

ZHONG SICHENG

TUNE: INTOXICATED IN TIME OF PEACE

A BEGGAR-SCHOLAR

(I)

I go along the street,
Enter a house and drag my feet.
I ask if there's a charitable miss
Who'd give me a hearty meal overdue,
Embroider a love-knot of bliss,
Make a coverlet new,
And go be bed hand in hand with me?
Oh! help the poor, my dear grannie!

(II)

The poor may be happy in love,
The rich are stupid high above.
I would repair an old brick-kiln with clay,
And open a school for beggars by day,
I'll put on a black hat half outworn,
And a yellow cloak half torn
With a disjointed belt ill at ease.
I'd teach the beggars to enjoy the moon and breeze.