Tangshi II. 1. (37)

**WANG CHANGLING**

**UNDER A BORDER-FORTRESS**

Drink, my horse, while we cross the autumn water!

The stream is cold and the wind like a sword,

As we watch against the sunset on the sandy plain,

Far, far away, shadowy Lingtuo.

Old battles, waged by those long walls,

Once were proud on all men’s tongues.

But antiquity now is a yellow dust,

Confusing in the grasses its ruins and white bones.

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