

## CHINGKANGSHAN

— to the tune of *Hsi Chiang Yueh*

Autumn 1928

Below the hills fly our flags and banners,  
Above the hilltops sound our bugles and drums.  
The foe encircles us thousands strong,  
Steadfastly we stand our ground.

Already our defence is iron-clad,  
Now our wills unite like a fortress.  
From Huangyangchieh roars the thunder of guns,  
Word comes the enemy has fled into the night.

## THE WARLORDS CLASH

— to the tune of *Ching Ping Yueh*

Autumn 1929

Sudden veer of wind and rain  
Showering misery through the land,  
The warlords are clashing anew —  
Yet another Golden Millet Dream.

Red banners leap over the Ting River  
Straight to Lungyen and Shanghang.  
We have reclaimed part of the golden bowl  
And land is being shared out with a will.

## MOUNT LIUPAN

— to the tune of *Ching Ping Yueh*

October 1935

The sky is high, the clouds are pale,  
We watch the wild geese vanish southward.  
If we fail to reach the Great Wall we are not men,  
We who have already measured twenty thousand li.

High on the crest of Mount Liupan  
Red banners wave freely in the west wind.  
Today we hold the long cord in our hands,  
When shall we bind fast the Grey Dragon?

## SNOW

— to the tune of *Chin Yuan Chun*

February 1936

North country scene:  
A hundred leagues locked in ice,  
A thousand leagues of whirling snow.  
Both sides of the Great Wall  
One single white immensity.  
The Yellow River's swift current  
Is stilled from end to end.  
The mountains dance like silver snakes  
And the highlands\* charge like wax-hued elephants,  
Vying with heaven in stature.  
On a fine day, the land,  
Clad in white, adorned in red,  
Grows more enchanting.

This land so rich in beauty  
Has made countless heroes bow in homage:  
But alas! Chin Shih-huang and Han Wu-ti

Were lacking in literary grace,  
And Tang Tai-tsung and Sung Tai-tsu  
Had little poetry in their souls;  
And Genghis Khan,  
Proud Son of Heaven for a day,  
Knew only shooting eagles, bow outstretched.  
All are past and gone!  
For truly great men  
Look to this age alone.

**\*AUTHOR'S NOTE:**

The highlands are those of Shensi and Shansi.

## THE PEOPLE'S LIBERATION ARMY CAPTURES NANKING

— a *lu shih*

April 1949

Over Chungshan swept a storm, headlong,  
Our mighty army, a million strong, has crossed the  
Great River.  
The City, a tiger crouching, a dragon curling,  
outshines its ancient glories;  
In heroic triumph heaven and earth have been over-  
turned.  
With power and to spare we must pursue the  
tottering foe  
And not ape Hsiang Yu, the conqueror seeking idle  
fame.  
Were Nature sentient, she too would pass from  
youth to age,  
But Man's world is mutable, seas become mulberry  
fields.