

Classic Poetry Series

Fan Zhongyan
- poems -

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Fan Zhongyan()

The Tune Painted Hat

With lucid cloudlets strewn in azure skies,
The motley land is decked with yellow leaves.
On waters autumn tinge extending serene;
Thereupon a greenish haze is hanging faint.
Hills tinted in sunset, horizon just o'er waves,
Ever farther are grasses sprawling unfeeling away.
O gloom's my helpless soul in pining for home,
And haunting me are cares as I trudge my road!
There'd ne'er be a peaceful rest from nigh to night,
Unless some comforting dream prevails a while.
Watch not from the height the vast in moonlight bright
Wine taken would turn to lovesick tears at the sight!

Fan Zhongyan

To The Tune Contented Fisherman

With autumn's coming the frontier scenery's bleak.
Departing wild geese are ne'er to loiter at ease.
From all around come drones with bugles resounding.

Mid thousands of peaks, with haze the air pervading,
At sunset the lonely castle's gates are latching.
A cup of turbid wine, from home a myriad miles.
Return I can't—on Yanran our victory yet to inscribe.
A Tartar flute's bewailing, frost all o'er the place.
The night's already deep; yet none has gone to sleep
Your homesick soldiers with tears, your hair is turning grey!

Fan Zhongyan