Down the blue mountain in the evening,

Moonlight was my homeward escort.

Looking back, I saw my path

Lie in levels of deep shadow.

I was passing the farm-house of a friend,

When his children called from a gate of thorn

And led me twining through jade bamboos

Where green vines caught and held my clothes.

And I was glad of a chance to rest

And glad of a chance to drink with my friend.

We sang to the tune of the wind in the pines;

And we finished our songs as the stars went down,

When, I being drunk and my friend more than happy,

Between us we forgot the world.



yuè xià dú zhuó

月 下 独 酌

lǐ bái
李 白

huā jiān yì hú jiǔ ， dú zhuó wú xiāng qīn 。
花 间 一 壶 酒 ， 独 酌 无 相 亲 。
jǔ bēi yāo míng yuè ， duì yǐng chéng sān rén 。