**Book of Songs (Shih Ching)**
Translated by Arthur Waley

**4 Drooping Boughs**

In the south is a tree with drooping boughs;
The cloth-creeper binds it.
Oh, happy is our lord;
Blessing and boons secure him!

In the south is a tree with drooping boughs;
The cloth-creeper binds it.
Oh, happy is our lord;
Blessing and boons secure him!

In the south is a tree with drooping boughs;
The cloth-creeper bind it.
Oh, happy is our lord;
Blessing and boons secure him!

**5 Locusts**

The locusts’ wings say “throng, throng”;
Well may your sons and grandsons
Be a host innumerable.

The locusts’ wings say “bind, bind”;
Well may your sons and grandsons
Continue in an endless line.

The locusts’ wings say “join, join”; *
Well may your sons and grandsons
Be forever at one.

*The three noises that the locusts’ wings make are punned upon and interpreted as omens.
14 The Cicada

Anxiously chirps the cicada,
Restlessly skips the grasshopper.
Before I saw my lord
My heart was ill at ease.
But now that I have seen him,
Now that I have met him,
My heart is at rest.

I climbed that southern hill
To pluck the fern-shoots.
Before I saw my lord
My heart was sad.
But now that I have seen him,
Now that I have met him,
My heart is at rest.

I climbed that southern hill
To pluck the bracken-shoots.
Before I saw my lord
My heart was sore distressed.
But now that I have seen him,
Now that I have met him,
My heart is at rest.

20 Plop Fall the Plums

Plop fall the plums; but there are still seven. *
Let those gentlemen that would court me
Come while it is lucky!

Plop fall the plums; but there are still three.
Let those gentlemen that would court me
Come before it is too late!

Plop fall the plums, in shallow baskets we lay them
Any gentleman who would court me
Had better speak while there is time.

*Seven is a lucky number
23 In the Wilds Is a Dead Doe

In the wilds there is a dead doe;  
With white rushes we cover her.*  
There was a lady longing for the spring;  
A fair knight seduced her.

In the wood there is a clump of oaks,  
And in the wilds a dead deer  
With white rushes well bound;  
There was a lady fair as jade.

“Heigh, not so hasty, not so rough;  
Heigh, do not touch my handkerchief.*  
Take care, or the dog will bark.”

*If people find a dead deer in the woods, they cover it piously with rushes.  
*Worn at the belt