

I Spring Dawn
Meng Hao Ran

Spring dream – dawn, and I still asleep!
Now birds everywhere chirrup, cheep.
That noisy storm the night before –
How many blossoms did it reap?

II Early Morning Meditation
Chang Jian

Early morning. Sun's first beams
Stream through lofty bamboo groves.
the path beneath, its hidden goal
Chan Hall, within the flowering trees.

Bird song, evoked by mountain shine -
Pond shadows emptying the quiet mind –
Where all was noise, now all is still.
Except for sounds of bell and chime.

III Passing Beauties
Du Fu

Third month, third day: the air is clean
'Round Chang-an's waters many a beauty queen
Arrogantly surveys the lakeside scene.
Her skin pale blush, her face serene.
On her silk gown silver unicorns preen –
Ruffled gold peacocks reflect late Spring.

On her head, what's that she wears?
Delicate jade pendants frame the proud mien.

And from behind, what's that you see?
Garlands of pearls frame thigh's soft sheen.

IV Evening Flute Song
Li Yi

In the northern vastness, fields of snow-like sand.
By the city walls, moon-like frost upon the sand.

That lonely flute – do you hear it?
It makes our conscripts' hearts all ache –
With thoughts of home.

V Saying Goodbye
Du Mu

When feelings run so deep, they leave no sign.
I only feel the farewell cup of wine before me.
My smile likewise is gone.
See – the candle even pities us our parting,
Shedding tears of wax until the dawn.