

毛泽东亲笔手书的《沁园春 雪》

沁园春·雪

毛泽东

一九三六年二月

北国风光，千里冰封，万里雪飘。
望长城内外，惟余莽莽；大河上下，顿失滔滔。
山舞银蛇，原驰蜡象，欲与天公试比高。
须晴日，看红装素裹，分外妖娆。

江山如此多娇，引无数英雄竞折腰。
惜秦皇汉武，略输文采；唐宗宋祖，稍逊风骚。
一代天骄，成吉思汗，只识弯弓射大雕。
俱往矣，数风流人物，还看今朝。

Tune: Spring in a Pleasure Garden Snow

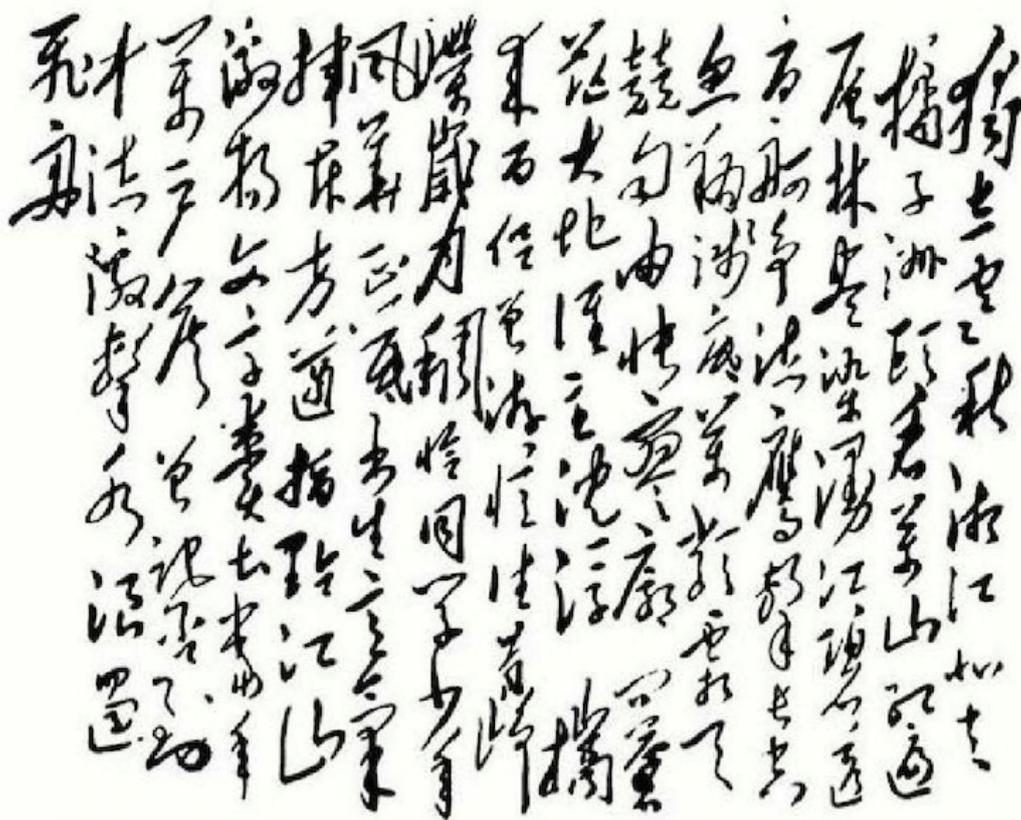
Mao Zedong (February 1936) 许渊冲 (译)

See what the northern countries show:
Hundreds of leagues ice-bound go;
Thousands of leagues flies snow.
Behold! Within and without the Great Wall
The boundless land is clad in white,
And up and down the Yellow River, all
The endless waves are lost to sight.
Mountains like silver serpents dancing,

Highlands like waxy elephants advancing,
 All try to match the sky in height.
 Wait till the day is fine
 And see the fair bask in sparkling sunshine,
 What an enchanting sight!

Our motherland so rich in beauty
 Has made countless heroes vie to pay her their duty.
 But alas! Qin Huang and Han Wu
 In culture not well bred,
 And Tang Zong and Song Zu
 In letters not wide read.
 And Genghis Khan, proud son of Heaven for a day,
 Knew only shooting eagles by bending his bows.
 They have all passed away;
 Brilliant heroes are those
 Whom we will see today!

【2】



沁园春·长沙

毛泽东

一九二五年

独立寒秋，湘江北去，橘子洲头。
 看万山红遍，层林尽染；漫江碧透，百舸争流。
 鹰击长空，鱼翔浅底，万类霜天竞自由。

怅寥廓，问苍茫大地，谁主沉浮？

携来百侣曾游，忆往昔，峥嵘岁月稠。
恰同学少年，风华正茂；书生意气，挥斥方遒。
指点江山，激扬文字，粪土当年万户侯。
曾记否，到中流击水，浪遏飞舟！

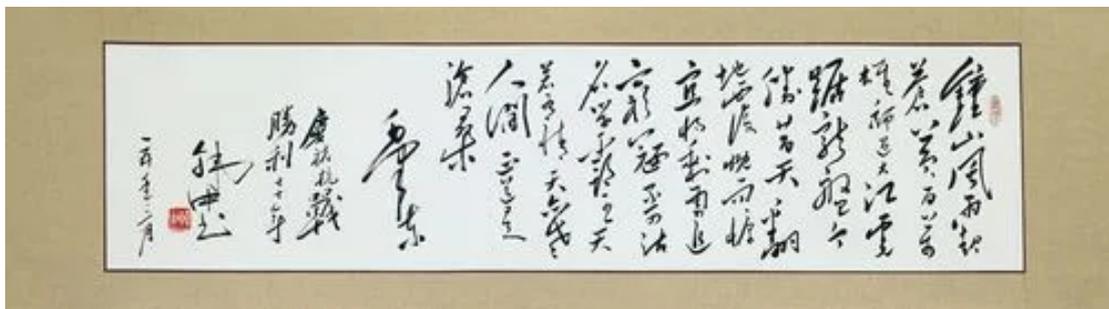
Tune: Spring in a Pleasure Garden **Changsha**

Mao Zedong (1925) 许渊冲 (译)

Alone stand I in autumn cold,
At Orange Islet Head,
Where River Xiang goes north. Behold!
Hills on hills are all in red,
Woods upon woods in crimson dressed.
The river green down to the bed,
A hundred ships in speed contest.
Far and wide eagles cleave the air;
Up and down fish glide o'er depths clear:
All creatures under frosty skies vie to be freer.
Brooding o'er immensity there,
I wonder in this world so vast and dim,
Who decides who will sink or swim.

With many friends I oft came here.
How thick with salient days those bygone miles appear!
When, students in the flower of our age,
Our spirit bright was at its height,
Full of the scholar's noble rage,
We criticized with all our might.
Pointing to stream and hill,
Writing in blame or praise,
We treated like dirt all mighty lords of olden days.
Do you remember still,
Swimming mid-stream, we struck waves to say
That boats speeding their way?

【3】



人民解放军占领南京
毛泽东

一九四九年四月

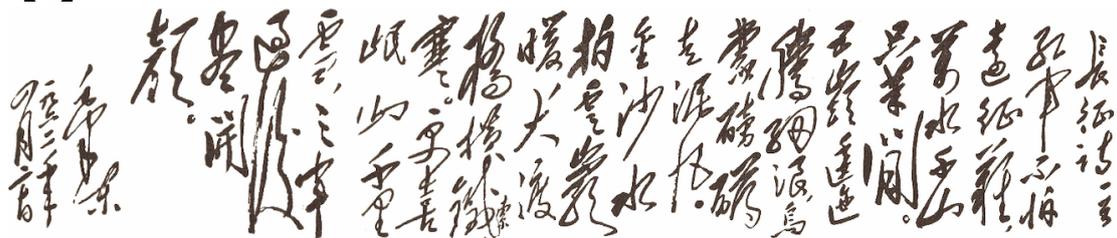
钟山风雨起苍黄，百万雄师过大江。
虎踞龙盘今胜昔，天翻地覆慨而慷。
宜将剩勇追穷寇，不可沽名学霸王。
天若有情天亦老，人间正道是沧桑。

Captures of Nanjing by the People's Liberation Army

Mao Zedong (April 1949) 许渊冲 (译)

Over the Purple Mountain sweeps a storm headlong;
Our troops have crossed the great river, a million strong.
The Tiger girt with Dragon outshines days gone by;
Heaven and earth overturned, our spirits ne'er so high!
With our courage unspent pursue the foe overthrown!
Do not fish like the Herculean King for renown!
Heaven would have grown old were it moved to emotions;
The world goes on with changes in the fields and oceans.

【4】



七律 长征 (1935年10月)

毛泽东

红军不怕远征难，万水千山只等闲。
五岭逶迤腾细浪，乌蒙磅礴走泥丸。
金沙水拍云崖暖，大渡桥横铁索寒。
更喜岷山千里雪，三军过后尽开颜。

The Long March

Edgar Snow 埃德加·斯诺 (译)

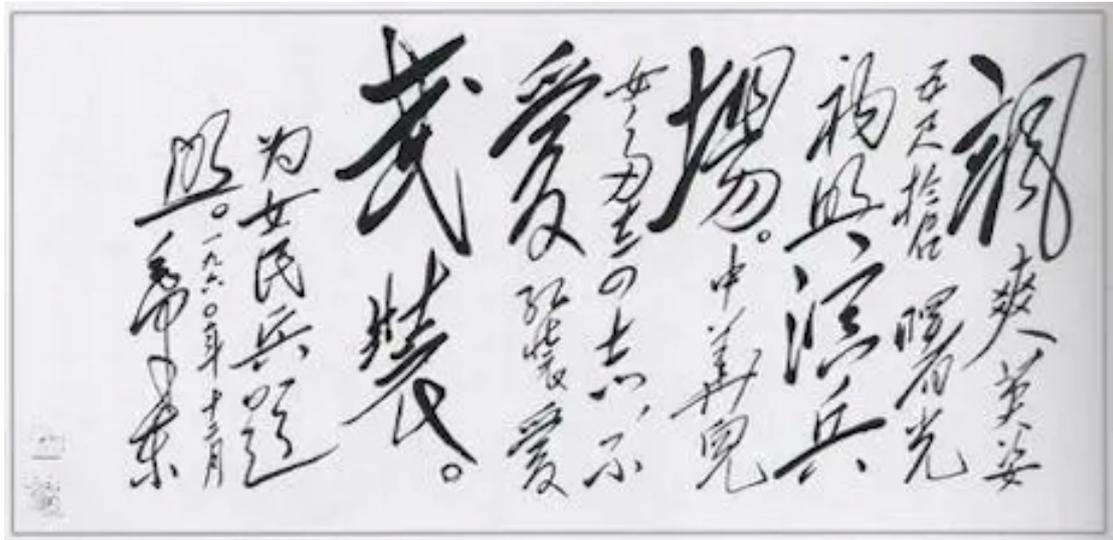
The Red Army, never fearing the challenging Long March,
Looked lightly on the many peaks and rivers,
Wu Ling's Range rose, lowered, rippled,
And green-tiered were the rounded steps of Wu Meng.
Warm-beating the Gold Sand River's waves against the rocks,
And cold the iron-chain spans of Tatu's bridge.
A thousand joyous li of freshening snow on Min Shan,
And then, the last pass vanquished, Three Armies smiled.

许渊冲 (译)

Of the trying Long March the Red Army makes light;
Thousands of rivers and mountains are barriers slight.
The five serpentine ridges outspread like rippling rills;

The pompous Wumeng peaks tower but like mole-hills.
 Against warm cloudy cliffs beat waves of Golden Sand;
 With cold iron-chain bridge River Dadu is spanned.
 Glad to see the Min Range snow-clad for miles and miles,
 Our warriors who have crossed it break into broad smiles.

【5】



为女民兵题照

1961年2月

毛泽东

飒爽英姿五尺枪，曙光初照演兵场；
 中华儿女多奇志，不爱红妆爱武装。

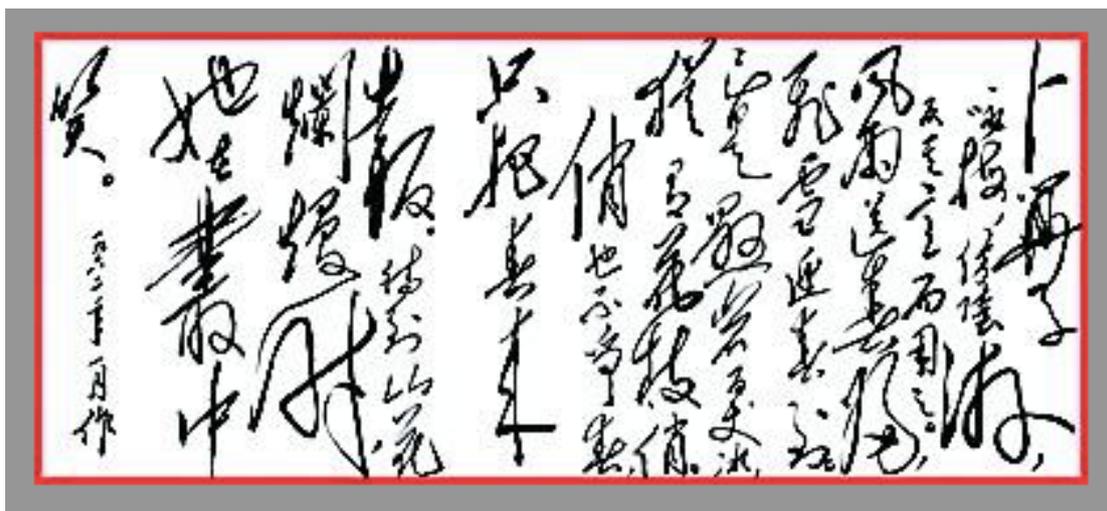
Militia Women

—Inscription on a Photograph

Mao Zedong (February 1961) 许渊冲 (译)

So bright and brave, with rifles five feet long,
 At early dawn they shine on drilling place;
 Most Chinese daughters have desires so strong,
 To face the powder, not powder the face.
 (To get dressed to drill, but not dressed to kill.)

【6】



卜算子·咏梅

毛泽东

一九六一年十二月

读陆游咏梅词，反其意而用之。

风雨送春归，飞雪迎春到。
 已是悬崖百丈冰，犹有花枝俏。
 俏也不争春，只把春来报。
 待到山花烂漫时，她在丛中笑。

Tune: Song of Divination

Ode to the Mume Blossom

Mao Zedong (December 1961) 许渊冲 (译)

On Reading Lu Yu's *Ode to the Plum Blossom*, I countered it with the following lines.

Then spring departed in wind and rain;
 With flying snow it's back again.
 Though icicles from beetling cliffs still hang miles long,
 One flower sweet and fair is there among.

Though sweet and fair, with other flowers she won't rival,
 But only heralds spring's arrival.
 When mountain flowers run riot for miles and miles,
 Among them she will be all smiles.

【7】

七律 冬云

毛泽东

一九六二年十二月二十六日

雪压冬云白絮飞，万花纷谢一时稀。
 高天滚滚寒流急，大地微微暖气吹。
 独有英雄驱虎豹，更无豪杰怕熊罴。

梅花欢喜漫天雪，冻死苍蝇未足奇。

Winter Clouds

Mao Zedong (December 26, 1962) 许渊冲 (译)

Like cotton fluff fly winter clouds hard pressed by snow;
All flowers fallen now, for a time few still blow.
In the steep sky cold waves are swiftly sweeping by;
On the vast earth warm winds gradually growing high.
Only heroes can hunt tigers and leopards down;
No brave man will be scared by wild bears black or brown.
Even mume blossoms welcome a skyful of snow;
No wonder flies are frozen to death down below.

【8】

水调歌头 重上井冈山

毛泽东

一九六五年五月

久有凌云志，重上井冈山。
千里来寻故地，旧貌变新颜。
到处莺歌燕舞，更有潺潺流水，高路入云端。
过了黄洋界，险处不须看。

风雷动，旌旗奋，是人寰。
三十八年过去，弹指一挥间。
可上九天揽月，可下五洋捉鳖，谈笑凯歌还。
世上无难事，只要肯登攀。

Tune: Prelude to the Melody of Water

Mount Jinggang Reascended

Mao Zedong (May 1965) 许渊冲 (译)

Above the clouds I've long aspired to soar,
And so I come up Mount Jinggang once more.
A long trip brings me to my old familiar nook,
Where everything has taken on a new look.
Here orioles sing, there swallows swirl,
O'er there streams purl,
And cloud-capped roads lead to the sky.
But after Huangyangjie,
No perilous place will arrest the eye.

The storm is raging
With flags unfurled:
Such is man's world.
Thirty-eight years are gone
As fast as a fillip is done.
We can bring down the moon from the ninth heaven,
Or catch the giant turtles in the sea,
And come back amid triumphant songs in high glee,
Nothing is hard under the sky
If we but dare to climb up high.