

TENG BIN

TUNE: UNIVERSAL JOY

Lotus blooms fade,
Green plane leaves fall
Hills on hills appear lean;
Woods on woods cast less shade.
Of what avail
Are the fame and gains small
Like the horn of a snail
Or the head of a fly green?
Why not get drunk with the poet in his east bower,
Among chrysanthemums in flower,
Why not till with plough in hand
A few acres of land
With your yellow buffalo?
Why don't you homeward go?