

LÜ: (sings)

*I could turn the Yüeh-yang Tower into hell,
So don't show off your boxing skill.*

(Kuo continues to beat Lü)

LÜ: (sings—tune of P'u-sa-liang-chou)

*He beats me like a dog, dead,
Thrown into the mud to rot.
My hair's askew and falling loose;
Even the magic pills in my gourd are spilled.*

KUO: What pills? They are goat manure.

LÜ: (sings)

Turning my head, I can see the Pei-mang Mountain in the distance.

KUO: He is crazy Taoist monk.

LÜ: (sings)

He is a fool. I'm a crazy man.

KUO: (to his wife) Put some more charcoal into the stove.

WIFE: I will.

LÜ: (sings)

*With fire in the stove, do not add any charcoal,
How many more years can it burn?
Beat, beat, beat, you beat me motionless.
Are you afraid that sacred hands might block?*

(Lü blocks Kuo, gets up and speaks) Kuo Ma-erh, follow me, and we will leave this world.

KUO: This priest will not change his mind no matter how I beat him.

LÜ: (sings—tune of K'u-huang-t'ien)

*I'll let you find a new sacrificial table.
It's better than your fall in the dust by the roadside.
Because you are thin and forlorn, no one looks after you.
As soon as you grow up, people would pluck or climb on you
Had I not held your long limbs.
Then, over the Tung-t'ing lake, or by the Yang-tze river.
You would have suffered the blowing of the wind, the scorch
of the sun, the pressure of snows, the freezing of frost.
You almost became the wine signpost of the Yüeh-yang Tower.*

KUO: If I were to follow you and leave this human world, what good would it do me?

LÜ: (sings)

It would make you free and relaxed.

But you cuddle yourself with laziness and stupidity.

(in the tune of Wu-yeh-t'i)

*Worry no more of the palace of Ch'u, home of T'ao and banks
of the Sui.*

For I have prepared for you the jade terrace with carved railings.

I want you to repent; meditate and work on your merits.

Understand the secret of mysteries,

Give up the common world,

Learn from Yen Tzu-ling, who retired to the fishing beach.

Do not bother Chang Tzu-fang⁵⁴ burning the Lien-yun Path.

*Struggle for profit and fame, to become government officials,
Are only for half a sheet of paper.*

All would be nothing but a dream.

(in the tune of San-sha)

I think if a man can control himself he would suffer no trouble.

If his conscience is clear, he could sleep in peace.

Even in one hundred years how much leisure can one get?

Can one do more than wring his hands?

Before the spark's flare dies?

Turn back to take a look.

By the time the sun sets in the mulberries and elms and the evening scenery fades.

Then one would say, "a tired bird knows to return home."

(in the tune Erh-sha)

Who could, like me, build a hut by a quiet ravine?

Wrapped in a piece of hemp cloth, I sit at the sacred altar.

*In the end I have avoided the right and wrong, forget honor
and insult, without getting involved.*

Unlike you, getting involved in the human battle field,

As a tea clerk, toil and work all day long.

(laughs, then speaks) Kuo Ma-erh, awaken now, before it is too late. (continues to sing)

I laugh—you're foolish and stubborn.

*You have wasted my effort—trying to deliver you two or
three times.*

Can't you ever awaken, either in Heaven or on earth?

(speaks) Kuo Ma-erh, follow me, leave this world.