

ORIGINAL TEXT BY LI BAI	MIDDLE CHINESE ROMANIZATION BY CHEN YIHAN	ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY CHEN YIHAN
李白 蜀道難	lǐ Bǎi shǔ dào nán	Li Bai Hard is the road to Sichuan
噫吁嚱 危乎高哉 蜀道之難 難於上青天 蠶叢及魚鳥 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 猿猱欲度愁攀援 青泥何盤盤 百步九折巖巖巒 扪參歷井仰脅息 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 飛湍瀑流爭喧豨 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	ī huo hūh ngrui Hho Gao Zai jhog Dhaoq ji Nan Nan e jhangq Cieng Tien Dzem Dzung ghīb nge bho Kei Gueg Hha Mang nyen nyiq Lei siih muenh Bred Cien süeih bu yeq dzin Seih Tung nyin len Siei Dang Taih Bhraq wuq Dteoq Dhaoq Kaq yiq Hhuang dzüed Nga mrii Dien dhih Beng shen Dzuei zhangh dzhiq siiq nyen Hhuq Tien Tiet jhiieg Dzhanh sang Gu len jhangq wuq lug long Hhwei nyid ji Gao bieo Hhraq wuq qong Ba nregg jhiied ji Hhwei qiēn Hhuang Hhag ji bui jhangq bu Deg Guah wen Nao yag Dhoh zhu Pran wen Cieng Niet Hha Bhan Bhan Brag Bhoh gua jied äeng ngem Luan Men shim Lieg ziengq ngangq heb sig yiq shuq poq ing Dzuoh drhang Tan mun gun Siei yu Hha dzhi Hhruan uih Do Zham Ngram bu Kaq Pran Danq Giēnh brii Dteoq Hhao Gaoq Mueg wung bui ciq dzong nyeoq lim Gren wuh mun ziq gui Dhiet yah ngued dzhu Kung shen jhog Dhaoq ji Nan Nan e jhangq Cieng Tien shiq nyin Tiengh ciq Dteo juo Ngran len pong keh Tien bu yeng qieq Ko szong Daoh Gruēh riq dzüed Bieg bui Tuan Bhug lu zheng huen Huei ping Ngre druenq jhiieg muenh Hag Luei ghi hremq yaq nye ciq zia nyiq wenq Dhaoq ji nyin Hho wri Hho Lei Zei gemh Gag zheng wrēng nyi Dzuei Nguet id bo Dang Gruan muenh bo Mag Kei sheq shuq Hhuēg buiq cīn Hruah wri Lang yeq Dzhei dreo bhīh Mrangq Hoq szieg bhīh drhang xhia Ma Ngra xhūng Häed shed nyin nye Mra gumq jhieng sūi wun Lag bu nye Zaaq Hhruan Gra jhog Dhaoq ji Nan Nan e jhangq Cieng Tien zhig xin Siei mang drhang zii zia	Eē hoo hēēē 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 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.