To the Tune of Ding Feng Bo [Calming the Wind and Waves]

Hear not the sounds that pierce the woods beating the leaves
Why not chant a little sing and take it slow
Bamboo stick straw sandals lighter than riding a horse
Who is afraid?
A capeful of fog and rain all my life

The rush of spring wind blows away the wine
A little cold
Upon the mountain steep lightbeams greet us
Turn back your heads to where the rain raged
We could return
It is neither rainy nor clear