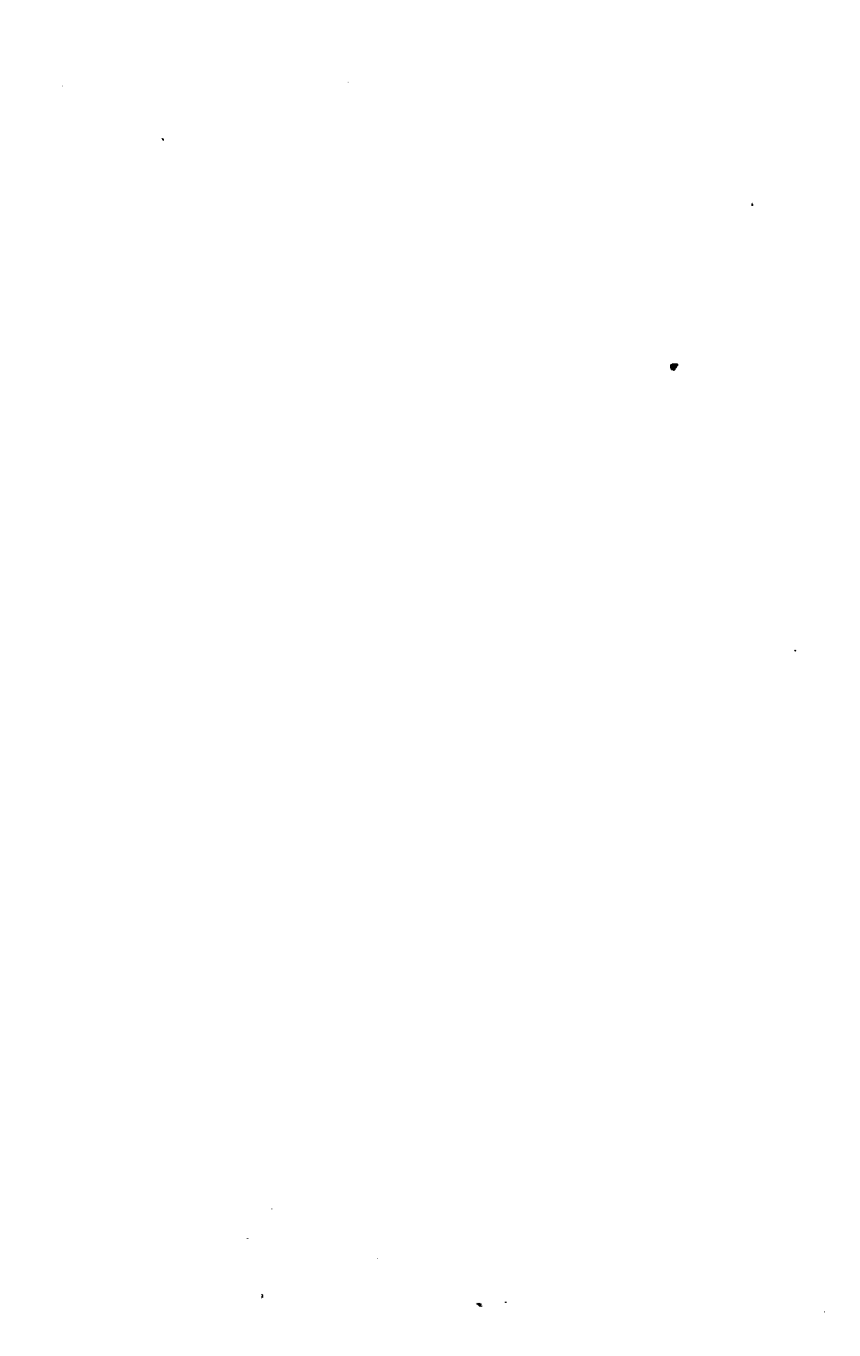


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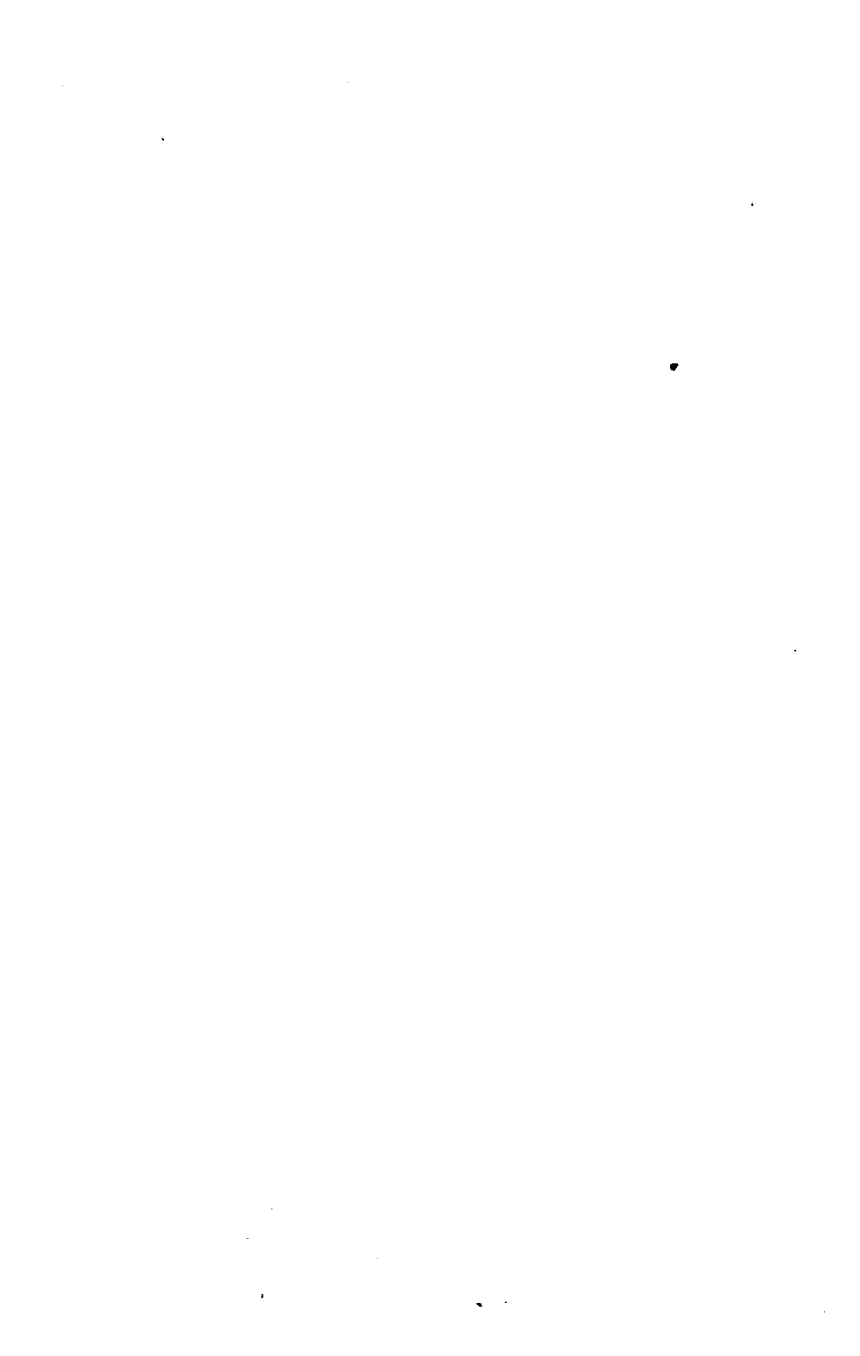
## *PUBLISHER'S NOTE*

This selection contains nineteen poems by Mao Tse-tung. The poems are printed in chronological order, and explanations of the background of those times are given in the notes. Our grateful acknowledgement is due to Mr. Andrew Boyd who has translated the first eighteen poems in this collection. The last one has been translated by Mrs. Gladys Yang.

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MAO TSE-TUNG  
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## CHANGSHA

— to the melody *Shen Yuan Chun*<sup>1</sup>

*A*lone I stand in the autumn cold  
And watch the river northward flowing  
Past the Orange Island<sup>2</sup> shore,  
And I see a myriad hills all tinged with red,  
Tier upon tier of crimsoned woods.  
On the broad stream, intensely blue,  
A hundred jostling barges float;  
Eagles strike at the lofty air,  
Fish hover among the shallows;  
A million creatures under this freezing sky are striving  
for freedom.  
In this immensity, deeply pondering,  
I ask the great earth and the boundless blue  
Who are the masters of all nature?  
  
I have been here in days past with a throng of companions;<sup>3</sup>  
During those crowded months and years of endeavour,  
All of us students together and all of us young,<sup>4</sup>

Our bearing was proud, our bodies strong,  
Our ideals true to a scholar's spirit;  
Just and upright, fearless and frank,  
We pointed the finger at our land,  
We praised and condemned through our writings,<sup>5</sup>  
And those in high positions we counted no more than  
dust.<sup>6</sup>  
But don't you remember  
How, when we reached mid-stream, we struck the waters,  
How the waves dashed against the speeding boats?

## YELLOW CRANE TOWER<sup>7</sup>

— to the melody *Pu Sa Man*<sup>8</sup>

*W*ide, wide through the midst of the land flow the nine  
tributaries,<sup>9</sup>

Deep, deeply scored is the line from north to south.<sup>10</sup>

Blurred in the blue haze of the mist and the rain

The Snake and Tortoise Hills stand over the water.

The yellow crane has departed, who knows whither?<sup>11</sup>

Only this travellers' resting-place remains.

With wine I drink a pledge to the surging torrent;<sup>12</sup>

The tide of my heart rises high as its waves!

## CHINGKANG MOUNTAIN<sup>13</sup>

— to the melody *Hsi Chiang Yueh*<sup>14</sup>

*B*elow the hill were our flags and banners,  
To the hilltop sounded our bugles and drums.  
The foe surrounded us thousands strong,  
But we were steadfast and never moved.

Our defence was strong as a wall already,  
Now did our wills unite like a fortress.  
From Huangyangchieh<sup>15</sup> came the thunder of guns,  
And the enemy army had fled in the night!

## NEW YEAR'S DAY<sup>16</sup>

— to the melody *Ju Meng Ling*<sup>17</sup>

Ninghua! Chingliu! Kweihua!<sup>18</sup>

The narrow path, the deep woods, the slippery moss!

And where are we bound today?

Straight to the foot of Wuyi Mountain.

At the mountain, the foot of the mountain,

The wind will unfurl like a scroll our scarlet banner.

## HUICHANG<sup>19</sup>

— to the melody *Ching Ping Lo*

Soon the dawn will break in the east,  
But do not say we are marching early;  
Though we've travelled all over these green hills we are  
not old yet,  
And the landscape here is beyond compare.

Straight from the walls of Huichang lofty peaks,  
Range after range extend to the eastern ocean.  
Our soldiers, pointing, gaze south towards Kwangtung,  
So green, so luxuriant in the distance.

## TAPOTI<sup>20</sup>

— to the melody *Pu Sa Man*

*R*ed, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet;  
Who in the sky is dancing, waving this ribbon of colour?  
After the rain the setting sun has returned,  
And, line after line, the hills and the pass are blue.

Once there raged a desperate battle here;  
Bullet-holes have scored the village walls;  
They are a decoration, and the hills  
Today seem still more fair.



## LOUSHAN PASS<sup>21</sup>

— to the melody *Yi Chin O*<sup>22</sup>

Cold is the west wind;  
Far in the frosty air the wild geese call in the morning  
moonlight.

In the morning moonlight  
The clatter of horses' hooves rings sharp,  
And the bugle's note is muted.

Do not say that the strong pass is guarded with iron.  
This very day in one step we shall pass its summit,  
We shall pass its summit!  
There the hills are blue like the sea,  
And the dying sun like blood.