

ORIGINAL TEXT BY LI BAI	MIDDLE CHINESE ROMANIZATION BY CHEN YIHAN	ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY CHEN YIHAN
李白 蜀道難	lí Bǎg jog Dáu Nan	Li Bai <i>Hard is the road to Sichuan</i>
噫吁嚱 危乎高哉 蜀道之難 難於上青天 蠶叢及魚鼈 開國何茫然 爾來四萬八千歲 不與秦塞通人煙 西當太白有鳥道 可以橫絕峨眉巔 地崩山摧壯士死 然後天梯石棧相鉤連 上有六龍回日之高標 下有衝波逆折之回川 黃鶴之飛尚不得過 猿猴欲度愁攀援 青泥何盤盤 百步九折縈巖巒 捫參歷井仰脅息 以手撫膺坐長歎 問君西遊何時還 畏途巖巖不可攀 但見悲鳥號古木 雄飛雌從繞林間 又聞子規啼夜月 愁空山 蜀道之難 難於上青天 使人聽此凋朱顏 連峯去天不盈尺 枯松倒掛倚絕壁 飛湍瀑流爭喧豗 砢崖轉石萬壑雷 其險也如此 嗟爾遠道之人胡為乎來哉 劍閣崢嶸而崔嵬 一夫當關 萬夫莫開 所守或匪親 化為狼與豺 朝避猛虎 夕避長蛇 磨牙吮血 殺人如麻 錦城雖云樂 不如早還家 蜀道之難 難於上青天 側身西望長咨嗟	ǐ ho hrè ngruè Hò Gau Zei jog Dáu jì Nan Nan e jáng Cēng Tēn Zem Zung grib nge ɸo Kei Gueg Hə Mang nyēn nyē Lei sǐ muèn Brēd Cēn süēi bud yé Zin Sēi Tung nyin Ēn Sēi Dang Tái Bǎg wú Dēu Dáu Ká yí Huang züēd Nga mri Dēn qǐ Beng shēn Zuei zhàng zhí sǐ nyēn Hú Tēn Tēi jiǎg zhǎn sang Gu liēn jáng wú lug long Hwei nyid jì Gau biēu Hrǎ wú qong Ba ngrǎg jiēd jì Hwei qiēn Huang Hag jì bui jáng bud Deg Guà wen Nau yog Dò zhu Prǎn wen Cēng Nēi Hə Buan Buan Brǎg Bò gú jiēd üāng ngem Luan Muen xrim Lēg zǐāng ngáng heb sig yí shú pò ing Zuà dǎng Tan mun gun Sēi yu Hə zhì Hruǎn ùì Dò zhām Ngrām bud Ká Prǎn Dǎn Gēn bri Dēu Həu Gó Mug wung bui cié zong nyēu lim Grēn wù mun zǐ güē Dēi yà ngued zhu Kong shēn jog Dáu jì Nan Nan e jáng Cēng Tēn shí nyin Tēng cié Dēu jo Ngrǎn liēn pong kè Tēn bud yāng qiǎg Ko sòng Dàu gruè ré züēd Bēg bui Tuan Bḡ lu zhēng huen Hwei ping Ngrē drüēn jiǎg muèn Hag Luei gǐ hrém yá nye cié ziǎ nyé wén Dáu jì nyin Hò wrē Hò Lei Zei gēm Gag zhēng wrēng nyi Zuei Nguēi id bo Dang Gruǎn muèn bo Mag Kei shé shu Hueg búì cín Hruǎ wrē Lang yé zhēi Drǎu biē Mrǎng Hó siǎg biē dǎng xiǎ Ma Ngrǎ xūin Huēd shēd nyin nye Mrǎ grim jiǎng süi wun Lag bud nye Záu Hruǎn Grǎ jog Dáu jì Nan Nan e jáng Cēng Tēn zhǐg xin Sēi muang dǎng zi zǐǎ	Eee hooo heee! How daunting! How tall! Hard is the road to Sichuan, hard as climbing the sky! Can Cong and Yu Fu founded a state, immemorial. Forty-eight thousand years have gone, never linking Shaanxi with human life. To the west, only by a bird's path on Mount Taibai can one surmount Mount Emei's peak. Earth shattered, mountains crumbled, heroes died, then were the heavenly ladders and stone planks linked. Above, six dragons entwine the sun at the tip; below, raging waves clash back the twisting stream. Even the flight of a yellow crane cannot pass; monkeys wish yet fear the climb. Mount Qingni, how it twists, nine bends in a hundred paces wind through the rocky slopes. Touching the Three Stars and crossing the Well, gazing up, afraid to gasp; with hand on chest, sit and sigh. Asking when you'll return from your western journey, fearing the towering cliffs, unclimbable. Only mournful birds cry in olden trees, males flying, females trailing, encircling the woods. Hearing the cuckoo's call in the moonlit night, saddened by the empty mountain. Hard is the road to Sichuan, hard as climbing the sky! Hearing this, color drains from one's face. Chains of peaks less than a foot from sky, withered pines, upside down, cling to sheer cliffs. Rushing torrents and roiling falls rage in uproar, smashing cliffs, spinning rocks, thunder echoes through ten thousand ravines. Such is the danger. Why, you from afar, have you come? The Sword Gate, towering and imposing, one man guards the pass, ten thousand fail to breach. The guard may not be kin, may turn into a wolf or jackal. Flee from tiger by day, flee from snake by night. Teeth grinding, blood-sucking, killing people like slaying hemp. The City of Brocade, though said to be blissful, better still to go home soon. Hard is the road to Sichuan, hard as climbing the sky! Turn your gaze to the west, let out a long sigh.