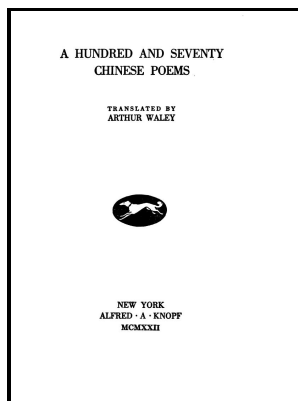


Hundred and seventy Chinese poems

Constable - A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems/On the Death of his Father



Description: -
-hundred and seventy Chinese poems
-hundred and seventy Chinese poems
Notes: Previous ed., 1918.
This edition was published in 1923



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Tags: #A #Hundred #and #Seventy #Chinese #Poems

A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems by Arthur Waley

It is doubtful if tone has ever played a part; a conscious use has sporadically been made of quantity. He bowed his head and sighed a deep sigh:
But this sigh nobody understood.

A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems, by Arthur Waley

My wandering love has no coat to cover him.

A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems/Li Fu

The living are here and ought to have our love. And so growing gentler and clearer, it changes and is dispersed and dies.

A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems, by Arthur Waley

Now you are started on your long journey Each day brings you further from me. Fame is the only treasure that endures. Jewelled scabbards lie twisted and defaced: The stones that were set in them, thieves have carried away, The ancestral temples are hummocks in the ground: The walls that went round them are all levelled flat.

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