Li Bai (701 – 762 A.D.), also translated as Li Po in Western countries, was a major Chinese poet of the Tang dynasty poetry period. He has been regarded as one of the greatest poets in China's Tang period, which is often called China's "golden age" of poetry. Wine and the Moon are the images frequently appeared in his poems, while at the same time, wonderful China's views are also an important part in his components to express his feelings and his ideas. Here I briefly list 6 poems, you can enjoy the wonderful scenery in his poems.

Cataract on Mount Lu
By Li Bai
Translated by Xu Yuanchong
The sunlit Censer peak exhales a wreath of cloud;
Like an upended stream the cataract sounds loud.
Its torrent dashes down three thousand feet from high;
As if the Silver River fell from azure sky.

To Wang Lun
By Li Bai
The translator is anonymous
As soon as I get on the boat, ready to depart,
I hear from the shore loud song and dancing feet
The pond of Peach Blossoms, although a thousand feet
Is not so deep as Wang Lun's feeling when we part.

Leaving White Emperor Town at Dawn
By Li Bai
Translated by Xu Yuanchong

Leaving at dawn White Emperor crowned with cloud,
I've sailed a thousand li through canyons in a day.
With Monkeys' sad adieus the riverbanks are loud;
May skiff has left ten thousand mountains far away.
Sitting Alone with Mount Jingting
By Li Bai
Translated by Xu Yuanchong

All birds have flown away, so high;
A lonely cloud drifts on, so free.
Gazing on Mount Jingting, nor I
Am tired of him, nor he of me.
Seeing Meng Haoran off at Yellow Crane Tower
By Li Bai
Translated by Xu Yuanchong

My friend has left the west where the Yellow Crane towers;
For River Town green with willows and red with flowers.
His lessening sail is lost in the boundless blue sky;
Where I see but the endless River rolling by.

Ascending the Tower of Yueyang with Xia the Twelfth
By Li Bai
Translated by Xu Yuanchong

The tower o'erlooks mountains on display;
The river stretches into the Lake of South.
The wile geese take our deep sorrow away;
The mountains throw the moon up from their mouth.
Make of white cloud a comfortable bed
And pass wine-ups around in the blue skies!
Drunken, let the cooling breeze rise and spread
Our sleeves dancing as flapping butterflies.