Sung is distant far;—
 Ere morning fades I might be there.

VIII

The *Po Hsi*; narrative and metaphorical. A wife mourns over the protracted absence of her husband on the king's service.

1 How martial looks my noble man,
 The hero of the land!
 See him in chariot lead the van,
 His halberd in his hand!

2 Since eastward on his course he sped,
 My hair neglected flies.
 I might anoint and wash my head,
 But not to meet his eyes.

3 For rain, for rain, the people cry,
 But brightly shines the sun;
 So for my absent lord long I,
 Head pained, and heart undone.

4 Where shall I Lethe's lily find,
 Behind my house to set?
 I think of him with aching mind,
 For how can I forget?

IX

The *Yu Hu*; metaphorical. A woman expresses her desire for a husband.

1 Lonely, suspicious, is that fox,
 At that dame cross the Ch'i.
 Like him that man, for whom I'm sad!
 No lower dress has he.

2 Lonely, suspicious, is that fox,
 At that deep ford of Ch'i.
 Like him that man, for whom I'm sad!
 No girdle sash has he!

3 Lonely, suspicious, is that fox,
 There, on the bank of Ch'i.
 Like him that man, for whom I'm sad!
 No clothes at all has he!

X

The *Mu Kua*; metaphorical. Small gifts of kindness should be responded to with greater; while friendship is more than any gift.

1 A tree gourd they gave me in compliment,
And I in return gave a lovely *chü* gem,
'Twas not in return for the compliment;—
I wished to make lasting my friendship with them.

2 A peach they presented in compliment,
And I in return gave a lovely *yao* gem.
'Twas not in return for the compliment;—
I wished to make lasting my friendship with them.

3 A plum they presented in compliment,
And I in return gave a lovely *ch'i* stone.
'Twas not in return for the compliment;—
Our friendship to knit was my motive alone.

BOOK 6. THE ODES OF THE ROYAL DOMAIN

I

The *Shu Li*; narrative. An officer describes his melancholy and reflections on seeing the desolation of the old capital of Chou.

1 Where the palaces rose grand,
 When Chou nobly ruled the land,
 Millets, some with drooping head,
 Some, just coming into blade,
 All around abundant grew.
 Slow the fields I wandered through,
 Moved in heart such sight to view.
 Friends who knew me understood.
 What induced my saddened mood.
 Those who did not know me said,
 There I search for something made.
 O thou azure Heaven, remote,
 Who this desolation wrought?

2 Where the palaces rose grand,
 When Chou nobly ruled the land,
 Millets, drooping, heavy here,
 There just coming into ear,
 All around abundant grew.
 Slow the fields I wandered through,
 Drunk with grief such sights to view.
 Friends who knew me understood
 What induced my saddened mood.
 Those who did not know me said,
 There I search for something made.
 O thou azure Heaven, remote,
 Who this desolation wrought?

3 Where the palaces rose grand,
 When Chou nobly ruled the land,
 Millets, heavy, drooping low,
 Some the bursting grain that show,

All around abundant grew.
 Slow the fields I wandered through,
 Breath nigh stopt such scene to view.
 Friends who knew me understood
 What induced my saddened mood.
 Those who did not know me said,
 There I search for something made.
 O thou azure Heaven, remote,
 Who this desolation wrought?

II. Scoticè

The *Chün Tzŭ Yü Yi*; narrative. The feelings of a wife on the prolonged absence of her husband on service, and her longing for his return.

1 The gudeman's awa, for to fecht wi' the stranger,
 An' when he'll be back, oh! my hert canna tell.
 The hens gae to reist, an' the beests to their manger,
 As hameward they wend frae their park on the hill.
 But hoo can I, thus left alane,
 Help thinking o' my man that's game?

2 The gudeman's awa, for to fecht wi' the stranger,
 An' lang will it be ere he see his fireside.
 The hens gae to reist, an' the beests to their manger,
 As the slantin' sunbeams throu the forest trees glide,
 Heaven kens the lanesome things I think.
 Heaven sen' my man his meat an' drink!

III. Scoticè

The *Chün Tzŭ Yang Yang*; narrative. The husband's satisfaction, and the wife's joy, on his return.

1 The gudeman's come hame, an' his face weers a bloom,
 His organ o' reeds he hads in his left han';
 An' his richt han' ca's me to come till his room:—
 It's siccan a joy; it's mair nor I can stan'.

2 The gudeman's come hame, an' he's pleased I'll engage,
 His gran' fether screen he hads in his left han';
 An' his richt han' ca's me to come till the stage:—
 It's siccan a joy; it's mair nor I can stan'.

IV

The *Yang Chih Shui*; allusive. The troops of Chou, kept on duty in Shin, murmur at their separation from their families.

1 Fretted the waters seem,
 Yet gently flows the stream;—
 Unable a fagot to bear.
 Guarding Shin here we roam,
 Wives and children at home,
 All absent our toils who should share.
 We think of them ever;
 Thought parts from them never;—
 What month shall we homeward repair?

2 Fretted the waters seem,
 Yet gently flows the stream;—
 A bundle of thorns twill not bear.
 Guarding Fu here we roam,
 Wives and children at home,
 All absent our toils who should share.
 We think of them ever;
 Thought parts from them never;—
 What month shall we homeward repair?

3 Fretted the waters seem,
 Yet gently flows the stream;
 The reed bundle powerless to bear.
 Guarding Hsü here we roam,
 Wives and children at home,
 All absent our toils who should share.
 We think of them ever;
 Thought parts from them never;—
 What month shall we homeward repair?

V

The *Chung Ku Yu T'ui*; allusive. The sad case of a woman forced to separate from her husband by the pressure of famine.

1 The valleys show the motherwort,
 Now scorched in each dry spot.
 Behold a wife driven forth from home,
 Beneath hard famine's lot!
 She sadly sighs, she sadly sighs,
 From husband torn and dearest ties.

2 The valleys show the motherwort,
 Now scorched where tall it rose.
 Behold a wife driven forth from home,
 By stern misfortune's blows!
 We hear her groans, we hear her groans,
 As she her hapless fate bemoans.

3 The valleys show the motherwort,
 Scorched in each dampest place.
 Behold a wife driven forth from home—
 Bewail in vain her ease!
 Her tears aye flow, her tears aye flow;
 How'er she grieve, ne'er ends her woe!

VI

The *T'u Yüan*; metaphorical. An officer of Chou declares his weariness of life because of the growing miseries of the state, and of the way in which men of principle suffered, while worthless men escaped.

1 Caught is the pheasant in the net,
 That vainly for the hare is set.
 So those who duty promptly do
 Find cause their loyal zeal to rue,
 While one whose ends are base and mean
 Contrives from harm himself to screen.

When I was in my youthful prime,
 Without commotion passed the time;
 But since those happy days were o'er,
 Numerous the ills that press us sore:—
 I would that I might sleep, and rise no more!

2 Caught is the pheasant in the snare,
 Avoided by the cautious hare.
 So those who duty promptly do
 Find cause their loyal zeal to rue,
 While one whose ends are base and mean
 Contrives from harm himself to screen.
 When I was in my youthful prime,
 No strange events e'er marked the time;
 But now those days have passed away,
 And sorrows meet us day by day:—
 I would that I might sleep, and sleep for aye!

3 Into the trap the pheasant flies,
 Which the hare shuns with cautious eyes.
 So those who duty promptly do
 Find cause their loyal zeal to rue,
 While one whose ends are base and mean
 Contrives from harm himself to screen.
 When I was in my youthful prime,
 No toilsome tasks distressed the time;
 But in these latter days of life,
 Our miseries are waxen rife:
 O for the sleep unbroke by sound of strife!

VII

The *Ko Lei*; allusive. A wanderer from Chou, separated from his kin, mourns over his lot.

1 Around the creepers thickly spread,
 On the borders of the Ho.
 My native soil no more I tread;
 Into exile forth I go.

Far removed from kindred all,
 Father I a stranger call.
 Though so called, he does not brook,
 Kindly upon me to look.

2 Around the creepers thickly spread,
 On the green banks of the Ho.
 My native soil no more I tread;
 Into exile forth I go.
 Far removed from kindred all,
 Mother I a stranger call.
 Though so called, she does not deign
 Me as child to entertain.

3 Around the creepers thickly spread,
 On the bank lips of the Ho.
 My native soil no more I tread;
 Into exile forth I go.
 Far from all who bear my name,
 Elder brother I would claim
 In a stranger, but he spurns
 Such a claim, and from me turns.

VIII

The *Ts'ai Ko*; narrative. A lady longs for the society of the object of her affection.

1 He's there, the dolichos among!
 Only one day from sight away,—
 To me it seems as three months long!

2 He's there, among the southernwood!
 Only one day from sight away,—
 It seems three seasons' solitude!

3 Among the mugwort he appears!
 Only one day from sight away,—
 To me it seems as three fully years!

IX

The *Ta Ch'ê*; narrative. The influence of a severe and virtuous magistrate in repressing licentiousness.

1 He rolls along in carriage grand,
 His robes are bright with green,—
 His robes of rank, as on the bank
 The tender sedge is seen.
 Thinking I always am of thee,
 Thinking with fond desire;
 But dreading his severity,
 I must repress the fire.

2 With slow and heavy sound his car,—
 His car of state, moves on.
 O'er his dress spread, the colors red
 Shine like carnation stone.
 Thinking I always am of thee;
 The fondest thoughts have I.
 The fear of him alone holds me,
 Or to thine arms I'd fly.

3 Our fate may be, while still alive,
 Always apart to dwell;
 But when we're dead, we shall be laid
 In the same earthen cell.
 If haply thou should'st say that I
 Am not in this sincere,
 I swear its truth by that day's eye,
 Whose piercing glance I fear.

X

The *Ch'iu Chung Yu Ma*; narrative. A woman longs for the presence of her lovers, who, she thinks, are detained from her by another woman.

1 Where the hemp grows on the mound,
There some one keeps Tsǔ-chieh;
There some one keeps Tsǔ-chieh:—
Why comes not *he* to *me* with a bound?

2 On the mound where grows the wheat,
There some one keeps Tzǔ-kuo;
There some one keeps Tzǔ-kuo:—
Why comes not *he* with *me* here to eat?

3 On the mound plum trees have place.
There some one keeps those youths;
There some one keeps those youths:—
O for their *chiu*-stones girdle to grace!

BOOK 7. THE ODES OF CHÊNG

I

The *Tzŭ I*; narrative. The people of the capital express their admiration of, and regard for, Duke Wu of Chêng.

1 The black robes well your form befit;
 When they are worn we'll make you. new.
 Now for your court! oh! there we'll sit,
 And watch how you your duties do.
 And when we to our homes repair,
 We'll send to you our richest fare,
 Such is the love to you we bear!

2 Those robes well with your virtue match;
 When they are worn we'll make you new.
 Now for your court! There will we watch,
 Well pleased, how you your duties do.
 And when we to our homes repair,
 We'll send to you our richest fare,
 Such is the love to you we bear!

3 Those robes your character beseem;
 When they are worn we'll make you new.
 Now for your court! oh! there we deem
 It pleasure great your form to view.
 And when we to our homes repair,
 We'll send to you our richest fare,
 Such is the love to you we bear!

II

The *Chiang Chung Tzŭ*; narrative. A. lady begs her lover to let her alone, and not excite the suspicions of her parents and others.

1 My worthy Chung, I pray,
 Do not in such a way
 Into my hamlet bound,

My willow trees to wound.
 For them I do not care,
 But you my parents scare.
 'Tis their words I fear.
 You, Chung, have my heart;
 But their words severe
 Will cause me to smart.

2 My worthy Chung, I pray,
 Do not in such a way
 Come leaping o'er my wall,
 And make the branches fall
 From my mulberry tree.
 That does not trouble me,
 But my brothers all see.
 'Tis their words I fear.
 You, Chung, have my heart;
 But their words severe
 Will cause me to smart.

3 My worthy Chung, I pray,
 Do not in such a way
 Into my garden jump,
 My sandal trees to thump.
 For them I do not care,
 But people grow aware
 What 'tis that brings you there.
 'Tis their words I fear.
 You, Chung, have my heart;
 But their words severe
 Will cause me to smart.

III

The *Shu Yü T'ien*; narrative. The admiration with which *Shu Tuan* was regarded.

1 To the hunt Shu has gone,
 And people there are none

Remaining in the street.
 Perhaps a few you'll find;
 But none like Shu so kind,
 So graceful, will you meet.

2 To the chase Shu has gone,
 And people there are none
 Left feasting in the street.
 If find a few you could,
 Yet none like Shu so good,
 So graceful, would you meet.

3 To the fields Shu has gone,
 And people there are none
 Careering through the street.
 Some riders though you told,
 Yet none like Shu so bold,
 So graceful, would you meet.

IV

The *Ta Shu Yü T'ien*; narrative. Celebrating the charioteering, daring,
 and archery of *Shu Tuan*.

1 Our Shu a-hunting forth has gone;
 In four-horsed chariot grand he shone.
 As ribbon in his grasp each rein;
 With measured steps, like dancers twain,
 The outside horses flew.
 They now have reached the marshy ground;
 At once the flames break out around.
 With naked arm and chest Shu stands;
 A tiger fierce his nervous hands
 Grapple and soon subdue.
 He then presents it to the duke,
 While all with wonder on him look.
 But, Shu, try not such sport again.
 What grief were ours if you were slain!
 Your daring we should rue.

2 Our Shu a-hunting drove away,
 His four steeds all of color bay.
 The outsides followed close behind
 The insides, finest of their kind,
 Like wild geese on the wing.
 They now have gained the marshy ground;
 At once the flames blaze all around.
 Few archers can with Shu compare;
 A charioteer of cunning rare,
 The steeds before him spring.
 Now they dash on in course direct;
 Now they're brought up and quickly checkt.
 Forth flies the arrow, fleet and stark,
 Nor fails to hit its proper mark,
 His left hand following.

3 Our Shu a-hunting drove away,
 His four steeds all of color gray.
 With heads in line the insides sped;
 The outsides followed like the head
 Succeeded by the arms.
 They now have reached the marshy ground;
 One blaze of flame wraps all around;
 Soon cease the hunt's alarms.
 Shu's steeds before him slowly move;
 His skill the arrows cease to prove.
 Straightway the quiver's lid is closed,
 And in its case the bow reposed.
 How his fine bearing charms!

V

The *Ch'ing Jên*; narrative. The useless maneuvering of an army of Chêng on the frontiers.

1 The men of Ch'ing in Peng all idle lie.
 The general's chariot with its mail-clad team
 Moves restlessly, and, rising from it, gleam

The tasseled spears, one 'bove the other high.
So aimless roam the troops about the Ho!

2 The men of Ch'ing all round in Hsiao are spread,
Although the chariot, with its mail-clad team,
Looks martiallike, and, rising from it, gleam
The hookèd spears, one high, one low displayed;
Yet aimless look they all about the Ho!

3 The men of Ch'ing have moved to Chou. Proud pace
The mail-clad team, whose driver on the left
Wheels round the chariot, and the spearman deft
Displays his spear; 'tween them the general's face
Looks pleased;—'tis mimic war upon the Ho!

VI

The *Kao Ch'iu*; narrative. Celebrating some officer of Chêng for his elegant appearance and integrity.

1 How glossy is the lambkin's fur,
Smooth to the touch, and fair to view!
In it arrayed, that officer
Rests in his lot, to virtue true.

2 With leopard cuffs, the lambkin's fur
Seems made for wearer strong in fight.
It well becomes that officer,
Whom none will see swerve from the right.

3 Splendid his robe of lambkin's fur,
With its three decorations grand!
It well beseems that officer,
The pride and glory of our land.

VII

The *Tsun Ta Lu*; narrative. Old friendship should not be hastily broken off.

1 Along the great highway,
 I hold you by the cuff.
 O spurn me not, I pray,
 Nor break old friendship off.

2 Along the highway worn,
 I hold your hand in mine.
 Do not as vile me scorn;
 Your love I can't resign.

VIII. Scoticè

The *Nü Yüeh Chi Ming*; narrative. A pleasant picture of domestic life. A wife sends her husband from her side to his hunting, expresses her affection, and encourages him to cultivate virtuous friendships.

1 Says oor gudewife, "The cock is crawin'."
 Quoth oor gudeman, "The day is dawin'."
 "Get up, gudeman, an' tak a spy;
 See gin the mornin' star be high,
 Syne tak a saunter roon' about;
 There's rowth o' dyukes and geese to shoot.

2 "Lat flee, and bring them hame to me,
 An' sic a dish as ye sail pree.
 In comin' times as ower the strings
 Your noddin' heed in rapture hings,
 Supreme ower care, nor fasht wi' fears,
 We'll baith grow auld in worth and years,

3 "An' when we meet the friends ye like,
 I'll gie to each some little fyke;—
 The lasses beads, trocks to their brithers,
 An' auld-warld fairlies to their mithers.
 Some knickknack lovin' hands will fin'
 To show the love that dwalls within.

IX

The *Yu Nü T'ung Ch'ê*; narrative. The praise of some lady.

1 There by his side in chariot rideth she,
As lovely flower of the hibiscus tree,
So fair her face; and when about they wheel,
Her girdle gems of *chü* themselves reveal.
For beauty all the house of Chiang have fame;
Its eldest daughter,—she beseems her name.

2 There on the path, close by him, walketh she,
Bright as the blossom of hibiscus tree
And fair her face; and when around they flit,
Her girdle gems a tinkling sound emit.
Among the Chiang she has distinguished place,
For virtuous fame renowned, and peerless grace.

X

The *Shan Yu Fu Su*; allusive. A lady mocking her lover.

1 On mountain grows the mulberry tree;
The lotus flower in meadow damp.
It is not Tzŭ-tu that I see,
But only you, you foolish scamp!

2 Polygonums the damp meads cover;
To lofty pines on mountains view.
It is not Tzŭ-ch'ung comes as lover;
You artful boy, 'tis only you!

XI

The *T'o Hsi*; metaphorical. An appeal from the inferior officers of Chêng to their superiors on the sad condition of the state.

1 Ye withered leaves, ye withered. leaves,
Blown by the wind away!
So tossed is Chêng. My spirit grieves
To see its sad decay.

Ye uncles, nobles of the land,
Reform the state; we'll by you stand!

2 Ye withered leaves, ye withered leaves,
By winds so wildly tossed!
What grief my mourning heart receives
From Chêng thus foully lost!
Uncles, your starting note we wait;
We'll follow and reform the state.

XII

The *Chiao Tung*; narrative. A woman scorning her lover.

1 O dear! that artful boy
Refuses me a word!
But, sir, I shall enjoy
My food, though you're absurd!

2 O dear! that artful boy
My table will not share!
But, sir, I shall enjoy
My rest, though you're not there!

XIII

The *Ch'ien Shang*; narrative. A lady's declaration of her attachment to her lover, whom she addresses, however, in a defiant manner.

1 If you, good sir, continue to be kind,
I'll hold my garments up the Chên to cross.
If you prefer 'bout me to change your mind,
Is there no other to replace your loss?
Of all the foolish youths I've seen,
Most foolish you I well may ween.

2 If you, good sir, continue to be kind,
I'll hold my garments up the Wei to cross.
If you prefer 'bout me to change your mind,

Is there no other to replace your loss?
 Of all the foolish youths I've seen,
 Most foolish you I well may ween.

XIV

The *Fêng*; narrative. A woman regrets lost opportunities, and would welcome a fresh suitor.

1 Handsome the suitor was and stout,
 Who for me in the lane looked out:
 I should have gone with him I doubt.

2 Can I that suitor's form forget,
 Who for me in the hall did wait?
 That I held off I now regret.

3 I'm here, my broidered upper robe
 Concealed beneath a garment plain.
 As lovely is my lower robe,
 With the same guard 'gainst travel stain.
 O sir, O sir, come and me hence convey;
 Your waiting chariot I shall not delay!

4 I'm here, my broidered lower robe
 Concealed beneath a garment plain.
 As lovely is my upper robe,
 With the same guard 'gainst travel stain.
 O sir, O sir, if you would only come,
 At once your chariot should convey me home!

XV

The *Tung Mên Chih Shan*; narrative, A woman thinks of her lover's residence, and complains that he does not come to her.

1 By th' eastern gate, flat lies the ground,
 And madder there grows on the slope.

Hard by my lover's house is found;
He keeps away, and mocks my hope.

2 Where chestnuts grow, near th' eastern gate,
There stands a row, where is your home.
My heart turns aye to you, its mate,
But ah! to me you never come!

XVI

The *Fêng Yü*; narrative. A wife is consoled, in circumstances of gloom, by the arrival of her husband.

1 Cold is the wind, fast falls the rain,
The cock aye shrilly crows.
But I have seen my lord again;—
Now must my heart repose.

2 Whistles the wind, patters the rain,
The cock's crow far resounds.
But I have seen my lord again,
And healed are my heart's wounds.

3 All's dark amid the wind and rain,
Ceaseless the cock's clear voice!
But I have seen my lord again;—
Should not my heart rejoice?

XVII

The *Tzŭ Chin*; narrative. A lady mourns the indifference and absence of her student lover.

1 You student, with the collar blue,
Long pines my heart with anxious pain.
Although I do not go to you,
Why from all word do you refrain?

2 O you, with girdle strings of blue,
 My thoughts to you forever roam!
 Although I do not go to you,
 Yet why to me should you not come?

3 How reckless you, how light and wild,
 There by the tower upon the wall!
 One day, from sight of you exiled,
 As long as three long months I call.

XVIII

The *Yang Chih Shui*; allusive. One party asserts good faith to another, and protests against people who would make them doubt each other.

1 Fretted its waters seem,
 Yet gently flows the stream:—
 A bundle of thorns 'twill not bear.
 Our brethren are so few;
 There are but I and you:—
 Let nothing our friendship impair.
 People's words don't believe;
 They are meant to deceive:—
 Their purpose is but to ensnare.

2 Fretted its waters seem,
 Yet gently flows the stream:—
 A bundle of wood 'twill not bear.
 Our brethren are so few;
 There are only we two:—
 Let nothing our friendship impair.
 Trust not the people's breath;
 They don't deserve your faith:—
 Their purpose is but to ensnare.

XIX

The *Ch'u Ch'i Tung Mên*; narrative. A man's praise of his own poor wife, contrasted with flaunting beauties.

1 My path forth from the east gate lay,
Where cloudlike moved the girls at play.
Numerous are they, as clouds so bright,
But not on them my heart's thoughts light.
Dressed in a thin white silk, with coiffure gray,
Is she, my wife, my joy in life's low way.

2 Forth by the covering wall's high tower,
I went, and saw, like rush in flower,
Each flaunting girl. Brilliant are they,
But not with them my heart's thoughts stay.
In thin white silk, with headdress madder-dyed,
Is she, my sole delight, 'foretime my bride.

XX

The *Yeh Yu Man Ts'ao*; narrative and allusive. A lady rejoices in an unlawful connection which she had formed.

1 On the moor, where thickly grew
Creeping grass, bent down with dew,
There a handsome man drew nigh,
'Neath whose forehead, broad and high,
Gleamed his clear and piercing eye.
'Twas by accident we met;
Glad was I my wish to get.

2 Where the grass creeps o'er the moor,
With the dew all covered o'er,
There the finest man found I,
'Bove whose clear and piercing eye,
Rose his forehead, broad and high.
Chance gave us a meeting rare,
And we both were happy there.

XXI

The *Chên Wei*; narrative. A festivity of Chêng, and advantage taken of it for licentious assignations.

1 Of the Chên and the Wei

Onward the broad stream pours.
 Women and men go by,
 With valerian flowers.
 To gentleman a lady says,
 "Have you been there to see the plays?"
 "I've been," he says, and she replies,
 "Let's go again, and feast our eyes.
 The ground beyond the Wei you'll find
 Large, and for pleasure well designed."
 So gentlemen and ladies wend
 Their way, in sport the day to spend,
 And to each other oft small peonies extend.

2 Of Chên and Wei along

The lucid waters flow,
 And on their banks a throng
 Of men and women go.
 To gentleman a lady says,
 "Have you been there to see the plays?"
 "I've been," says he, and she replies,
 "Let's go again and feast our eyes.
 The ground beyond the Wei you'll find
 Large, and for pleasure well designed."
 So gentlemen and ladies wend
 Their way, in sport the day to spend,
 And to each other oft small peonies extend.

BOOK 8. THE ODES OF CH'Í

I

The *Chi Ming*; narrative. A model marchioness stimulating her husband to rise early, and attend to his duties at court.

1 His lady to the marquis says,
 "The cock has crowed; 'tis late.
 Get up, my lord, and haste to court.
 'Tis full; for you they wait."
 She did not hear the cock's shrill sound,
 Only the blue flies buzzing round.

2 Again she wakes him with the words,
 "The east, my lord, is bright.
 A crowded court your presence seeks;
 Get up, and hail the light."
 'Twas not the dawning light which shone,
 But that which by the moon was thrown.

3 He sleeping still, once more she says,
 "The flies are buzzing loud.
 To lie and dream here by your side
 Were pleasant, but the crowd
 Of officers will soon retire;
 Draw not on you and me their ire!"

II

The *Hsüan*; narrative. Frivolous and vainglorious compliments interchanged by the hunters of Ch'í.

1 "How agile you are!" 'Twas thus that I spoke,
 What time near to Nao together we drew.
 Two boars three years old from cover then broke,
 And we in our chariots after them flew.
 The chase being over, you said with a bow,
 "If agile am I, as active art thou!"

2 "How fine is your skill!" So said I to you;
 'Twas when near to Nao we met on the way.
 That moment two males attracted our view,
 And at them we dashed, to make them our prey.
 The chase being over, you said with a bow,
 "If skillful am I, not less so art thou!"

3 "How you know your art!" I said to you then,
 When south of Mount Nao together we came.
 That moment two wolves came under our ken,
 And hotly we drove, well pleased with the game.
 The chase being over, you said with a bow,
 "If I know my art, as artful art thou!"

III

The *Chu*; narrative. A bride describes her first meeting with her bridegroom.

1 He waited 'tween the gate and screen,
 With ear-plug strings of white silk seen.
 The plugs themselves had *hua* stones' sheen.

2 He waited in the court and stood,
 With ear-plug strings of silk green-hued.
 The plugs themselves were *ying* stones good.

3 There in the hall he stood and stayed.
 Of yellow silk his plug strings made.
 The plugs of fine *ying* gems displayed.

IV

The *Tung Fang Chih Jih*; narrative. The licentious intercourse of the people of Ch'i.

1 When the sun is in the east,
 That lovely girl I see.
 In my chamber she appears;

There fronting me is she.
 She treads upon my footsteps,
 And quickly comes to me.

2 When the moon is in the east,
 That lovely girl I see.
 'Twixt door and screen she passes;
 'Twixt screen and door is she.
 She treads upon my footsteps,
 And hastes away from me.

V

The *Tung Fang Wei Ming*; narrative and metaphorical. The irregularity and disorder of the court of Ch'i; as seen especially in the time of giving the morning audience.

1 I was putting my clothes on upside down,
 Before the eastern sky was clear.
 I was putting my clothes on upside down,
 When a call to the court came here.

2 I was putting my clothes on upside down,
 Ere showed the east the rising flame.
 I was putting my clothes on upside down,
 When from the court an order came.

3 On garden fence, made but of willow wands,
 E'en reckless fellows look with fear.
 Our prince can't tell the night from dawn;—
 Too soon, or late, his calls appear!

VI

The *Nan Shan*; allusive. On the disgraceful connection between Wên Chiang, the marchioness of Lu, and her brother;—against Hsiang of Ch'i and Huan of Lu.

1 There where the south hill rises high and great
 A male fox sits, suspicious and alone.
 Ch'i's daughter went to Lu, to wed her mate;
 The pathway, plain and easy, is well known.
 From you, her brother, thus away she went;
 Why further think of her, like fox intent?

2 The dolichos five kinds of shoes supplies,
 Made always so that two shall form a pair.
 On caps they match the strings that serve for ties,
 The same in length, not differing a hair.
 The road to Lu all plain and easy lies,
 By which Ch'i's daughter joined her husband there.
 Since she has traveled that way leaving you,
 Why do you her continue to pursue?

3 Hemp seed to sow, this is the course we take,—
 The acres lengthwise and across we dress.
 Taking a wife, the thing at once we make
 Known to our parents, and their leave possess.
 Since, prince of Lu, Ch'i's daughter thus you took;—
 Why on her evil ways indulgent look?

4 How do we act when firewood we would split?
 'Tis through the ax in hand that we succeed.
 Taking a wife, this form we must admit,—
 Without the go-between we cannot speed.
 When you brought home your wife, all this was done;—
 Why let her now to such excesses run?

VII

The *Fu T'ien*; metaphorical. The folly of pursuing objects beyond one's strength.

1 The weeds will but the ranker grow,
 If fields too large you seek to till.
 To try to gain men far away
 With grief your toiling heart will fill.

2 If fields too large you seek to till,
 The weeds will only rise more strong.
 To try to gain men far away
 Will but your heart's distress prolong.

3 Things grow the best when to themselves
 Left, and to nature's vigor rare.
 How young and tender is the child,
 With his twin tufts of falling hair!
 But when you him erelong behold,
 That child shall cap of manhood wear!

VIII

The *Lu Ling*; narrative. The admiration in Ch'i of hounds and hunters.

1 *Ling-ling* go the hounds; *ling-ling* the hounds go.
 Their master is kindly and good, as we know.

2 With double rings furnished, on go the hounds;
 In goodness and grace their master abounds.

3 Three rings at their necks, they rush to the chase;
 Their master is famous for power and for grace.

IX

The *Pi Kou*; metaphorical. The bold licentious freedom of Wên Chiang in returning to Ch'i;—against Duke Chuang of Lu, her son.

1 Rent is the basket at the dam,
 Where bream and kuan abound;
 As useless is the prince of Lu,
 In vigor wanting found.
 Ch'i's daughter now to Chi comes back,
 Her followers as a cloud;
 Her son should hold her fast in Lu,
 Her wickedness to shroud.

2 Rent is the basket at the dam,
 Where bream and tench abound;
 As useless is the prince of Lu,
 In vigor wanting found.
 Back comes Ch'i's daughter, with a shower
 Of followers at her side,
 Her son should hold her fast in Lu,
 Her wanton ways to hide.

3 Rent is the basket at the dam;
 Fish in and out can go;
 As useless is the prince of Lu,
 And vigor fails to show.
 Back comes Ch'i's daughter, with a stream
 Of followers behind;
 Her son should hold her fast in Lu,
 From such lewd ways confined.

X

The *Tsai Ch'ü*; narrative. The open shamelessness of Wan Chiang in her meeting with her brother.

1 On comes her chariot, fast and loud,
 With screen of bamboos finely wove,
 And leather bright, vermilion-hued—
 Ch'i's daughter hastes to lawless love.
 To this from Lu the road is smooth and plain;—
 'Twas but last night she started with her train.

2 Her four black steeds are beautiful;
 Soft are the reins the driver holds.
 The road from Lu is smooth and plain;—
 Ch'i's daughter's heart its joy unfolds.
 Full of complacency is she; nor shame
 Abashes her, nor fear of evil name.

3 Broad flow the waters of the Wên,
 And crowds of travelers go by.

The road from Lu is smooth and plain;—
 She looks around with careless eye.
 That many see her gives her no concern;
 Her thoughts to her licentious fancy turn.

4 On sweep the waters of the Wên;
 More numerous are the travelers now.
 The road from Lu is smooth and plain;—
 Ch'í's daughter shows her brazen brow.
 At ease and proud, she holds her onward way,
 Careless of what all think of her display.

XI

The *I Chieh*; narrative. Lament over Duke Chuang of Lu, notwithstanding his beauty of person, elegance of manners, and skill in archery.

1 A grand man is the prince of Lu,
 With person large and high.
 Lofty his front, and suited to
 The fine glance of his eye!
 Swift are his feet. In archery
 What man with him can vie?
 With all these goodly qualities,
 We see him and we sigh!

2 Renowned through all the land is he,
 The nephew of our lord.
 With clear and lovely eyes, his grace
 May not be told by word.
 All day at target practice,
 He'll never miss the bird.
 Such is the prince of Lu, and yet
 With grief for him we're stirred!

3 All grace and beauty he displays,
 High forehead, and eyes bright.
 And dancing choice! His arrows all

The target hit aright.
Straight through they go, and every one
Lights on the selfsame spot.
Rebellion he could well withstand,
And yet we mourn his lot!

BOOK 9. THE ODES OF WEI

I

The *Ko Chü*; narrative. The extreme parsimoniousness even of wealthy men in Wei.

1 Thin cloth of dolichos supplies the shoes,
 In which some have to brave the frost and cold.
 A bride, when poor, her tender hands must use,
 Her dress to make, and the sharp needle hold.
 This man is wealthy, yet he makes his bride
 Collars and waistbands for his robes provide.

2 Conscious of wealth, he moves with easy mien;
 Politely on the left he takes his place;
 The ivory pin is at his girdle seen;
 His dress and gait show gentlemanly grace.
 Why do we brand him in our satire here?
 'Tis this,—his niggard soul provokes the sneer.

II

The *Fên Chü Ju*; allusive. Against the parsimoniousness of the officers of Wei.

1 Where near the Fên damp is the ground,
 The sorrel gatherers are found,
 To eke their scanty food.
 Such arts that officer displays,
 (Whose elegance exceeds all praise;)
 In him they are not good.
 Charged with the cars of state, we look to find
 His conduct show a higher style of mind.

2 On the Fên's banks the poor are found,
 Who pluck the mulberry leaves around,
 A little gain to make.
 In grace and beauty like a flower,

That officer himself doth lower,
 Such small mean ways to take.
 The cars of state to marshal is his charge;—
 Strange such high post his mind should not enlarge!

3 Where the Fên bends to join the Ho,
 For ox-lip leaves the people go,
 Some nourishment to find.
 That officer we gemlike call,
 Yet shrinks he not from ways as small,
 To greed too much inclined.
 The ruler's kindred he has for his care;—
 Should he not show a loftier character?

III

The *Yüan Yu T'ao*; allusive. An officer tells his grief because of the misgovernment of the state, and how he was misunderstood.

1 A fruit, small as the garden peach,
 May still be used for food.
 A state, though poor as ours, might thrive,
 If but its rule were good.
 Our rule is bad, our state is sad,
 With mournful heart I grieve.
 All can from instrument and voice
 My mood of mind perceive.
 Who know me not, with scornful thought,
 Deem me a scholar proud.
 "Those men are right," they fiercely say,
 "What mean your words so loud?"
 Deep in my heart my sorrows lie,
 And none the cause may know.
 How should they know, who never try
 To learn whence comes our woe?

2 The garden jujube, although small,
 May still be used for food.
 A state, though poor as ours, might thrive,

If but its rule were good.
 Our rule is bad, our state is sad,
 With mournful heart I grieve.
 Methinks I'll wander through the land,
 My misery to relieve.
 Who know me not, with scornful thought,
 Deem that wild views I hold.
 "Those men are right," they fiercely say,
 "What mean your words so bold?"
 Deep in my heart my sorrows lie,
 And none the cause may know.
 How can they know, who never try
 To learn whence comes our woe?

IV

The *Chih Hu*; narrative. A young soldier on service solaces himself with the thought of home.

1 To the top of that tree-clad hill I go,
 And towards my father I gaze,
 Till with my mind's eye his form I espy,
 And my mind's ear hears how he says:
 "Alas for my son on service abroad!
 He rests not from morning till eve.
 May he careful be, and come back to me!
 While he is away, how I grieve!"

2 To the top of that barren hill. I climb,
 And towards my mother I gaze,
 Till with my mind's eye her form I espy,
 And my mind's ear hears how she says:
 "Alas for my child on service abroad!
 He never in sleep shuts an eye.
 May he careful be, and come back to me!
 In the wild may his body not lie!"

3 Up the lofty ridge I, toiling, ascend,
 And towards my brother I gaze,
 Till with my mind's eye his form I espy,
 And my mind's ear hears how he says:
 "Alas! my young brother, serving abroad,
 All day with his comrades must roam.
 May he careful be, and come back to me,
 And die not away from his home!"

V

The *Shih Mou Chih Chien*; narrative. The straits of the peasantry of Wei.

1 Among their ten acres of mulberry trees,
 The planters move idly about at their ease.
 "Ho! back," says a courtier, "and let us join these!"

2 Beyond their ten acres of mulberry trees,
 The planters move idly about at their ease.
 "Away," says a courtier, "and join us with these!"

VI

The *Fa T'an*; allusive. Against the idle and greedy ministers of the state.
 Contrast between them and a stalwart woodman.

1 *K'an-k'an* upon the sandal trees
 The woodman's strokes resound.
 Then on the bank he lays the trunks
 His ax brings to the ground;
 The while the stream goes rippling by,
 Its waters cool and clear.
 You work not so, O Wei's great men,
 From me the truth now hear.
 You sow no seed; no harvest tasks
 Your soft hands take in charge;
 And yet each boasts three hundred farms,
 And stores the produce large.

You never join the hunt's halloo,
 Nor dare to share its toils;
 Yet lo! your wide courtyards are seen
 Hung round with badgers' spoils.
 I must conclude that woodman rude
 A man of higher style.
 To eat the bread of idleness
 He feels would stamp him vile.

2 *K'an-k'an* upon the sandalwood
 The woodman's strokes resound,
 Then by the river's side he lays
 What fit for spokes is found;
 The while the river onward flows,
 Its waters clear and smooth.
 You work not so, O Wei's great men,
 From me now hear the truth.—
 You sow no seed; no harvest tasks
 Your dainty fingers stain;
 And yet each boasts three million sheaves;—
 Whence gets he all that grain?
 You never join the hunt's halloo,
 Nor brave its ventures bold;
 Yet lo! your wide courtyards display
 Those boars of three years old.
 I must conclude that woodman rude
 A man of higher style.
 To eat the bread of idleness
 He feels would stamp him vile.

3 *K'an-k'an* resound the woodman's strokes
 Upon the sandalwood;
 Then on the river's lip he lays
 What for his wheels is good;
 The while the river onward flows,
 Soft rippled by the wind.
 That you don't work, O Wei's great men,
 Is thus brought to my mind.
 You sow no seed; no harvest tasks

Your soft hands undertake;
 Yet grain each boasts, three hundred bins;—
 Who his that grain did make?
 You never join the hunt's halloo,
 Your feeble courage fails;
 Yet lo! your wide courtyards display
 Large strings of slaughtered quails.
 I must conclude that woodman rude
 A man of higher style.
 To eat the bread of idleness
 He feels would stamp him vile.

VII

The *Shih Shu*; metaphorical. Against the oppression and extortion of the government of Wei.

1 Large rats, large rats, let us entreat
 That you our millet will not eat.
 But the large rats we mean are you,
 With whom three years we've had to do,
 And all that time have never known
 One look of kindness on us thrown.
 We take our leave of Wei and you;
 That happier land we long to view.
 O happy land! O happy land!
 There in our proper place we'll stand.

2 Large rats, large rats, let us entreat
 You'll not devour our crops of wheat.
 But the large rats we mean are you,
 With whom three years we've had to do;
 And all that time you never wrought
 One kindly act to cheer our lot.
 To you and Wei we bid farewell,
 Soon in that happier state to dwell.
 O happy state! O happy state!
 There shall we learn to bless our fate.

3 Large rats, large rats, let us entreat
Our springing grain you will not eat.
But the large rats we mean are you,
With whom three years we've had to do.
From you there came not all that while
One word of comfort 'mid our toil.
We take our leave of you and Wei;
And to those happier coasts we flee.
O happy coasts, to you we wend!
There shall our groans and sorrows end.

BOOK 10. THE ODES OF T'ANG

I

The *Hsi So*; narrative. The cheerfulness and discretion of the people of Chin, and their tempered enjoyment at fitting seasons.

1 The cricket appears in the hall,
 And towards its close draws the year.
 Then let us to-day to pleasure give way,
 Ere the days and months disappear.
 But duty should have our first thought;
 Indulgence we strictly must bound.
 Take heed lest the joy our reason destroy;—
 The good man looks out and around.

2 The cricket appears in the hall,
 And the year is fast passing on.
 Then let us to-day to pleasure give way,
 Ere the days and months shall be gone.
 But some things our care still demand;
 Against all excess we must guard.
 Take heed lest the joy our reason destroy:
 The good man thinks no toil too hard.—

3 The cricket appears in the hall;
 The need for our carts is all o'er.
 Then let us to-day to pleasure give way,
 Ere the days and months be no more.
 But first think of griefs that may come;
 Between the extremes keep the mean.
 Take heed lest the joy our reason destroy:—
 The good man is calm and serene.

II

The *Shan Yu Ch'u*; allusive. The folly of not enjoying the good things which we have, and letting death put them into the hands of others.

1 The thorny elms on the mountains grow,
 And the white elms rise where the grounds are low.
 You have suits of robes which you never wear;
 You have steeds and cars you are fain to spare.
 All these another will have by and by,
 For the time will come when you shall die.

2 The *k'ao* trees thrive on the mountain's brow,
 And the *new* trees rise where the grounds are low.
 Unwatered your courts, your rooms are unwept;
 Your drums and your bells all silent are kept.
 All these another shall have by and by,
 For the time will come when you shall die.

3 The varnish trees on the mountains grow,
 And the chestnuts rise where the grounds are low.
 Why not, at the feast, your lute gayly play,
 To add to your joy, and lengthen the day.
 Another's your house will be by and by,
 For the time will come when you shall die.

III

The *Yang Chih Shui*; allusive. Rebellion plotted against the Marquis of Chin by the chief of Ch'ü-wu and his partisans.

1 'Midst the fretted waters
 The white rocks grandly stand.
 To Wu we'll follow you,
 With white silk robe in hand,
 And collar of red hue,
 Your master to invest,
 And hail him lord of Chin,
 Of the whole state possest.
 The sight of him, our princely lord,
 Will joy to all our hearts afford.

2 'Midst the fretted waters
 The white rocks glist'ning stand.

To Ku we'll follow you,
 With white silk robe in hand,
 And collar of red hue,
 And brodered. axes fine,
 Your master to invest
 As chief of T'ang's great line.
 When him, our princely lord, we see,
 From every pain we shall be free.

3 'Midst the fretted waters
 The white rocks grandly show.
 Your orders we have heard,
 But not a single word
 Shall any from us know.

IV

The *Chiao Liao*; allusive and metaphorical. Supposed to celebrate the power and prosperity of Huanshu, and to predict the growth of his family.

1 What clusters so rare
 The pepper plants bear!
 A measure, luxuriant and large, they would fill.
 As much without peer
 Is this hero here!
 Sing hey for the shoots of the pepper plant still!

2 What clusters so rare
 The pepper plants bear!
 Luxuriant and large, both your hands they would fill.
 So generous and great
 This chief of our state!
 And it's hey for the far-shooting pepper plant still!

V

The *Ch'ou Mou*; allusive. Husband and wife express their delight at their unexpected union.

1 Round and round the fagots I've bound,
 And the Heart in heaven shines clear.
 Oh! that I such an evening have found!
 That this good man should be here!
 O me! O me!
 With a husband like this I have nothing to fear.

2 Round and round the grass we have bound;
 And the corner shines the Heart.
 Strange that we such an evening have found!
 Thus to meet and never to part!
 O joy! O joy!
 That this meeting should come without scheming or art!

3 Round and round the thorns I have bound;
 From the door the Heart I see.
 Oh! that I such an evening have found!
 That this Beauty is come to me!
 O me! O me!
 That this lady so lovely mine only should be!

VI

The *Ti Tu*; allusive. Lament of an individual bereaved of his brothers and relatives, or forsaken by them.

1 A russet pear tree rises all alone,
 But rich the growth of leaves upon it shown?
 I walk alone, without one brother left,
 And thus of natural aid am I bereft.
 Plenty of people there are all around,
 But none like my own father's sons are found.
 Ye travelers, who forever hurry by,
 Why on me turn the unsympathizing eye?
 No brother lives with whom my cause to plead;—
 Why not perform for me the helping deed?

2 A russet pear tree rises all alone,
 But rich with verdant foliage o'ergrown.
 I walk alone, without one brother's care,
 To whom I might, amid my straits, repair.
 Plenty of people there are all around,
 But none like those of my own name are found.
 Ye travelers, who forever hurry by,
 Why on me turn the unsympathizing eye?
 No brother lives with whom my cause to plead;—
 Why not perform for me the helping deed?

VII

The *Kao Ch'iu*; narrative. The people of some great officer complain of his hard treatment of them, while they declare their loyalty.

1 You, of the leopard's cuff and lambkin's fur,
 To us have been a governor unkind;
 But we look back on many an ancestor,
 And stay, when we another chief might find.

2 Unsympathizing, violent, and rough
 With us poor folks from day to day are you.
 Man of the lambkin fur and leopard cuff,
 What keeps us here but hearts that still beat true?

VIII

The *Pao Yü*; allusive or metaphorical. The men of Chin, called out to warfare by the king's order, mourn over the consequent suffering of their parents, and long for their return to their ordinary agricultural pursuits.

1 The wild geese fly the bushy oaks around,
 With clamor loud. *Su-su* their wings resound,
 As for their feet poor resting place is found.
 The king's affairs admit of no delay;
 Our millets still unsown, we haste away.
 No food is left our parents to supply;

When we are gone, on whom can they rely?
 O azure Heaven, that shinest there afar,
 When shall our homes receive us from the war?

2 The wild geese on the bushy jujube trees
 Attempt to settle, and are ill at ease;—
Su-su their wings go flapping in the breeze.
 The king's affairs admit of no delay;
 Our millets still unsown, we haste away.
 How shall our parents their requirements get?
 How in our absence shall their wants be met?
 O azure Heaven, that shinest there afar,
 When shall our homes receive us from the war?

3 The bushy mulberry trees the geese in rows
 Seek eager, and to rest around them close,—
 With rustling loud, as disappointment grows.
 The king's affairs admit of no delay;
 To plant our rice and maize we cannot stay.
 How shall our parents find their wanted food?
 When we are gone, who will to them be good?
 O azure Heaven, that shinest there afar,
 When shall our homes receive us from the war?

IX

The *Wu I*; narrative. A request to the king's envoy for the acknowledgment of Duke Wu as marquis of Chin.

1 State robes can he be said to want?
 His robes the seven high symbols show.
 But let him have them by your grant:—
 That peace and fortune will bestow.

2 State robes can he be said to want?
 The symbols six his robes display.
 But let him have them by your grant,
 And that will lasting peace convey.

X

The *Yu Ti Chih Tu*; metaphorical. Some one regrets the poverty of his circumstances, which prevented him from gathering around him companions whom he admired.

1 On the left of the way, a russet pear tree
 Stands there all alone,—a fit image of me.
 There is that princely man! O that he would come,
 And in my poor dwelling with me be at home!
 In the core of my heart do I love him, but say,
 Whence shall I procure him the wants of the day.

2 At the bend in the way a russet pear tree
 Stands there all alone,—a fit image of me.
 There is that princely man! O that he would come.
 And rambling with me be himself here at home!
 In the core of my heart I love him, but say,
 Whence shall I procure him the wants of the day.

XI

The *Ko Shêng*; allusive and narrative. A wife mourns the death of her husband, refusing to be comforted, and will cherish his memory till her own death.

1 The dolichos over the thorn tree grows;
 Its shoots o'er the waste the convolvulus throws:—
 Thus finds its proper aid each plant.
 He whom I loved, my husband, from me gone,
 I sadly mourn my lot, and dwell alone,
 Doomed thus my heart's support to want.

2 The dolichos twines round the jujube tree;
 The tombs with convolvulus covered we see:—
 Each plant thrives in its proper place
 He whom I loved, the husband of my heart,

Is here no more, and I remain apart,
 Nor can my life's strength now embrace.

3 Bright in our room was the pillow of horn,
 And coverlet broidered the couch to adorn,
 When first in one was blent our fate.
 The husband of my heart, whom I admired,
 Is here no more, and I must live retired,
 And for each morning lonely wait.

4 Each day a day of the long summer light,
 Each night as long as the dark winter night;—
 Shall I in solitude here pine.
 A hundred years will seem their course to run
 Ere of this mortal life the time is done,
 And him within the tomb I join.

5 Each night as long as the dark winter night,
 Each day a day of the long summer light;—
 To me no comfort e'er will come.
 My life will seem to last a hundred years,
 Till in my death its welcome close appears,
 And to his chamber I go home.

XII

The *Ts'ai Ling*; metaphorical. Against giving ear to slanderers.

1 When told to Shou-yang's top to go,
 The *ling* plants there to take,
 The speaker false at once you'd know,
 Nor heed the words he spake.
 And so, when men their stories feign,
 To credit them be slow.
 Put them aside, put them aside;
 Belief should slowly grow.
 'Tis thus the stories told by men
 Subside, nor farther go.

2 When told to search round Shou-yang's base,
Sow thistles there to find,
The search you'd think a hopeless case,
Nor would the counsel mind.
And so, when men their stories feign,
Do not approve in haste.
Put them aside, put them aside;
Assent should be repressed.
'Tis thus the stories told by men
Soon unregarded rest.

3 When told on th' east of Shou-yang hill
For mustard plants to try,
You'd know the quest would speed but ill,
And let the words pass by.
And so, when men their stories feign,
No hearing to them lend.
Put them aside, put them aside,
Your faith loth to extend.
'Tis thus the stories told by men
Come shortly to an end.

BOOK 11. THE ODES OF CH'IN

I

The *Ch'ê Lin*; narrative and allusive. Celebrating the growing opulence and style of some lord of Ch'in, and the pleasures and freedom of his court.

1 His many chariots rush along,
 Drawn by white-fronted steeds and strong.
 When audience now we wish to gain,
 His eunuchs' aid we must obtain.

2 The varnish trees on hillsides grow,
 And chestnuts on the lands below.
 When access to the prince we've found,
 We sit and hear the lutes' sweet sound.
 If we seize not this joy to-day,
 Old age will have us for its prey.

3 The mulberries on the hillsides grow,
 And willows where the grounds are low.
 When to the prince our way we've made
 We sit and hear the organs played.
 If we pass by this joy to-day,
 Old age will bear us all away.

II

The *Ssü T'ieh*; narrative. Celebrating the growing opulence of the lords of Ch'in, as seen in their hunting.

1 Our ruler to the hunt proceeds;
 And black as iron are his steeds
 That heed the charioteer's command,
 Who holds the six reins in his hand.
 His favorites follow to the chase,
 Rejoicing in his special grace.

2 The season's males, alarmed, arise,—
 The season's males, of wondrous size.

Driven by the beaters, forth they spring,
 Soon caught within the hunters' ring.
 "Drive on their left," the ruler cries;
 And to its mark his arrow flies.

3 The hunting done, northward he goes;
 And in the park the driver shows
 The horses' points, and his own skill
 That rules and guides them at his will.
 Light cars, whose teams small bells display,
 The long and short-mouthed dogs convey.

III

The *Hsiao Jung*; narrative. The lady of an officer absent on an expedition against the tribes of the west gives a glowing description of his chariot, and praises himself, expressing, but without murmuring, her regret at his absence.

1 Before my mind's eye stands my lord's short car,
 In which he dares the risks of savage war:—
 Its pole, whose end turns upward, curving round,
 And in five places shines, with leather bound;
 The slip rings and the side straps; the masked place,
 Where gilt rings to the front unite the trace;
 The mat of tiger's skin; the naves so long;
 The steeds, with left legs white, and piebalds, strong.
 Such my lord's car! He rises in my mind,
 Lovely and bland, like jade of richest kind;
 Yet there he lives, in his log hut apart:—
 The very thought confuses all my heart.

2 The driver with the six reins guides along
 The horses, with their shining coats, and strong:—
 One inside dappled, one bay with black mane;
 Black-mouthed and bay, and black, the outer twain.
 Shields, dragon-figured, rise up side by side,
 Shelter in front 'gainst missiles to provide.
 Gilt buckles with the carriage front connect
 The inner reins by which the insides are checkt.

I see my lord, thus in his carriage borne,
 With his mild form the frontier towns adorn.
 What time can be for his return assigned?
 Ah me! his figure ever fills my mind!

3 With measured steps move the mail-covered team.
 The trident spears, with gilded shaft ends gleam.
 The feather-figured shield, of beauty rare,
 He holds before him, all his foes to dare.
 The bow case, made of tiger's skin, and bright
 With metal plates, lies ready for the fight.
 It holds two bows which bamboo frames secure,
 And keep unhurt, to send the arrows sure.
 To him thus busy all my thoughts are borne,
 Both when I rest at night and rise at morn.
 He, my good lord, is tranquil and serene,
 His virtuous fame more prized, the more he's seen.

IV

The *Chien Chia*; narrative. Some one tells how he sought another, whom it seemed easy to find, and yet could not find him.

1 Reed and rush are dark and green;
 As hoarfrost the white dew is seen.
 Him, the man I have in mind,
 By this water I should find.
 Searching, up the stream I haste,
 On a long and toilsome quest.
 Downwards then I turn, and see!
 In the midstream standeth he.
 He is there but far removed;
 Vain has all my searching proved.

2 Reed and rush luxuriant rise;
 Still undried the white dew lies.
 Him, the man I have in mind,
 On the stream's edge I should find.
 Upwards first my course I keep,
 Though the way is rough and steep.

Downwards then, and what to see?
 In the midstream standeth he,
 On the islet, far removed;—
 Vain has all my searching proved.

3 Reed and rush grow thick and tall;
 Ceases not the dew to fall.
 Him, the man I have in mind,
 On the stream's bank I should find.
 Upwards first I go along,
 But the hard path leads me wrong.
 Downwards then my steps I turn,
 And in midstream him discern,
 On the island, far removed;—
 Vain has all my searching proved.

V

The *Chung Nan*; allusive. Celebrating the growing opulence of some ruler of Ch'in, and admonishing, while praising, him.

1 What trees grow on the Chung-nan hill?
 The white fir and the plum.
 In fur of fox, 'neath broidered robe,
 Thither our prince is come.
 His face glows with vermilion hue.
 O may he prove a ruler true!

2 What find we on the Chung-nan hill?
 Deep nook and open glade.
 Our prince shows there the double chi
 On lower robe displayed.
 His pendant holds each tinkling gem.
 Long life be his, and deathless fame!

VI

The *Huang Niao*; allusive. Lament for three worthy brothers of Ch'in who were buried alive in the same grave with Duke Mu.

1 They flit about, the yellow birds,
 And rest upon the jujubes find.
 Who buried were in Duke Mu's grave,
 Alive to awful death consigned?

'Mong brothers three, who met that fate,
 'Twas sad the first, Yen-hsi, to see.
 He stood alone; a hundred men
 Could show no other such as he.
 When to the yawning grave he came,
 Terror unnerved and shook his frame.

Why thus destroy our noblest men,
 To thee we cry, O azure Heaven!
 To save Yen-hsi from death, we would
 A hundred lives have freely given.

2 They flit about, the yellow birds,
 And on the mulberry trees rest find.
 Who buried were in Duke Mu's grave,
 Alive to awful death consigned?

'Mong brothers three, who met that fate,
 'Twas sad the next, Chung-hang, to see.
 When on him pressed a hundred men,
 A match for all of them was he.
 When to the yawning grave he came,
 Terror unnerved and shook his frame.

Why thus destroy our noblest men,
 To thee we cry, O azure Heaven!
 To save Chung-hang from death, we would
 A hundred lives have freely given.

3 They flit about, the yellow birds,
 And rest upon the thorn trees find.
 Who buried were in Duke Mu's grave,
 Alive to awful death consigned?

'Mong brothers three, who met that fate,
 'Twas sad the third, Chên-hu, to see.

A hundred men in desperate fight
 Successfully withstand could he.
 When to the yawning grave he came,
 Terror unnerved and shook his frame.

Why thus destroy our noblest men,
 To thee we cry, O azure Heaven!
 To save Chên-hu from death, we would
 A hundred lives have freely given.

VII

The *Ch'ên Fêng*; allusive. A wife tells her grief because of the absence of her husband, and his forgetfulness of her.

1 The falcon swiftly seeks the north,
 And forest gloom that sent it forth.
 Since I no more my husband see,
 My heart from grief is never free.
 O how is it, I long to know,
 That he, my lord, forgets me so?

2 Bushy oaks on the mountain grow,
 And six elms where the ground is low.
 But I, my husband seen no more,
 My sad and joyless fate deplore.
 O how is it, I long to know,
 That he, my lord, forgets me so?

3 The hills the bushy wild plums show,
 And pear trees grace the ground below.
 But, with my husband from me gone,
 As drunk with grief, I dwell alone.
 O how is it, I long to know,
 That he, my lord, forgets me so?

VIII

The *Wu I*; narrative. The people of Ch'in declare their readiness, and stimulate one another, to fight in the king's cause.

1 Say you you have no clothes to wear?
 My long robes let me with you share.
 The king his armies has called out;
 Then let us hail the battle shout.
 My lance and spear I will prepare,
 And as your comrade with you fare.

2 Say you you have no clothes to wear?
 Come and my undergarments share.
 The king his armies has called out;
 Then let us hail the battle shout.
 My spear and lance I will prepare,
 And to the field with you will fare.

3 Say you you have no clothes to wear?
 My lower clothing you shall share.
 The king his armies has called out;
 Then let us hail the battle shout.
 Buff coat I'll get, and weapons keen,
 And with you on the march be seen.

IX

The *Wei Yang*; narrative. The feelings with which Duke K'ang of Ch'in escorted his uncle, Duke Wên, to Chin, and his parting gifts.

1 I escorted my uncle to Chin,
 Till the Wei we crossed on the way.
 Then I gave as I left
 For his carriage a gift
 Four steeds, and each steed was a bay.

2 I escorted my uncle to Chin,
 And I thought of him much in my heart.
 Pendant stones, and with them
 Of fine jasper a gem,
 I gave, and then saw him depart.

X

The *Ch'üan Yü*; narrative, Some parties, probably refugees, complain of the diminished respect and attention paid to them.

1 He lodged us in a spacious house,
And plenteous was our fare.
But now at every frugal meal
There's not a scrap to spare.
Alas! alas that this good man
Could not go on as he began!

2 Four dishes on the mat the grain
For every meal supplied.
The change is great, from every meal
We rise unsatisfied.
Alas! alas that this good man
Could not go on as he began!

BOOK 12. THE ODES OF CH'ÊN

I

The *Yüan Ch'iu*; narrative. The dissipation and pleasure seeking of the officers of Ch'ên.

1 How gay and volatile you are,
When upon Yüan Ch'iu's top you stand!
Kindly you are indeed, but want
All that would men's respect command.

2 How at the foot of Yüan Ch'iu's height
Your blows upon the drum resound!
In winter and in summer, there
With egret's plume in hand you're found.

3 To Yüan Ch'iu as you move along,
You beat your sounding earthenware.
In winter and in summer both,
Your fan of egret's plumes you bear.

II

The *Tung Mên Chih Fên*; narrative. Wanton associations of the young people of Ch'ên.

1 The white elms by the east gate grow,
And clumps of oaks crown Yüan Ch'iu's head;
There Tzŭ-chung's daughter oft we see,
Dancing about beneath their shade.

2 On a bright morning they have fixed,
To seek the plain that southward lies.
Then from her task of twisting hemp,
See! dancing through the mart she hies.

3 The morning fair, young men and girls
Together go. You hear a youth

Say to his mate, "O sunflower bright,
Pledge me with pepper stalk your truth!"

III

The *Hêng Mên*; narrative. The contentment and happiness of a poor recluse.

1 My only door some pieces of crossed wood,
Within it I can rest enjoy.

I drink the water wimpling from the spring;
Nor hunger can my peace destroy.

2 Purged from ambition's aims, I say, "For fish,
We need not bream caught in the Ho;
Nor, to possess the sweets of love, require
To Ch'i, to find a Chiang, to go.

3 "The man contented with his lot, a meal
Of fish without Ho carp can make;
Nor needs, to rest in his domestic joy,
A Tzŭ of Sung as wife to take."

IV

The *Tung Mên Chih Ch'ih*; allusive. The praise of some virtuous and intelligent lady.

1 To steep your hemp, you seek the moat,
Where lies the pool, th' east gate beyond.
I seek that lady, good and fair,
Who can to me in song respond.

2 To steep your grass-cloth plants, you seek
The pool that near the east gate lies.
I seek that lady, good and fair,
Who can with me hold converse wise.

3 Out by the east gate, to the moat,
 To steep your rope rush, you repair.
 Her pleasant converse to enjoy,
 I seek that lady, good and fair.

V

The *Tung Mên Chih Yang*; allusive. The failure of an assignation.

1 Where grow the willows near the eastern gate,
 And 'neath their leafy shade we could recline,
 She said at evening she would me await,
 And brightly now I see the day star shine!

2 Here where the willows near the eastern gate
 Grow, and their dense leaves make a shady gloom,
 She said at evening she would me await.
 See now the morning star the sky illumine!

VI

The *Mu Mên*; allusive. On some evil person who was going on
 obstinately to his ruin.

1 Where through the gate in to the tombs we go,
 Thick jujube trees, the ax requiring, grow.
 Like them that man, who ill befits his place,
 And through the state is reckoned a disgrace!
 All know him bad, but to his course he'll hold,
 So long to evil has the man been sold.

2 Where through the gate in to the tombs we turn,
 Owls perched upon the plum trees we discern.
 Such omen well may to that man belong,
 Whom to admonish I now sing this song.
 No welcome will the admonition find;
 When overthrown, my words he'll call to mind.

VII

The *Fang Yu Ch'iao Ch'ao*; allusive. A lady laments the alienation of her lover by means of evil tongues.

1 The magpies' nests are on the bank;
On heights the lovely pea grows rank;
While withered my heart is and blank.
Who wiled my love away?

2 The temple path its fine tiles shows;
On heights the ribbon plant bright grows;
While my breast heaves with sorrow's throes.
Who led his heart astray?

VIII

The *Yüeh Ch'u*; allusive. A gentleman tells all the excitement of his desire for the possession of a beautiful lady.

1 The moon comes forth, bright in the sky;
A lovelier sight to draw my eye
Is she, that lady fair.
She round my heart has fixed love's chain,
But all my longings are in vain.
'Tis hard the grief to bear.

2 The moon comes forth, a splendid sight;
More winning far that lady bright,
Object of my desire!
Deep-seated is my anxious grief;
In vain I seek to find relief,
While glows the secret fire.

3 The rising moon shines mild and fair;
More bright is she, whose beauty rare
My heart with longing fills.
With eager wish I pine in vain;
O for relief from constant pain,
Which through my bosom thrills!

IX

The *Chu Lin*; narrative. The intrigue of Duke Ling with the lady of Chu Lin.

1 What to Chu Lin takes his car?

Hsia Nan is the leading star.

Not for Chu Lin does he go;

Hsia Nan 'tis who draws him so.

2 Oft his purpose to go there

At the court he will declare:—

"Yoke for me my goodly team;

I to-night in Chu will dream.

With those colts my way I'll make,

Morning meal at Chu to take."

X

The *Tsê P'o*; allusive. A gentleman's admiration of and longing for a certain lady.

1 There where its shores the marsh surround,

Rushes and lotus plants abound.

Their loveliness brings to my mind

The lovelier one that I would find.

In vain I try to ease the smart

Of wounded love that wrings my heart.

In waking thought and likely dreams,

From every pore the water streams.

2 All round the marsh's shores are seen

Valerian flowers and rushes green.

But lovelier is that Beauty rare,

Handsome and large, and tall, and fair.

I wish and long to call her mine,

Doomed with the longing still to pine.

Nor day nor night e'er brings relief;
My inmost heart is full of grief.

3 Around the marsh, in rich display,
Grow rush and lotus flowers, all gay.
But not with her do they compare,
So tall and large, majestic, fair.
Both day and night, I nothing speed;
Still clings to me the aching need.
On side, on back, on face, I lie,
But vain each change of posture try.

BOOK 13. THE ODES OF KUEI

I

The *Kao Ch'iu*; narrative. Some officer of Kuei laments over the frivolous character of his ruler, fond of displaying his robes, instead of attending to the duties of government.

1 In lamb's-fur robe you lounge about,
 Hold court in fox fur clad.
 Such habits wake my anxious thought;—
 My weary heart is sad.
 When thus you slight each rule of dress,
 Must not your rule be bad?

2 Aimless you roam in lamb's-fur robe,
 In fox fur grace the hall.
 Such habits wake my anxious thought,
 And fill my heart with gall.
 When thus you slight the laws of dress,
 You'll heed no laws at all.

3 Your glossy lamb's fur in the sun
 Gleams as with ointment's sheen.
 'Tis this that wakes my anxious thought,
 My heart's core pierces keen.
 That thus you slight the laws of dress,
 Is sorry sign I ween.

II

The *Su Kuan*; narrative. Some one deploras the decay of filial feeling, as seen in the neglect of the mourning habit.

1 O that I saw the mourning robe of white,
 Assumed when two years from the death are o'er,
 And earnest mourner's form, to leanness worn!
 Not seeing this, my heart with grief is sore.

2 O that I saw the lower robe to match
 This cap of white! I'd with the wearer go,
 And live with him, my heart eased of its smart,—
 Its sadness gone, such mourner true to know.

3 O that I saw the white knee covers worn,
 Suiting the cap and skirt! I should feel bound
 To him whose lasting grief so sought relief.
 The sympathy would heal my heart's deep wound.

III

The *Shih Yu Ch'ang Ts'oo*; narrative. Some one, groaning under the oppression of the government, wishes he were an unconscious tree.

1 Where the grounds are wet and low,
 There the trees of goat-peach grow,
 With their branches small and smooth,
 Glossy in their tender youth.
 Joy it were to me, O tree,
 Consciousness to want like thee.

2 Where the grounds are wet and low,
 There the trees of goat-peach grow.
 Soft and fragrant are their flowers,
 Glossy from the vernal showers.
 Joy it were to me, O tree,
 Ties of home to want like thee.

3 Where the grounds are wet and low,
 There the trees of goat-peach grow.
 What delicious fruits they bear,
 Glossy, soft, of beauty rare!
 Joy it were to me, O tree,
 Household cares to want like thee.?

IV

The *Fei Fêng*; narrative and allusive. Some one tells his sorrow for the decay of the power of Chou.

1 Not for the stormy wind,
Nor rushing chariots' roar,
But when I view the road to Chou,—
I'm pained to my heart's core.

2 Not for the whirlwind's sweep,
Nor car's unsteady roll,
But when I view the road to Chou,—
Deep sadness dulls my soul.

3 For one who fish can cook,
His boilers I would clear;
So him whose heart beats westward true,
With these good words I cheer.

BOOK 14. THE ODES OF TS'AO

I

The *Fou Yu*; metaphorical. Against some parties in the state, occupied with frivolous pursuits, and oblivious of important matters.

1 Like splendid robes appear the wings
Of the ephemeral fly;
And such the pomp of those great men,
Which soon in dust shall lie!
I grieve! Would they but come to me!
To teach them I should try.

2 The wings of the ephemeral fly
Are robes of colors gay;
And such the glory of those men,
Soon crumbling to decay!
I grieve! Would they but rest with me,
They'd learn a better way!

3 The ephemeral fly bursts from its hole,
With gauzy wings like snow;
So quick the rise, so quick the fall,
Of those great men we know!
I grieve! Would they but lodge with me,
Forth they would wiser go.

II

The *Hou Jên*; allusive and metaphorical. Lament over the favor shown to worthless officers at the court of Ts'ao. And the discountenance of good men.

1 Each warden of the gates appears,
With lancers and with halberdiers,
As well befits his place;
But these three hundred men, who shine

Grand in their red knee covers fine,
Only the court disgrace.

2 Like pelicans, upon the dam
Which stand, and there their pouches cram,
Unwet the while their wings,
Are those who their rich dress display,
But no befitting service pay,
Intent on meanest things.

3 Like pelicans which eager watch
Upon the dam, their prey to catch,
And spare to wet the beak,
Are those who richest favors share,
But take no part in toil or care,
Nor the state's welfare seek.

4 Like grass luxuriant on its side,
While morning mists the south hill hide,
These creatures seem to grow;
But men of worth, like virtuous maid,
Lovely but poor, denied wealth's aid,
No recognition know.

III

The *Shih Chiu*; allusive. The praise of some one, some earl, probably of Ts'ao, uniformly of virtuous conduct and of extensive influence.

1 See in the mulberry tree the turtledove
Her seven young tending with untiring love.
Like her is he, our lord, whose virtuous aim
His movements, all to rule exact, proclaim.
His movements, all to rule exact, attest
His heart to virtue bound within his breast.

2 The mulberry tree still gives the dove to sight,
But to the plum her young have taken flight.
So is that princely man to virtue bound,

Who ever with his 'silken sash is found.
 In silken girdle loves he to appear,
 And bonnet made from skin of spotted deer.

3 Behold the dove upon the mulberry tree,
 While on the jujube her seven young we see.
 In soul so steadfast is that princely man,
 Whose course for fault of flaw we vainly scan.
 His movements without fault or flaw beget
 Good order for his rule throughout the state.

4 See on the mulberry tree the dove still sit,
 And on the hazel all her young ones flit.
 So on his aim that princely man is set,
 Who rectifies the people of our state.
 His laws to all affairs such order give;—
 Ten thousand years in vigor may he live!

IV

The *Hsia Ch'üan*; metaphorical and allusive. The misery and misgovernment of Ts'ao makes the writer think of Chou and of its former vigor and prosperity.

1 Down from the spring the chilling waters pass,
 And overflow the bushy wolf-tail grass;—
 Fit emblem of our state unblest.
 In the dark night, restless, I wake and sigh,
 And to my thoughts Chou's capital comes nigh,
 When through its kings the land had rest.

2 The bushy southernwood is flooded o'er,
 By the cold waters from that spring which pour;—
 Fit emblem of our state unblest.
 In the dark night, restless, I wake and sigh,
 And to my thoughts Chou's capital comes nigh,
 When through its kings the land had rest.

3 The bushy plants, whose stalks serve to divine
Beneath the waters of that cold spring pine;—

Fit emblem of our state unblest.

In the dark night, restless, I wake and sigh,
And to my thoughts Chou's capital comes nigh,
When through its kings the land had rest.

4 Of old there fell the fertilizing rains,
And brightly shone the millet on our plains;—

The land knew no oppression hard.

The states the king's authority obeyed,
And to each lord, for loyal service paid,
The chief of Hsün dispensed reward.

BOOK 15. THE ODES OF PIN

I

The *Ch'i Yüeh*; narrative. Life in Pin in the olden time; the provident arrangements there to secure the constant supply of food and raiment,— whatever was necessary for the support and comfort of the people.

1 The seventh month sees the *Ho* go down the sky,
 And in the ninth, the stores warm clothes supply.
 Our first month's days, the wind blows cold and shrill;
 Our second's days, winds hushed, the air is chill.
 But for those clothes, and garments made of hair,
 At the year's end, how badly all would fare!
 Our third month's days, their plows in hand they take,
 And all the fourth the fields their home they make.
 I with my wife and children take my way,
 And to the southern acres food convey
 For those who toil. Appears th' inspector then,
 Surveys the fields, and cheers the working men.

2 The seventh month sees the *Ho* go down the sky,
 And in the ninth, the stores warm clothes supply.
 The warmth begins when come the days of spring,
 And then their notes we hear the orioles sing.
 See the young women, with their baskets high,
 About the mulberry trees their labors ply!
 The softest leaves, along the paths, they seek,
 To feed their silkworms, newly hatched and weak.
 For such, as longer grow the days of spring,
 In crowds they haste white southernwood to bring.
 'Mongst them are some who grieve with wounded heart;—
 To wed young lords, from parents soon they part!

3 The seventh month sees the *Ho* down westward go;
 The eighth, the reeds and sedges thickly grow.
 The months the silkworms' eggs are hatched, they break
 The mulberry branches, thus their leaves to take;
 And where those branches stretch out far and high,

Hatchets and axes on them boldly ply,
 While younger trees only their leaves supply.
 In the seventh month, the shrike's notes shrilly sound,
 And on the eighth, twisting the hemp they're found.
 Their woven fabrics, dark or yellow dyed,
 Are valued highly o'er a circle wide.
 Our brilliant red, the triumph of our art,
 For young lords' lower robes is set apart.

4 In the fourth month, the snakeroot bursts the ear;
 The shrill cicadas in the fifth we hear.
 When comes the eighth, the ripened grain they crop,
 And in the tenth the leaves begin to drop.
 In our first month for badgers quest they make;
 The wildcat also and the fox they take:—
 These last the furs for young lords to supply.
 Our second month, there comes the hunting high,
 When great and small attend our ruler's car,
 And practice all the exercise of war.
 The hunters get the younger boars they find;
 Those three years old are to the prince assigned.

5 The locust in the fifth month beats its thighs;
 And in the sixth, its wings the spinner plies.
 The next, we find the crickets in the field;
 Under our eaves, the eighth, they lie concealed;
 The ninth, they come and near our doorways keep;
 The tenth, beneath our beds they slyly creep.
 The rats we smoke out; chinks we fill up tight;—
 And close each opening on the north for light,
 And plaster wicker doors; then each one says,
 "O wife and children, this year's toiling days
 Are o'er, and soon another year will come;
 Enter and dwell in this our cozy home."

6 For food, the sixth month, plums and vines they spoil;
 The seventh, the beans and sunflower seeds they boil;
 The eighth, they strike the jujube dates all down;
 The tenth, they reap the paddy fully grown,

And with the grain make spirits 'gainst the spring,
 Which to the bushy eyebrows comfort bring.
 In the seventh month, their food the melons make;
 And in the eighth, the bottle gourds they take.
 The ninth, in soups hempseed they largely use,
 Nor *Sonchus* leaves do they for these refuse.
 Th' *ailanthus* foul, for other use not good,
 They fell, and then for fuel burn the wood:—
 'Tis thus the laborer is supplied with food.

7 In the ninth month, the yards, now stript and bare,
 They for the produce of the fields prepare.
 The tenth month sees the carrying all complete,—
 Of early millets and the late, the wheat,
 The heap, the pulse,—whatever grain we eat.
 This labor done, the husbandmen all say,
 "Our harvest here is well secured. Away
 To town, and see what for our houses there
 We need to do, to put them in repair!
 The reeds we'll gather while we have the light,
 And firmly twist them into ropes at night.
 Up on the roofs we'll haste with these in hand:—
 Soon will the fields our time again demand."

8 Our second month, they, with harmonious blows,
 Hew out the ice,—housed ere our third month close.
 The following month, and in the early dawn,
 They ope the doors;—forth now may ice be drawn;
 A lamb being offered, after rites of old,
 With scallions flanked, to him who rules the cold.
 In the ninth month, the cold begins, with frost;
 The tenth their cornyards swept and clean they boast.
 Good spirits, in two vessels kept, they take,
 To help their joy, and this proposal make:—
 "We'll kill both lambs and sheep," they joyous say,
 "And to the ruler's quickly take our way.
 We'll mount his hall; the massive cup we'll raise,
 Made of rhinoceros' horn, and as we praise,
 Wish him long life, the life of endless days."

II

The *Ch'ih Hsiao*; metaphorical. The duke of Chou, in the person of a bird, whose young ones have been destroyed by an owl, vindicates the decisive course he had taken with rebellion.

1 Owl, O owl, hear my request,
 And do not, owl, destroy my nest.
 You have taken my young,
 Though I over them hung,
 With the nursing of love and of care.
 Pity me, pity me! Hear my prayer.

2 Ere the clouds the sky had obscured,
 The mulberry roots I secured.
 Door and window around,
 Them so firmly I bound,
 That I said, casting downward my eyes,
 "Dare any of you my house despise?"

3 I tugged with my claws and I tore,
 And my mouth and my claws were sore.
 So the rushes I sought,
 And all other things brought;
 For to perfect the house I was bent,
 And I grudged no toil with this intent.

4 My wings are deplorably torn,
 And my tail is much injured and worn.
 Tossed about by the wind,
 While the rain beats unkind,
 Oh! my house is in peril of harm,
 And this note I scream out in alarm.

III

The *Tung Shan*; narrative. The duke of Chou tells of the toils of his soldiers in their expedition to the east and of their return, and their joy at the last.

1 To the hills of the east we went,
 And long had we there to remain.
 When the word of recall was sent,
 Thick and fast came the drizzling rain.
 When told our return we should take,
 Our hearts in the west were and sore;
 But there did they clothes for us make:—
 They knew our hard service was o'er.
 On the mulberry grounds in our sight
 The large caterpillars were creeping;
 Lonely and still we passed the night,
 All under our carriages sleeping.

2 To the hills of the east we went,
 And long had we there to remain.
 When the word of recall was sent,
 Thick and fast came the drizzling rain.
 The heavenly gourds rise to the eye,
 With their fruit hanging under the eave.
 In our chambers the sowbug we spy;
 Their webs on our doors spiders weave.
 Our paddocks seem crowded with deer,
 With the glowworm's light all about.
 Such thoughts, while they filled us with fear,
 We tried, but in vain, to keep out.

3 To the hills of the east we went,
 And long had we there to remain.
 When the word of recall was sent,
 Thick and fast came the drizzling rain.
 On ant hills screamed cranes with delight;
 In their rooms were our wives sighing sore.
 Our homes they had swept and made tight:—
 All at once we arrived at the door.
 The bitter gourds hanging are seen,

From branches of chestnut trees high.
 Three years of toil away we had been,
 Since such a sight greeted the eye.

4 To the hills of the east we went,
 And long had we there to remain.
 When the word of recall was sent,
 Thick and fast came the drizzling rain.
 With its wings now here, and now there,
 Is the oriole sporting in flight.
 Those brides to their husbands repair,
 Their steeds red and bay, flecked with white.
 Each mother has fitted each sash;
 Their equipments are full and complete;
 But fresh unions, whatever their dash,
 Can ne'er with reunions compete.

IV

The *P'o Fu*; narrative. Responsive to the last ode. His soldiers praise the duke of Chou for his magnanimity and sympathy with the people.

1 We splintered our axes, and brought
 Our hatchets all to the same plight.
 But the duke of Chou meant, when eastward he went,
 What was wrong in those, four 'states to right.
 Oh! the pity was great
 Which he felt for their state!

2 Our axes and chisels we broke
 To pieces, and splintered and rent.
 But the duke of Chou meant, when eastward he went,
 The four states all reformed to present.
 Oh! the pity was good
 That on them he bestowed!

3 Our axes we broke, and our clubs
 To fragments were splintered and split.
 But the duke of Chou meant, when eastward he went,

The four states in close union to knit.
 Oh! the pity was rare
 That he showed for them there!

V

The *Fa Ko*; metaphorical. While there is a proper and necessary way for everything, man need not go far to find what it is.

1 In hewing an ax shaft, how must you act?
 Another ax take, or you'll never succeed.
 In taking a wife, be sure 'tis a fact,
 That with no go-between you never can speed.

2 In hewing an ax shaft, hewing a shaft,
 For a copy you have the ax in your hand.
 In choosing a wife, you follow the craft,
 And forthwith on the mats the feast vessels stand.

VI

The *Chiu Yü*; allusive and narrative. The people of the east express their admiration of the duke of Chou, and sorrow at his returning to the west.

1 The nine inclosures of the net
 The rud and bream keep tight.
 Our prince in dragon robe we see,
 And skirt with figures bright.

2 The geese brief time fly round the isles;
 Home bends the duke his way.
 'Twas only for two passing nights
 He deigned with us to stay.

3 Back to the land now fly the geese;
 The duke comes not again.
 'Twas only for two passing nights
 He could with us remain.

4 Short time the single dragon robe
Among us we have had.
Our duke, O take not to the west,
Nor bid our hearts be sad!

VII

The *Lang Po*; allusive. The praise of the duke of Chou, more distinguished through his trials.

1 Dewlap o'ergrown and heavy tail
Th' impatient wolf impede or trip.
But see the duke, humble while tried!
Along his red shoes quiet slip.

2 Tail heavy and dewlap o'ergrown,
Th' impatient wolf trip or impede.
But see the duke, humble while tried,
His fame unflawed by hasty deed!

PART 2. MINOR ODES OF THE KINGDOM

BOOK 1. DECADE OF LU MING

I

The *Lu Ming*; allusive. A festal ode, sung at entertainments to the king's ministers, and guests from the feudal states.

1 With sounds of happiness the deer
 Browse on the celery of the meads.
 A nobler feast is furnished here,
 With guests renowned for noble deeds.
 The lutes are struck; the organ blows,
 Till all its tongues in movement heave.
 Each basket loaded stands, and shows
 The precious gifts the guests receive.
 They love me, and my mind will teach,
 How duty's highest aim to reach.

2 With sounds of happiness the deer
 The southernwood crop in the meads.
 What noble guests surround me here,
 Distinguished for their worthy deeds!
 From them my people learn to fly
 Whate'er is mean; to chiefs they give
 A model and a pattern high;—
 They show the life they ought to live.
 Then fill their cups with spirits rare,
 Till each the banquet's joy shall share.

3 With sounds of happiness the deer
 The salsola crop in the fields.
 What noble guests surround me here!
 Each lute for them its music yields.
 Sound, sound the lutes, or great or small,
 The joy harmonious to prolong;
 And with my spirits rich crown all
 The cups to cheer the festive throng.
 Let each retire with gladdened heart,
 In his own sphere to play his part.

II

The *Ssŭ Mu*; narrative and allusive. A festal ode, complimentary to an officer on his return from an expedition, celebrating the union in him of loyal duty and filial feeling.

1 On dashed my four steeds, without halt, without stay,
Though toilsome and winding from Chou was the way.
I wished to return,—but the monarch's command
Forbade that his business be done with slack hand;
And my heart was with sadness oppressed.

2 On dashed my four steeds; I ne'er slackened the reins.
They snorted and panted,—all white, with black manes.
I wished to return, but our sovereign's command
Forbade that his business be done with slack hand;
And I dared not to pause or to rest.

3 Unresting the filial doves speed in their flight,
Ascending, then sweeping swift down from the height,
Now grouped on the oaks. The king's high command
Forbade that his business be done with slack hand;
And my father I left, sore distressed.

4 Unresting the filial doves speed in their flight,
Now fanning the air, and anon they alight
On the medlars thick grouped. But our monarch's command
Forbade that his business be done with slack hand;—
Of my mother I thought with sad breast.

5 My four steeds I harnessed, all white and black-maned,
Which straight on their way, fleet and emulous, strained.
I wished to return; and now venture in song
The wish to express, and announce how I long
For my mother my care to attest.

III

The *Huang Huang Chê Hua*; allusive and narrative. An ode appropriate to the dispatch of an envoy; complimentary to him, and suggesting instructions as to the discharge of his duty.

1 As the flower that blooms bright on the mountain or lea,
Is the legate, whom charged with high mission we see.
With his suite, all alert and aye watchful he hies,
That his hand may achieve what his heart shall devise.

2 "Fresh and young are my steeds," so he sang as he sped,
"And the six reins in hand look with ointment o'erspread.
So hurrah! my good horses, dash on at your best,
As now here, and now there, I am pushing my quest.

3 "Many-spotted my coursers, whose hues finely blend,
And the six reins in hand, soft as silk, freely bend.
So hurrah! my good horses, strain tendons and thews,
As now here, and now there, I am searching for news.

4 "With black manes and white coats are the steeds of my car,
And the gleam of the six glossy reins shines afar.
So hurrah! my good horses, ply muscle and leg,
As now here, and now there, for wise counsel I beg.

5 "Dark, with white interspersed, are the coursers I drive;
'Gainst my hands, the reins grasping, in vain would they strive.
So hurrah! my good horses, speed onwards and fly,
As now here, and now there, much inquiring I pry."

IV

The *Chang Ti*; allusive and narrative. Setting forth the close relation and affection that ought to obtain between brothers.

1 With mass of gorgeous flowers
The cherry trees are crowned,
But none within this world of ours
Like brothers can be found.

2 When awful death comes near,
'Tis brothers sympathize.
When headlong flight fills plain and height,
To brother brother flies.

3 See how the wagtail's head
Quick answers to its tail!
When hardships great befall our state,
Friends, are of no avail.
In times of urgent need,
We brothers' help receive.
Then friends, though good, of different blood,
Long sighs will only heave.

4 Brothers indoors may fight;
But insults from without
Join them at once, and they unite
The common foe to rout.
In cases such as this,
In vain to friends we turn.
They may be true, but they'll eschew
The danger they discern.

5 Deaths and disorder o'er,
'Mid peace and rest now cold,
Some men, alas! their brothers pass,
Nor them as friends will hold.

6 With dishes in array,
The cup may oft go round;
But only where brothers are there,
The feast is truly found.
'Tis when they all appear,
And each is in his place,
That childlike joy, without alloy,
Crowns harmony with grace.

7 Children and wife we love;
Union with them is sweet
As lute's soft strain that soothes our pain.

How joyous do we meet!
 But brothers, more than they,
 Can satisfy the heart.
 'Tis *their* accord does peace afford,
 And lasting joy impart.

8 For ordering of your homes,
 For joy with child and wife,
 Consider well the truth I tell;—
 This is the charm of life!

V

The *Fa Mu*; allusive. A festal ode, sung at the entertainment of friends; intended to celebrate the duty and value of friendship, even to those of the highest rank.

1 The woodmen's blows responsive ring,
 As on the trees they fall;
 And when the birds their sweet notes sing,
 They to each other call.
 From the dark valley comes a bird,
 And seeks the lofty tree.
Ying goes its voice, and thus it cries,
 "Companion, come to me."
 The bird, although a creature small,
 Upon its mates depends;
 And shall we men, who rank o'er all,
 Not seek to have our friends?
 All spirits love the friendly man,
 And hearken to his prayer.
 What harmony and peace they can
 Bestow, his lot shall share.

2 *Hsü-hsü* the woodmen all unite
 To shout, as trees they fell.
They do their work with all their might;—
 What I have done I'll tell.
 I've strained and made my spirits clear,

The fatted lambs I've killed.
 With friends who my own surname bear,
 My hall I've largely filled.
 Some may be absent, casually,
 And leave a broken line;
 But better this than absence by
 An oversight of mine.
 My court I've sprinkled and swept clean,
 Viands in order set.
 Eight dishes loaded stand with grain;
 There's store of fatted meat.
 My mother's kith and kin I wis
 I've widely called by name.
 That some be hindered better is
 Than I give cause for blame.

3 On the hillside the trees they fell,
 All working with good will.
 I labor too, with equal zeal,
 And the host's part fulfill.
 Spirits I've set in order meet,
 The dishes stand in rows.
 The guests are here; no vacant seat
 A brother absent shows.
 The loss of kindly feeling oft
 From slightest things shall grow,
 Where all the fare is dry and spare,
 Resentments fierce may glow.
 My store of spirits is well strained.
 If short prove the supply,
 My messengers I straightway send,
 And what is needed buy.
 I beat the drums, and in the dance
 Lead joyously the train.
 Oh! good it is, when falls the chance,
 The sparkling cup to drain.

VI

The *T'ien Pao*; narrative. An ode responsive to any of the five preceding. His officers and guests, feasted by the king, celebrate his praises, and desire for him the blessing of Heaven and of his ancestors.

1 Heaven shields and sets thee fast.

It round thee fair has cast

Thy virtue pure.

Thus richest joy is thine;—

Increase of corn and wine,

And every gift divine,

Abundant, sure.

2 Heaven shields and sets thee fast.

From it thou goodness hast;

Right are thy ways.

Its choicest gifts 'twill pour,

That last forevermore,

Nor time exhaust the store

Through endless days.

3 Heaven shields and sets thee fast,

Makes thine endeavor last,

And prosper well.

Like hills and mountains high,

Whose masses touch the sky;

Like stream aye surging by;

Thine increase swell!

4 With rite and auspice fair,

Thine offerings thou dost bear,

And sonlike give,

The seasons round from spring,

To olden duke and king,

Whose words to thee we bring:—

"Forever live."

5 The spirits of thy dead

Pour blessings on thy head,

Unnumbered, sweet.

Thy subjects, simple, good,
 Enjoy their drink and food.
 Our tribes of every blood
 Follow thy feet.

6 Like moons that wax in light;
 Or suns that scale the height;
 Or ageless hill;
 Nor change, nor autumn know;
 As pine and cypress grow;
 The sons that from thee flow
 Be lasting still!

VII

The *Ts'ai Wei*; allusive and narrative. An ode on the dispatch of troops to guard the frontiers on the north against the wild tribes of the Hsien-yün.

1 Come pluck the ferns, the ferns sharp-pointed take;
 The curling fronds now their appearance make.
 And now we march. O when shall we return?
 Till late next year we must in exile mourn.
 So long the husband, parted from his wife,
 Shall 'gainst the Hsien-yün wage the deadly strife.
 'Mid service hard all rest will be denied;—
 Northwards we go, to quell the Hsien-yün's pride.

2 Come pluck the ferns, the ferns sharp-pointed pull;
 Their fronds uncurled, they tender look and cool.
 Onwards we march. O when shall we return?
 Disconsolate, our hearts in sadness mourn.
 Yes, sad our hearts! In sorrow forth we go,
 To thirst and hunger and each pinching woe.
 While serving thus the frontiers to defend,
 To those at home no message can we send.

3 Come pluck the ferns, their sharp points disregard;
 Some time has passed, and now their leaves are hard.
 What is the date for our return assigned?

Next year's tenth month.—We keep it well in mind.
 But the king's work no grudging heart requires;
 Denied our rest, we fan our valor's fires.
 Home thoughts may often cause us weary hours,
 But home we go not, till success is ours.

4 What gorgeous sight was that which fixed our gaze?
 The mass of flowers the cherry tree displays.
 But here a sight we see, as fair and grand;—
 Our leader's car, given by his sovereign's hand.
 It stands equipt, imposing in our sight,
 With steeds all strong, and eager for the fight.
 And shall not we the inspiration own?
 One month our arms with victories three shall crown.

5 Grand are those four steeds, harnessed to the car!
 Conducted this, we boldly dare the war.
 With confidence the general takes his seat;
 The men behind rejoice the foe to meet.
 On move the steeds in step. The quiver made
 Of sealskin tough is to the view displayed,
 And bow with ivory ends,—the Hsien-yün's dread.
 Daily each other's courage we provoke,
 And hope to end our service by a stroke.

6 Ah! vain our efforts to assuage our grief!
 None know our sadness; nought can give relief.
 Last year, when from our homes the field we took,
 'Twas sweet on willows fresh and green to look.
 When we return, 'twill be the winter stern,
 And hard our path through snow clouds to discern.
 Alas! how great the toilsome journey's length,
 With thirst and hunger to exhaust our strength!

VIII

The *Ch'u Ch'ê*; narrative. An ode of congratulation, on the return of the troops from the expedition against the Hsien-yün.

- 1 Forth from the city in our cars we drove,
 Until we halted at the pasture ground.
 The general came, and there with ardor strove
 A note of zeal throughout the host to sound.
 "Direct from court I come, by orders bound
 The march to hasten;"—it was thus he spake.
 Then with the carriage officers around,
 He strictly charged them quick dispatch to make:—
 "Urgent the king's affairs, forthwith the field we take."
- 2 While there we stopt, the second corps appeared,
 And 'twixt us and the city took its place.
 The guiding standard was on high upreared,
 Where twining snakes the tortoises embrace,
 While oxtails, crestlike, did the staff's top grace.
 We watched the sheet unfolding grandly wave;
 Each flag around showed falcons on its face.
 With anxious care looked on our leader brave;
 Watchful the carriage officers appeared and grave.
- 3 Nan Chung, our chief, had heard the royal call
 To go where inroad by Hsien-yüns was made,
 And 'cross the frontier build a barrier wall.
 Numerous his chariots, splendidly arrayed!
 The standards—this where dragons were displayed,
 And that where snakes round tortoises were coiled
 Terrific flew. "Northward our host," he said,
 "Heaven's son sends forth to tame the Hsien-yün wild."
 Soon by this awful chief would all their tribes be foiled.
- 4 When first we took the field, and northward went,
 The millets were in flower;—a prospect sweet.
 Now when our weary steps are homeward bent,
 The snow falls fast, the mire impedes our feet.
 Many the hardships we were called to meet,
 Ere the king's orders we had all fulfilled.
 No rest we had; often our friends to greet
 The longing came; but vain regrets we stilled;
 By tablets stern our hearts with fresh resolve were thrilled.

5 "Incessant chirp the insects in the grass;
 All round about the nimble hoppers spring.
 From them our thoughts quick to our husbands pass,
 Although those thoughts our hearts with anguish wring.
 Oh! could we see them, what relief 'twould bring!
 Our hearts, rejoiced, at once would feel at rest."
 Thus did our wives, their case deploring, sing;
 The while our leader farther on had pressed,
 And smitten with his power the wild Jung of the west.

6 The spring days now are lengthening out their light;
 The plants and trees are dressed in living green;
 The orioles resting sing, or wing their flight;
 Our wives amid the southernwood are seen,
 Which white they bring, to feed their silkworms keen.
 Our host, returned, sweeps onwards to the hall,
 Where chiefs are questioned, shown the captives mean.
 Nan Chung, majestic, draws the gaze of all,
 Proud o'er the barbarous foe his victories to recall.

IX

The *Ti Tu*; narrative. An ode of congratulation, specially intended for the troops, on the return of the expedition against the Hsien-yün.

1 The russet pear tree stands there all alone;
 How bright the growth of fruit upon it shown!
 The king's affairs no stinting hands require,
 And days prolonged still mock our fond desire.
 But time has brought the tenth month of the year;
 My woman's heart is torn with wound severe.
 Surely my warrior lord might now appear!

2 The russet pear tree stands there all alone;
 How dense the leafy shade all o'er it thrown!
 The king's affairs require no slackening hand,
 And our sad hearts their feelings can't command.
 The plants and trees in beauty shine; 'tis spring.

From off my heart its gloom I fain would fling.
This season well my warrior home may bring!

3 I climbed that northern hill, and medlars sought;
The spring nigh o'er, to ripeness they were brought.
"The king's affairs cannot be slackly done:"—
'Tis thus our parents mourn their absent son.
But now his sandal car must broken be;
I seem his powerful steeds worn out to see.
Relief has gone! He can't be far from me!

4 Alas! they can't have marched; they don't arrive!
More hard it grows with my distress to strive.
The time is passed, and still he is not here!
My sorrows multiply; great is my fear.
But lo! by reeds and shell I have divined.
That he is near, they both assure my mind;—
Soon at my side my warrior I shall find!

X

The *Nan Kai*. This is one of the six odes which are commonly spoken of as having been lost. The subject of the *Nan Kai* was: Filial sons admonishing one another on the duty of supporting their parents.

BOOK 2. THE DECADE OF PAI HUA

I

The *Pai Hua*. The unsullied purity of filial sons. Text wanting.

II

The *Hua Shu*. The harmony of the seasons, and the abundance of the harvests, seen especially in the large produce of the millet crops. Text wanting.

III

The *Yü Li*; allusive and narrative. An ode used at district entertainments, celebrating the abundance of everything, and the prosperity of the times.

1 By means of simplest fish trap that men make,
Sand blowers small and yellow jaws they take;—
Such the result good rule insures.

And here our host his spirits forth has set,
Good and abundant; proof we now are met,
When ordered rule large wealth secures.

2 In simplest fish traps that might useless seem,
They take abundant store of tench and bream;—
Such issue from our good rule springs.

And here our host his spirits forth has set,
Abundant, good;—sure proof we now are met,
When ordered rule great riches brings.

3 Into the simplest fish traps largely go
Mudfish and carp;—captures that clearly show
How with good rule the land is crowned.

And here our host his spirits forth has set,
Good and most ample;—proof we here are met,
When ordered rule makes wealth abound.

4 The mats in great abundance viands show;
And these of rarest quality we know.

5 The viands excellent are here revealed;
Both land and sea their contributions yield.

6 Viands in ample store the feast displays;
And all in season, all beyond our praise.

IV

The *Yu Kêng*. All things produced according to their nature. Text wanting.

V

The *Nan Yu Chia Yü*; allusive. A festal ode appropriate to the entertainment of worthy guests, and celebrating the generous sympathy of the entertainer.

1 The fishers of the south for barbel make
Sharp search, and many with their baskets take.
The host his noble guests has gathered here;
They drink with him, and joyous share his cheer.

2 The barbel of the south are largely caught
In wicker nets, which then to land are brought.
The host has round him called each noble guest;
They drink with him, delighted with the feast.

3 The southern trees with drooping branches grow,
Round which the sweet gourds clasp and twine below.
His noble guests around the host we see;
They drink with him, and feast in cheerful glee.

4 About the filial doves incessant fly;
Flock follows flock, in wheeling circles high.
The noble guests long at their cups remain;
They freely drink, and then they drink again.

VI

The *Ch'ung Ch'iu*. How all things attained their greatest height and size.
Text wanting.

VII

The *Nan Shan Yu T'ai*; allusive. A festal ode, where the ruler, as the host, celebrates the virtues of his ministers, who are the guests, and supplicates blessings on them.

1 The southern hills the *t'ai* plant show,
The northern yield the *lai*.
Your presence here, my noble guests,
Fills me with rapture high.
'Tis on your strength that all my states depend;
Myriads of years be yours, years without end!

2 On southern hills are mulberry trees,
On northern willows grow.
Your presence here, my noble guests,
Makes my joy overflow.
Your virtue's rays through all my regions shine;
Myriads of years be yours in boundless line!

3 On southern hills the medlars thrive,
And plum trees in the north.
Your presence here, my noble guests,
The richest joy calls forth.
Parental love ye for my people show,
And may your virtuous fame decay ne'er know!

4 The southern hills the *k'ao* display,
The northern have the *niu*.
Here at our feast, my noble guests,
My heart rests glad in you.
The eyebrows of long life your foreheads crown;
Still wider be your virtuous fame's renown!

5 The honey trees on southern hills,
 The *yü* on northern rise.
 Your presence here, my noble guests,
 Rare happiness supplies.
 Gray hair and wrinkled face yours yet shall be:
 May future times your sons as prosperous see!

VIII

The *Yu I*. How all things were produced and flourished as was natural to them. Text wanting.

IX

The *Liao Hsiao*; allusive. A festal ode, on occasion of the king's entertaining the feudal princes who have come to his court.

1 Tall grows the fragrant southernwood,
 On which the dew shines bright.
 Now that my noble men I see,
 My anxious heart feels light.
 We feast, while smiles and chat our joy proclaim;
 Such guests deserve prosperity and fame.

2 Tall grows the fragrant southernwood,
 On which thick lies the dew.
 The presence of these noble men
 Gives grace and glory too.
 From error's taint is their pure virtue free;
 Long may they live, and ne'er forgotten be!

3 Tall grows the fragrant southernwood,
 With dew all over wet.
 Joyful and unconstrained these guests
 Share the rich feast here set.
 In concord with their brothers may they dwell,
 And happy age their virtue's praises tell!

4 Tall grows the fragrant southernwood,
 On which rich lies the dew.
 The rein ends of these noble men
 At once engaged my view.
 At dawn they hung, while the bells tinkled sweet
 From bar and bit. All good upon them meet!

X

The *Chan Lu*; allusive. A festal ode, appropriate to the convivial entertainment of the feudal princes at the royal court.

1 The dew lies heavy all around,
 Nor, till the sun shines, leaves the ground.
 Far into night we feasting sit;
 We drink, and none his place may quit.

2 The dew lies heavy, and its gems
 Stud the luxuriant, grassy stems.
 The happy night with wassail rings;
 So feasted here the former kings.

3 The jujube and the willow tree
 All fretted with the dew we see.
 Each guest's a prince of noble line,
 In whom the virtues all combine.

4 The *t'ung* and *i* their fruits display,
 Pendent from every graceful spray.
 My guests are joyous and serene,
 No haggard eye, no ruffled mien.

BOOK 3. THE DECADE OF T'UNG KUNG

I

The *T'ung Kung*; narrative. A festal ode, on occasion of a feast given by the king to some prince for the merit he had achieved, and the conferring on him of a red bow.

1 The red bows unbent were received, and are kept
 In store,—to reward service done for our land.
 Lo! here is a prince whose great merit we own;
 To him one I give from my heart with glad hand.
 The bells and the drums all in order are placed;—
 I'll feast the whole morning with this noble guest.

2 The red bows unbent were received, and are fixed
 On frames,—to await service done for our states.
 Lo! here is a prince who well merits the prize;
 With joy my whole heart in his presence dilates.
 The bells and the drums in good order all stand;—
 And this morning his place shall be on my right hand.

3 The red bows unbent were received, and are placed
 In cases,—to show how we merit revere.
 Lo! here is a prince such reward who deserves;
 For him in my heart's core the love is sincere.
 With our bells and our drums the court shall resound,
 While for him all the morning the pledge cup goes round.

II

The *Ching Ching Chê O*; allusive and metaphorical. An ode, celebrating the attention paid by the early kings of Chou to the education of talent.

1 Bright grows the aster-southernwood,
 Luxuriant on that spacious mound.
 Our lord, renowned for courtesy,
 Wakes in our hearts a joy profound.

2 The aster, clothing yonder isle,
 Its color throws o'er all the stream.
 When we our noble lord behold,
 Our hearts reflect his gladdening beam.

3 The aster on that lofty height
 In beauteous state luxuriant grows.
 An hundred sets of cowries bright
 Our noble lord on us bestows.

4 Our youth were like the willow boat,
 Sinking and rising on the tide.
 Our noble lord now for them cares;—
 In him our resting hearts confide.

III

The *Lu Yüeh*; narrative. Celebrating a successful expedition against the Hsien-yün, and especially the character and conduct of Keih-foo who commanded in it.

1 When the sixth month had come, the turmoil of war
 Burst suddenly forth, and each quick-harnessed car
 Stood ready to move, with its steeds keen and strong,
 While heavier cars bore the baggage along.
 Fierce blazing, the Hsien-yün had mustered their men;
 No recreant there, all was urgency then.
 The king gave the word; we were mustered and gone,
 To rescue from foemen the kingdom and throne.

2 Well matched in their strength were the horses, and black,
 And trained to the reins, as they tighten or slack.
 Ere the sixth month was o'er, the field we could take;
 No more preparation we needed to make.
 With all our accouterments fully complete,
 Each day thirty li went our hurrying feet.
 The king gave the word; we were mustered and gone,
 With courage all ardent to help Heaven's son.

3 Long and stout were the steeds, attached to each car,
 With broad heads that scented the battle afar.
 We smote the Hsien-yün, and great merit obtained,
 Nor flagged in our efforts till triumph was gained.
 The eye of our leader was careful and stern,
 Discharging his service, bright glory to earn;
 Determined the war to such issue to bring,
 As would firmly establish the throne of the king.

4 For themselves badly judging, the Hsien-yün go,
 Bold to occupy Chiao, and seize upon Ho.
 Hao and Fang they o'erran, still issuing forth,
 Till, crossing the King, they pressed onto the north.
 Our flags showed the falcons in blazonry bright,
 And gayly their streamers all fluttered in white.
 Ten chariots of war, all imposing and strong,
 Led proudly the van of our conquering throng.

5 The workmen had labored to perfect each car,
 Well balanced, before and behind, for the war.
 Its four steeds were mighty, unmatched in their strain,
 And yielding at once to each touch of the rein.
 We smote the Hsien-yün; ay, we conquered, and then
 We pursued them in flight to the far T'a-yüan.
 As in peace, so in war, our Chi-fu is great,
 Affording a pattern to all in each state.

6 And now at the banquet, forgotten all care,
 He feasts with his friends, feeling happiness rare.
 The tedious marches are all over now,—
 The marches we traveled, returning from Hao.
 To his friends the bright spirits his welcome convey;
 Minced carp and roast turtle the mats all display.
 And who are the guests? There above every other
 Sits Chang Chung, renowned as a son and a brother.

The *Ts'ai Ch'i*; allusive and narrative. Celebrating Fang Shu, and his successful conduct of a grand expedition against the tribes of the south.

1 In those new fields, till the last year unfilled,
 And acres which this year the grain first filled,
 White millet there they reaped with eager hand,
 When Fang Shu came, the army to command.
 Three thousand chariots for his orders wait,
 Surrounded by a host, well trained, elate.
 He led them on. His car four piebalds drew,
 That moved like one great steed to human view.
 A royal gift, it shone in glittering red,
 With bamboo-checked screen, and quiver made
 Of sealskin strong. The gilt hooks we could tell
 On each steed's breast; the rein ends graceful fell.

2 Where toil last year had opened harvests new,
 And where about the villages it grew,
 White millet there they reaped with eager hand,
 When Fang Shu came, the army to command.
 His cars three thousand; on his banners shone
 Snake, tortoise, dragon, as he led them on.
 Gay was his yoke; his naves were lacquered red;
 Two tinkling bells hung from each horse's head.
 He wore the robes the king's gift had bestowed;
 Beneath, the red knee covers brightly glowed.
 Rare gems upon his girdle pendant hung,
 Flashed as they moved, and sounded as they swung.

3 Swift as the soaring falcon cleaves the sky,
 And wheels about in airy circles high,
 Descending then, and lighting where it rose;
 So Fang Shu led his troops against their foes.
 Round the war chariots, full three thousand strong,
 Close marched the men, a well-trained warrior throng.
 The bells and drums his orders clear expressed,
 And then the marshaled forces he addressed,
 And wise arrangements made. The battle raged,
 While the drums rolled, inspiring all engaged.

Victory once gained, a lighter sound they gave,
The while he ordered back the victors brave.

4 The savage hordes of King, made blind by fate,
Had madly dared to oppose our larger state.
Although Fang Shu was ripe with growing years,
Yet in his plans a vigorous force appears.
Leading his troops, the hostile chiefs he bound
For question, with a captive crowd around.
How numerous were his chariots in the fray,
Numerous, and all arrayed in grand array,
Like rattling thunder in assaulting speed!
Oh! grand in wisdom was he as in deed!
The Hsien-yün he had smitten to the ground;
The awe-struck tribes of King his prowess owned.

V

The *Ch'ê Kung*; narrative. Celebrating a great hunting, presided over by King Hsüan, on occasion of his giving audience to the feudal princes at the eastern capital of Lu.

1 Our chariots were well built and firm,
Well matched our steeds, and fleet and strong.
Four, sleek and large, each chariot drew,
And eastward thus we drove along.

2 Our hunting cars were light and good,
Each with its team of noble steeds.
Still further east we took the way
To Fu mere's grassy plains that leads.

3 Loud-voiced, the masters of the chase
Arranged the huntsmen, high and low.
While banners streamed, and oxtails flew,
We sought the prey on distant Gaou.

4 Each with full team, the princes came,
A lengthened train in bright array.

In gold-wrought slippers, kneecaps red,
They looked as on an audience day.

5 Each right thumb wore the metal guard;
On the left arm its shield was bound.
In unison the arrows flew;
The game lay piled upon the ground.

6 The leaders of the tawny teams
Sped on their course, direct and true.
The drivers perfect skill displayed;
Like blow well aimed each arrow flew.

7 Neighing and pleased, the steeds returned;
The bannered lines back slowly came.
No jostling rude disgraced the crowd;
The king declined large share of game.

8 So did this famous hunt proceed!
So free it was from clamorous sound!
Well does our king become his place,
And high the deeds his reign have crowned!

VI

The *Chi Jih*; narrative. Celebrating a hunting expedition by King Hsüan on a smaller scale, attended by the officers of the court, and within the royal domain.

1 The day *Mow-shin* was lucky found;
Then to the sire of steeds we prayed.
Our cars and teams and gear were good;
We scour the heights where wild game strayed.

2 And *Keng-wu* also lucky proved;
We picked our steeds, and chose our ground,—
Where stags and does by Ts'eih and Ts'eu
Made sport for him whom Heaven had crowned.

3 We viewed the plain where teeming game
 Now shivering stand, now frantic run;
 Here two, there three. We charged along,
 Pleasure to yield to Heaven's great son.

4 We bend our bows; our shafts we grasp;
 There lies the huge behemoth low,
 And boars are pierced:—spoil for the guests,
 At court, when wine cups overflow.

VII

The *Hung Yen*; allusive. The people, regathered into communities under King Hsüan, praise the officers by whom this had been accomplished.

1 With rustling wings the wild geese fly,
 Round fields long strange to hand of toil.
 Called by the officers in charge,
 We labor on the desert soil.
 Sad is our state, but sadder still
 The hearts no wedded love can fill.

2 The wild geese fly about, and light
 Amid the marsh, where grain once shone.
 We rear the walls as we are told;—
 Five thousand feet are quickly done
 Great is the toil, and sore the pain,
 But peaceful homes will rise again.

3 The wild geese fly with plaintive note,
 That sadly suits our weary sighs.
 But those whose orders we obey,—
 They see our pain; and they are wise.
 If they had not been men of sense,
 They had rebuked our insolence.

VIII

The *T'ing Liao*; narrative. Describing the anxiety of some king—supposed to be King Hsüan—not to be late at his morning levee.

1 How goes the night? For heavy morning sleep
 Ill suits the king who men would loyal keep.
 The courtyard, ruddy with the torch's light,
 Proclaims unspent the deepest hour of night.
 Already near the gate my lords appear;
 Their tinkling bells salute my wakeful ear.

2 How goes the night? I may not slumber on.
 Although not yet the night is wholly gone,
 The paling torchlight in the court below
 Gives token that the hours swift-footed go.
 Already at the gate my lords appear;
 Their tinkling bells with measured sound draw near.

3 How goes the night? I may not slumber now.
 The darkness smiles with morning on its brow.
 The courtyard torch no more gives forth its ray,
 But heralds with its smoke the coming day.
 My princes pass the gate, and gather there;
 I see their banners floating in the air.

IX

The *Mien Shui*; allusive. Bewailing the disorder of the times and the general indifference to it, and tracing it to the slanderers encouraged by men in authority.

1 The waters flow with volume vast,
 Straight to the ocean's mighty court;
 Swift fly the soaring falcons past,
 And to their resting place resort.
 But through the land disorder wends,
 And with it none will dare to cope.
 Ye kinsmen near, ye honored friends,
 Ye people, why abandon hope?

Alas that you the struggle shun,
And leave your parents all undone!

2 Their bed the mighty waters leave,
And ruin spread the country o'er.
The sky on wing the falcons cleave;
High and yet higher still they soar.
So is it with the lawless crew,
Whose evil courses know no bound.
I think of them, and start to do.
Alas! I go but round and round.
Still in my heart fast dwells its grief;
I vainly strive to find relief.

3 With volume vast the waters flow,
But still within their channel run.
And swiftly as the falcons go,
The vault that copes the hill they shun.
And can we then no method find
To check the talk that fills the land?
No means devise to curb or bind
The idle tongue and wanton hand?
Watch, friends, yourselves; watch reverently,
And slanderous tongues will silent be!

X

The *Ho Ming*; metaphorical. Certain moral lessons from natural facts.

1 All true words fly, as from yon reedy marsh
The crane rings o'er the wild its screaming harsh.
Vainly you try reason in chains to keep;—
Freely it moves as fish sweeps through the deep.
Hate follows love, as 'neath those sandal trees
The withered leaves the eager searcher sees.
The hurtful ne'er without some good was born;—
The stones that mar the hill will grind the corn.

2 All true words spread, as from the marsh's eye
The crane's sonorous note ascends the sky.
Goodness throughout the widest sphere abides,
As fish round isle and through the ocean glides.
And lesser good near greater you shall see,
As grows the paper shrub 'neath sandal tree.
And good emerges from what man condemns;—
Those stones that mar the hill will polish gems.

BOOK 4. THE DECADE OF CH'Í FU

I

The *Ch'í Fu*; narrative. The soldiers of the royal guard complain of the service imposed on them by the minister of war.

1 Hear, minister of war, the charge we bring!
 We are the teeth and talons of the king;
 Close to his person is our place.
 Why have you sent us to this homeless life,
 Where far from court we roam, 'mid miseries rife?
 Why are we doomed to this disgrace?

2 Hear, minister of war, the accusing word!
 We are the taloned soldiers of our lord,
 And near his person should have rest.
 But you from court have sent us far away,
 Where ceaselessly we toil from day to day,
 By constant misery oppressed.

3 Hear, minister of war, whose erring deed
 Has paid our valor with a sorry meed,
 When we should near the court reside.
 Why have you sent us far to suffer grief,
 And leave our mothers longing for relief,
 With all their cooking labors tried?

II

The *Pai Chü*; narrative. The writer expresses his regret at the abandonment of public life by an officer whom he admired.

1 Free let the brilliant white colt eat
 The tenderest produce in my yard.
 Secure it by the neck and feet;
 And this morn's pleasure safely guard.
 Its owner, cherished in my heart,
 Shall then with me at ease abide.

Alas that he should e'er depart.
And hermitlike his merit hide!

2 Free let the brilliant white colt eat
The bean sprouts growing in my yard.
Secure it by the neck and feet,
This evening's joy thus safely guard.
Its owner, cherished in my heart,
Shall then be here, a guest admired.
O could I wile him from the part
He wants to play, from men retired!

3 O leave thy colt of brilliant white!
If thou to me would'st blithely come,
As duke or marquis, honors bright
Thou should'st obtain, and in thy home
Find endless joy. Try to restrain,
With strictest curb, thy roaming mind:
And from the hermit life refrain,
To which thou art so much inclined.

4 'Tis vain. The brilliant white colt view,
Deep in that empty valley stand,
Before it placed a bundle new
Of grass plucked by its master's hand.
That master as a gem I hold.
O that, relenting, he may send
What I'll prize more than gems or gold,—
News that he still remains my friend!

III

The *Huang Niao*; metaphorical. Some officer, who had withdrawn to another state, finds his expectations of the people there disappointed, and proposes to return to the royal domain.

1 Thou yellow-plumaged bird, O spare
The paper shrubs and fields of grain!
For me these people show no care;—

I long for kin and home again.
 That we judged ill, when we came here,
 Does from their cold neglect appear.

2 The mulberry trees and fields of maize,
 Thou yellow-plumaged bird, eschew!
 These people are a dullard race;
 I long my brethren's face to view.
 That we judged ill, when we came here,
 Does from their cold neglect appear.

3 Thou yellow-plumaged bird, O fly
 Those oak trees, nor the millet eat!
 From this bad land I back must hie;—
 I long my father's kin to greet.
 That we judged ill, when we came here,
 Does from their cold neglect appear.

IV

The *Wo Hsing Ch'i Yeh*; narrative. An officer, who had left the royal domain, and sought for protection in a state where he had affinities by marriage, relates his disappointment, and the unworthy cause of it.

1 All through the fields I traveled sad,
 Th' ailanthus foul my only shade.
 Through our relationship I came,
 Shelter to find with you and aid.
 But me you show no wish to entertain;—
 Back to my state and clan I go again!

2 All through the fields I traveled sad,
 And for my food the sheep's-foot cooked.
 Through our relationship, to you
 For lodging for a time I looked.
 But me you show no wish to entertain;—
 Back to my kindred now I go again!

3 All through the fields I went and tried
 Hunger with pokeweed to appease.
 I came to you; your love is cold;
 And your new mate you seek to please.
 Grant that your heart her riches have not won,—
 Her charms are new; my relative's are gone!

V

The *Ssŭ Kan*; narrative. On the completion of a royal palace; description of it, and good wishes for the builder and his posterity.

1 On yonder banks a palace, lo! upshoots,
 The tender blue of southern hill behind;
 Firm-founded, like the bamboo's clamping roots;
 Its roof made pinelike, to a point defined.
 Fraternal love here bear its precious fruits,
 And unfraternal schemes be ne'er designed!

2 Ancestral sway is his. The walls they rear,
 Five thousand cubits long; and south and west
 The doors are placed. Here will the king appear,
 Here laugh, here talk, here sit him down and rest.

3 To mold the walls, the frames they firmly tie;
 The toiling builders beat the earth and lime.
 The walls shall vermin, storm, and bird defy;—
 Fit dwelling is it for his lordly prime.

4 Grand is the hall the noble lord ascends;—
 In height, like human form most reverent, grand;
 And straight, as flies the shaft when bow unbends;
 Its tints, like hues when pheasant's wings expand.

5 High pillars rise the level court around;
 The pleasant light the open chamber steep;
 And deep recesses, wide alcoves, are found,
 Where our good king in perfect quiet sleeps.

6 Laid is the bamboo mat on rush mat square;—
 Here shall he sleep, and, waking, say, "Divine,
 What dreams are good? For bear and grisly bear
 And snakes and cobras, haunt this couch of mine."

7 Then shall the chief diviner glad reply,
 "The bears foreshow that Heaven will send you sons.
 The snakes and cobras daughters prophesy.
 These auguries are all auspicious ones."

8 Sons shall be his,—on couches lulled to rest.
 The little ones, enrobed, with scepters play;
 Their infant cries are loud as stern behest;
 Their knees the vermeil covers shall display.
 As king hereafter one shall be addressed;
 The rest, our princes, all the states shall sway.

9 And daughters also to him shall be born.
 They shall be placed upon the ground to sleep;
 Their playthings tiles, their dress the simplest worn;
 Their part alike from good and ill to keep,
 And ne'er their parents' hearts to cause to mourn;
 To cook the food, and spirit malt to steep.

VI

The *Wu Yang*; narrative. Supposed to celebrate the largeness and condition of King Hsüan's flocks and herds; with an auspice of the prosperity of the kingdom.

1 Who dares to say your sheep are few?
 The flocks are all three hundred strong.
 Who dares despise your cattle too?
There ninety, black-lipped, press along.
 Though horned the sheep, yet peaceful each appears;
 The cattle come, with moist and flapping ears.

2 These climb the heights, those drink the pool;
 Some lie at rest, while others roam.

With raincoats, and thin splint hats cool,
 And bearing food, your herdsmen come.
 In thirties, ranged by hues, the creatures stand;
 Fit victims they will yield at your command.

3 Your herdsmen twigs and fagots bring,
 With prey of birds and beasts for food.
 Your sheep, untouched by evil thing,
 Approach, their health and vigor good.
 The herdsman's waving hand they all behold,
 And docile come, and pass into the fold.

4 Your herdsmen dream;—fish take the place
 Of men; on banners falcons fly,
 Displacing snakes and tortoises.
 The augur tells his prophecy:—
 "The first betoken plenteous years; the change
 Of banners shows of homes a widening range."

VII

The *Chieh Nan Shan*; allusive and narrative. A lamentation over the miserable state of the kingdom, denouncing the injustice and carelessness of Grand Master Yin as the cause of it, and the conduct of the king.

1 That southern hill, sublime, uprears its craggy height;
 Such thou, Grand Master Yin, before the nation's sight!
 Burning with inward grief, none name thee even in jest;
 Ruin impends, but thou delay'st the needed quest.

2 Sublime that southern hill, with vegetation grand!
 More awful thou, great Yin, whom as unjust we brand.
 With pestilence and death, Heaven aids disorder's sway;
 A silent nation frowns;—*thou* changest not thy way!

3 On Yin our Chou depends. By justice he should bind
 Our many states in one, with no disloyal mind,

And guide the people right, thus helpful to the king.
O cruel Heaven, that he such woes on all should bring!

4 In him, himself inert, the people put no trust.
He, treacherous, from place and council keeps the just.
Mean men, unfairly screened, the common weal destroy,
And his vile relatives the highest posts enjoy.

5 Great Heaven, unjust, the land exhausts with all these pains.
Great Heaven, unkind, these woes upon it ceaseless rains.
Oh! were the good in power, men's hearts would be at peace!
And 'neath impartial rule, our wranglings soon would cease.

6 O great unpitying Heaven, our troubles have no close!
With every month they grow; men's minds know no repose.
My heart with grief is drunk. What weak hand holds the reins?
'Tis Yin's supineness that augments the people's pains.

7 I yoke my steeds long-necked, and through the land I hie.
From the distress on every side vain the attempt to fly!

8 Here evil rampant bares the spear;—they fight with rage,
Then pacified and friends, in revel they engage.

9 This is from Heaven unjust. Our king has no repose.
Infatuate Yin rejects all counselors as foes.

10 This song by me, Chia-fu, the king's sad case relates.
Would he but change his heart, and nurse the myriad states!

VIII

The *Chêng Yüeh*; narrative, allusive, and metaphorical. A lamentation over the miseries of the kingdom, and the ruin coming on it, all through the king's employment of worthless creatures, and his indulgence of his favorite Pao Ssü.

1 On the brow of the summer the hoarfrost abounds;
Sorrow's wound rankles deep in my heart,
And calumnies base, that the people perplex,
Daily waxing, inflict sharper smart.

All alone I am placed, none by me to stand;
 Griefs intense more and more fill my breast.
 Cares increase and disturb my sorrowful mind;
 Both in body and soul I'm distressed.

2 O father and mother who bore me, your son,
 Was it only to suffer such woe?
 Why was I not born ere these evils arrived?
 Or why came they ere I am laid low?
 I hear their good words, which are but from the lip,
 And their bad words have no deeper seat.
 So shallow those men! And the more that I grieve,
 With their fiercer contempt do I meet.

3 With the pang of great misery wringing my heart,
 Dwell I thus on this comfortless time;
 For the multitudes all will with me be brought
 To base servitude, guiltless of crime.
 And alas for us all in positions more high!
 From what lord shall I now get support?
 No more can I tell than,—see yonder a crow!
 Can I tell to whose house 'twill resort.

4 Where the forest once grew, we look, and behold!!
 Fagots only and twiglets are left.
 To Heaven 'midst their perils, the people all look,
 And lo! Heaven seems of reason bereft.
 But is Heaven so dark? When its purpose is fixed,
 To its will opposition is vain.
 And good is the Ruler supreme, the great God!
 He hates none of the children of men.

5 'Tis only fools say that the mountains are low;—,
 'Gainst such words each high ridge would protest.
 And as baseless the talk that is uttered by men,
 But the king lets it fly unrepressed.
 To ministers old and diviners of dreams
 For advice he repairs, but they say,
 "We are wise; but of crows which is female, which male,
 To pronounce who can tell you the way?"

6 That the heavens are lofty who is there but knows?

Yet beneath them I bow my head low,

And that thick is the earth who is there but feels?

Yet with dainty steps on it I go.

For thus speaking and acting good reason I have,

In the conduct of many around,

Who originate all those calumnies base,

Like the cobra or eft fatal found.

7 Where the fields are rugged and stony, the grain

Yet luxuriantly rises and grows.

Heaven fights against me as if I were its match,

Moves and shakes me, and then overthrows.

As if I were hidden, they sought me at first,

At the court for a pattern to shine.

'Tis with hatred intense they scowl now on me,

And my services curtly decline.

8 With its sorrow my heart is deeply oppressed;

'Tis as if with tight string it were bound.

Nowadays those who rule no kindness display;

Fierce oppression prevails all around.

Blazing flames that spread wide, and terror inspire,

May perhaps still be quenched at their height.

But our city august, where Chou holds its state,

Through this vile Szü of Pao sinks to night.

9 That such issue will come is ever my thought;

And moreover, O king, let me say,

Like a wagoner you, and fast falls the rain!

Heavy load suits but ill miry clay.

Wheel aids you may have, but if these you neglect,

And the hands that would help you are spurned,

You soon will be crying, "O sir, give me aid,"

When the car of the state is o'erturned.

10 If your wheel aids you keep, and get them well plied,

That their help they shall give to each spoke,

And keep on the driver a vigilant eye,

Then your carriage will travel unbroke.

Your load will be safe, and your journey will come,
 Though most rugged and hard, to its end;
 But these things seem trifles, as looked upon now;
 To the peril you will not attend.

11 Shallow ponds on the fish small pleasure bestow;
 To the bottom they dive, and there lie.
 But the fisherman sharp them clearly perceives,
 And a prey to his cunning they die.
 And so, men of worth, in this kingdom oppressed,
 Little pleasure can ever possess;
 For hatred pursues them, where'er they may hide.
 How such things fill my heart with distress!

12 Clear sparkle the spirits, set forth at their feasts,
 And the mats with fine viands are crowned.
 Neighbors there and their kindred in numbers appear,
 And the halls with their praises resound.
 So is it with those, the unworthy and base;
 Such reward by their flattery they gain;
 While here I am left, and in solitude pine,
 Struggling hard with my grief and my pain.

13 Though mean, they are gifted with houses and lands;
 Objects vile, they their salaries draw;
 But the people endure a hard, famished lot,
 And are dealt with by Heaven's sternest law.
 Rich men may succeed in a time so severe;
 With their wealth and their stores they can live.
 But alas for the poor, alone, without help!
 Should the king not deliverance give?

IX

The *Shih Yüeh Chih Chiao*; narrative. Lamentation of an officer over prodigies, celestial and terrestrial, betokening the ruin of Chou. He expounds the true causes of these and the abounding misery; names the chief culprits, and declares his own determination to remain at his post of duty.

1 The sun and moon met in the upper sphere,
 The day *Hsin-mao*, the tenth month of the year.
 The moon was new, as she should reappear,
 And then the sun, eclipsed, showed evils near.
 The moon eclipsed before, and now the sun!
 Alas! we men below shall be undone.

2 These bodies, erring, what is bad make known;—
 Good men neglected; order all o'erthrown.
 The moon eclipsed was what full oft takes place;
 The sun's eclipse portends a sadder case.

3 And flashing levin shows the want of rest.
 With troubled streams, and tumbling mountain's crest.
 Large heights subside to vales; deep vales grow hills.
 Alas! how does the king not stop these ills?

4 Among the ministers great Huang presides;
 In all their duties Fan the people guides;
 Chia-pai administers; Chung-yün is cook;
 The king's decrees Tsou enters in his book;
 Chüeh regulates the stud; the guards Yü's sphere;
 The wife, in beauty blazing, has no fear.

5 Great Huang, determined his own course pursues,
 Demands our service, nor inquires our views;
 Unroofs our homes; our fields makes moor or marsh;
 And "'Tis the law," he says, "I am not harsh."

6 Farseeing Huang has built himself a town.
 Three ministers are there of wealth o'ergrown.
 No single chief he left to guard our king,
 While all its streets with hoof and chariot ring.

7 I dare not my own services report;
 But slanderous tongues my blameless life distort.
 Our ills come not from Heaven, but fawning words
 And hidden hate, which schemers wield like swords.

8 Far off my village, great my lack of peace,
 And elsewhere I might go to seek for ease.

Others retire, but I shall not be driven
From this my post, though dark the way of Heaven.

X

The *Yü Wu Chêng*; narrative. A groom of the chambers mourns over the miserable state of the kingdom, the incorrigible course of the king, and the retirement from office and responsibility of many, while he alone holds to his post.

1 O vast and mighty Heaven, why shrinks thy love?
Thy kindness, erst so great, no more we prove.
Sent from above by thine afflicting hand,
Famine and death now stalk throughout the land.
O pitying Heaven, in terrors now arrayed,
No care, no forethought in thy course displayed,
Of criminals I do not think;—they bear
The suffering which their deeds of guilt prepare.
But there are many, innocent of crime,
O'erwhelmed by ruin in this evil time!

2 The honored name of Chou fades in the past,
And, still augmenting, these sore troubles last.
Their posts the Heads of offices all leave,
While I toil on, none knowing how I grieve!
The three great chiefs, and those whom they direct,
At dawn and dusk, their businesses neglect.
Nor morn beholds at court, nor evening late,
The absent lord of each neglected state.
If thou would'st turn to good, and banish ill,—
But, hapless king, thou sinkest lower still.

3 O glorious Heaven, thy gift the listening ear,
Why justest words will not our monarch hear?
Like traveler, from the right path gone astray,
He knows not whither leads his devious way.
Ye officers, this should your zeal inspire,
And fan of duty the expiring fire.

Of one another you should stand in awe.—
 Alas! you heed not Heaven's o'erruling law!

4 Deaf to war's lessons, bad he still remains;
 To famine blind, from good he still refrains.
 Groom of the chambers I, and nothing more,
 Our sad estate I cease not to deplore.
 Ye officers, cowardlike, your duty shun,
 And to the king the truth will not make known.
 Whene'er he questions, you give brief reply;
 When touched by slander, from the court you fly.

5 Bad is the time! Right words awaken hate.
 Who with his tongue what's in his heart will state
 Is sure to suffer, while pernicious lies
 Are gladly heard, and fulsome flatteries.
 The artful speech flows freely like a stream;
 At ease the speakers bask 'neath fortune's beam.

6 And difficult the time! Risks manifold
 Surround the man who office dares to hold.
 Speak what the king impossible shall deem,
 And straight his countenance shows angry gleam.
 Speak what he likes and fain would carry out,
 And straight your friends look on with scorn and doubt.

7 *I say, Ye officers, come back to court.*"
 "We have no houses there," is your retort.
 My heart is pierced; ensanguined are my tears;
 My words but rouse the wrath of him who hears.
 But let me ask, "When homes elsewhere you reared,
 Who then gave help against the ills you feared?"

BOOK 5. THE DECADE OF HSIAO MIN

The *Hsiao Min*; narrative. A lamentation over the recklessness and incapacity of the king's plans and of his counselors.

1 Oh! pitying Heaven grows black with frown,
 That darkens far this lower sphere,
 For crooked schemes mislead the crown;
 Nor halts the king in his career!
 All counsels good and wise he spurns;
 To counsels bad he eager turns.
 I mark his ways with pain and fear.

2 His creatures, impotent and vain,
 Now chime, now chafe, in rival mood.
 The case deserves our saddest strain!
 If one proposes aught that's good,
 Against it all are firmly bound;
 If bad, then all will rally round.
 Where will it end?—I sadly brood.

3 Our wearied oracles are dumb,
 And silence keep when we consult.
 Our counselors still thronging come,
 With counsels barren of result.
 Though full the court, none dares to do;
 We plan the way we ne'er pursue,
 And halting, helpless still we halt.

4 Ah me! the men who lead the state,
 Forsake the wisdom of the past.
 Unruled by maxims wise and great,
 They veer with every fitful blast.
 They cannot on themselves rely.
 Builders, they ask each passer-by,
 And leave their work undone at last.

5 Unsettled though the land we see,
 The many foolish, some are wise;

And scanty though the people be,
 Yet some can see, and some devise.
 Some gravely think, and some have tact;
 Yet borne upon the cataract,
 We sink in ruin, ne'er to rise.

6 Who dares unarmed the tiger face?
 Who boatless dares to tempt the Ho?
 E'en their small wits see such a case,
 But nothing greater do they know.
 With fear and caution should we tread,
 Like men above some torrent's bed,
 Or those upon thin ice who go.

II

The *Hsiao Yüan*; narrative and allusive. Some officer, in a time of disorder and misgovernment, urges on his brothers the duty of maintaining their own virtue, and of observing the greatest caution.

1 The dove coos gently in the bush,
 Then wings to heaven its flight.
 My heart that broods o'er sorrow's wound,
 Thinks of our fathers bright.
 When early dawn unseals my eyes,
 Before my mind our parents rise.

2 Men grave and wise a cup may take,
 And reason hold her sway.
 But men benighted taste, and grow
 More set on drink each day.
 Let all deportment good maintain;
 Heaven's gift once lost we ne'er regain.

3 All o'er the plain they gather beans,
 Which they will sow again.
 The grubs hatched on the mulberry tree
 The sphex bears off to train.

Teach carefully your sons at home,
And good as you they will become.

4 Look at the wagtails! Quick they leap,
And twitter as they fly.
Let us as active be, for days
And months go swiftly by.
Rise early, and go late to sleep;
The name you bear in honor keep.

5 The green peaks, driven by pinching want,
Frequent the yards for grain.
Alas for poor and lonely folks,
Whom prison walls restrain!
I sprinkle rice around my door,
And to be good, Heaven's aid implore.

6 We must be meek, and cautious move,
As we were perched on trees.
We must be anxious, and take care,
As near a precipice.
We must put down our feet as nice,
As if we trod on thinnest ice.

III

The *Hsiao Pien*; allusive and narrative. The eldest son and heir apparent of King Yu bewails his degradation, and the ease with which the king was led away by slanderers.

1 To the trees that are their home,
Flying slow, the crows all come.
Other men can happy be;
Ne'er am I from misery free.
Have I Heaven offended sore?
Surely guilt lies at my door.
Homeless thus, oppressed with grief,
Nowhere can I find relief.

2 Once the road was clear to Chou,
 O'er it the rank grass grows now.
 On my heart is sorrow's blight;
 Ache my limbs as after fight.
 Through the night, still dressed, I sigh;
 Ere its time, old age comes nigh.
 Homeless thus, I find no rest,
 Head and heart alike distressed.

3 Men with reverence always view
 Trees that round their homesteads grew.
 On their fathers all depend,
 In their mothers have a friend.
 From my father's loins I sprung,
 On my mother's breast I hung;
 Yet did Heaven my being give,
 'Neath a baleful star to live.

4 Where cicadas' voices ring,
 Willow trees luxuriant spring.
 Deep the waters of that pool,
 Fringed with reeds and rushes cool!
 But like boat adrift I'm borne,
 Aimless, tossed about, forlorn.
 Sad my heart! I try in vain
 Briefest rest from thought to gain.

5 Mark the stag's reluctant feet
 Slowly from the herd retreat.
 Crows the pheasant at the dawn,
 And his mate is to him drawn.
 Stript of branch and lea, that tree
 Is the image true of me.
 Sad my heart! I'm left alone,
 Unbefriended and unknown.

6 See the hare for mercy crave!
 One steps in its life to save.
 When a corpse unburied lies,
 Some one straight a grave supplies.

Callous monarch, all our woes
 Ne'er wake thy compunction's throes.
 Sad my heart beneath thy frown,
 And my tears fall ceaseless down!

7 Slanders vile the king believes;
 Them as pledge cup he receives.
 Truthful judgment he denies,
 And to stifle kindness tries.
 Trees are felled where helps the strain,
 Fagots cleft along the grain.
 Leaves our king the guilty free,
 While he guilt imputes to me.

8 Men will climb the greatest height;
 Deepest springs their search invite.
 O'er his words the king should watch;
 Ears are set each word to catch.
 Leave my dam, ye slanderers base;
 Move not basket from its place.
 Vainly thus, despised, I moan;
 Dark my future, though unknown!

IV

The *Ch'iao Yen*; narrative, and allusive, with the metaphorical element perhaps here and there. Some one, suffering from the king through slander, appeals to Heaven, dwells on the nature and evil of slander, and expresses his detestation of and contempt for the slanderers.

1 O vast and distant Heaven, whom we
 Father and mother call, on thee
 I cry. Say why these ills on me
 Excessive fall.
 Oppressive, vast, my misery,
 Though guiltless all!

2 The first small lie contains the rest.
 When slanders fill our monarch's breast,

Ills grow, and never are redressed.
 Would he but trust
 The good, wrongs soon must be redressed.
 I know they must.

3 His frequent covenants show him weak.
 Wrongs grow from cozening words they speak.
 He trusts the rogues that lie and sneak,
 And make things worse.
 Their duties shirked, their words so meek
 Prove but a curse.

4 With the great work of some great mind;—
 A temple by true king designed,
 Or plans by sagest men outlined,
 I'm in a fog.
 Round common schemes my way I wind,
 Like hare and dog.

5 As timber soft in carver's hand
 Assumes the shape he may command,
 So common speech to understand,
 I well may claim.
 Those talkers, flowing, artful, grand,
 Are sons of shame.

6 And who are they? On yonder stream
 They dwell; and void of strength they seem.
 From men so bloated who would dream
 Of martial force?
 Both they and theirs may madly scheme,
 And fare the worse!

V

The *Ho Jên Ssŭ*; narrative. Some noble suffering from slander, and suspecting that the slanderer was an old friend, intimates the grounds of his suspicion, and laments his case, while he would welcome the restoration of their former relations.

1 I ask what man came here.
 With treacherous schemes his mind o'erflows.
 Why to my dam came he so close,
 Nor to the gate drew near?
 Whom does he follow as his lord?
 It must be Pao, I'll pledge my word.

2 Companions close are they.
 Which was it caused me my disgrace?
 Why shunned he at the dam my face,
 Nor kindly word would say?
 Once were we bound with friendship's ties,
 While now to stand aloof he tries.

3 I ask what man is he.
 Inside my gate, before my hall,
 He stood. I heard his footsteps's fall,
 Though him I could not see.
 Unblushingly he breaks man's law,
 Nor yet of Heaven stands he in awe.

4 What man behaved so ill?
 Wild as a hurricane his ways!
 Or north, or south, he comes as sways
 The impulse of his will.
 Why to my dam approached he so,
 My mind is such distress to throw?

5 "Too slow!" is your appeal.
 "Too slow,"—and yet you could not stop
 "In haste," you say.—I saw you drop
 The reins, and grease your wheel.
 If you would come to me but once!
 Why keep me waiting, eyes askance?

6 Then upon your return
 You came not. If you had done so,
 My strong desire would no more glow;
 My heart would cease to burn.

O come but once! Vain your excuse!
Why to relieve me thus refuse?

7 Beads on one string we bung.
If you the earthen whistle blew,
I played the flute of pierced bamboo.
If still you doubt my tongue,
Here are the creatures three, whose blood
Shall seal the oath I take as good!

8 Were you an imp of air,
Or water, you'd be out of reach.
But face to face we stand, and each
Is to the other bare.
In this good song I've freely told
Your changeful ways, now hot, now cold.

VI

The *Hsiang Pai*; metaphorical, narrative, and allusive. A eunuch, suffering from slander, complains of his fate, and warns and denounces his enemies.

1 A few fine lines, at random drawn,
Like the shell pattern wrought in lawn
To hasty glance will seem.
My trivial faults base slander's slime
Distorted into foulest crime,
And men me worthless deem.

2 A few small points, pricked down on wood,
May be made out a picture good
Of the bright southern Sieve.
Who planned, and helped those slanderers vile,
My name with base lies to defile?
Unpitied, here I grieve.

3 With babbling tongues you go about,
And only scheme how to make out

The lies you scatter round.
 Hear me.—Be careful what you say;
 People ere long your words will weigh,
 And liars you'll be found.

4 Clever you are, with changeful schemes!
 How else could all your evil dreams
 And slanders work their way?
 Men now believe you; by and by,
 The truth found out, each vicious lie
 Will ill for ill repay.

5 The proud rejoice; the sufferer weeps.
 O azure Heaven, from out thy deeps
 Why look in silence down?
 Behold those proud men and rebuke;
 With pity on the sufferers look,
 And on the evil frown.

6 Those slanderers I would gladly take,
 With all who help their schemes to make,
 And to the tigers throw.
 If wolves and tigers such should spare,
 I'd hurl them 'midst the freezing air,
 Where the keen north winds blow.
 And should the north compassion feel
 I'd fling them to great Heaven, to deal
 On them its direst woe.

7 As on the aced heights *you* dwell,
 My place is in the willow dell,
 One is the other near.
 Before you, officers, I spread
 These lines by me, poor eunuch, made.
 Think not Mêng-tzŭ severe.

The *Ku Fêng*; allusive. Some one complains of the alienation from him of an old friend, produced by the change for the better in the circumstances of the latter.

1 Gently and soft the east wind blows,
 And then there falls the pelting rain.
 When anxious fears pressed round you close,
 Then linked together were we twain.
 Now happy, and your mind at rest,
 You turn and cast me from your breast.

2 Gently and soft the east wind blows,
 And then there comes the whirlwind wild.
 When anxious fears pressed round you close,
 Your bosom held me as a child.
 Now happy, and in peaceful state,
 You throw me off and quite forget.

3 Gently and soft the east wind blows,
 Then round the rocky height it storms.
 Each plant its leaves all dying shows;
 The trees display their withered forms.
 My virtues great forgotten all,
 You keep in mind my faults, though small.

VIII

The *Liao O*; metaphorical, narrative, and allusive. A son deploras his hard fate in being prevented from rendering the last services to his parents, and enlarges on the parental claim.

1 Long and large the *O* plants grow.
Hao plants surely I should know!
 How can I confound them so?
 Grief has robbed my eyes of sight,
 Almost plunging me in night.
 Others' hands laid in the grave,
 Those whose pain my being gave.

2 Long and large the *O* plants grow.
Wei plants surely I should know!
 How can I confound them so?
 Grief has robbed my eyes of sight,
 Almost plunging me in night.
 Others' hands laid in the earth,
 Those whose suffering gave me birth.

3 Pitcher should be filled from vase;
 Where this fails, 'tis reckoned base.
 Than to live as orphan left,
 Better be of life bereft!
 Father dead, on whom depend?
 Mother dead, where find a friend?
 I, abroad, this sad case know,
 And, at home, can nowhere go.

4 Father, from whose loins I sprung,
 Mother, on whose breast I hung,
 Tender were ye, and ye fed,
 Now upheld, now gently led.
 Eyes untiring watched my way;
 Often in your arms I lay.
 How could I repay your love,
 Vast as arch of heaven above?

5 Cold and bleak that southern hill!
 Tempest fierce with terror thrill.
 All around is dark, but more
 Dark the lot which I deplore!
 Others all can happy be;—
 Why from grief am I not free?

6 Hill so steep what foot can brave?
 Blustering winds around it rave.
 Fierce the winds! As fierce the fate,
 Which pursues me desolate!
 Happy all save me alone,
 Thinking aye of dues undone!

IX

The *Ta Tung*; allusive. An officer, of one of the states of the east, deplores the exactions made from them by the government; complains of the favor shown to the west; contrasts the misery of the present with the happiness of the past; and appeals to the stars of heaven idly beholding their condition.

1 With millet filled, the dishes stood displayed;
 The spoons lay long and curved, of thornwood made.
 Smooth as a whetstone was the road to Chou,
 And straight as shaft well fitted for the bow.
 This road the common people gladly viewed;
 The officers on it their way pursued.
 Thus back to former times my thoughts will go,
 And down my cheeks the tears in streamlets flow.

2 Now in the east, in states both large and small,
 Shuttles unplied, the looms are empty all.
 Thin cloth of dolichos supplies the shoes,
 Which shivering travelers on the hoarfrost use.
 Young nobles, cultured, but too thin and spare,
 Hurry along the road, all full of care.
 They go, they come; weary they are and worn.
 My heart aches for them, and I feel forlorn.

3 This firewood, cut and hewn with earnest toil,
 I fear the waters from that spring will spoil.
 Fit then as emblems they would be of those
 Whose stern exactions grant us no repose.
 The firewood cut must homeward be conveyed;—
 Toil after toil is on the people laid.
 O that we could the needful rest but take!
 Tired out we sleep, and sigh when we awake.

4 The east its noblest sons to service hard
 Sees promptly called; but they get no reward.
 There in the west sons of each noble line
 Live idle, and in splendid dresses shine.

There also boatmen's sons now proudly wear
 The glossy furs of which men spoil the bear.
 Sons of the poorest families, elate,
 In public offices display their state.

5 Our choicest spirits humbly we present.
 "How can such stuff," they say, "our taste content?"
 Long girdle pendants, well supplied with gems,
 We give, and each the gift as short contemns.
 Up to the Milky Way I turn my gaze;—
 Looks it not down to mark their evil ways?
 There too the Weaving Sisters' triple beam,
 While they move on, might shed an angry gleam.

6 Nightly those Sisters through seven stages go,
 But no bright work do they to ease our woe.
 The stars we call Draft Oxen also shine,
 But they no cart for us to draw combine.
 The Morning Star appears in the dim east,
 The Evening Star oft twinkles in the west,
 And long and curved the Rabbit Net is there:—
 Each fills its place, but heeds not our despair.

7 Four stars to be the Southern Sieve have claim,
 But nothing do they to make good the name.
 Northwards the Ladle sparkles in the sky,
 But ladles nothing that may drink supply.
 O Southern Sieve, thy mouth is idly shown,
 For good come from it we have never known.
 And thou, O Ladle, shining in the north,
 Thy handle eastward vainly stretchest forth!

X

The *Ssü Yüeh*; allusive and narrative. An officer bitterly deplores the oppression and misery of the time.

1 In the fourth month summer shines;
 In the sixth the heat declines.

Nature thus grants men relief;
 Tyranny gives only grief.
 Were not my forefathers men?
 Can my suffering 'scape their ken?

2 In the cold of autumn days,
 Each plant shrivels and decays.
 Nature then is hard and stern;
 Living things sad lessons learn.
 Friends dispersed, all order gone,
 Place of refuge have I none.

3 Winter days are wild and fierce;
 Rapid gusts each crevice pierce.
 Such is my unhappy lot,
 Unbefriended and forgot!
 Others all can happy be;
 I from misery never am free.

4 On the mountains are fine trees;
 Chestnuts, plum trees, there one sees.
 All the year their forms they show;
 Stately more and more they grow.
 Noble turned to ravening thief!
 What the cause? This stirs my grief.

5 Waters from that spring appear
 Sometimes foul, and sometimes clear,
 Changing oft, as falls the rain,
 Or the sky grows bright again.
 New misfortunes every day
 Still befall me, misery's prey.

6 Aid from mighty streams obtained,
 Southern states are shaped and drained.
 Thus the Chiang and Han are thanked,
 And as benefactors ranked.
 Weary toil my vigor drains;
 All unnoticed it remains!

7 Hawks and eagles mount the sky;
Sturgeons in deep waters lie.
Out of reach, they safety get,
Arrow fear not, nor the net.
Hiding place for me there's none;
Here I stay, and make my moan.

8 Ferns upon the hills abound;
Ch'i and *i* in marshy ground.
Each can boast its proper place,
Where it grows for use or grace.
I can only sing the woe,
Which, ill-starred, I undergo.

BOOK 6. THE DECADE OF PEI SHAN

I

The *Pei Shan*; narrative. An officer complains of the arduous and continual duties unequally imposed upon him, and keeping him away from his parents, while others were left to enjoy their ease.

1 I climb that hill upon the north,
 And gather medlars on its side.
 Active and vigorous, I go forth,
 And morn and night I walk or ride.
 I serve the king with eager will;
 But great the grief my parents feel!

2 Where'er their arch the heavens expand,
 The king can claim the land below.
 Within the seabounds of the land,
 All at his summons come or go.
 His ministers unfairly act;
 They praise me, but with toils distract.

3 Four ceaseless steeds my care engage;
 The king's affairs no rest allow.
 They say I bear no trace of age,
 While few, they think, such vigor show.
 While my backbone remains unbent,
 In work my life must still be spent.

4 Some rest in careless ease, supine;
 Some for the state themselves wear out.
 On softest couches some recline;
 Others, unhalting, march about.

5 Some never hear a clamorous sound;
 Others toil on 'midst rude alarms.
 Some idle on their backs are found;
 And some bear loads with head and arms.

6 Some feast, and fearless seek new joys;
 Some live in constant dread of blame.
 Some the harsh critic's work employs;
 Others their numerous duties claim.

II

The *Wu Chiang Ta Ch'ê*; narrative. Some officer, overloaded in the king's service, thinks it better to try and dismiss his troubles from his mind.

1 Push not the cart you stand behind;—
 You'll only raise the dust. Nor dwell
 On your anxieties of mind;—
 You'll only make yourself unwell.

2 Push not the cart you stand behind;—
 The dust will only blind your view.
 Dwell not on things that vex your mind;—
 You never thus can see them true.

3 Push not the cart you stand behind;—
 The dust will but becloud your eyes.
 Heed not the troubles of your mind;—
 'Twill weight you as you seek to rise.

III

The *Hsiao Ming*; narrative. An officer, kept long abroad on distant service, deplores the hardships of his lot, and tenders good advice to his more fortunate friends at court.

1 O Heaven above, before whose light
 Revealed is every deed and thought,
 To thee I cry.
 Hither on toilsome service brought,
 In this wild Chiao Yeh watch time's flight,
 And sadly sigh.
 The second month had just begun,

When from the east we took our way.

Through summer hot

We passed, and many a wintry day.

Summer again its course has run.

O bitter lot!

There are my compeers, gay at court,

While here the tears my face begrime.

I'd fain return.

But there is that dread net for crime!

The fear of it the wish cuts short.

In vain I burn!

2 Ere we the royal city left,

The sun and moon renewed the year.

We marched in hope.

Now to its close this year is near.

Return deferred, of hope bereft,

All mourn and mope.

My lonesome state haunts aye my breast,

While duties grow, and cares increase,

Too hard to bear.

Toils that oppress me never cease;

Not for a moment dare I rest,

Nigh to despair.

I think with fond regard of those,

Who in their posts at court remain,

My friends of old.

Fain would I be with them again,

But fierce reproof return would cause.

This post I hold.

3 When for the west I left my home,

The sun and moon both mildly shone,

Our hearts to cheer.

We'd soon be back, our service done!

Alas! affairs more urgent come,

And fix us here.

The year is hastening to expire.

We gather now the southernwood,

The beans we reap;—
 That for its fragrance, these for food.
 Such things that constant care require
 Me anxious keep.
 Thinking of friends still at their posts,
 I rise and pass the night outside,
 So vexed my mind.
 But soon what changes may betide?
 I here will stay, whate'er it costs,
 And be resigned.

4 My honored friends, O do not deem
 Your rest which seems secure from ill
 Will ever last!
 Your duties quietly fulfill,
 And hold the upright in esteem,
 With friendship fast.
 So shall the spirits hear your cry,
 You virtuous make, and good supply,
 In measure vast.

5 My honored friends, O do not deem
 Repose that seems secure from ill
 Will lasting prove.
 Your duties quietly fulfill.
 And hold the upright in esteem,
 With earnest love.
 So shall the spirits hear your prayer,
 And on you happiness confer,
 Your hopes above.

IV

The *Ku Chung*; narrative. Supposed to refer to and deplore some expedition of King Yu to the country about the Huai, where he abandoned himself to the delights of music.

1 How peal the royal bells,
 As the Huai sweeps along to the main!

A tale their music tells,
 Waking thoughts in my mind full of pain.
 Before me back it sadly brings
 The memory of our virtuous kings;
 And they live in my fancy again!

2 Loud roll the royal drums,
 As the Huai rushes on to the deep.
 A vanished memory comes
 In their sound which compels me to weep,—
 The memory of our kings of old,
 Whose virtue flawless still we hold,
 Though the kings in their sepulchers sleep.

3 Bells peal and drums resound,
 As the Huai its three islands displays.
 They stir a grief profound
 In my heart that no revel allays.
 The virtue of our kings of yore
 A stamp of truth and beauty bore,
 Such as never we see nowadays.

4 *Ch'in-ch'in* the bells peal on,
 And the lutes in the concert we hear.
 Deep breathes the organ tone;
 Sounding stones join their notes, rich and clear.
 The while through the vessel there ring
 The *Ya* and the *Nan* which they sing,
 And the dancers with flutes now appear.

V

The *Ch'u Tz'ü*; narrative. Sacrificial and festal services in the ancestral temple; and their connection with attention to husbandry.

1 Here grew the tribulus around,
 Till of its thorns they cleared the ground;—
 Of old this work was wrought.
 Our fathers labored for our good,

That millet we might plant for food,
 And millet used in sacrifice,
 Both yielding to us large supplies;—
 So for us took they thought.
 Now when our barns are filled with grain,
 And myriad stacks in field remain,
 Spirits and viands we prepare,
 To use on grand occasions rare,
 In sacrificial rite.

The dead cannot in form be there,
 But there are those their part who bear.
 We lead them to the highest seat,
 And beg that they will drink and eat.
 So shall our sires our service own,
 And deign our happiness to crown,
 With blessings still more bright.

2 With reverent air, in dress correct,
 With sheep and oxen pure, select,
 When autumn comes, and winter cold,
 Our temple services we hold,
 And offer sacrifice.

The victims slain some haste to flay;
 Some boil the flesh; on stands some lay
 The pieces boiled, which some dispose
 In order due, exact and close,
 According to their size.

The while, the priest, inside the gate,
 Lest elsewhere welcome be too late,
 Our sires asks to descend.

Complete and brilliant are our rites;
 They grandly come, as he invites.
 Though hid from us in shadowy veil,
 Our offerings with delight they hail,
 And to our prayers attend.

Their filial son, our honored lord,
 Great blessing gets. They will reward
 With myriad years his duty shown,

And sure maintain upon the throne
 His sons till time shall end.

3 Before the fires some reverent stand;
 Some take the mighty trays in hand;
 These with the roasted flesh they fill,
 Those with the livers broiled. Then still
 And reverent, the queen presides,
 And every smaller dish provides,
 The pious feast to grace.

The guests and visitors draw near.
 Divined for, now they all appear,
 And take an honored place.

'Tween those who personate our sires,
 Our lord, and them, as rule requires,
 Once and again the cup goes round.
 Each word and smile just that is found,
 Which word and smile should be.

The spirits come in quiet state,
 And answer give with blessings great.
 Myriads of years—his due reward—
 Shall show how they our lord regard,
 And keep from evil free.

4 Exhausted now we feel, but see
 Our every rite from error free.
 The able priest has learned the will
 Of the great spirits. To fulfill
 His part he hastes, and to our lord,
 Standing before him, with grave word,
 His message thus conveys:—
 "Your sacrifice has filled the air
 With fragrance. Both your spirits rare
 And viands rich your sires enjoy.
 Blessings not few, without alloy,
 They give;—each all that you could hope,
 Each sure as law's unerring scope,
 Exact in form, without delay,
 Due reverence you have striven to pay.

From error free, discharged with care,
 Your ceremonies all declare
 Your filial heart. Your sires henceforth
 Will favors grant of greatest worth,
 For myriad years, and myriads more,
 Nor time exhaust the boundless store."

'Tis this the wise priest says.

5 The rites thus all performed exact,
 The drums and bells announce the fact.
 Our lord withdraws, and takes his way
 Where parting guests their homage pay.

Then comes the wise priest's voice:—

"The spirits all are satisfied."
 No longer in their seats abide
 Their representatives, but slow,
 'Mid warning bells and drums, withdraw;—
 So ends the sacrifice.

The spirits tranquilly ascend.
 The queen and who the queen attend,
 And all the servants, haste to clear
 The hall, that nothing may appear
 Left from the sacred rites.
 Those who are of the royal kin,
 The old and young, abide within,
 The surname of the king they bear,
 And to the special feast repair,
 To which his grace invites.

6 All the musicians follow fast,
 Their special aid at this repast
 The feasters shall not fail.
 The mats the viands rich display;
 No face looks sad, but all are gay.
 They drink, they eat, with fullest zest;
 Dish after dish, well pleased they taste;
 Great love and joy prevail.
 At last they rise, and to their lord
 First bow their heads with one accord;

Then him they thus address:—
 "Rich viands and your spirits rare,
 All testified your pious care.
 The spirits of our sires partook;
 On you benignantly they look.
 Your term of life they will extend,
 And favors give that ne'er shall end.
 As through the year the seasons move,
 Your pious feelings equal prove
 Fully each sacrifice to pay.
 So may it be in future day,
 And sons and grandsons of your line,
 Observant of these rites divine,
 The ceremony bless!"

VI

The *Hsin Nan Shan*; narrative. Husbandry traced to its first author; details about it, going on to the subject of sacrifices to ancestors.

1 Yes, all about that southern hill,
 Great Yü pursued his wondrous toil.
 He drained the plain, the marsh he dried;
 Our lord in fields laid out the soil.
 Their boundaries we now define,
 As south, or east, the fields incline.

2 The wintry heavens, one arch of clouds,
 Send down the flakes that fill the sky.
 Then come the drizzling rains of spring,
 That moisture, with the snow, supply,
 To soak and fit the ground for use,
 And in its season grain produce.

3 The plots, arranged in order fit,
 The millets in abundance bear.
 So shall our lord the harvest view;
 While food and spirits we prepare,

For those in whom our sires descend,
And guests who at the feast attend.

4 The central plot the huts contains,
While gourds each path and boundary line.
Their fruits preserved, aside we put,
Till 'mong the offerings they shall shine.
So through his sires our lord shall gain
Long life, and gifts from Heaven obtain.

5 The fragrant spirits first are poured;
Then near the gate the bull is led;—
So we invite our sires to come.
To show the victim pure and red,
The knife with bells slides through the hair.
Its blood and fat away we bear.

6 'Then all our offerings we present,
Diffusing round a fragrance great.
How brilliant is the sacrifice!
Our ancestors in kingly state
Are there, unseen; but they shall send
Blessing and life,—years without end!

VII

The *Fu T'ien*; narrative. Pictures of husbandry and sacrifices connected with it. Happy understanding between the people and their superiors.

1 Bright shine my widespread fields before the eye,
That yearly to the king a tithe supply.
From olden times the crops have plenteous been;
Each year has left to feed my husbandmen
Sufficient store. Now to the ground I go,
Where their rich soil the southern acres show.
Some weed; some gather earth around the roots;
Each millet plant luxuriantly upshoots.
There I call round me in a spacious place
The brightest youths, with cheering words to grace.

2 Heaped in the vessels, bright the millet shone;
 Pure were the victim rams. Last harvest done,
 We thanked the spirits of the land and air,
 From whom the joyous husbandmen declare
 The copious produce of the year had come.
 Now without lutes and the resounding drum,
 To him who taught men tillage first we cry,
 And ask for rain to help our husbandry.
 So shall our millets grow. Each field now thrives,
 To bless our laborers, and bless their wives.

3 Our lord of long descent now comes this way,
 Just as their wives and children food convey
 To those who on the southern acres toil.
 The inspector of the fields appears meanwhile
 Glad he looks on, and of the simple food
 The dishes tastes, to see if it be good.
 The hand of skill appears in every field;
 'Tis sure ere long luxuriant crop to yield.
 Our lord complacent looks, and in his view
 The toilers feel their zeal inspired anew.

4 The reapers soon the crops will take in hand,
 Which curving down, and thick as thatch, shall stand.
 Lo! numerous stacks are built all o'er the grounds,
 Rising like islands, seen from far like mounds.
 Thousands of granaries must our lord prepare,
 And carts in myriads home their loads shall bear.
 With radiant joy each husbandman surveys
 The millets stored, the rice crop and the maize.
 Then all shall pray for blessing on our lord,
 For myriad years.—Such shall be his reward!

VIII

The *Ta Tien*; narrative. Further pictures of husbandry and sacrifices connected with it.

1 Various the toils which fields so large demand!
 We choose the seed; we take our tools in hand.
 In winter for our work we thus prepare;
 Then in the spring, bearing the sharpened share,
 We to the acres go that south incline,
 And to the earth the different seeds consign.
 Soon, straight and large, upward each plant aspires;—
 All happens as our noble lord desires.

2 The plants will ear; within their sheath confined,
 The grains will harden, and be good in kind,
 Nor darnel these, nor wolf's-tail grass infests;
 From core and leaf we pick the insect pests,
 And pick we those that eat the joints and roots:—
 So do we guard from harm the growing fruits.
 May the great spirit, whom each farmer names,
 Those insects take, and cast them to the flames!

3 The clouds o'erspread the sky in masses dense,
 And gentle rain down to the earth dispense.
 First may the public fields the blessing get,
 And then with it our private fields we wet!
 Patches of unripe grain the reaper leaves;
 And here and there, ungathered are the sheaves.
 Handfuls besides we drop upon the ground,
 And ears untouched in numbers lie around;—
 These by the poor and widows shall be found.

4 When wives and children to the toilers come,
 Bringing provisions from each separate home,
 Our lord of long descent shall oft appear;
 The Inspector also, glad the men to cheer.
 They too shall thank the spirits of the air,
 With sacrifices pure for all their care;
 Now red, now black, the victims that they slay,
 As south or north the sacrifice they pay;
 While millet bright the altars always show;—
 And we shall thus still greater blessings know.

IX

The *Chan Pi Lo I*; narrative. The feudal princes, met at some gathering in the eastern capital, praise the king as he appears among them.

1 Fitness for war, 'mid peace, we here acquire,
 Around the Lo, whose waters, broad and deep,
 Flow swiftly on. Eastward our king has come,
 Of happiness and dignities the fount.
 His red knee covers, madder-dyed, shine bright;—
 So his six hosts to battle he would lead.

2 Fitness for war, 'mid peace, we here acquire,
 Around the Lo, whose waters, broad and deep,
 Flow swiftly on. Eastward our king has come,
 With gems far gleaming round his scabbard's mouth.
 Long may he live;—for myriads of years,
 And still maintain the fortunes of his house!

3 Fitness for war, 'mid peace, we here acquire,
 Around the Lo, whose waters, broad and deep
 Flow swiftly on. Eastward our king has come,
 Happy, and of all dignities possessed.
 Long may he live;—for myriads of years,
 Preserving safe his many clans and states!

X

The *Shang Shang Chê Hua*; allusive and narrative. Responsive to the former;—the king celebrates the praises of the princes.

1 Like the flowers which splendid shine,
 Amidst the leaves that cluster dense,
 Are these noble lords of mine,
 On whom I look with joy intense.
 All that my heart desires in them is met;
 Praise and good fortune they deserve to get.

2 Like the flowers that splendid shine,
 Displaying yellow's deepest hue,

Are these noble lords of mine,
In whom such elegance I view.
In all their words and manners is no flaw;—
So to themselves all blessing shall they draw.

3 Like the flowers that splendid shine,
Some yellow, some of purest white,
Are these noble lords of mine,
Urging their steeds to rapid flight.
White are the steeds they drive, but black their manes,
And soft and glossy in their hands the reins!

4 Left or right they wheel and move.
Each order given they straight obey.
Instant their skill and power they prove
Equal, as needed, to display.
Boundless resources in themselves there dwell;
'Tis right their outward movements should excel!

BOOK 7. DECADE OF SANG HU

I

The *Sang Hu*; allusive and narrative. The king, entertaining the chief among the feudal princes, expresses his admiration of them, and good wishes for them.

1 Flitting round the greenbeaks see,
 With their wings of brilliancy!
 Birds they are that men admire;
 More those lords my soul inspire
 With admiring joy and love.
 Heaven will bless them from above!

2 Here and there the greenbeaks light,
 Showing necks with feathers bright.
 Who but must the creatures prize?
 But it more delights my eyes,
 When these noble lords are seen,
 Who my states from danger screen.

3 Screens they are, and bulwarks strong;
 All the chiefs around them throng,
 And on them as patterns gaze.
 Self-restraint each hero lays
 On himself,—from folly free;—
 Great their happiness must be!

4 See the mighty cup of horn,
 Round their ranks in order borne!
 Full of spirits soft and good,
 It excites no conduct rude.
 Surely blessings haste to greet
 Lords of virtue so complete!

II

The *Yüan Yang*; allusive. Responsive to the last ode;—the princes express their prayers and wishes for the king.

1 The Yellow ducks, full grown, take wing and fly;
For them the men both hand and spread nets ply;—
So greatly they their beauty prize.
May the king's life ten thousand years extend,
While wealth and happiness that know no end
Heaven, as deserved, to him supplies!

2 The yellow ducks upon the dam oft rest,
Each with its left wing 'gainst its neighbor's pressed;—
Their mutual fondness thus they show.
Heaven to the king ten thousand years assign!
And blessings lasting in unbroken line
Upon his merit great bestow!

3 The stables large the teams of steeds contain;—
In peace with forage, and in war with grain,
Abundantly they are supplied.
May the king's life extend ten thousand years,
While all that lengthened time no sign appears
Of wealth or happiness denied!

4 The stables large contain the numerous teams;—
Forage they get in peace; in war there gleams
In every manger store of grain.
Ten thousand years may our great sovereign live,
And Heaven the wealth and blessing ever give,
Which shall his comforting maintain!

III

The *Kuei Pien*; narrative, with allusive and metaphorical portions in all the stanzas. Celebrating a feast given by the king, at which he is present himself, to his relatives both by consanguinity and affinity.

1 In their bonnets of deerskin, who are they that haste?
Who the spirits so good, and such viands may taste?

Not a stranger among them, but all of thy kin,—
 Certes none but thy brethren such honor could win.
 As the mosses and mistletoe cling to the tree,
 So their hearts, O our sovereign, cling closely to thee.
 While they see not thy face, they are restless and sad,
 But a smile from thy lips makes them happy and glad.

2 In their bonnets of deerskin, who are they that haste?
 Who such viands in season and spirits may taste?
 Not a stranger among them, thy brethren are here;
 Only they at such banquet with thee could appear.
 As the mosses and mistletoe grow on the pine,
 So their hearts, O our sovereign, around thee entwine.
 While they see not thy face, all is dark and forlorn,
 But a glance from thine eyes is to them as the morn.

3 In their bonnets of deerskin, adorning each head,
 Now they quail the clear spirits, and lordly are fed.
 With thy brothers are kinsmen of every degree;
 Near or distant, they share the banquet with thee.
 When the sleet first descends, weatherwise, we well know,
 Winter soon will be here with its garments of snow.
 Death and mourning may come in our moments of glee;
 'Tis not long, O ye guests, that each other you'll see.
 O'er your cups now be glad, when the daylight has ceased,
 And do thou, O our sovereign, rejoice in the feast.

IV

The *Ch'ê Hsia*; narrative and allusive. The rejoicing of a bridegroom over his young, beautiful, and virtuous bride.

1 With axle creaking, all on fire I went,
 To fetch my young and lovely bride.
 No thirst or hunger pangs my bosom rent,—
 I only longed to have her by my side.
 I feast with her, whose virtue fame had told,
 Nor need we friends our rapture to behold.

2 The long-tailed pheasants surest covert find,
 Amid the forest on the plain.
 Here from my virtuous bride, of noble mind,
 And person tall, I wisdom gain.
 I praise her while we feast, and to her say,
 "The love I bear you ne'er will know decay.

3 "Poor we may be; spirits and viands fine
 My humble means will not afford.
 But what we have, we'll taste and not repine;
 From us will come no grumbling word.
 And though to you no virtue I can add,
 Yet we will sing and dance, in spirit glad.

4 "I oft ascend that lofty ridge with toil,
 And hew large branches from the oaks;
 Then of their leafy glory them I spoil,
 And fagots form with vigorous strokes.
 Returning tired, your matchless grace I see,
 And my whole soul dissolves in ecstasy.

5 "To the high hills I looked, and urged each steed;
 The great road next was smooth and plain.
 Up hill, o'er dale, I never slackened speed;
 Like lutestring sounded every rein.
 I knew, my journey ended, I should come
 To you, sweet bride, the comfort of my home."

V

The *Ch'ing Ying*; metaphorical and allusive. Against listening to slanderers.

1 Like the blue flies buzzing round,
 And on the fences lighting,
 Are the sons of slander found,
 Who never cease their biting.
 O thou happy, courteous king,
 To the winds their slanders fling.

2 Buzzing round the blue flies hear,
 About the jujubes flocking!
 So the slanderers appear,
 Whose calumnies are shocking.
 By no law or order bound,
 All the kingdom they confound.

3 How they buzz, those odious flies,
 Upon the hazels clust'ring!
 And as odious are the lies
 Of those slanderers blust'ring.
 Hatred stirred between us two
 Shows the evil they can do.

VI

The *Pin Chih Ch'u Yen*; narrative. Against drunkenness. Drinking according to rule, and drinking to excess. A lively picture of the license of the times.

1 When to the mats the guests draw near,
 Good order they observe.
 Some moving to the left appear,
 While to the right some swerve.
 In rows the dishes stand arrayed;—
 Of wood and bamboo featly made.
 Sauces and kernels in them shine;
 And tempered well the spirits fine:—
 The guests with reverence taste.
 Now are the drums and bells set up;
 And round the circle goes the cup,
 Without unseemly jest.
 The royal target then they rear,
 And bows and arrows soon appear,
 Made ready for the game.
 On different sides the archers stand;
 And one, his weapons in his hand,
 Calls out another's name.

"Now shoot," he says, "and show your skill."
 The other answers, "Shoot I will,
 And hit the mark;—and when you miss,
 Give you the penal cup to kiss."

2 The drums loud sound, the organ swells;
 Their flutes the dancers wave.
 The other instruments and bells
 Join in the concert grave.
 Thus with our music blends the dance,
 The solemn service to enhance,
 Which to our sires is paid.
 When rites, the greatest and the least,
 Have been performed to grace the feast,
 Then to our king 'tis said,
 "Blessings on you your sires bestow."
 With joy his sons and grandsons glow;
 They feel inspired to show their care,
 And reverently themselves to bear.
 The guests then come, in order led,
 By him who is their chief and head.
 With those who represent the dead
 They drink in reverent style.
 Attendants wait their cups to fill,
 But order rules 'midst their good will.
 Our cups are only drunk to cheer;
 Our temple services are clear
 From all excesses vile.

3 When to the mats the guests approach,
 Mild harmony holds rule.
 These dare not upon those encroach,
 And no one plays the fool.
 So long as in duo bounds they keep,
 Discreetly they behave;
 But when those bounds they overleap,
 Then where are they,—so grave?
 They leave the mats, and prance about;
 They caper round and round.

Their caution all is put to rout;
 Their wits fall to the ground.
 Anon as still more drunk they grow,
 On rudeness they are set.
 The cups their reason overthrow,
 And they themselves forget.

4 Yes, when the guests have drunk too much,
 They shout aloud and brawl.
 The dishes get no gentle touch;
 Disorder fills the hall.
 They dance about, now fast, now slow,
 Can hardly keep their feet.
 What fools they are they do not know;
 No one resumes his seat.
 Each cap, awry, will hardly stay
 Upon the giddy head;
 But they keep on in madness' way,
 And no exposure dread.
 If, when their wits began to reel,
 They left the room at once,
 Both host and guests would happier feel,
 Nor know the sad mischance.
 But holding on, themselves they harm.
 The drinking feast is good
 Only when guests their wills can arm
 Against misconduct rude.

5 Whene'er a drinking feast is set,
 Some sober keep, some drunk will get.
 One is appointed to preside,
 With an assistant by his side,
 Record to make, as they decide,
 Who praise deserve, who blame.
 But sots there are, in vice quite sunk,
 Who, seeing some will not get drunk,
 Say, "We for you feel shame."
 These, if they could get in a word,
 Might counsel to the rest afford.

To fright them from their wild excess,
 Sternly they might them thus address:—
 "From such improper speech refrain;
 Not called to speak, your tongues restrain.
 You're drunk; if but a word you say,
 We'll send you out this very day,
 To find a thing which nature scorns,—
 A ram full grown, yet wanting horns.
 Drink but three cups, your memory's gone;
 How can you drinking still go on?"

VII

The *Yü Tsao*; allusive. Praise of the king by the princes at some feast:—
 his quiet happiness in Hao.

1 Fishes there among the pondweed lie;
 From the bank their large heads we espy;—
 Fishes could not happier be.
 Here in Hao resides our lord, the king;
 To him joy his festive pleasures bring.
 Happy and at ease is he.

2 Fishes there among the pondweed glide;
 From the bank their long tails are descried;—
 Fishes could not happier be.
 Here in Hao resides the king, our lord;
 Festive pleasures joy to him afford.
 Happy and at ease is he.

3 Fishes there among the pondweed live,
 Shelter to them where the rushes give;—
 Fishes could not happier be.
 Here in Hao the king, our lord, resides;
 Safe and tranquil ever here he bides.
 Happy and at ease is he.

VIII

The *Ts'ai Shu*; allusive and narrative. Responsive to the former;—celebrating the appearance of the feudal princes at the court, the splendor of their array, the propriety of their demeanor, and the favor conferred on them by the king.

1 They pull the beans all o'er the ground,
 To place in baskets square, and round.
 So reap they what the fields produce,
 For present and for future use.
 When now themselves the princes show
 No stores have I gifts to bestow,
 Befitting their great worth.
 Yet a state carriage and its team
 Will well a feudal prince beseem;—
 Let such be all brought forth.
 And from the chambers let them bring
 The robes that princes wear.
 From duke to baron, I, the king,
 On them will these confer.

2 The water bubbles from the spring,
 And round it grows the cress.
 So when the princes see the king,
 Their coming they express
 In various ways. Now here I see
 Their flags, with dragon blazonry,
 All waving in the wind.
 The gentle tinkling of their bells
 Comes to my ear, and surely tells
 They in their chariots, grandly drawn
 By the four steeds of mighty brawn,
 Cannot be far behind.

3 The king soon gets a nearer view.
 The covers red he sees
 Upon their knees, of brilliant hue,
 And buskins 'neath the knees.
 A grave demeanor all display;

The Son of Heaven approves.
 What to such princes can he say,
 Whose presence rapture moves?
 In admiration and delight,
 No grace can he withhold.
 To some he grants new honors bright,
 To some confirms the old.

4 The oaks their branches wide extend,
 With leaves thick covered o'er,
 Which thus the roots and trunk defend,
 And make them thrive the more.
 So do these princes service do,
 Throughout the land, while they pursue
 The charges to them given.
 The various regions well they guard,
 Nor think they any labor hard,
 To aid the Son of Heaven.
 All blessings on their heads collect.
 And now to court they've brought
 Their ministers who nought neglect,
 Strong both in act and thought.

5 The boat is by the rope held fast,
 Lest it should float away;
 So round the princes there is cast
 The king's protective stay.
 He looks on them with joy intense;
 He scans their merits to dispense
 His favors and rewards.
 He makes their happiness his charge;
 Their territories to enlarge,
 As duty he regards.
 To them it is a pleasure rare,
 A happy, joyous time,
 When from their states they here repair,
 To see his court sublime.

IV

The *Chio Kung*; allusive, narrative, and metaphorical. Against the king's cold treatment of his relatives by consanguinity and affinity; the extensive and baneful influence of his example; the encouragement given by him to calumniators.

1 Whene'er we strongly bend a bow,
 Both string and ends we near us bring;
 And when we let the tension go,
 From us with quick recoil they spring.
 So when we show affection deep,
 Our kith and kin to us we draw;
 But when from them aloof we keep,
 They shrink from us by nature's law.

2 When you, O king, to kin are cold,
 Such coldness rules throughout the land.
 You for their teacher all men hold;
 To learn your ways needs no command.

3 Brethren whose virtue stands the test,
 By bad example still unchanged,
 Their generous feelings manifest,
 Nor grow among themselves estranged.
 But if their virtue weakly fails
 The evil influence to withstand,
 Then selfishness o'er love prevails,
 And troubles rise on every hand.

4 When men in disputations fine
 To hear their consciences refuse,
 Then 'gainst each other they repine,
 And each maintains his special views.
 If one a place of rank obtain,
 And scorn humility to show,
 The others view him with disdain,
 And, wrangling, all to ruin go.

5 A colt the old horse deems himself,
 And vainly hastens to the race;

So thinks the mean man, bent on pelf,
 Himself fit for the highest place:
 Stuffed to the full, he still shall feed,
 Nor own that he has had enough.
 He drinks, and with insatiate greed,
 Knows not the time for leaving off.

6 The monkeys by their nature know
 The way to climb a tree, untaught.
 We need no mud on him to throw,
 Whom lying in the mud we've caught.
 The nature of all meaner men
 Leads them to follow and obey.
 Nor right, nor wrong the millions ken,
 But imitate the sovereign's way.

7 The snow falls fast, and all the ground
 Hides with its masses, white and clear;
 But when the sunbeams play around,
 It soon will melt and disappear.
 This fact, O king, you don't perceive;
 Those men who calumnies diffuse,
 Not heeding, to themselves you leave,
 And your indulgence they abuse.

8 Yes, though the snow lie drifted deep,
 Away before the heat 'twill flow.
 I for the king's neglect must weep;—
 Like Man or Mao those men will grow.

X

The *Yü Liu*; metaphorical and allusive. Some noble tells how impossible it was to approach or do anything for the king, and warns the others against doing so.

1 The willow trees luxuriant grow.
 Who is not glad himself to throw
 Beneath their shade to rest?

And so to our great sovereign's court
 The feudal lords should oft resort,
 And feel supremely blessed.
 But he whom we all deemed a god
 Is so uncertain in his nod,
 That they his presence shun.
 Near him alone I dare not go.
 Were I at court myself to show,
 And of his troubles take the charge,
 His calls on me would be so large,
 That I should be undone.

2 Luxuriant grow the willow trees;
 Beneath their shade one often sees
 Large crowds at ease reclined.
 So should the king his grace extend,
 And to his court the princes bend
 Their steps with willing mind.
 But he, whom as a god we viewed,
 Is so uncertain in his mood,
 That they dare not appear.
 For me I should but court distress,
 If I alone were to address
 Myself to take his cares in hand;
 He would so much of me demand,
 I'd live in constant fear.

3 The birds now on the trees alight,
 Then spread their wings in sudden flight,
 And soar aloft to heaven;
 So does the king his purpose change,
 From one thing to another range,
 As by his fancies driven.
 His heart we cannot fathom well,
 Nor can we any moment tell
 To what he will proceed.
 The task why should I undertake,
 And vainly the endeavor make,
 His grievous troubles to redress?

'Twould only cause me sore distress,
And to my misery lead.

BOOK 8. THE DECADE OF TU JÊN SHIH

I

The *Tu Jên Shih*; narrative. Praise of the ladies and gentlemen of a former time for the simplicity of their dress, the correctness of their deportment, and the elegance of their manners.

1 In the old capital they stood,
 With yellow fox furs plain,
 Their manners all correct and good,
 Speech free from vulgar stain.
 Could we go back to Chow's old days,
 All would look up to them with praise.

2 In the old capital they wore
T'ai hats and black caps small;
 And ladies, who famed surnames bore,
 Their own thick hair let fall.
 Such simple ways are seen no more,
 And the changed manners I deplore.

3 Ear stoppers, made of sew stones fine,
 In the old days were worn.
 Each lady of a noble line
 A Yin or Chi seemed born.
 Such officers and ladies now
 I see not, and my sorrows grow.

4 With graceful sweep their girdles fell,
 Then in the days of old.
 The ladies' side hair, with a swell,
 Like scorpion's tail, rose bold.
 Such, if I saw them in these days,
 I'd follow with admiring gaze.

5 So hung their girdles, not for show;—
 To their own length 'twas due.
 'Twas not by art the hair curled so;—
 By nature so it grew.

I seek such manners now in vain,
And pine for them with longing pain.

II

The *Ts'ai Lu*; narrative. A wife tells her sorrow and incapability of attending to anything, in the prolonged absence of her husband, to whom she was fondly attached.

1 So full am I of anxious thought,
Though all the morn king grass I've sought,
 To fill my arms I fail.
Like wisp all-tangled is my hair!
To wash it let me home repair.
 My lord soon may I hail!

2 Though 'mong the indigo I've wrought
The morning long, through anxious thought,
 My skirt's filled but in part.
Within five days he was to appear.
The sixth has come, and he's not here.
 Oh! how this racks my heart!

3 When here we dwelt in union sweet.
If the hunt called his eager feet,
 His bow I cased for him.
Or if to fish he went away,
And would be absent all the day,
 His line I put in trim.

4 What in his angling did he catch?
Well worth the time it was to watch
 How bream and tench he took.
Men thronged upon the banks and gazed;
At bream and tench they looked amazed,
 The triumphs of his hook.

III

The *Chu Miao*; allusive and narrative. Celebrating the service of the earl of Shao in building the city of Seay, and the cheerful alacrity of his soldiers under his management.

1 As the young millet, by the genial rain
 Enriched, shoots up luxuriant and tall,
 So, when we southward marched with toil and pain,
 The earl of Shao cheered and inspired us all.

2 We pushed our barrows, and our burdens bore;
 We drove our wagons, and our oxen led.
 "The work once done, our labor there is o'er,
 And home we travel," to ourselves we said.

3 Close kept our footmen round the chariot track;
 Our eager host in close battalions sped.
 "When once our work is done, then we go back,
 Our labor over," to themselves they said.

4 Hard was the work we had at Seay to do,
 But Shao's great earl the city soon upreared
 The host its service gave with ardor true;—
 Such power in all the earl's commands appeared!

5 We did on plains and low lands what was meet;
 We cleared the springs and streams, the land to drain.
 The earl of Shao announced his work complete,
 And the king's heart reposed, at rest again.

IV

The *Hsi Sang*; allusive and narrative. The writer tells his admiration and love for some men of noble character.

1 Where lies the ground both wet and low,
 The mulberry trees in beauty grow;—
 'Tis sweet to see their clust'ring leaves.
 Such pleasure in my bosom heaves,
 When I the princely men descry;—
 To tell the joy 'twere vain to try.

2 Where lies the ground both wet and low,
 The mulberry trees in beauty grow;—
 'Tis sweet to see their glossy leaves.
 Such pleasure in my bosom heaves.
 When I the princely men behold;—
 Then does my heart its joy unfold.

3 Where lies the ground both wet and low,
 The mulberry trees in beauty grow;—
 'Tis sweet to see their dark green leaves.
 Such pleasure in my bosom heaves,
 When lights upon those men my eye;—
 At their grand fame my heart throbs high.

4 I cherish those men in my heart.—
 Might not my words my love impart?
 No;—if the words were once but spoken,
 The charm of love might then be broken.
 The men shall dwell within my heart,
 Nor thence with lapse of time depart.

V

The *Pai Hua*; metaphorical. The wife of King Yu complains of being degraded and forsaken.

1 The fibers of the white-flowered rush
 Are with the white grass bound.
 So do the two together go,
 In closest union found.
 And thus should man and wife abide,
 The twain combined in one;
 But this bad man sends me away,
 And bids me dwell alone.

2 Both rush and grass from the bright clouds
 The genial dew partake.
 Kind and impartial, nature's laws
 No odious difference make.

But providence appears unkind;
 Events are often hard.
 This man, to principle untrue,
 Denies me his regard.

3 Northward the pools their waters send,
 To flood each paddy field;
 So get the fields the sap they need,
 Their store of rice to yield.
 But that great man no deed of grace
 Deigns to bestow on me.
 My songs are sighs. At thought of him
 My heart aches wearily.

4 The mulberry branches they collect,
 And use their food to cook.
 But I must use a furnace small,
 That pot nor pan will brook.
 So me that great man badly treats,
 Nor uses as his wife,
 Degrades me from my proper place,
 And fills with grief my life.

5 The bells and drums inside the court
 Men stand without and hear;
 So should the feelings in my breast,
 To him distinct appear.
 All-sorrowful, I think of him,
 Longing to move his love;
 But he vouchsafes no kind response;
 His thoughts far from me rove.

6 The marabou stands on the dam,
 And to repletion feeds;
 The crane deep in the forest cries,
 Nor finds the food it needs.
 So in my room the concubine
 By the great man is placed;
 While I with cruel banishment
 Am cast out and disgraced.

7 The yellow ducks sit on the dam,
 With left wing gathered low;
 So on each other do they lean,
 And their attachment show.
 And love should thus the man and wife
 In closest concord bind;
 But that man turns away from me,
 And shows a fickle mind.

8 When one stands on a slab of stone,
 No higher than the ground,
 Nothing is added to his height;—
 Low with the stone he's found.
 So does the favorite's mean estate
 Render that great man mean,
 While I by him, to distance sent,
 Am pierced with sorrow keen.

VI

The *Mien Man*; allusive. Some inferior complains of his toil in an expedition, and of the neglect with which he was treated by his superiors.

1 Twitters fast the oriole,
 Where yonder bends the mound.
 The happy little creature
 Its resting place has found.
 So have not I. The journey's length
 And weary toil o'ertask my strength.
 Give me to eat; give me to drink;
 And teach my mind the way to think.
 Then bid a baggage cart prepare
 Along the route myself to bear.

2 Twitters fast the oriole,
 Where shows its edge the mound:
 The happy little creature
 Its resting place has found.
 So have not I. I dare not shrink

From the long way, but trembling think,
 Unable to hold on, I'll sink.
 Give me to drink; and give me food;
 And teach my mind the thing that's good.
 Then bid a baggage cart prepare
 Along the route myself to bear.

3 Twitters fast the oriole,
 Where spreads its side the mound.
 The happy little creature
 Its resting place has found.
 So have not I. I dare not shrink
 From the long way, but trembling think,
 Before we reach the end, I'll sink.
 Give me to drink; to food invite;
 And tell my mind the thing that's right.
 Then bid a baggage cart prepare
 Along the route myself to hear.

VII

The *Hu Yeh*; narrative. Where the provisions are most frugal, all the rules of polite intercourse may yet be preserved.

1 A few gourd leaves that waved about
 Cut down and boiled;—the feast how spare!
 But the good host his spirits takes,
 Pours out a cup, and proves them rare.

2 A single rabbit on the mat,
 Or baked, or roast:—how small the feast!
 But the good host his spirits takes,
 And fills the cup of every guest.

3 A single rabbit on the mat,
 Roasted or broiled:—how poor the meal!
 But the guests from the spirit vase
 Fill their host's cup, and drink his weal.

4 A single rabbit on the mat,
 Roasted or baked:—no feast we think!
 But from the spirit vase they take,
 Both host and guests, and joyous drink.

VIII

The *Chien Chien Chih Shih*; narrative. Commemorating the hardships of a long and difficult expedition to the east, aggravated by great rains.

1 How high those frowning rocks arise!
 With awe they fill the mind.
 Our way through streams, o'er mountains lies;
 Toilsome the march we find.
 Eastward our expedition goes,
 Nor has our chief one hour's repose.

2 Those frowning rocks the heights surmount,
 And fill the mind with dread.
 O'er hills, through streams, our steps we count;
 When shall our march be sped?
 Our warrior hastens on the track,
 Nor thinks he of our drawing back.

3 Look at the swine, with legs all white,
 Washed by the pools from stain!
 The moon wades through the Hyads bright,
 Foretelling heavier rain.
 He at whose word we eastward fare
 No leisure has for other care.

IX

The *T'iao Chih Hua*; metaphorical. The writer laments his misery amidst and in consequence of the general decay of the kingdom.

1 Deep yellow are turned
 The bignonia flowers;

And my wounded heart
Its sorrow outpours.

2 The flowers are all gone;
But green leaves are seen.
Than this fate have known,
Better not to have been!

3 In fish traps but stars!
Ewes thin, with large head!
While some may have food,
Most languish, ill fed.

X

The *Ho Ts'ao Pu Huang*; allusive and narrative. The misery and murmuring of soldiers constantly employed on expeditionary services, and treated without any consideration.

1 Yellow now is all the grass;
All the days in marching pass.
On the move is every man;
Hard work, far and near, they plan.

2 Black is every plant become;
Every man is torn from home.
Kept on foot, our state is sad;—
As if we no feelings had!

3 Not rhinoceroses we!
Tigers do we care to be?
Fields like these so desolate
Are to us a hateful fate.

4 Long-tailed foxes pleased may hide
'Mong the grass, where they abide.
We, in box carts slowly borne,
On the great roads plod and mourn.

PART 3. GREATER ODES OF THE KINGDOM

BOOK 1. DECADE OF KING WÊN

I

The *Wên Wang*; narrative. Celebrating King Wên, dead and alive, as the founder of the dynasty of Chou, showing how his virtues drew to him the favoring regard of Heaven, and made him a bright pattern to his descendants and their ministers.

1 The royal Wên now rests on high,
 Enshrined in brightness of the sky.
 Chou as a state had long been known,
 And Heaven's decree at last was shown.
 Its lords had borne a glorious name;
 God kinged them when the season came.
 King Wên ruled well when earth he trod;
 Now moves his spirit near to God.

2 A strong-willed, earnest king was Wên,
 And still his fame rolls widening on.
 The gifts that God bestowed on Chou
 Belong to Wên's descendants now.
 Heaven blesses still with gifts divine
 The hundred scions of his line;
 And all the officers of Chou
 From age to age more lustrous grow.

3 More lustrous still-from age to age,
 All reverent plans their zeal engage;
 And brilliant statesmen owe their birth
 To this much.-favored spot of earth.
 They spring like products of the land,—
 The men by whom the realm doth stand.
 Such aid their numerous bands supply,
 That Wan, rests tranquilly on high.

4 Deep were Wên's thoughts, sustained his ways;
 His reverence lit its trembling rays.
 Resistless came great Heaven's decree;

The sons of Shang must bend the knee;—
 The sons of Shang, each one a king,
 In numbers beyond numbering.
 Yet as God spoke, so must it be:—
 The sons of Shang all bent the knee.

5 Now each to Chou his homage pays,—
 So dark and changing are Heaven's ways.
 When we pour our libations here,
 The officers of Shang appear,
 Quick and alert to give their aid;—
 Such is the service by them paid,
 While still, they do not cast aside
 The cap and broided ax,—their pride.
 Ye servants of our line of kings,
 Remember him from whom it springs.

6 Remember him from whom it springs;—
 Let this give to your virtue wings.
 Seek harmony with Heaven's great mind;—
 So shall you surest blessing find.
 Ere Shang had lost the nation's heart,
 Its monarchs all with God had part
 In sacrifice. From them you see
 'Tis hard to keep high Heaven's decree.

7 'Tis hard to keep high Heaven's decree!
 O sin not, or you cease to be.
 To add true luster to your name,
 See Shang expire in Heaven's dread flame.
 For Heaven's high dealings are profound,
 And far transcend all sense and sound.
 From Wên your pattern you must draw,
 And all the states will own your law.

The *Ta Ming*; narrative. How the appointment of Heaven rested on King Wên, and descended to his son, King Wu, who overthrew the dynasty of Yin or Shang;—celebrating also the mother and the wife of Wên.

1 Majestic Heaven from kings below,
 That they illustrious virtue show,
 With strictest law requires.
 They must not on its grace rely,
 Nor think that they can change defy.
 The house of Yin long ruled the land,
 Called to the throne by Heaven's command.
 But its last monarch, from it driven,
 Lost by supreme decree of Heaven
 The kingdom of his sires.

2 What time in Chou ruled our King Chi,
 Among the princesses of Chi,
 In the domain of Yin,
 The second daughter of her name
 Had through the land a noble fame.
 Her from her parents Chi had sought,
 And to his capital he brought,
 And wedded her, Ta-jên.
 They both could perfect virtue claim,
 No duty left undone.
 A mother soon the wife became;
 The child was our King Wên.

3 This our King Wên in all his way
 Did watchful reverence display,
 With clearest wisdom serving God,
 Who, pleased to see the course he trod,
 Him with great favor crowned.
 His virtue no deflection knew,
 But always to the right was true.
 The states beheld, and all approved;
 With loyal ardor stirred and moved,
 Wên as their head they owned.

4 Throughout the land Heaven sent its glance;
Whom should it to the throne advance?

To Wên came the decree.
While he was still in early years,
By Heaven's arranging there appears
She who his bride should be.
North of the Hsia, on Wei, she shone,
The child of a great house.
Then Wên, to years of manhood grown.
Tendered to her his vows.

5 Like a fair denizen of Heaven
Was she to whom those vows were given.
The gifts he sent were deemed complete,
And to the Wei, his bride to meet,
Our Wên in person went.
A bridge of boats across the stream
He Made, as did her state beseem.
She crossed; to Chou they held their way.
Great was the glory of the day,
And glorious the event!

6 Heaven thus its grand appointment made,
And Wên to all the land displayed,
While still he ruled in Fêng.
Hsin's eldest daughter was the wife,
Whom Heaven prepared to bless his life,
And take his virtuous mother's place.
And Heaven soon gave them further grace;
'Twas from them King Wu sprung.
Heaven kept and helped the child, until
Its summons to him came.
Then Wu marched forth to do its will,
Smote Yin, and won his fame.

7 Countless as forest leaves, Yin's hosts,
Collected from its utmost coasts,
Were marshaled in Mu's famous plain,
To meet King Wu;—but all in vain.

Chou to the crisis rose.
 Wu viewed their multitudes with fear,
 But Shang-fu's words soon gave him cheer:—
 "With you is God; your doubts dispel.
 With Him as helper, we shall quell
 The pride of all our foes."

8 Vast was the plain. Each sandal car,
 That brightly shone amidst the war,
 Dashed rapidly along.
 Each team of steeds, black-maned and bay,
 Against all obstacles made way.
 Like mighty eagle on the wing,
 Shang-fu was ever near the king,
 Whose heart was thus made strong.
 At the first charge Yin's troops gave way,
 And took to shameful flight.
 That morn a long and brilliant day
 Displaced the previous night.

III

The *Mien*; metaphorical and narrative. The small beginnings and subsequent growth of the house of Chou. Its removal from Pin under T'an-fu, and settlement in Chou, down to the time of King Wên.

1 As grow the gourds, with ever length'ning stem.
 From elder sires sprang ours, as we from them.
 When first by Chü and Ch'i our people grew,
 And o'er them ruled the ancient Duke T'an-fu,
 There kilnlike huts and caves for them he made,
 Ere any house its walls and roof displayed.

2 The ancient Duke T'an-fu came with the morn,
 In car along the western rivers borne,
 Nor stayed his steeds, until he reached Mount Ch'i.
 The Lady Chiang came in his company.
 With eager eyes they traveled o'er the ground,
 To find a site on which a town to found.

3 The plain of Chou, with violets o'erspread
 And sonchus plants found sweet on such a bed,
 Lay wide and rich. He asked his men their mind,
 And by the scorched tortoise shell divined.
 Both answer gave:—"Now is the time and here!"
 His followers straight their homes began to rear.

4 He cheered them on, and placed them on the land,
 On left and right their different sites he planned.
 Divisions, large and small, soon marked the plain,
 And channels, or to irrigate or drain.
 From east to west the acres he defined;
 Nought that was needed 'scaped his active mind.

5 He named two officers who should preside
 O'er all these labors, and the people guide.
 These to direct the building work he calls;
 True to the plummet rise the many walls.
 They bind the frame boards, till they stand aright,
 And rear th' ancestral temple in its might.

6 With earth in baskets crowding workmen came,
 Which then with shouts they cast into the frame.
 There with responsive blows the earth they pound,
 And trim and pare until the walls are sound.
 At once, five thousand cubits long, these rise,
 The drum unheard amidst the toilers' cries.

7 The palace next they built. Its outer gate
 Arose with lofty and imposing state.
 The inner portal of the court they reared,
 With massive pomp. Anon, hard by, appeared
 The altar for the spirits of the land,
 Where the state's greatest movements should be planned.

8 Thus though his foeman's rage he could not tame,
 T'an-fu preserved and left a noble fame.
 In time the oaks and thorns were cleared away,
 And roads for travelers opened to the day.

The savage hordes of Hun all disappeared,
Panting, and trembling at the name they feared.

9 Then came King Wên, and stirred to nobler life
The chiefs of Joo and Juy, who ceased their strife.
Some sought our prince, whom yet they had not seen;
Some, led by those who at his court had been;
Some came who dreaded his avenging arm;
And some, who knew he screened the weak from harm.

IV

The *Yü Po*; allusive and narrative. In praise of King Wên, celebrating his activity, influence, and capacity to rule.

1 Abundant grow the oaks, and round them rise
A mass of shrubs, both yielding large supplies
Of firewood, or to burn or store.
In grace and grandeur shone our prince and king;
From left and right all haste, and to him cling,
As bent from him to part no more.

2 In grace and grandeur shone our prince and king.
At sacrifice his ministers all bring
Their cups, each handle half a mace.
Solemn and grave, on left and right they stand,
And pour libations with a reverent hand;—
Well do such men the service grace!

3 Upon the king the boats are borne along,
As to their oars the rowers bend, and strong
Impel them to their utmost speed.
So marched our king in his avenging wrath,
His six hosts swiftly following on his path;—
How could his plans fail to succeed?

4 The Milky Way reveals its span on high,
With light and beauty bright'ning all the sky;—
Men view it with admiring gaze.

Long lived the king, and lasting influence shed
 Throughout the land, where his great son displayed
 The glorious issues of his ways.

5 The vessels, formed of metal and of jade,
 By graver's tools are still more precious made;—
 With grace their worth is thus combined.
 Unceasing were the labors of our king;
 East, west, north, south, his laws and rules shall bring
 The reverent homage of each mind.

V

The *Han Lu*; allusive and narrative. In praise of the virtue of King Wan, blessed by his ancestors, and raised to the highest dignity without seeking of his own.

1 Round the foot of Mount Han
 Grow the hazel and thorn.
 Self-possession and ease
 Did our monarch adorn.
 Striving for his height of place,
 These around him threw their grace.

2 From the large cup of jade
 Fragrant spirits down flow.
 Self-possession and ease
 Did our prince ever show.
 Could there but on him descend
 Rank and blessing without end?

3 Up to heaven flies the hawk;
 Fishes spring in the deep.
 Self-possession and ease
 Did our prince ever keep.
 Grand the influence he shed,
 As those virtues he displayed!

4 In the vessel behold
 How his spirits shine clear!
 The red bull is ready,
 Nor the knife views with fear.
 Thus he paid the sacred rite,
 Brighter blessing to invite!

5 Oaks and shrubs thickly grow,
 Which for firewood men hew.
 Self-possession and ease
 In our prince all could view.
 Spirits cheered him in his course,
 Nerving him with secret force.

6 How the creepers close twine
 Round the branches and stems!
 Self-possession and ease
 Robed our prince as with gems.
 Happiness increased unsought,
 Nor by crooked ways was bought.

VI

The *Ssü Ch'i*; narrative. The virtue of King Wên and its wonderful effects; with the excellent character of his mother and wife.

1 Ta-jên was pure, of rev'rent life,
 From whom our King Wên sprang.
 Fit was she for his father's wife,
 And well she loved Chou Chiang.
 Ta-ssü inherited her fame;
 Through her an hundred sons there came.

2 Wên formed himself upon his sires,
 Nor gave their spirits pain.
 Well pleased were they. Next he inspires
 His wife. His brethren fain
 To follow were. In every state
 The chiefs on his example wait.

3 In palace see him,—bland, serene;

In fane, with rev'rent fear.

Unseen by man, he felt still seen

By spirits always near.

Unweariedly did he maintain

His virtue pure, and free from stain.

4 Some great calamities there came,

Which he could not control.

But none his generous aim might blame,

Nought darken his bright soul.

Untaught, the right he ever saw;

Reproof he needed not, nor law.

5 Grown men through him in virtue grew;

Young men attainments made.

Aye to himself our prince was true,

Nor weariness displayed.

His officers acquired great fame;

To him they owed their deathless name.

VII

The *Huang I*; narrative. Showing the rise of the house of Chou to the sovereignty of the kingdom through the favor of God. The cases and achievements of King Ta, King Chi, and especially of King Wên.

1 Oh! great is God. His glance on earth He bent,

Scanning our regions with severe intent

For one whose rule the people should content.

The earlier lines of kings had practiced ill,

And ruling, ruled not after God's just will.

He therefore 'mong the states was searching still.

Searching for one in whom He could confide.

From the great states He westward turned aside,

And there a place did for our house provide.

2 Ta then was chief, who made wild nature trim
 And cleared the forest of the rotting limb.
 Impervious tracts grew pervious by him.

He felled and dressed the bosky clumps and rows;
 He drained the marshes where the willow grows;
 He thinned the mulberries, rising thick and close.

When this wise chieftain God to Chou had given,
 The Kwan hordes fled away, by terror driven;
 And sons came from the wife Ta got from Heaven.

3 God looked upon the hills where Ta the oak
 And thorny shrubs had thinned, and lo! there broke
 Paths through the firs, that human feet bespoke.

The state thus founded, God prepared the king,
 And he through Ta-pai's flight from Chi shall spring.
 Ta's son was Chi, whose praises now I sing.

A younger brother's heart within him glowed;
 He to his elder rendered all he owed,
 And when *he* fled, a patriot's heart Chi showed.

So through his course his brother's flight appeared
 With glory crowned. Head of the name, Chi reared
 The throne to which Chou's way erelong was cleared.

4 Gifted was Chi by God with wisdom high.
 His judgments true drew on him every eye;
 With silent growth his fame spread far and nigh.

Most ken, most wise, to yield or to command,
 And sway to exercise throughout the land,
 He was 'twixt king and chief a powerful band.

His son, King Wên, could all his honors claim,
 With virtue pure, beyond the reach of blame.
 On him and on his sons God's blessing came.

5 God spake to Wên, "Be thou not like to those,
Whose aim now flies to this, to that now goes,
Whose facile wills obey each wind that blows."

So grandly clomb he to fair virtue's height.
When rebel Mi dared to dispute his might,
And dared to challenge this great land to fight;

They entered Yüan, and against Kung conspire.
Then rose the king, majestic in his ire,
And sent his troops to make the foe retire;

His power, as all expected, to display,
And, strength'ning Chou, a deep foundation lay,
On which might rise an universal sway.

6 Calm in his capital, the king abode.
His troops from utmost Yüan held on their road;
O'er lofty hills right valiantly they strode.

The foe could plant no forces on our hills,
Or high or low, nor drink our springs and rills,
Nor touch the pools that trickling brooklet fills.

South of the Chi, and near the Wei, Wên saw
Large plains, to which the masses he could draw.
There now he dwelt, and to the states gave law.

7 God spake to Wên, "I love your virtue wise
Not blatant-tongued, nor flashed before men's eyes,
Not seeking fickle change, or rude emprise.

All unpremeditate, and free from art,
It leads you to enact the noblest part,
A pattern king,—according to God's heart."

God spake to Wên, "Straight with your brethren go;
And ladders take, and engines to bring low
The walls of Ch'ung, and there defeat the foe."

8 The warlike engines gently first they ply,
 Against the walls of Ch'ung, walls broad and high,
 Hoping the foe would not their power defy.

Captives for question, one by one, were brought;
 The left ears of the slain were slowly sought:—
 So would they wake the foe's relenting thought.

With the same object,—human life to spare,
 To God, and to war's sire, Wên sought by prayer
 And sacrifice. Who should resistance dare?

But Ch'ung held out. The engines moved along
 With all their force against its bulwarks strong,
 At which the troops were hurled, one eager throng.

Wên razed its walls, and quenched its rites in blood.
 The eye could scarcely tell where once it stood.
 Throughout the land, all feared his wrathful mood.

VIII

The *Ling T'ai*; narrative. The joy of the people in the growing opulence and dignity of King Wên.

1 When Wên to build his wondrous tower began,
 Of all its plan a scheme he drew.
 To do the work, in crowds the people ran,
 And as by magic, lo! it grew.
 "Be not in haste:"—so kindly said the king,
 But all as to a father help would bring.

2 The king was walking in his wondrous park,
 Where lay the does, all sleek and clean.
 'Twas sweet to him their restfulness to mark,
 And see the white birds' glistening sheen.
 Then to his wondrous pond he took his way,
 To view the fish their bounding life display.

3 Right in the middle of a circling pool,
 His hall, the place of joy, he reared.
 For music there he made provision full.
 'Twixt pillars finely carved appeared
 Face boards, with tops of finest tracery,
 'Neath which large drums and bells were hanging free.

4 On these the blind musicians did their part.
 Of lizard skin the drums were made.
 The eyeless men displayed consummate art;
 In perfect unison they played.
 The music loud resounded through the hall.
 What rapture did the festive throng enthral!

IX

The *Hsia Wu*; narrative. In praise of King Wu, walking in the ways of his forefathers, and by his filial piety securing the throne to himself and his posterity.

1 Kings die in Chou, and others rise,
 And in their footsteps tread.
 Three had there been, and all were wise;
 And still they ruled, though dead.
 Ta, Chi, and Wên were all in heaven,
 When Wu to follow them was given.

2 Yes, Wu to follow them was given.
 To imitate his sires,
 And to obey the will of Heaven,
 He ardently desires.
 Through all his course this aim endured,
 And this the people's trust secured.

3 Yes, Wu secured the people's faith,
 And gave to all the law
 Of filial duty, which till death
 Shining in him they saw.

Such piety possessed his mind;
Such pattern did he leave behind.

4 Thus the one man was Wu—the one,
The king, whom all did love.
They saw in him the pattern son;
Such sons to be they strove.
The filial aim in him bright shone;
In him were seen the dead and gone.

5 In Wu his sires were thus brought back.
The kings that from him spring,
Continuing in his steps to walk,
Upon themselves shall bring,
Through myriad years, to Chou still given,
The blessing of impartial Heaven.

6 Ah! yes, Heaven's blessing will descend,
And men their names shall bless.
Thousands from Chou's remotest end,
Their praises shall express.
Their sway through myriad years shall last,
Nor helpers fail, strong friends and fast.

X

The *Wên Wang Yu Shêng*; narrative to the last stanza, which is allusive. The praise of King Wên and King Wu:—how the former displayed his military prowess only to secure the tranquillity of the people; how this appeared in the building of Fêng as his capital city; and how the latter entered, in his capital of Hao, into the sovereignty of the kingdom with the sincere good will of all the people.

1 Oh! the praise of King Wên
Shall forever endure.
For the people he sought,
How their rest to make sure.
And his work he beheld

Made complete and secure;
And our Wên was a sovereign true!

2 'Twas the gift of high heaven
That the throne did bestow.
What success Wên achieved,
When great Chung was laid low!
Fêng he called it, and moved
There, his grand state to show;
And our Wên was a sovereign true!

3 He repaired its old walls,
And the old moat he cleared.
As his sires had oft done,
So his new seat he reared.
Not in haste did he build,
And the son more appeared;
And our prince was a sovereign true!

4 Oh! how brightly those walls
Did his merit display!
From all quarters they came,
And would not be said nay.
For to Fêng they repaired,
Their true homage to pay;
And our prince was a sovereign true!

5 East from Fêng flowed the stream
That the same name did bear.
'Twas the work of Great Yü
Made the water flow there.
And to Fêng the states came,
Wu their king to declare;
And our king was a sovereign true!

6 Then to Hao Wu removed,
And the pool-circled hall
There he built, and received
The submission of all.
East, west, north, and south,

Him their monarch they call;
And our king was a sovereign true!

7 Having thought of the site,
By the shell Wu divined.
As the shell answer gave,
So the site was assigned.
Thus King Wu dwelt in Hao,
Where his city we find;
And our Wu was a sovereign true!

8 Where the Fêng water flows,
Is the white millet grown.
In the men Wu employed
How his merit was shown!
To his sons he would leave
His wise plans and his throne;
And our Wu was a sovereign true!

BOOK 2. DECADE OF SHÊNG MIN

I

The *Shêng Min*; narrative. The legend of Hou-chi:—his conception; his birth; the perils of his infancy; his boyish habits of agriculture; his subsequent teaching of agriculture, and his founding of sacrifices, the honors of sacrifice paid to him by the house of Chou.

1 'Tis to the famed Chiang Yüan we trace
 The earliest of our favored race;
 And how this happened, let my verse
 The ancient story now rehearse.
 With offering pure and sacrifice,
 And look directed to the skies,
 She prayed that Heaven would take away
 The deep reproach that on her lay
 Of childless womb; and then she trod
 Upon a toe print made by God.
 Straight, as she rested, she was moved,
 And, pregnant now, retirement loved.
 A son, Hou-chi, ere long appeared,
 Whom with a mother's care she reared.

2 Lo! when her carrying time was done,
 Came like a lamb this first-born son.
 No pains of labor suffered she,—
 No hurt, no strain, no injury.
 With omen of his future part
 Did God thus cheer the mother's heart.
 He had accepted in the skies
 Her offering and her sacrifice;—
 And thus it was she bore her son,
 And of birth pangs had suffered none.

3 Once in a narrow lane exposed,
 The sheep and oxen round him closed,
 And sheltered with their loving care.
 Again the woodman found him, where

In a wide forest he was placed,
 And bore him from the darksome waste.
 On the cold ice exposed once more,
 A bird, beneath the child and o'er,
 Stretched its great wings. When it took flight,
 Hou-chi began to wail in fright;
 And loud and long his cries resound,
 Filling the airy region round.

4 When he could only creep, his face
 With glance of wisdom beamed, and grace.
 When he could feed himself, then fain
 Was he to sow large beans and grain.
 His beans with fine luxuriance grow;
 His rows of rice rare beauty show;
 His hemp and wheat adorn the field;
 His gourds abundant produce yield.

5 In husbandry this was his course:—
 Wisely to aid kind nature's force.
 He cleared the grass, and plowed the land,
 Where yellow grain should waving stand.
 The living germ with care was nurst,
 Till from its sheath it nearly burst.
 'Twas then as seed laid in the ground:—
 It sprang, and soon in ear was found.
 Strong grew the plant, and fine, and sweet,
 Hung down anon, each grain complete.—
 T'ai's state to rule for him was meet.

6 There he gave out the beauteous grains:—
 Millets,—the black, and what contains
 Two kernels, and tall red, and white.
 Largely they planted with delight
 The double-kerneled, and the black,
 Which, as they reap, they quickly stack.
 The red and white their labor share,
 But these, when reaped, they homeward bear,
 And for the solemn rites prepare.

7 And still those rites we here maintain.
 Some in the mortar hull the grain;
 Some take it thence; then sift it some;
 The while fresh treaders constant come.
 Washed in the dish with rattling sound,
 It is distilled; the steam floats round.
 We fix the day, and then with prayer
 And fasting for the rites prepare.
 Upon the burning fat we lay
 The southernwood, and next essay,
 With ram, the Spirit of the way
 To please. Flesh boiled or roast
 For representatives we boast.
 We with these rites Hou-chi revere,
 And welcome in the opening year.

8 The stands of wood and earthenware
 Grand store of various offerings bear.
 Soon as their fragrant odors rise,
 God, pleased, accepts the sacrifice.
 Fragrant it is, and timely paid;—
 'Twas Hou-chi its foundation laid.
 Chou's lords and kings, down to this time,
 Have duly kept the rite sublime.

II

The *Hsing Wei*; allusive and narrative. A festal ode, celebrating some entertainment given by the king to his relatives, with the trial of archery after the feast; celebrating especially the honor done on such occasions to the aged.

1 See how the rushes spring
 Thickly along the way!
 Ye browsing herds, no foot
 Upon those rushes lay!
 Grown to their height erelong,
 They soft and rich shall shine.

Close as the rushes grow,
 Should brethren all combine.
 Let all at feast appear,
 None absent, none thought mean.
 Mats for the young be spread!
 On stools let elders lean!

2 Lo! double mats are spread,
 And stools are featly set.
 Servants in waiting stand;
 See host and guests are met.
 He pledges them; they him;
 He drinks; again they fill.
 Sauces and pickles come,
 Roast meat and broiled; and still
 Palates and tripe are brought.
 Then lutes and drums appear.
 Singers fine concord make;—
 The joyous feasters hear.

3 The feasting o'er, from bow,
 Lacquered and strong and bright,
 Four well-poised shafts each sends,
 That in the target light.
 The guests are ranged as they
 The mark have nearest hit.
 They shoot again; the shafts
 Are fairly lodged in it.
 Their bearing then is judged;
 Each takes his final place,
 As mild propriety
 Has round him thrown its grace.

4 The long-descended king
 Presides, and ends the feast.
 With spirits sweet and strong
 From vase he cheers each guest.
 And for the old he prays,
 While all with rapture glow,

That they the wrinkled back
 And whitening hair may show;
 Striving with mutual help
 In virtue's onward ways,
 And brightest happiness
 Thus crown their latest days.

III

The *Chi Tsui*; narrative. Responsive to the last;—the uncles and brothers of the king express their sense of his kindness, and their wishes for his happiness, mostly in the words in which the personators of the dead had conveyed the satisfaction of his ancestors with the sacrifice offered to them and promised to him their blessing.

1 You gave us of the brimming cup,
 And crowned us with your grace.
 Great king, forever may you live
 With brightening happiness!

2 You gave us of the brimming cup,
 And dainty viands spread.
 May you, great king, forever live!
 Your splendor never fade!

3 Yea, perfect may your wisdom be,
 Achieving its high aim!
 "First ends in last; last springs from first;—
 Revealed, that message came.

4 What said the message from your sires?
 "Vessels and gifts are clean;
 And all your friends, assisting you,
 Behave with reverent mien.

5 "Most reverently you did your part,
 And reverent by your side
 Your son appeared. On you henceforth
 Shall ceaseless blessings bide.

6 "What shall the ceaseless blessing be?

That in your palace high
For myriad years you dwell in peace,
Rich in posterity.

7 "What of the sons shall from you flow?

Through you, thus blessed of Heaven,
Those myriad years of royal sway
Shall to your sons be given.

8 "And whence shall come that lustrous race?

From your heroic wife.
From her shall come the line of sons
To live again your life."

IV

The *Fu I*; allusive. An ode, appropriate to the feast given to the personators of the departed, on the day after the sacrifice in the ancestral temple.

1 How the flocks of the wild ducks and widgeons play,
As they now skim the King, and now seek their prey!
How happy the birds! And not less joy inspires
Those who yesterday played the part of your sires.
Your viands are fragrant; your spirits are clear.
They feast and they drink; and all happy appear.
Complete is the honor you render them here!

2 The wild ducks and widgeons now see on the sand,
As along the King's banks they move or they stand!
How happy the birds! And now here, as their due,
Those who sat as your sires are feasted by you.
Abundant your spirits, your viands are good.
They feast and they drink in their happiest mood.
Ne'er before on the summit of honor they stood.

3 Round the islets the wild ducks and widgeons fly,
And on the land settle with loud scream and cry.

How happy the birds! And with joy those are filled,
 Who with fathers long gone were yesterday thrilled.
 Your viands are sliced, and your spirits are strained.
 They feast and they drink, with new happiness gained
 From this glory they now from you have obtained.

4 The wild ducks and widgeons behold on the wing,
 Where their tribute the streamlets pay to the King!
 How happy the birds! And how honored are those,
 In whom your sires yesterday found their repose!
 The feast in the ancestral temple is spread,
 Where blessing and dignity most are conveyed.
 Of each feaster what happiness now crowns the head!

5 Where the stream through the rocks its way seems to forge,
 Many wild ducks and widgeons rest in the gorge.
 How happy the birds! As complacent are they,
 Through whom your great fathers their will did convey.
 Your exquisite spirits, your meat broiled and roast,
 That they have partaken those feasters can boast.
 Henceforth shall their minds by no troubles be tossed!

V

The *Chia Lo*; narrative. In praise of some king,—perhaps King Ch'êng,—whose virtue secured to him the favor of Heaven; presaging for him all happiness, and especially a line of distinguished posterity. Probably the response of the personators of the departed to the preceding piece.

1 What brilliant virtue does our king,
 Whom all admire and love, display!
 People and officers all sing
 The praise of his impartial sway.
 Heaven to his sires the kingdom gave,
 And him with equal favor views.
 Heaven's strength and aid will ever save
 The throne whose grant it oft renews.

2 By virtue sought, fresh honors shine;
 All other blessings follow sure.
 Admired and reverent, lo! his line
 Through myriad ages shall endure.
 From error free, to duty true,
 They rule the states, they fill the throne.
 Nor shall they fail with homage due
 The olden statutes aye to own.

3 A bearing high and self-restrained
 May they in all their conduct show!
 And thus their virtuous fame unstained
 With lapse of time still brighter grow!
 From jealousies and envies free,
 May they advance the good to place!
 And blessings, boundless in degree,
 Their rule through all our regions grace!

4 When so those sons of Heaven shall sway,
 Nor greater cares their care withdraw
 From smallest things, friends shall obey,
 And find repose beneath their law.
 Love shall around them cast its chain,
 Kings who not idly fill their seat.
 The people restful peace shall gain,
 And each king with their praises greet.

VI

The *Kung Liu*; narrative. The story of Duke Liu:—how he made his first settlement in Pin, building there, laying out the ground, forming armies, arranging for a revenue, till even Pin became too small for all his people.

1 Duke Liu we sing, with generous ardor fired,
 Whose breast his people's good alone inspired,
 In their old seat no longer could he rest;
 Its narrow limits forced him from the west.
 The produce of the many fields he reaps;
 What can be spared, in store he safely keeps.

Here in the barn, there in the field, it lies;
 His forethought then wrapper and sack supplies,
 This hoard of grain and dried meat to contain,
 When they should move, a glorious fame to gain.
 Then ready further with his weapons all,
 Bows, arrows, shields, spears, axes great and small,
 His people to the march he forth did call.

2 Duke Liu we sing, with generous ardor fired,
 Whose breast his people's good alone inspired.
 O'er all the plain he ranged with eager eye,
 But could not space for thronging crowds descry.
 In pity for the numbers thus confined,
 He told to all the measure in his mind.
 Loth to abandon their much-loved repose,
 At first, but not for long, their murmurs rose.
 Each lofty hilltop now the duke ascends;
 Back to the plains he comes, and eastward bends
 His course. Lo! at his girdle pendant seen,
 The jade, and gems of yao, emit their sheen!
 Sheathed in its glittering scabbard hangs the sword,
 That safety from the foeman shall afford.

3 Duke Liu we sing, with generous ardor fired,
 Whose breast his people's good alone inspired.
 To Pin now come, where gush the hundred springs,
 His followers all about him there he brings.
 Round him there lay the bright and ample plain;
 He climbs a ridge, a wider view to gain.
 Behold! a spacious table-land he spies,
 Where his new settlement may well arise.
 For multitudes large space could be assigned,
 And immigrants still room for booths would find.
 Here then he dwelt, and would his plans unfold;
 Here counsel took, and heard what others told.

4 Duke Liu we sing, with generous ardor fired,
 Whose breast his people's good alone inspired.
 When on the height his rest he thus had found,

His officers all stand in state around.
 The mats are spread, with stools upon them set;
 Both old and young, they here are joyous met.
 From herd and pen the victims both are killed;
 Dried gourds for cups are with the spirits filled.
 So does the duke his friends and chieftains feast;
 Him as their lord and ruler hails each guest.

5 Duke Liu we sing, with generous ardor fired,
 Whose breast his people's good alone inspired.
 When now his bounds extended far and wide,
 He marked the shadows, thereby to decide
 The east and west, the north and south, all round.
 He clomb the ridges, and, observing, found
 What tracts were in the light, what in the shade.
 The springs and streams he carefully surveyed.
 Three armies of defense were made. Each plain
 And marsh was measured; and to till the grain
 An equal system framed: the farmers wrought,
 And shared the produce, after they had brought
 The fair proportion for himself he sought.
 West of the hills the land he also tilled,
 And grandly Pin with men and wealth was filled,

6 Duke Liu we sing, with generous ardor fired,
 Whose breast his people's good alone inspired.
 At first rude homes their purpose served in Pin;
 Erelong the Wei in boats he crossed, to win
 Whetstones and iron. Dwellings now they rear,
 And makeshift huts before them disappear.
 The houses good, their boundaries well defined,
 The people multiply, and fortune kind
 Attends their course. The vale of Huang they fill
 On either side. The Kuo vale then they till.
 Still grow their numbers; through the Jui they go;
 Tracts widely spread now Liu's dominion know.

The *Chiung Cho*; allusive. The most unlikely things may by human ingenuity be made useful; how much more should a sovereign fulfill the duties of his position!

1 Bring water from the distant pool,
 And let it settle in a jar.
 Millet or rice 'twill steam—such use
 May come from things that paltry are.
 You are our happy, courteous king;
 On you a noble duty lies.
 Father and mother, joined in one,
 With all the people sympathize!

2 Bring water from the distant pool,
 And let it settle in a jar.
 A spirit vase 'twill wash;—such use
 May come from things that paltry are.
 You are our happy, courteous king,
 Born subject to a noble law.
 Like center to which all should turn,
 So you the people ever draw.

3 Bring water from the distant pool,
 And let it settle in a jar.
 All things 'twill serve to cleanse;—such use
 May come from things that paltry are.
 You are our happy, courteous king,
 Set to fulfill a noble end.
 The center in which all have rest,
 The people's hearts to you should tend.

VIII

The *Chüan O*; narrative, with allusive portions. Addressed by the duke of Chao to King Ch'êng, desiring for him long prosperity and congratulating him, in order to admonish him, on the happiness of his people, and the number of his admirable officers.

1 The south wind swept across the hill;
Its whistling sound each nook did fill..

Our happy, courteous king
Was there, and, as he roamed about,
In tuneful notes his joy gave out.

Then I began to sing.

2 "You roam, with jocund spirits blest,
And now, serene, at ease you rest,

O happy, courteous king!
May you your destined years fulfill,
And, like your noble fathers still,
Life to good issue bring!

3 "How vast and glorious is your realm,
Where peace sits steadfast at the helm,

O happy, courteous lord!
May you your destined years complete,
While ever as their host you treat
All spirits at your board!

4 "Heaven to your sires assigned the crown,
To you 'mid greatest peace come down,

O happy, courteous king!
Through all your term of years, may joy
And happiness without alloy,
Their charm around you fling!

5 "Men filial proved, and virtuous, stand
Near to your throne on either hand,

Wise guidance to afford.
Like wings they bear you up on high,
Where you their pattern all descry,
O happy, courteous lord!

6 "Like mace of jade, pure, clear, and strong,
What majesty and grace belong

To those, your helpers true!
The hope of all, their praise all sing.

Through them, O courteous, happy king,
The nation's guide are you.

7 "See how the phœnixes appear,
And their wings rustle on the ear,
As now they settle down!
Such are those noble men who wait,
O happy king, upon your state,
The servants of your crown!

8 "The male and female phœnix, lo!
With rustling wings about they go,
Then up to heaven they soar.
Such are those noble men who stand,
Prompt to obey your least command;—
None love your people more.

9 "Hark how the phœnixes emit
Their notes, as on that ridge they sit!
There the dryandras grow,
And on its eastern slope they rise
With richer growth; and thence the cries
Sweet and still sweeter flow!

10 "Numerous your chariots! Fleet your steeds,
And trained! Your name for noble deeds
Shall be renowned for long.
O king, these verses I have made,
And humbly at your feet they're laid,
Inspired by your own song."

IX

The *Min Lao*; narrative. In a time of disorder and suffering, some officer of distinction calls upon his colleagues to join with him to effect a reformation in the capital, and put away the parties, especially flattering parasites, who were the cause of the prevailing misery.

1 Yes, burdened sore, the people live in grief,
 But we perchance may give them some relief.
 This is the nation's heart.—Show kindness here,
 And through our regions peace will reappear.
 On wily flatterers look with angry frown,
 Thus warning those who conscience do not own.
 With fierce oppressors deal by strictest law,
 Till of Heaven's will they learn to stand in awe.
 Gentle to men from far, assist those near;—
 So shall the king be strong, with nought to fear.

2 Yes, burdened sore, the people live in grief,
 But we perchance may give them some relief.
 This is the nation's heart.—Here kindness show,
 And hither all will come with constant flow.
 On wily flatterers look with angry scorn;—
 Lo! noisy braggarts of their pride are shorn.
 The fierce oppressors with strong hand repress;—
 This course the people's sufferings shall redress.
 What service you have done, keep on to do;—
 So shall the king enjoy his rest through you.

3 Yes, burdened sore, the people live in grief,
 But we perchance may give them some relief.
 Show kindness here.—This is the nations' heart;—
 Repose will spread from this to every part.
 The indignant face to wily flatterers show,
 Thus awing those whose deeds no limits know.
 The fierce oppressors check with firmest will,
 So hindering them from acting out their ill.
 Then let us keep ourselves with reverent care,
 And to the virtuous for their help repair.

4 Yes, burdened sore, the people live in grief,
 But we perchance may give them some relief.
 This is the nation's heart.—Show kindness here,
 And thus dispel the people's anxious fear.
 To wily flatterers no indulgence give,
 Thus warning all who but for evil live.

The fierce oppressors with strong hand keep down,
 That so the right no more be overthrown.
 As children, for such trust unfit are you,
 But vast the service which you have to do!

5 Yes, burdened sore, the people live in grief,
 But we perchance may give them some relief,
 Show kindness here.— This is the nation's heart;—
 So shall you soothe and heal the people's smart.
 View wily flatterers with indignant eye,
 And from the court the parasites will fly.
 'Gainst fierce oppressors wage determined fight,
 And thus from vile reversal save the right.
 The king us all as priceless jade would prize;—
 Thus therefore I reprove you and advise.

X

The *Pan*; narrative. An officer of experience mourns over the prevailing misery; complains of the want of sympathy with him shown by other officers, admonishes them, and sets forth the duty required of them, especially in the angry mood in which it might be supposed that Heaven was.

1 Reversed is now the providence of God;—
 The lower people groan beneath their load.
 The words you speak,—how far from right are they!
 The plans you form no reach of thought display.
 "Sages are not, no guidance have we here!"
 So say you, but your words are not sincere.
 Through this your plans are narrow and confined;—
 therefore warn you, and speak out my mind.

2 Calamities Heaven now is sending down;—
 Be not complacent, but the crisis own.
 Such movements now does angry Heaven produce;—
 Be not indifferent and your trust abuse.
 If in your counsels harmony were found,
 The people's hearts in union would be bound.

If to speak kind and gentle words you chose,
How soon would these their restless minds compose!

3 You have your duties; mine are not the same.
King's servants all,—such is our common name.
I come your comrade, with you to advise,
But you resent it, and my words despise.
Urgent the matters I would fain submit!
O think them not for laughter matters fit!
Remember what in days of old they spake:—
"With grass and fuel gatherers counsel take."

4 Heaven now exerts a fierce and cruel sway;—
Is this a time your mockeries to display?
I'm old, but speak with tongue that never lied,
While you, my juniors, are puffed up with pride.
Never a word of age have I expressed,
But saddest themes you make a theme for jest.
The troubles soon like blazing fires shall rage,
Beyond our power to lessen or assuage.

5 Heaven now regards us with its blackest scowl;—
Boast not yourselves, nor try men to cajole.
Good men who see your reason thus o'ercome,
Like those who personate the dead, are dumb.
The land with sighs and groans the people fill,
Yet we dare not attempt to probe their ill.
The wild disorder all their means devours,
But they know not one kindly act of ours.

6 You hear the whistle; straight the flute you hear;—
Heaven's slightest touch the people quick revere.
As one half mace you on the other lay;
As something light you touch and bring away;
An easier task you could not undertake:—
Think it not hard the people good to make.
Perversities they have, and not a few;—
Perversity of yours let them not view.

7 Men of great virtue like a fence are found;
The multitudes, as walls, the king surround.
Great states the kingdom from barbarians shield;
Great families, as bulwarks, safety yield.
The cherishing of virtue gives repose;
The king, by brethren guarded, laughs at foes.
Let not the strong wall crumble in the dust;
Let not our king have none in whom to trust.

8 The wrath of Heaven revere with trembling awe;—
From it let no vain sport your thoughts withdraw.
Revere Heaven's changing moods with fear profound,
And, thoughtful, fly from pleasure's whirling round.
Great Heaven on you its clearest glance directs,
And all your doings carefully inspects.
Far sees great Heaven with its all-piercing eye;—
And watches you amid your revelry.

BOOK 3. DECADE OF TANG

I

The *Tang*; narrative. Warnings addressed to King Li on the issues of the course which he was pursuing, showing that the miseries of the time, and the imminent danger of ruin, were to be attributed, not to Heaven, but to himself and his ministers

1 How great is God, who ruleth men below!
 In awful terrors now arrayed,
 His dealings seem a recklessness to show,
 From which we shuddering shrink, dismayed.
 But men at first from Heaven their being drew,
 With nature liable to change.
 All hearts in infancy are good and true,
 But time and things those hearts derange.

2 Thus to the tyrant Ju our King Wên said:—
 "Alas! alas! O king of Yin,
 To you the proud oppressors give their aid,
 And 'gainst you fierce exactors sin!
 Why call such men your offices to hold?
 O'er your affairs why such men set?
 'Heaven made them thus, so insolent and bold!
 But 'tis from you their strength they get."

3 Thus to the tyrant Ju our King Wên said:—
 "Alas! alas! Yin's king so great,
 You honor not the good, but in their stead
 Oppressors whom the people hate.
 To you with baseless stories they reply,
 And thieves and robbers by them stand.
 Their oaths and maledictions fiercely fly,
 Ceaseless and deep, throughout the land."

4 Thus to the tyrant Ju our King Wên said:—
 "Alas! alas! O king of Yin,
 Fierce is your will, here in the court displayed,

And only hatred thus you win.
 Your proper virtue you have never sought,
 And thus none good surround your throne.
 Of what true virtue is you take no thought,
 Hence are your nobles worthless known."

5 Thus to the tyrant Ju our King Wên said:—
 "Alas! alas! Yin's king so great,
 Not Heaven, but spirits, flush your face with red,
 That evil thus you imitate.
 You do in all your conduct what is wrong.
 Darkness to you the same as light,
 Your noisy feasts and revels you prolong;
 And day through you is black as night."

6 Thus to the tyrant Ju our King Wên said:—
 "Alas! alas! O king of Yin,
 Round you it is as if cicadas made,
 And bubbling soup, their ceaseless din.
 Things, great and small, fast to perdition go,
 While you pursue your reckless game.
 Our middle states with indignation glow;
 The demon lands as loudly blame."

7 Thus to the tyrant Ju our King Wên said:—
 "Alas! alas! O Yin's great king,
 'Tis Yin, not God, has caused this time of dread,
 Yin that old ways away would fling.
 Old men and wise may not give you their trust,
 But statutes and old laws remain.
 Now is Yin's fortune crumbling to the dust,
 Because obedience you disdain."

8 Thus to the tyrant Ju King Wên did speak:—
 "Alas! alas! O king of Yin,
 For Yin its beacon was not far to seek;—
 In Hsia's last king its light was seen.
 True is the lesson in the saying taught:
 'While leaf and branch still vigorous grow,

A tree may fall. And what that fall has wrought?
Its roots upturn the cause will show."

II

The *I*; narrative, excepting Stanza 9, which is allusive. Containing various counsels which Duke Wu of Wei made to admonish himself, when he was over his ninetieth year;—especially on the duty of a ruler to be careful of his outward demeanor, and to receive with docility instructions delivered to him.

1 Outward demeanor, cool and grave,
Reveals who inward virtue have.
People in common parlance say,
"Wise men stupidity display."
Not so. For dullness where you find,
'Tis from defect within the mind;
And if a wise man dull appear,
He wrongs his native character.

2 What's mightiest is—the man to be.
This powerful everywhere we see.
Where from true virtue actions spring,
All their obedient homage bring.
Whose views are great, and fixed his aims;
Who in due time his will proclaims;
Whose plans reach far; whose reverent care
His outward bearing shall declare:—
Him a true chief the people call,
And hailed his pattern is by all.

3 Look at the present state of things!
Your conduct only chaos brings.
Low in the dust your virtue lies,
A drunken sot whom men despise
You seize the joy before you brought,
And give not to the past a thought.
Oh! bear in mind the kings of old,
And strive their statutes fast to hold.

4 See whom great Heaven condemns! As flow
 The waters from their spring, they go
 To ruin all.—This lesson know.
 Rise early, and go late to sleep;
 Sprinkled and swept your courtyard keep;—
 Thus to your people pattern be.
 Well to your steeds and chariots see;
 And bows and shafts, and weapons all,
 Have ready at a moment's call.
 So shall you stand prepared for war,
 And keep the southern hordes afar.

5 What officers and people need,
 Give to them, both by word and deed.
 Your princely duties do with care;
 Of dangers unforeseen beware.
 Be circumspect in all you say,
 And reverent bearing still display,
 From censure free of man or child,
 Attractive ever, ever mild.
 A flaw in mace of white jade may
 By patient toil be ground away
 But for a flaw we make in speech
 What can be done? 'Tis past our reach.

6 Words are your own. To speak be slow.
 Say not, "'Tis but a word." No, no!
 There's none for you your tongue can guard.
 O'er it yourself keep watch and ward.
 Answers to every word will leap;
 Good deeds their recompense shall reap
 If friends from you with kindness meet,
 And subjects as your sons you treat,
 Your line from age to age shall live,
 And subjects strict obedience give.

7 When mingling with superior men,
 In friendly intercourse, oh! then
 How mild your face! What harmony!

All wrong and error bow you flee!
 When in your chamber, 'neath its light,
 Your conscience keep as pure and bright.
 Say not, "No one can see me here;
 The place is secret." Be in fear.
 The spirits come, but when and where
 No one beforehand can declare.
 The more should we not spirits slight,
 But ever feel as in their sight.

8 O prince, a virtuous course pursue,
 In manner good, and fair, and true.
 Keep on your acts a watchful eye;
 Thus may you scrutiny defy!
 Exceed not, break not, virtue's law;—
 So shall you men's attention draw,
 Their pattern prized, and free from flaw.
 A peach one throws me; in return
 I give a plum. Please here discern
 Cause and effect together bound,
 In certain sequence ever found.
 Seek horns on lamb! It has not horns.
 Your sense, my son, such seeking scorns.

9 When wood is tough, and full of spring
 It makes the bow with silken string.
 Mildness and reverence base supply
 For virtue's structure, broad and high.
 I tell the wise man what is good;—
 He does it straight in docile mood.
 I tell the fool, and forthwith he
 Denies its truth indignantly.
 Such differences in men we find;
 So wide apart is mind from mind!

10 Ere you knew right from wrong, my son,
 I held your hand, and led you on,
 Showing what things were good, what bad;—
 Such lessons from my lips you had.

And lest you should not clearly hear,
 I held you gently by the ear.
 A son since then your arms has filled;
 And have you still a mind unskilled?
 'Tis self-sufficiency doth hold
 The early taught still dark when old.

11 Before great Heaven's clear piercing eye
 My life seems vain; its pleasures die.
 Foolish and dark you still remain,
 Wringing my heart with constant pain.
 I taught you well; I never tired;—
 My teaching but contempt inspired.
 Your teacher? No, I was your bore;
 You only shrank from me the more.
 Ah! still the truth you do not know,
 Though years have made your hair like snow.

12 My son, thus plainly have I told
 What sages taught in days of old.
 Give to my counsels reverent heed;—
 So shall you shun each guilty deed.
 Lo! Heaven in anger seems to threat
 With utter overthrow our state.
 Not from a distance need we draw
 The proofs of Heaven's avenging law.
 Great Heaven is far too wise to err.
 If lower sink your character,
 And virtue still the less you show,
 Your people you will plunge in woe.

III

The *Sang Jou*; metaphorical, narrative, and allusive. The earl of Jui mourns over the disorder and misery of the times, with a view to reprehend the misgovernment of King Li,—especially his oppressions and listening to bad counselors.

1 See the luxuriant mulberry tree,
 That threw far round its leafy shade,
 Now by rude hands—sad sight to see!
 Stript of its leaves, a ruin made.
 So on our multitudes descends
 Oppression's fierce and ruthless hand.
 My heart beneath its sorrow bends.
 Great Heaven, take pity on the land!

2 Eager and strong, the war steeds prance;
 Falcon and other banners fly.
 Bristles the land with spear and lance;
 Wasted and peeled our regions lie.
 Disorder grows, and peace is fled; .
 Where is the black-haired race of yore?
 Beneath the sky with ruin red
 Chou's kingdom sinks to rise no more.

3 Who can arrest the march of fate?
 Heaven nurtures not, but glows with ire.
 No town presents a sheltering gate;
 Where can our hurrying feet retire?
 When good men, sons of peace, bear sway,
 They smooth and knit the social state.
 They are not here;—who paved the way
 For those through whom come strife and hate?

4 Sore anguish dwells within my heart;
 I brood upon the country's woes.
 Why was I born to have my part
 Now when great Heaven its anger shows?
 Throughout our coasts, from east to west,
 No quiet resting place is found.
 I wander, desolate, distressed,
 And troubles rave our borders round.

5 You plan, O king, and caution use?
 Lo! growing ill, dismembered land!
 Your great concern should be to choose
 The best, around your throne to stand.

Be this your way! What burns and glows,
 Ere used, you in the water cool.
 How can your methods bring repose?
 Ruin awaits you, and your rule.

6 One struggles on against the wind,
 With breathless effort,—all in vain.
 So they who fain would serve thee find
 A baffling force, and little gain.
 They till the fields who might have shone
 High in official rank and power;
 For now, ambition's impulse gone,
 They sow and reap, and seek no more.

7 Heaven thus inflicts death and unrest;
 And lo! we see a kingless throne!
 And still there comes the insect pest,
 And farmers' hopes are overthrown.
 Woe! woe to our great central land!
 For all in peril heaves my sigh.
 Bereft of strength, I sadly stand,
 And silent view the vault on high.

8 See here a ruler, firm and good,
 Whom chiefs and people all revere!
 He keeps his heart; his plans are shrewd;
 He seeks for helpers far and near.
 See there one of a different kind,
 Who thinks none but himself is wise!
 Within his narrow range confined,
 His actions only cause surprise.

9 Lo! 'mongst the trees, the herds of deer
 In concord roam throughout the wood.
 With us all friends are insincere;
 None cultivate the faithful mood.
 "Advance! Retreat!" thus people say;
 "There's equal danger either way."

10 Here is a sage! His views and speech
Go far beyond the present time.
There is a fool! With narrow reach,
His smallest thoughts he counts sublime.
All this before I could have told.
Oh! why did fear my tongue withhold?

11 The good man see! His way is barred;
He pines unused, or dwells unsought.
See now the man whose heart is hard!
He's courted, and to honor brought.
Such government disorder breeds;
The people haste to evil deeds.

12 From the large valleys come the winds;
There they collect, and thence they blow.
And thus the virtuous man one finds
Doing what's good;—he must act so.
But he, whose nature scorns the right,
His nature vile, 'gainst good will fight.

13 By force of nature blows the wind;
So men of greed will strive for pelf.
Would he but hear, I'd speak my mind;—
As drunk, I mutter to myself.
He will not use the good; and I
Deplore his course with moan and sigh.

14 Ah! friends, these lines, I know full well,
Will only wake your angry thought;
But random shot may sometimes tell,
And bird on wing be hit and caught.
Your good, and that alone, I seek,
Howe'er your anger you may wreak.

15 Those hypocrites, adepts in lies,
Produce the chaos of the land.
The more one's weak, the more he plies
Whatever strength he can command.

The people hopelessly perverse!
 'Tis their vile work has wrought this curse.

16 The people show unrest, because
 Those artful villains on them prey.
 They listen to you with applause;
 Behind your back what's bad they say.
 Ah! friends, these charges you deny.
 My song is true! It does not lie.

IV

The *Yün Han*; narrative. King Hsüan, on occasion of a great drought, expostulates with God and all the spirits, who might be expected to assist him and his people, asks them wherefore they were contending with him, and details the measures he had taken, and was still taking, for the removal of the calamity.

1 Grand shone the Milky Way on high,
 With brilliant span athwart the sky,
 Nor promise gave of rain.
 King Hsüan long gazed; then from him broke,
 In anguished tones the words he spoke.
 Well might he thus complain!
 "O Heaven, what crimes have we to own,
 That death and ruin still come down?
 Relentless famine fills our graves.
 Pity the king who humbly craves!
 Our miseries never cease.
 To every spirit I have vowed;
 The choicest victim's blood has flowed.
 As offerings I have freely paid
 My store of gems and purest jade.
 Hear me, and give release!

2 "The drought consumes us. As on wing
 Its fervors fly, and torment bring.
 With purest mind and ceaseless care
 My sacrifices I prepare.

At thine own border altars, Heaven,
 And in my father's fane, I've given
 What might relief have found.
 What powers above, below, have sway,
 To all my precious gifts I pay,
 Then bury in the ground.
 Yes, every spirit has received
 Due honor, and, still unrelieved,
 Our sufferings greater grow.
 Hou-chi can't give the needed aid,
 And help from God is still delayed!
 The country lies a ruined waste.
 O would that I alone might taste
 This bitter cup of woe!

3 "The drought consumes us. Nor do I
 To fix the blame on others try.
 I quake with dread; the risk I feel,
 As when I hear the thunder peal,
 Or fear its sudden crash.
 Our black-haired race, a remnant now,
 Will every one be swept from Chou,
 As by the lightning's flash.
 Nor I myself will live alone.
 God from His great and heavenly throne
 Will not spare even me.
 O friends and officers, come, blend
 Your prayers with mine; come, lowly bend.
 Chou's dynasty will pass away;
 Its altars at no distant day
 In ruins all shall be!

4 "The drought consumes us. It keeps on
 Its fatal course. All hope is gone.
 The air more fierce and fiery glows.
 Where can I fly? Where seek repose?
 Death marks me for its prey.
 Above, no saving hand! Around,
 No hope, no comfort, can be found.

The dukes and ministers of old
 Give us no help. Can ye withhold
 Your sympathy, who lately reigned?
 And parents, how are you restrained,
 In this so dreadful day?

5 "The drought consumes us. There on high
 The hills are parched. The streams are dry.
 Drought's demon stalks abroad in ire,
 And scatters wide his flames and fire.

 Alas my woeful heart!
 The fires within its strength consume;
 The heats without create a-gloom
 That from it will not part.

The dukes and ministers bygone
 Respond not to my prayer and moan.
 God in great Heaven, permission give
 That I may in retirement live,
 And try to heal my smart!

6 "The drought consumes us. Still I strive,
 And will not leave while I survive.

 Duty to shun I fear.
 Why upon me has come this drought?
 Vainly I try to search it out,
 Vainly, with quest severe.
 For a good harvest soon I prayed,
 Nor late the rites I duly paid,
 To spirits of the air and land.
 There wanted nought they could demand,
 Their favor to secure.

God in great heaven, be just, be kind!
 Thou dost not bear me in Thy mind.
 My cry, ye wisest spirits, hear!
 Ye whom I constantly revere,
 Why do I this endure?

7 "The drought consumes us. People fly,
 And leave their homes. Each social tie

And bond of rule is snapt.
 The heads of boards are all perplexed;
 My premier's mind is sorely vexed;
 In trouble all are wrapt.
 The masters of my horse and guards;
 My cook, and men of different wards:—
 Not one has from the struggle shrunk.
 Though feeling weak, they have not sunk,
 But done their best to aid.
 To the great sky I look with pain;—
 Why do these grievous sorrows rain
 On my devoted head?

8 "Yes, at the mighty sky I gaze,
 And lo! the stars pursue their maze,
 And sparkle clear and bright.
 Ah! Heaven nor helps, nor seems to ken.
 Great officers and noble men,
 With all your powers ye well have striven,
 And reverently have sought from Heaven
 Its aid in our great fight.
 My death is near; but oh! keep on,
 And do as thus far you have done.
 Regard you only me?
 No, for yourselves and all your friends,
 On whom for rule the land depends,
 You seek security.
 I turn my gaze to the great sky;—
 When shall this drought be done, and I
 Quiet and restful be?"

V

The *Sung Kao*; narrative. Celebrating the appointment by King Hsüan of a relative to be the marquis of Shên, and defender of the southern border of the kingdom, with the arrangements made for his entering on his charge.

1 How grand and high, with hugest bulk, arise
 Those southern hills whose summits touch the skies!
 Down from them came a spirit to the earth,
 And to the sires of Fu and Shên gave birth.
 In those two states our Chou a bulwark has,
 O'er which the southern foemen dare not pass;
 And all its states they screen, and through them spread
 Lessons of virtue, by themselves displayed.

2 Famed for his merit was Shên's present chief.
 The king with Hsieh planned to enlarge his fief.
 There, as his sires elsewhere had been, should he
 To all the southern states a pattern be.
 The earl of Chao got charge there to provide
 The capital, where Shên's chief should preside,
 And o'er the south a powerful influence gain.
 There too his sons that influence should maintain.

3 Thus to the chief the king gave his command:—
 "A pattern be to all the southern land.
 Your center Hsieh, go from it onwards, till
 Your merit all that southern sphere shall fill."
 Chao's earl was charged the new lands to define,
 And by Chou's rules fit revenue assign.
 The master of Shên's household orders got,
 To move betimes the harem to the spot.

4 The earl of Chao thus the foundation cleared,
 On which the chief's great merit should be reared.
 The city's walls he built, and then went on
 To build the temple. This work grandly done,
 The chief receives four steeds, a noble team,
 Whose breasthooks 'mid their trappings brightly gleam.

5 Those steeds were with a car of state well matched,
 And then the king from court the chief dispatched.
 "Your residence," he said, "has been my care.
 The south I chose. Quick thither now repair.
 And take this noble mace, which I confer,

The symbol of your rank. Go, uncle, go;
Protect the southern lands from every foe."

6 Soon now the chief his way took from the north.
The king in Mei the parting feast set forth.
Thence, through the capital and southward bound,
The chief of Shên in Hsieh at last was found.
When Chao's earl the country had defined,
And by Chou's rules the revenue assigned,
Stores of provisions had been laid aside,
For the chief's rapid journey to provide.

7 Chariots and thronging footmen were arrayed;
With martial pomp the chief his entrance made.
The states of Chou rejoice. They haste to bring
Their warm and joyous greetings to the king.
"In your great uncle," thus they say, "you've found
A bulwark strong. Grandly is Shên renowned!
In peace and war a pattern good will he,
Throughout our regions, to your chieftains be."

8 With virtue clad, the chief of Shên shines bright;—
Though mild, not weak; though strong, yet ever right.
Our myriad states his powerful sway shall own,
And with their praises his grand merit crown.
Chi-fu presents this song, well meant, well made;—
Accept, O chief, the tribute I have paid!

VI

The *Chêng Min*; narrative. Celebrating the virtues of Chung Shan-fu, who appears to have been one of the principal ministers of King Hsüan, and his dispatch to the east, to fortify the capital of the state of Ch'i.

1 Heaven made the race of men, designed
With nature good and large;
Functions of body, powers of mind,
Their duties to discharge.
All men this normal nature own,

Its normal virtue all men crown
 With love sincere and true.
 Heaven by our sovereign's course was moved,
 And to aid him, its son approved,
 Gave birth to Chung Shan-fu.

2 Mild and admired, this chief displays
 Virtues that win the heart.
 His air and looks a wondrous grace
 To all his ways impart.
 His rule of life the ancient law,
 To bear himself unmarred by flaw
 With earnest mind he aims.
 In sympathy with our great Head,
 Abroad the royal will to spread
 His constant service claims.

3 The king gave charge to Chung Shan-fu:—
 "Hear now what I direct.
 As served your fathers, so serve you,
 And me, your king, protect.
 Let all my lords your pattern see;
 Publish among them each decree;
 Speak freely in my stead.
 Of what goes on inform my mind.
 Through you let all my measures find
 Obedience promptly paid."

4 Great was the charge. Our hero hears,
 And hastens to obey.
 Among the princes he appears;
 Of each he marks the way.
 Who good, who bad, throughout the land,
 He clearly sees. With wisdom grand
 He guards his life and fame.
 Nor day nor night he icily rests;
 The king's, the one man's, high behests
 His soul with zeal inflame.

5 Among the people flies the word:
 "What's soft men swallow fast;
 And what is for the teeth too hard
 Out of their mouths they cast."
 But never yet did mortal trace
 In Chung Shan such ignoble case;
 Nor soft nor hard he knows.
 The strong and fierce he does not dread;
 And on the poor or widowed head
 Insult he never throws.

6 Again the people often say:—
 "Virtue is very light?
 Light as a hair; yet few can bear
 The burden of its weight."
 'Tis so; but Chung Shan, as I think,
 Needs not from virtue's weight to shrink,
 That other men defies.
 Aid from my love his strength rejects.
 If the king's measures have defects,
 What's needed he supplies.

7 He asks the spirit of the path
 His blessing to send down.
 His steeds are strong; each soldier hath
 A bravery like his own.
 Eastward they march; his charge is there.
 That city's bulwarks to repair,
 How ardently he hies!
 List to the tinkling of his bells!
 Of his steeds' constant tramp it tells;—
 The walls will soon arise.

8 Yes, on to Ch'i the hero went,
 With his four steeds so strong.
 Their eight bells told his purpose bold;—
 He'll not be absent long!
 I, Yin Chi-fu, this song now sing.
 Like gentle breeze, O may it bring

To his unresting mind,
 'Mid all his toils and cares, some cheer!
 Yes, may our great Chung Shan find here
 The comfort I designed!

VII

The *Han Yi*; narrative. Celebrating the marquis of Han:—his investiture and the king's charge to him; the gifts he received, and the parting feast; his marriage; the excellence of his territory; and his sway over the regions of the north.

1 Grand is the guardian hill of Han!
 There the Great Yü his work began,
 The land from wreck to save.
 Thence to the capital there leads
 A noble road. See there the steeds
 That draw Han's lord, as he proceeds
 Investiture to crave.
 Called now his father's seat to fill,
 He goes to hear the royal will.
 To him the king thus said:
 "As served your fathers, so serve you.
 Be careful my commands to do.
 Early and late show active zeal;
 With reverence seek the kingdom's weal.
 And thus your fealty paid
 Shall strengthen the great fief I give;—
 Marquis of Han you long shall live.
 What princes come not to my court
 Deal with, until they here resort,
 And thus your sovereign aid."

2 Oh! noble was the marquis' team.
 Both long and large, the steeds beseem
 His youthful state and port.
 His mace of rank he with him brought,
 When audience of the king he sought,

And bowed within his court.
 The king his royal favor showed.
 And on him princely gifts bestowed.
 Those were—the dragon flag, whence streamed
 Its pennon that with plumelets gleamed;
 The brilliant yoke; the bamboo screen;
 The robe with dragon on it seen;
 Red slippers; and the hooks to shine
 On his steeds' breasts; the frontlets fine,
 Whose carvings should their foreheads grace;
 The board across his car to place;
 The tiger's skin, to throw around
 That leaning board with leather bound.
 Then last there came the rein ends bright,
 Tipt with gilt rings,—a splendid sight.

3 The court now leaving, home he hies;
 But first he offers sacrifice,
 And prays the spirit of the way
 Guidance to give. That night to stay
 At Too he planned. The parting feast
 Hsien-fu there gives to speed the guest.
 The court sends forth its many lords,
 To taste the cheer the king affords.
 An hundred vases stand around,
 All with the choicest spirits crowned.
 The mats roast turtle and fresh fish
 Present, and many a lordly dish.
 And bamboo sprouts, and tender shoots,
 And sauces fine, and fragrant fruits,
 With their rich perfume fill the air.
 Oh! but it was a banquet rare!
 It closed, and lo! before the gate,
 With mighty steeds, a car of state!

4 Now back in Han, its lord must wed,
 And home a wife shall bring.
 To Chüeh-fu's child his suit he paid,
 The niece of Fên, our king.

The union fixed, in grand array,
 To Chüeh-fu's house he takes his way;
 An hundred cars attend.
 The tinkling music falls and swells,
 Emitted by their numerous bells,
 As on their course they wend.
 The glory of that day was great.
 Lo! round the bride in fairest state,
 The virgins, her companions, stand,
 Close following her on either hand.
 As lovely clouds that slowly sail,
 And the moon's greater glory veil,
 So beautiful were they.
 The marquis looked, with rapture thrilled.
 Never was gate with splendor filled,
 As Chüeh-fu's gate that day.

5 Great fame Chüeh-fu has got in war,
 And every state has seen his car;
 But through the land, where'er he went,
 To settle his dear child intent,
 No state like Han he saw.
 Oh! pleasant is the state of Han!
 Chüeh saw the mighty streams that ran
 Through all its length, and then the lakes,
 With forests girt and tangled brakes,
 That admiration draw.
 Big bream and tench the waters fill,
 And in the glades on every hill
 Are multitudes of deer.
 In wilder parts the grisly bear,
 Tigers and wild cats, make their lair.
 Hunters their prey find here.
 Chüeh saw, and pleasure filled his breast,
 And here his child found joy and rest.

6 The multitudes of Yen had reared
 Han's walls, and made them strong.
 Its rulers then no foeman feared;

There had they dwelt for long,
 The first of them a charge had got,
 From Han, as from a central spot,
 To rule the tribes around.
 The marquis now got wider charge,
 His jurisdiction to enlarge
 O'er all the northern ground.
 The Chuy and Mih to curb and awe,
 And bring to own Chou's sovereign law,
 Would his first care require.
 Then stronger walls and deeper moat
 Would silence each rebellious note,
 And all with fear inspire.
 The fields too he must now define,
 And the fixed revenue assign,
 As in the king's domain.
 His bearers shall to court repair,
 With skins stript from the tawny bear,
 The white fox and the panther red,
 In yearly course a tribute paid,
 The king's trust to maintain.

VIII

The *Chiang Han*; narrative. Celebrating an expedition against the more southern tribes of the Huai, and the work done for the king in their country by Hu. earl of Chao, with the manner in which the king rewarded him and he responded to the royal favor.

1 On grandly flowed the Chiang and Han;
 As grandly moved our mighty force.
 We rested not, nor idly strayed;
 Straight to the Huai we held our course.
 Forth all our cars of war had come;
 Unfurled, our falcon banners flew.
 We rested not, nor were remiss,—
 Marshaled the Huai tribes to subdue.

2 Again come to the mighty stream,
 The troops in martial splendor shone.
 Of the whole land to order brought
 Announcement to the king had gone.
 Peace through the hostile region reigned;—
 The king's state breathed, and was at rest.
 The battle strife no longer raged,
 And quiet filled the royal breast.

3 The king had charged our Hu of Chao,
 Where the two streams their waters join:—
 "Go, open all the country up;
 As law requires, its lands define.
 I would not have those tribes distressed,
 But this state must their model be.
 Their lands, in small and larger squares,
 Must stand, far as the southern sea."

4 And now thus says at court the king:—
 "Great lord, your work is nobly done.
 Your ancestor was their support,
 When Wên and Wu received the throne.
 Compared with them, a child am I;
 You are the great duke's worthy heir.
 Grand has your merit now appeared;
 Your happiness shall be my care.

5 "This jade libation cup, and jar
 Of flavored spirits, now receive.
 For further grant of hills and streams,
 I've asked our cultured founder's leave.
 More than your sire received in Chao,
 These in K'e-chou to you I give."
 Hu, grateful, bowed his head, and said,
 "Great son of Heaven, forever live!"

6 He bowed, then rose, and loud proclaimed
 The gracious goodness of the king,
 And vowed he still would do his best,
 That through the land Chao's praise should ring.

"Yes, live forever, son of Heaven,
 Display thy wisdom, spread thy fame!
 Thy civil virtues still go forth,
 Till all the realm shall bless thy name!"

IX

The *Chang Wu*; narrative. Celebrating an expedition of king Hsüan against the more northern tribes of the Huai,—its imposing progress and complete success.

1 Nan Chung's descendant, Huang the Great,
 Grand master, now draws near
 Before the king, and to him straight
 The king's charge, loud and clear,
 Comes thus:—"My armies six forth call;
 What war requires make ready all;—
 South we our course direct.
 Your duties reverently fulfill,
 And wary be lest our good will
 Those southern states reject."

2 Next to the chief of Yin 'twas said:—
 "Charge Hsiu-fu, earl of Ch'êng,
 The ranks to range, and warning dread
 Make through the host to ring.
 Our march along the Huai's bank lies;
 Against Hsü must our enterprise
 Rapid and sure be made.
 Delay we brook not, nor to hold
 The land we take, lest the threefold
 Work in the fields be stayed."

3 The son of Heaven calm, trustful was,
 Majestic in his strength.
 His troops advanced, no crowded mass,
 Nor lines of broken length.
 From stage to stage, as on they went,
 The land of Hsü with terror rent,

Its people all unmanned.

As when men hear the thunder's roll,
Or sudden crash, and quake in soul,
So now shook all the land.

4 The king aroused his martial might,

As he were moved with rage.
His tiger chiefs he sent to fight;
And eager to engage
Well named were they! Along Huai's banks
Soon grandly moved the royal ranks.
A captive crowd was held.
Securely kept the country round,
No rebel hosts a passage found,
Succor to Hsü to yield.

5 Numerous the legions, moving fleet,

As if on wings they flew;
Grand as the Chiang and Han, when meet
Their mingled streams the view.
Solid as mountain mass they seemed,
And brightly as the river gleamed,
Whose waters ceaseless rush.
Continuous, in order sure,
Inscrutable, success secure,
They marched revolt to crush.

6 The king's plans truthful and sincere,

Hsü's tribes at once sought peace.
Its chiefs assembled all; their prayer
Was for the royal grace.
And quickly by the son of Heaven
Was order to the country given;
In solemn court he shone.
Before him came the chiefs, and swore
That they would break their faith no more.
"The war," he said, "is done."

X

The *Chan Ang*; narrative, and allusive in the last stanza. The writer deploras the misery and oppression that prevailed, and intimates that they were caused by the interference of women and eunuchs in the government.

1 To Heaven I look with longing eye,
 But only meet its angry frown.
 In restless trouble long we lie,
 And great afflictions still come down.
 Throughout the realm is nothing firm;
 Both high and low are in distress.
 In palace and in court they swarm,
 Whose ravages the land oppress.
 Wrapt in the net of crime we groan;
 Nor peace nor cure comes to our moan.

2 You now, O king, possess the lands,
 Which as their own men once could claim;
 And chiefs, who led their faithful bands,
 Are stript of wealth, and brought to shame.
 Men blameless, free from slightest taint,
 Within that fearful net are snared;
 While others walk without restraint,
 Whose guilt is openly declared.

3 A wise man builds the city wall;
 But a wise woman throws it down.
 Wise is she? Good you may her call;—
 She is an owl we should disown!
 To woman's tongue let length be given,
 And step by step to harm it leads.
 Disorder does not come from Heaven;
 'Tis woman's tongue disorder breeds.
 Women and eunuchs! Never came
 Lesson or warning word from them!

4 Hurtful and false, their spite they wreak;
 And when exposed their falsehood lies,

The wrong they do not own, but sneak,
 And say, "No harm did we devise."
 Thrice cent. per cent! Why that is trade,
 And would the wise man but disgrace.
 Public affairs to wife and maid
 Must not silkworms and looms displace.

5 Why is it Heaven thus sends reproof?
 Why have the spirits ceased to bless?
 From the wild Ti you keep aloof,
 And me would in your wrath oppress.
 Omens of ill you slight, though rife;
 Nor for your outward bearing care.
 The good fly from the scene of strife;
 Ruin impends, and blank despair.

6 Heaven's awful net o'erhangs the land,
 Full of more woes than tongue can tell.
 The good retire on every hand.
 What sorrows in my bosom swell!
 Near and more near the net of Heaven!
 Soon will its meshes all enfold.
 Good men are from their duties driven,
 And how can grief of mine be told?

7 The waters bubbling up make known
 How deep and strong the spring below;
 And long the inward grief has grown,
 From which my words of sorrow flow.
 Why came not this ere I was born?
 Why happened it ere I was dead?
 Yet still the sorrowing and forlorn
 Great and mysterious Heaven can aid.
 O king, your sires no more disgrace!
 So may you save your future race.

The *Chao Min*; narrative, all but Stanza 6, which is metaphorical. The writer bemoans the misery and ruin which were going on, and shows how they were owing to the king's employment of mean and worthless characters.

1 O pitying Heaven, why see we thee
 In terrors thus arrayed?
 Famine has come. The people flee,
 And homeless roam, dismayed.
 In settled spots, and far and near,
 Our regions all lie waste and drear.

2 See o'er the land Heaven's net of crime!
 And lo! in place appear
 Men idle, knowing not the time,
 Locusts looked at with fear,
 Oppressive, perverse, fond of strife!—
 Can such as these bring peace and life?

3 Slanderers and insolent, the king
 Yet sees in them no ill.
 Us to dread peril's brink they bring;
 Our minds with care they fill.
 Not for a moment dare we rest,
 Degraded oft, and sore opprest.

4 As when the dry parched grass we see
 Wither for want of rain;
 As water plants graft on a tree
 Cannot their life retain;
 So all things now to ruin haste.
 Who can their fatal course arrest?

5 'Twas merit once that riches gained;
 The case how different now!
 Troubles through all our time have reigned,
 And greater still they grow.
 Like grain unhulled those men in place!
 Like fine rice these who find no grace!

Ye villains, of yourselves retire!
Why thus prolong my grief and ire?

6 Now empty stands and dry the pool;—
No streams into it flow.
The spring is idle, once so full;—
Unfed now from below!
So for those evils all around
Sufficient causes could be found;
But they increase my anxious care,
Lest I be caught in evil snare.

7 When our first kings the throne received,
Such ministers they had
As Chao's great chief, whom all believed.
In one day he would add
A thousand li, from states which came
Our king's protecting care to claim.
Now in one day that space is lost!
Can none the ancient virtue boast?

PART 4. ODES OF THE TEMPLE AND THE ALTAR

BOOK 1. SACRIFICIAL ODES OF CHOU

SECTION 1. DECADE OF CH'ING MIAO

I

The *Ch'ing Miao*; narrative. Celebrating the reverential manner in which a sacrifice to King Wên was performed, and further praising him.

Solemn and pure the ancestral temple stands.

The princes aiding in the service move
 With reverent harmony. The numerous bands
 Of officers their rapt devotion prove.
 All these the virtues of King Wên pursue;
 And while they think of him on high in heaven,
 With grace and dignity they haste to do
 The duties to them in his temple given.
 Glory and honor follow Wên's great name,
 And ne'er will men be weary of his fame.

II

The *Wei T'ien Chih Ming*; narrative. Celebrating the virtue of King Wên as comparable to that of Heaven; and looking to him for blessing in the future.

Heaven by a deep and ceaseless law
 Orders its ways with man.
 Pure shone, without a single flaw,
 The virtue of King Wên.
 To us he shows his kindness still.
 As all our powers we strain
 To be in concord with his will,
 His favor we shall gain.
 So may the last his throne to fill
 His love and grace retain!

III

The *Wei Ch'ing*; narrative. Appropriate at some sacrifice to King Wên, and celebrating his statutes.

The statutes of King Wên are pure and clear;
 Them we must guard, and in our lives revere.
 Since first we sacrificed to him till now
 When all the states obedience yield to Chou,
 The fortune of our house comes from his laws,
 Its happy omen first, and then its cause.

IV

The *Lieh Wên*; narrative. A song in praise of the princes who have assisted at a sacrifice.

Ye brilliant and accomplished lords,
 Who with your help my worship crown,
 The favors that your grace affords
 My sons in future reigns shall own.
 Ever in your own states eschew
 Alike all greed and wastefulness;
 So shall the king still honor you;
 And when your present services
 He calls to mind, your sons shall know
 New honors he will oft bestow.
 Let each be strong, and play the man;—
 So shall your influence be great.
 Ever in virtue lead the van;—
 All chiefs your course will imitate.
 The former kings in mind still bear;
 What glory can with theirs compare?

V

The *T'ien Tso*; narrative. Appropriate to a sacrifice to King Ta.

'Twas Heaven that made the lofty hill,
 And there King Ta his work began,

Laboring the land all round to till.
 Then in tranquillity King Wên
 Pursued the work, till that mount Ch'i,
 Rugged and craggy though it frowned,
 Was reached by the smooth roads we see.
 Long be it by their offspring owned!

VI

The *Hao T'ien Yu Ch'êng Ming*; narrative. Appropriate at a sacrifice to King Ch'êng.

The fixed decree of mighty Heaven
 Had long to Chou assigned the throne,
 Which first to Wên and Wu was given.
 Ch'êng next to them as ruler shone.
 Then the foundations of his power
 Were made by Ch'êng more deep and sure.
 Through night and day no idle hour
 He knew,—the reticent and pure.
 His virtue wrought, and glorified
 The heritage he had obtained;
 Nor were his heart's best powers unplied,
 Till o'er the land good order reigned.

VII

The *Wo Chiang*; narrative. An ode appropriate to a sacrifice to King Wên, associated with Heaven, in the brilliant hall.

My offerings here are given,
 A ram, a bull.
 Accept them, mighty Heaven,
 All-bountiful.
 Thy statutes, O great king,
 I keep, I love;
 So on the realm to bring

Peace from above.
 From Wên comes blessing rich;
 Now on the right
 He owns those gifts to which
 Him I invite.
 Do I not night and day
 Revere great Heaven,
 That thus its favor may
 To Chou be given?

VIII

The *Shih Mai*; narrative. Appropriate to King Wu's sacrificing to Heaven, and to the spirits of all the hills and rivers, on a progress through the kingdom, after the overthrow of the Shang dynasty.

Now through his many states rides Wu,
 A royal progress making.
 May Heaven its gracious favor show,
 Him for its own son taking!
 Most surely has the house of Chou
 Been called to reign by Heaven.
 To our Wu's slightest nod by all
 Trembling response is given.
 All spirits to himself he draws,
 O'er sacred rites presiding;
 Even the spirits of the Ho,
 And those on hills abiding.
 Yes, he our sovereign lord is known
 As king supreme and glorious,
 Our house of Chou distinguished is;
 'Tis brilliant and victorious.
 Wu to each prince his rank assigns;
 And now sweet peace enjoying,
 He casts the spear and shield aside,
 The bow no more employing.
 I will in ways of virtue walk,
 And spread it through our regions.

Thus shall the king preserve the throne,
Without the aid of legions.

IX

The *Chih Ching*; narrative. An ode appropriate in sacrificing to the kings Wu, Ch'êng, and K'ang.

The arm of Wu was full of might;
None could his fire withstand;
And Ch'êng and K'ang stood forth to sight,
As kinged by God's own hand.
We err not when we call then sage.
How grandly they maintained
Their hold of all the heritage
That Wên and Wu had gained!
As here we worship, they descend,
While bells and drums resound,
And stones and lutes their music blend.
With blessings we are crowned.
The rites correctly we discharge;
The feast we freely share.
Those sires Chou's glory will enlarge,
And ever for it care.

X

The *Ssŭ Wên*; narrative. Celebrating Hou-chi;—an ode appropriate to the border sacrifice, when Hou-chi was worshiped as the correlate of God.

O thou, accomplished, great Hou-chi,
To thee alone 'twas given
To be, by what we trace to thee,
The correlate of Heaven.
On all who dwell within our land
Grain food didst thou bestow.

'Tis to thy wonder-working hand
This gracious boon we owe.
God had the wheat and barley meant
To nourish all mankind.
None would have fathomed His intent,
But for thy guiding mind.
Man's social duties thou didst show
To every tribe and state.
From thee the polished manners flow
That stamp our land "The Great."

SECTION 2. THE DECADE OF CH'EN KUNG

I

The *Ch'ên Kung*; narrative. Instructions given to the officers of husbandry;—probably after the sacrifice to God in spring for a good year.

Ho! ministers of husbandry;
 Your duties reverent care demand.
 The king has given you perfect rules;—
 See that those rules ye understand.

Ho! ye who aid the ministers,
 The last month of our spring is here.
 'Tis yours the new-sown fields to tend,
 And manage those in their third year.
 How fair each wheat and barley field,
 That soon their waving crops shall yield!

In them the bright and glorious God
 Will grant to us a plenteous year;
 Give orders that, with spud and hoe
 Provided well, your men appear.
 Anon the stalks that rustling stand
 Shall fall before the reaper's hand.

II

The *I Hsi*; narrative. Instructions to the officers of husbandry:—probably like the preceding ode, after a sacrifice to God for a good year.

O yes! the spirit of King Ch'êng,
 When we inquired of him, drew nigh,
 And clearly told us when to bring
 The gifts that now before him lie.
 Lead forth your men, with energy
 O'er their own fields to sow the grain,

Those, in each square of thirty li,
 Ten thousand families can maintain.

Now let the plows turn up the soil,
 The men attending, pair by pair.
 The harvest will repay their toil;—
 The bounteous produce all shall share.

III

The *Chên Lu*; allusive. Celebrating the representatives of the two former dynasties, who had come to court to assist at sacrifice:—may have been sung when the king was dismissing them in the ancestral temple.

Round yonder marsh, there in the west,
 A flock of egrets fly.
 With graceful movement, like those birds,
 My visitors came nigh.
 Their fathers reigned where I reign now,
 But loyal are they to our Chou.

There in their own states are they loved,
 Nor tired of are they here.
 Their fame with lapse of time shall grow
 Both day and night more clear.
 Their fathers reigned where I reign now,
 But loyal are they to our Chou.

IV

The *Fêng Nien*; narrative. An ode of thanksgiving for a plentiful year.

The plenteous year has given us large supply
 Of rice and millet, and our granaries high
 Hardly suffice the produce to contain,—

Millions of measures of the garnered grain!
 From this distilled, shall spirits, strong and sweet,
 Our sires and mothers with their fragrance greet,
 When to their shrines each season we repair;
 And in all other rites their part shall bear.
 Blessings of every kind our land shall crown;—
 And all the spirits our devotion own!

V

The *Yu Ku*; narrative. The blind musicians of Chou; the instruments of music; and their harmony. Prepared probably for the occasion of the duke of Chou's completing his instruments of music, and announcing the fact at a grand performance in the temple of King Wên.

See the blind musicians here!
 Sightless all, the men appear,
 In the temple court of Chou.
 All is ready for them now.

Stand the music frames around,
 On whose posts rich plumes abound,
 While their face boards, edged like teeth,
 Show the drums that hang beneath.
 Sounding stones and hand drums there
 In the concert part shall bear.
 See the *chu* to signalize
 When the music shall arise;
 And the *yü*, whose harsher note
 Hushes instrument and throat.

When the duke has thus prepared,
 Soon the various notes are heard.
 Organ's swell and flutes' soft voice
 Make the listening ears rejoice.

Sweet the harmony of sound,
 Holding all in rapture bound!
 When such music shall be made,

Then our sires for whom 'tis played,
 And the visitors who come,
 Welcomed to this sacred home,
 Shall desire it to last long,
 Thrilled with the melodious song.

VI

The *Ch'ien*; narrative. Sung in the first month of winter, and in spring, when the king presented a fish in the ancestral temple.

In Ch'i and Chü, those streams of I,
 About the warrens fish abound.
 Large swarms of various kinds we see.
 The mudfish and the carp are found.

The *thryssa* and the yellow jaws,
 And sturgeons, large and lank, are there,
 Which we, observant of the laws,
 Offer in sacrifice, with prayer,
 That Chou may hold its brightening way,
 Nor o'er its fortunes come decay.

VII

The *Yung*; narrative. Appropriate at a sacrifice by King Wu to his father Wên.

The helping princes stand around,
 With reverent air, in concord fine.
 The king, Heaven's son, with looks profound,
 Thus prays before his father's shrine:—

"This noble bull I bring to thee,
 And these assist me in the rite.
 Father, august and great, on me,
 Thy filial son, pour down thy light!

"All-sagely didst thou play the man,
 Alike in peace and war a king.
 Heaven rested in thee, O great Wên,
 Who to thy sons still good dost bring.

"The eyebrows of long life to me,
 Great source of comfort, thou hast given.
 Thou mak'st me great, for 'tis through thee
 Come all the other gifts of Heaven.

"O thou, my meritorious sire,
 And thou in whose fond breast I lay,
 With power and grace your son inspire
 His reverent sacrifice to pay.

VIII

The *Tsai Chien*; narrative. Appropriate to an occasion when the feudal princes were assisting King Ch'êng at a sacrifice to King Wu.

Before their sovereign king the lords appeared,
 To seek the rules that he for them ordains.
 Their banners bright with dragon blazonry
 Waved grandly in the air. Upon their reins
 Rings glittering shone, while on their broidered flags
 And carriage fronts bells gave a tinkling sound.
 Thus full of majesty, they came to court,
 And splendid were their equipages found!

The king then led them on the left, and laid,
 With filial heart, before his father's shrine,
 His offerings, that long life he might obtain,
 And still preserve the honors of his line.
 Favors he gets, both great and manifold.
 'Tis from those brilliant and accomplished lords
 They spring; and there shall long through them descend
 Blessings unmixed and bright that Heaven affords.

IX

The *Yu K'o*; narrative. Celebrating the duke of Sung on one of his appearances at the capital to assist at the sacrifice in the ancestral temple of Chou;—showing how he was esteemed and cherished by the king.

Behold our noble visitor,
 The son of Shang's high line.
 His steeds, like those of his great sires,
 All white and spotless shine.

The polished members of his train
 Are with him come in state.
 With reverence and dignity,
 For his commands they wait.

Our noble visitor will stay
 But for one night or two.
 Glad should we be if he would think
 Two nights or four were due.

Bring forth the ropes to bind his steeds.
 Alas! he will not bide.
 To him be every comfort given!
 A parting feast provide!

The greatest dignity is his.
 'Tis right our noble guest
 Should with their choicest favors be
 By men and spirits graced!

X

The *Wu*; narrative. Sung in the ancestral temple to the music regulating the dance in honor of the achievements of King Wu.

You were august and great, O royal Wu,
 And showed your matchless strength in every plan.
 Your father Wên, accomplished he and true,
 Had on the road to triumph led the van.

The heritage you from your sire obtained,
And soon the oppressive rule of Yin was staid.
O'er all its hosts the victory you gained,
And, firmly 'stablished, all the land you swayed.

SECTION 3. THE DECADE OF MIN YÜ HSIAO TZŪ

I

The *Min Yü Hsiao Tzŭ*; narrative. Appropriate to the young King Chêng, declaring his sentiments in the temple of his father.

Alas for me, still but a child!

For all too soon I know

The cares of the unsettled state.

Too heavy will they grow.

I shrink in sorrow from the task;

But, O my mighty sire,

To filial virtue, all thy life,

Thou ever didst aspire.

My great grandsire, though now enshrined,

To thee still living proved,

As if in courtyard and in hall

His royal person moved,

And I, the little child, will be

As reverent night and day.

To you, great kings, such homage I

Now on your throne will pay.

II

The *Fang Lo*; narrative. Seems to be a sequel to the preceding piece. The young king tells of his difficulties and incompetences; asks for counsel to help to copy the example of his father; states how he meant to do so; and concludes with an appeal or prayer to his father.

At, the beginning of my sway,

Counsel I seek to know

How in my shrinèd father's way

My feet may surely go.

Far-reaching were, his life proclaims,
 The plans of his great mind;
 But how to carry out his aims
 I fail as yet to find.

When most my powers I shall have tried
 To reach to his grand height,
 My steps will ever turn aside,
 Or to the left or right.

I'm but a child, how can I hope
 Aright my seat to fill,
 Or with the many troubles cope
 That bode disturbance still?

O excellent and mighty sire,
 To help thy son now deign!
 With thy high wisdom me inspire,
 And on thy throne maintain.

To thee, as ever near, I'll try
 My virtue true to prove.
 In court, in house, before my eye,
 Thy form shall always move.

III

The *Ching Chih*; narrative. The young king shows his sense of what was required of him to preserve the favor of Heaven, a constant judge; intimates his good purposes; and asks the help of his ministers to be enabled to fulfill them.

With reverence I will go
 Where duty's path is plain.
 Heaven's will I clearly know;
 Its favor to retain
 Is hard. Let me not say
 Heaven is remote on high,
 Nor notices men's way.

There in the starlit sky
 It round about us moves,
 Inspecting all we do,
 And daily disapproves
 What is not just and true.

Only a child am I.
 Treading in duty's way,
 With effort vain I try
 Due reverence to display.
 Each day throughout the year,
 How slight the progress seems!
 But to the vision clear
 I'll pass from broken gleams.
 Aid then my feeble youth
 To bear the heavy crown.
 Teach me the right and truth
 Through all my life to own.

IV

The *Hsiao Pi*; narrative. King Chêng acknowledges that he had erred, and states his purpose to be careful in the future; he will guard against the slight beginnings of evil, and is penetrated with a sense of his own incompetences.

When of the past I think, myself I blame;
 I'll guard in future 'gainst what caused me shame
 I'll shun the wasp, nor do the foolish thing
 By which I seemed to invite its painful sting.
 It looked a wren, that I could hold unharmed;
 It grew to a fierce bird, with talons armed!
 Uneasy is my head which wears the crown,
 And bitter trials press me sorely down.

V

The *Tsai Shan*; narrative. The cultivation of the ground, from the first breaking of it up till it yields abundant harvests;—available specially for sacrifices and on festive occasions.

The toilers come to clear the ground,
Where grass and brushwood thick abound,
Where plowshare never yet was found.

In thousands now they gather there;
And side by side, and pair by pair,
The roots from out the soil they tear:—

Some in the marshes lying low;
Some where the dry paths winding go;
Some where the running waters flow.

The master see, inspecting all;
His sons, responsive to his call;
Their households also, great and small.

With them are neighbors, strong and true,
Who come all helpful work to do;
And servants hired are present too.

Hark! how the merry feast goes round!
The husbands' hearts with love abound;
Their wives close by their sides are found.

Now they begin with patient care
The southern acres to prepare.
The soil is broken by the share.

They sow the various grains; each ear
With mystic life will soon appear,
When the young plants their heads uprear.

Behold in lines unbroken rise
The tender blades, whose lengthening size
Gains daily growth before our eyes!

Luxuriant is the sprouting grain,
 And through it goes a numerous train.
 Who weed it o'er and o'er again.

Erelong their work the reapers ply,
 The golden grain is piled on high;
 The stalks unnumbered multiply:—

Enough to make the spirits sweet,
 To offer at our fathers' feet;
 To furnish what for rites is meet;

Enough, when at the fragrant board
 Sit host and guest, for king and lord
 The glorious banquet to afford;

Enough, when now the feast is o'er,
 To satisfy the aged poor,
 And cheer them from the unfailing store.

Nor now alone, but from of old,
 And everywhere's the story told,
 Toil reaps from earth a thousandfold.

VI

The *Liang Ssŭ*; narrative. Much akin to the preceding:—presumably an ode of thanksgiving in the autumn to the spirits of the land and grain.

With sharp and well-shaped glittering share,
 The toilers turn, with patient care,
 The southern acres to prepare.

The different kinds of grain they sow.
 Each seed, though hid the earth below,
 Its form of life will quickly show.

Behold their wives and children there!
 These the cooked millet to them bear,
 Carried in baskets round and square.

In light splint hats their hoes they speed,
 Clearing the ground for fruitful seed,
 And rooting out the noisome weed.

The weeds, uprooted, die away,
 And feed the ground by their decay.
 The millets grow from day to day.

And now the golden stalks and tall
 Before the reapers, rustling, fall.
 Straightway they're built up like a wall.

High as a wall the sheaves are placed,
 Like comb teeth close, and interlaced.
 Anon the grain is stored in haste.

Hundreds of houses hold the store;
 The wives and children fret no more;
 The labors of the year are o'er.

This black-lipped tawny bull we slay,
 Whose horns the well-known curve display,
 The rites of husbandry to pay.

Thus to the future hand we down
 These rites long held in high renown,
 Glad the ancestral ways to own.

VII

The *Ssŭ I*; narrative. An ode, appropriate to a sacrifice and the feast after it.

In robes of silk, all bright and clean,
 And temple cap, with reverent mien,
 The officer walks from the hall
 Straight to the porch, and looks at all
 The sheep and oxen doomed to bleed.
 Back he returns, and gives good heed
 To tripods and the mighty horn

By the rhinoceros once borne.
 No need for it! The feasters drink
 The spirits good and mild, but shrink
 From wanton revelry and pride.
 By this an auspice is supplied
 Of the long life which those shall reap
 Who thus the rules of virtue keep.

VIII

The *Cho*; narrative. An ode in praise of King Wu.

Oh! powerful was the mighty host,
 By which the throne to Chou was given.
 Wu nursed it, while the time was dark,
 Submissive to the will of Heaven.
 But when the day propitious came,
 He armed himself, and marched to fame.
 And what the martial king achieved,
 We have been favored to obtain.
 That we may rightly use the lot,
 Which thou for us didst nobly gain,
 Thy course, O king, we on our part
 Will follow with sincerest heart.

IX

The *Huan*; narrative. Celebrating the merit and success of King Wu.

Throughout our myriad regions there is peace;
 Year after year the plenteous harvest brings.
 Great Heaven in showing favors does not cease,
 And will with blessing crown Chou's line of kings.
 The martial sovereign, Wu, the confidence
 He won from all his officers retained.
 Their service would he through the realm dispense,
 And for his house security thus gained.

Oh! glorious was he in the sight of Heaven,
By which to him the throne of Shang was given.

X

The *Lai*; narrative. The praise of King Wên.

King Wên with earnest purpose toiled,
And nothing left undone.
'Tis right his sons should now be styled
Lords of the realm he won.

Abroad his virtue we will spread;
Him in our hearts we'll shrine;
Our aim that peace established
May last while lasts our line.

Through him it was there came to Chou
Heaven's favor and decree.
Him in our breasts we cherish now;
Our pattern shall he be.

XI

The *Pan*; narrative. The greatness of Chou, and its firm possession of the kingdom, as seen in the progresses of its reigning sovereign.

Oh! great is now the house of Chou.
The lofty hills we climb,—
Both those whose ridges far extend,
And those with peaks sublime.

Along the Ho we watch the flow
Of its embankèd stream.
Where'er o'erhead the sky is spread,
Me truly king men deem.

The princes all, both great and small,
My summons promptly own.

So by this progress do I know
Chou stablished on the throne.

BOOK 2. THE PRAISE ODES OF LU

I

The *Kung*; narrative. Celebrating some marquis of Lu for his constant and admirable thoughtfulness, especially as seen in the number and quality of his horses.

1 On the wide plains, our frontiers near,
 The stallions, sleek and large, appear.
 There, sleek and large, they meet our sight;
 Some black, with their hind quarters white;
 Pale yellow, some; some black; some bay:—
 For carriage teams good horses they!
 To the duke's thoughts we can assign no bound;
 Turned to his steeds, lo! thus good are they found!

2 On the wide plains, our frontiers near,
 The stallions, sleek and large, appear.
 Those stallions, sleek and large, are seen;
 Some piebald,—white and flushed with green,
 And others white, with yellow sheen;
 Some chestnuts; and some dapple gray:—
 From carriage teams strong horses they!
 To the duke's thoughts no limit can we set;
 Turned to his steeds, such is the strength they get!

3 On the wide plains, our frontiers near,
 The stallions, sleek and large, appear.
 Oh! sleek and large, those sprightly males!
 Some that appear as flecked with scales;
 Some black, with manes of spotless white;
 Some white or red, manes dark as night:—
 In carriage yoked, obedient quite!
 The duke's thoughts never cease and never tire;
 Turned to his steeds, lo! thus they rule their fire!

4 On the wide plains, our frontiers near,
 The stallions, sleek and large, appear.

Oh! sleek and large, those stallions bright!
 Cream-colored, some; some, red and white;
 Some, with white hairy legs; with eyes
 Like those of fishes, some:—men prize
 Such horses, grand in strength and size.
 His thoughts without depravity, our prince
 Thinks of his steeds, and such powers they evince!

II

The *Yu Pi*; allusive. The happy intercourse of some marquis of Lu with his ministers and officers;—how they deliberated on business, feasted together, and the ministers and officers expressed their good wishes.

1 How sleek and strong, how sleek and strong,
 Those chestnut teams that dash along!
 Early to court they bring, and late,
 Their masters, ministers of state,
 In council wise, quick in debate.
 As flock of egrets, circling round
 Aloft, then lighting on the ground,
 Those masters are. The drums resound;
 Having well drunk, they rise and dance,
 And thus their mutual joy enhance.

2 How sleek and strong, how sleek and strong,
 Those stallion teams that dash along!
 Early and late their masters all
 Are present in the palace hall,
 And with the duke a-drinking fall.
 As flock of egrets, circling round
 Aloft, or wheeling 'bove the ground,
 Are they. Anon the drums resound;
 Having well drunk, they homeward move;
 Pure is the mutual joy they prove.

3 How sleek and strong, how sleek and strong,
 Those iron grays that dash along!
 Early and late, their masters all

Are present in the palace hall,
 And with the duke a-feasting fall.
 At last their prayer they thus express:—
 "May fruitful years our marquis bless!
 His goodness may he still maintain,
 And leave to sons in lengthening chain!"
 May such rejoicing long remain!

III

The *P'an Shui*; allusive and narrative. In praise of some marquis of Lu, celebrating his interest in the state college, which probably he had repaired or rebuilt, testifying his virtues, and auspicing for him a complete triumph over the tribes of the Huai, which would be celebrated in the college.

1 Fair is the pool, half-circling round
 The college of our land.
 The plants of cress that there abound
 We pluck with eager hand.
 To it our prince of Lu draws nigh;
 We see his dragon banner fly,
 Free waving in the wind.
 And as he moves, his horses' bells
 Tinkle harmonious, and fast swells
 The crowd that comes behind.

2 Fair is the pool, half-circling round
 The college of our land.
 The pondweed plants that there abound
 We pluck with eager hand.
 Arrived is now our prince of Lu,
 With team of steeds that grandly show,—
 Steeds, each of highest worth.
 His fame is great. With winning smile.
 And blandest look, no haste the while,
 His lessons he gives forth.

3 Fair is the pool, half-circling round
 The college of our land.
 The mallow plants that there abound
 We pluck with eager hand.
 The college now our prince contains.
 Joyous, the festive cup he drains,—
 The cup of spirits good.
 His be the strength that knows not age!
 His be the noble course and sage,
 By which men are subdued!

4 Our prince of Lu has virtue rare;
 His reverence we see.
 His every step he guards with care;
 The people's mold is he.
 In peace and war his powers are proved,
 His mighty sires are deeply moved;—
 O'er him with love they bend.
 Through filial duty ever paid,
 And without farther effort made,
 Blessings on him descend.

5 Our prince of Lu has wisdom great;
 His virtue brighter grows.
 This college, glory of the state,
 To him its beauty owes.
 The tribes of Huai will own his sway;
 His tiger chiefs down here will lay
 The ears cut from their foes.
 His questioners, like Kao Yao wise,
 Will here rehearse their enterprise,
 And captive kerns expose.

6 His numerous officers, all true,
 And of a virtuous mind,
 Will haste with martial zeal to do
 The part to them assigned;—
 Those tribes from south and east. expel,
 Then back their triumphs come to tell,

And here themselves report.
 The duke no judge's help will need,
 As calm and truthful here they plead
 Their claims before his court.

7 They draw their bows, with bone made strong.
 How whiz the arrows fleet!
 Their cars of war dash swift along,
 Eager the foe to meet.
 Drivers and footmen weary not,
 Till o'er the tribes of Huai is got
 A victory entire.
 Your plans, O prince, be firm and true!
 So shall you all those tribes subdue,
 And quench rebellion's fire.

8 On wing they come, those owls, and rest
 The college trees among.
 Our mulberry fruits they eat with zest,
 Grown birds of sweetest song
 So shall the Huai tribes change their minds,
 And bring their tribute in all kinds
 Of produce rich and rare;—
 The ivory tusks, the tortoise big,
 The metals from their mines they dig;—
 Their fealty to declare.

IV

The *Pi Kung*; narrative. In praise of Duke Hsi, and auguring for him a magnificent career of success, which would make Lu all that it had ever been:—written probably on an occasion when Hsi had repaired on a grand scale the temples of the state, of which pious act his success would be the reward.

1 Solemn the temples stand, and still,
 Strong, built throughout with nicest skill.
 From them our thoughts to Chiang Yuan go,
 The mother of our Chou and Lu.

She grandly shone with virtue rare
 That nought could bend. So did she share
 God's favor, and Hou-chi she bore,
 Without a pang, or labor sore,
 Just when her carrying days were o'er.
 On Hou-chi then all blessings came.
 That millets' times were not the same,
 This ripening quickly, and that slow,
 He knew, and first the pulse to sow,
 And then the wheat, where each should grow.
 Soon called a state, though small, to rule,
 It under him became a school,
 Where husbandry men learned to know,
 To sow, to reap, to weed, to hoe.
 Millets,—the early, black, and red,
 And rice that loves the watery bed;—
 All these through all the land were known,
 And of Yin's toils the worth was shown.

2 Long after Hou-chi, in his line,
 King Ta arose, quick to divine
 Heaven's will, who eastward came and dwelt
 South of Mount Ch'i. There first was felt
 The power of Chou, and Shang's fierce sway
 Began to dwindle and decay.
 From him we pass to Wên and Wu,
 Continuing Ta's great work to do,
 Till in the plain of Mu 'twas given
 To see th' accomplished will of Heaven.
 There met the hosts, both well arrayed,
 And when Wu feared, his general said,
 "Let not a doubt your mind possess!
 With you is God, your arms to bless."
 The troops of Shang defeat sustained;
 Wu's men, all fire, grand victory gained.
 His son, King Ch'êng, next wore the crown,
 And said to Tan of wide renown,
 Still as the duke of Chou well known,

"Your eldest son, O uncle great,
I will appoint to rule the state
Of Lu, and there on you bestow
A territory that shall grow,
And help afford our house of Chou."

3 Thus first did Lu a ruler get,
Who marquis in the east was set.
The lands and fields, each stream and hill,
Were granted to him, at his will
To hold, and many states attached,
Whose fealty jealously he watched.
From him derived, our present chief,
Son of Duke Chuang, now holds the fief.
With dragon banner raised aloft,
Grasping the pliant reins and soft,
Here comes he sacrifice to pay.
In spring and autumn, no delay
He makes; but soon as dawns the day,
Correct his offerings appear;—
The victims, red and pure, are here:—
First for the great and sovereign Lord,
Then for Hou-chi, our sire adored.
The victims these enjoy and own,
And send abundant blessings down.
Nor they alone, O prince, do so,
But from the duke of Chou gifts flow,
And all your sires their grace bestow.

4 In autumn comes th' autumnal rite,
With bulls, whose horns in summer bright
Were capped with care:—one of them white,
For the great duke of Chou designed;
One red, for all our princes shrined.
And see! they set the goblet full,
In figure fashioned like a bull;
The dishes of bamboo and wood;
Sliced meat, roast pig, and pottage good;
And the large stand. Below the hall

There wheel and move the dancers all.
 O filial prince, your sires will bless,
 And grant you glorious success.
 Long life and goodness they'll bestow
 On you, to hold the state of Lu,
 And all the eastern land secure,
 Like moon complete, like mountain sure.
 No earthquake's shock, no flood's wild rage,
 Shall e'er disturb your happy age.
 And with your aged nobles three
 Unbroken shall your friendship be,
 In long and firm security.

5 A thousand are the cars of war.
 Aloft on each, seen from afar,
 Rise the two spears, with tassels red.
 In each two bows in case are laid,
 To frames with green strings firmly bound.
 Guarding those cars, and all around,
 March thirty thousand footmen bold,
 And on their helmets can be told
 The shells, strung on vermilion string:—
 Such is the force our state can bring.
 We'll quell the tribes both west and north,
 And against King and Shoo go forth.
 O prince, the spirits of your dead
 With blaze of glory crown your head!
 Give you long life, and riches great,
 And round you trusty helpers set,
 Of wrinkled back and hoary hair,
 With counsel wise for every care!
 You may those spirits prosper thus,
 And make your old age vigorous,
 For thousands, myriads of years,
 With bushy eyebrows, free from fears!

6 To us belongs T'ai's frowning height,
 For all in Lu the grandest sight.
 Both Kuei and Mêng we safely keep;

To farthest east our sway shall sweep,
 Till all the states along the sea
 To Lu obedient shall be.
 The tribes of Huai will own our might,
 Proud to our prince their faith to plight.
 Such the memorial he shall leave!
 Such deeds our marquis shall achieve!

7 Both Fu and Yi he shall maintain,
 And victory over Seu shall gain,
 Till all the states along the sea
 To him obedient shall be.
 The tribes of Huai, the Mih whose home
 Is in the north, the Man who roam
 The south, and tribes more southern still
 Shall bow, submissive to his will.
 Prompt they shall answer to his call,
 And homage pay, his subjects all.

8 Oh! Heaven our prince will greatly bless,
 And he the eyebrows shall possess,
 That show long life, and Lu maintain;
 Both Ch'ang and Hsü he shall regain.
 Whatever land belonged of yore
 To Tan, our prince shall soon restore.
 Then shall his joy at feast be told
 To his good wife, and mother old.
 There, too, his chiefs, of virtue rare,
 Each in his place, the joy shall share.
 He thus shall all our region rule;
 His cup of blessing shall be full.
 Like child's his teeth shall still be seen,
 With hoary hair,—and old age green!

9 The pines from Ch'u-lai's hill were brought,
 And cypresses on Hsin-fu sought.
 The trees were felled, and hewn exact,
 The workmen, with the nicest tact,
 Using of various lengths the line,

Projected far the beams of pine.
While rose the inner chambers great.
Grand are those temples of the state,
New built, the work of Hsi-ssŭ skilled,
So wide, so deep, that all are filled
With admiration of his art!
How well has Hsi-ssŭ done his part!

BOOK 3. THE SACRIFICIAL ODES OF SHANG

I

The *Na*; narrative. Appropriate to a sacrifice to Tang the Successful, the real founder of the Shang dynasty,—dwelling especially on the music, and on the reverence with which the service was performed.

O grand! the drums, both large and for the hand,
Complete in number, here in order stand.
Their tones, though loud, harmoniously are blent,
And rise to greet our ancestor's descent.

Him, the great T'ang, of merit vast, our king
Asks by this music to descend, and bring
To us, the worshipers, the soothing sense
That he, the object of desire intense,
Is here. Deep are the sounds the drums emit,
And now we hear the flutes, which shrilly fit
Into the diapason:—concord great,
Which the sonorous gem doth regulate!
Majestic is our king of T'ang's great line,
Whose instruments such qualities combine.

Large bells we hear, which with the drums have place,
While in the court the dancers move with grace.
Scions of ancient kings the service view,
Pleased and delighted, guests of goodness true.
Such service we received from former days,
Down from our sires, who showed us virtue's ways,—
How to be meek and mild, from morn to night,
And reverently discharge our parts aright.

May T'ang accept the rites his son thus pays,
As round the summer comes, and autumn days!

II

The *Lieh Tsu*; narrative. Appropriate, probably, like the last piece, to a sacrifice to Tang,—dwelling on the spirits, the soups, and the gravity of the service, and on the assisting princes.

Ah! from our sire, whose merit vast we own,
 What blessings ever upon us come down,
 Abiding, oft-repeated, deeds of grace!
 And you, O king, receive them in this place.
 Here in our vessels shine the spirits clear,
 And Tang himself, much wished for, shall appear.
 Here too are set the soups of flavor rare,
 Tempered, and mixed, with cunning and with care.
 These offerings we set forth, without a word,
 Without contention, and with one accord,
 To beg the presence of the honored lord.
 He will the eyebrows of long life confer,
 And face of wrinkled age, and whitening hair.

With yokes adorned, and naves with leather bound,
 While at the bits the eight bells tinkling sound,
 The feudal princes come, to take their part
 In all the offerings made with rev'rent heart.
 To us the mighty sovereignty was given;
 And prosperous fortune long sent down from Heaven
 Our fruitful harvests clearly prove. And now
 Himself pleased with our service Tang will show,
 And on us blessings without end bestow.
 May Tang regard the rites his son thus pays,
 As round the summer comes, and autumn days!

III

The *Hsüan Niao*; narrative. Appropriate to a sacrifice in the ancestral temple of Shang:—intended specially to do honor to the king Wu-ting and the celebrating monarch.

By Heaven sent down, the swallow came to earth,
 And gave to our great Ch'i his mystic birth.
 The sire of Shang, his children long abode

In Yin-land, waxing great. Thereafter God
Give to the martial T'ang his charge, that he
Should to each state assign its boundary.

T'ang grandly thus possessed the regions nine,
And to each quarter did its lords assign.
First lord of Shang, the sovereign power who swayed,
He got his charge, certain and stable made.
Thus to our king the throne. Wu-ting conveyed.

Wu-ting's descendant is a martial king,
Whose powers, however taxed, still victory bring.
Ten lords, whose chariots dragon banners grace,
His millet dishes in due order place.

A thousand li extends the king's domain,
And there the people to repose are fain.
Lo! to the four seas thence our borders spread,
And from the space within there come to aid
Our temple service many chiefs arrayed.
Our hill of King for border has the Ho.
'Twas right the sovereignty to Shang should go;
And from its ruler now all honors flow.

IV

The *Ch'ang Fa*; narrative. Celebrating Ch'i, the ancestor of the house of Shang; Hsiang-tu, his grandson; T'ang, the founder of the dynasty; and I Yin, T'ang's chief adviser.

1 The lords of Shang wisdom profound had shown,
And omens of their greatness long were known.
When the great flood its waters spread around,
And Yü alone to curb its power was found,—
Yü who the regions of the land defined,
And to the great fiefs boundaries assigned,
Till o'er the realm was plainly marked each state,—
Even then the house of. Sung 'gan to be great.

God viewed its daughter's son with favoring grace;—
He founded Shang; to him its kings their lineage trace.

2 He, the dark king, ruled with a powerful sway,
Success attendant on his glorious way.
First with a small state charged, then with a large,
He failed not well his duties to discharge.
His rules of conduct he himself obeyed,
And prompt response all to his lessons made.
Next came Hsiang-tu, the prince of ardent soul,
And from Hsia's center, to the four seas' goal,
Submissively all owned and bowed to his control.

3 God in His favor Shang's house would not leave,
And then T'ang rose that favor to receive.
T'ang's birth was not from Ch'i too far removed.
His sagely reverence daily greater proved.
For long to Heaven his brilliant influence rose,
And while his acts the fear of God disclose,
T'ang as fit model God for the nine regions chose.

4 To him gave up the princes, great and small,
The ensigns of their rank; on hint they all,
Like to the pendants of a banner, hung:—
So from indulgent Heaven his greatness sprung!
Tang used no violence, nor was he slow;
Nor hard, nor soft, extremes he did not know.
His royal rules abroad were gently spread;—
All dignities and wealth were gathered round his head.

5 To him from all the states their tribute flowed,
And like a strong steed, he sustained the load.
Such was the favor he received from Heaven!
Proof of his valor through the realm was given.
His steadfast soul 'mid terrors never quailed;
Nor wavered he by troublous doubts assailed;—
On to the sovereign seat he struggled, and prevailed.

6 The martial king aloft his banner reared,
And in the field against his foes appeared.

He grasped his battle-ax with reverent hand;
 'Gainst the attack his foes could make no stand.
 His progress was like march of blazing fire;
 None could resist the torrent of his ire.
 Like root with three shoots was the chiefest fore;—
 Advance none made he, and no growth could show.
 Of the nine regions Tang possession got;
 First with the lords of Wei and Ku he fought,
 And then K'un-wu's strong chief, and Chieh of Hsia he smote.

7 In the mid time, between Hsiang-tu and T'ang,
 A shaking came, and peril threatened Shang.
 But Heaven approved T'ang as its chosen son,
 And gave for minister the great I Yin,—
 A-hêng, who for the king a prosperous issue won.

V

The *Yin Wu*; narrative. Celebrating the war of Wu-ting against King-ch'u, its success, and the general happiness and virtue of his reign;—made, probably, when a special and permanent temple was made for him as the Kao Tsung, "the High and Honored" king of Shang.

1 Swift moved with martial force the king of Yin,
 And King-ch'u he attacked, resolved to win.
 Its dangerous passes fearlessly he sought,
 And then its multitudes together brought.
 Soon was the country subject at his feet;
 Such triumph proved him Pang's descendant meet.

2 "Ye people," thus to King-ch'u's hosts he said,
 "My kingdom's southern part your home have made.
 Of old, when the successful Tang bore sway,
 The states made haste their offerings to pay.
 The distant Ch'iang of Ti in homage came;
 No chief then dared deny our sovereign claim.
 Shall ye, who dwell much nearer than the Ch'iang,
 Transgress what long has been th' unvaried rule of Shang?

3 "'Twas Heaven assigned to all the states their bounds;
 But where within the sphere of Yü's grand rounds
 Their capitals were placed, then every year,
 As business called, their princes did appear
 Before our king, and to him humbly said,
 'Prepare not us to punish or upbraid,
 For we the due regard to husbandry have paid.'"

4 When Heaven's high glance this lower world surveys,
 Attention to the people first it pays.
 Aware of this, our king impartial was.
 Nor punished so as justice to o'erpass.
 'Gainst idleness he took precaution sure;—
 So o'er the states his rule did firm endure,
 And all his life he made his happiness secure.

5 Well ordered was his capital, and grand,
 And served as model good to all the land.
 Men recognized his energy as great;
 His glorious fame rang loud through every state.
 Long was his life, and tranquil was his end;
 He blesses and protects us who from him descend.

6 Eager we climbed the King hill near at hand,
 Where round and straight the pine and cypress stand.
 We felled these to the ground, and hither brought,
 And, reverent, hewed them to the shape we sought.
 Long from the wall project the beams of pine,
 And numerous rise the pillars, large and fine;—
 So have we built this house for Wu-ting's peaceful shrine.
