

this document?

Look, look, look where your wife is?

Who, who, who is the murderer?

Come, come, come with me to see the officials.

KUO: Head of Street, a moment ago you also saw my wife. You can be my witness when we see the officials.

HEAD OF STREET: You don't have to wait for him to finish singing another song. Just arrest him to see the officials.

LÜ: (sings—tune of *Sha-wei*)

Don't you ever wish that your branch would betray the presence of spring.

I want you to follow me to the Three Islands, without getting lost.

Saying farewell to the waters of Hsiao, Hsiang and the Tung-r'ing Lake.

I'll return to attend the divine festival of P'an-t'ao.

The wine bubbles with heavenly fragrance, its taste is beautiful.

The music plays in the clouds; its tune is exotic.

Chiang-shu and Ch'ing-ch'in⁶⁷ stand there side by side.

Each is lovely and beautiful, has no match in the human world.

I advise you, pack up your worldly desires

You should not be bound by your charming wife.

KUO: You've kidnapped my wife. I can't let you go free. (to Head of Street) Head of street, help me to take this man to see the officials. Somehow I want my wife returned to me.

LÜ: This dumb man is stupid and muddled, he can't wake up. I have wasted my three visits to the Yüeh-yang Tower. (again sings)

This man, with a dumb brain and a stupid head cannot be convinced to repent.

I've traveled nine thousand miles in the Red Dust in vain!

(frees himself from Kuo and exits)

KUO: Fine! Two strong young men could not get hold of a Taoist monk. Well, I don't care where he went . . . I will chase him.

HEAD OF STREET: There are two roads here. You go that way and I'll go this way. We'll trap him from both directions. I don't think he can fly to Heaven.

KUO: You're right. Let's chase him.

(both exit.)

ACT IV

LÜ: (enters, beating on his drum; recites a poem)

Who could rank with the Taoist Lo-fu?

He wore grass clothes, ate vegetables, and despised kings and dukes.

The time of the human world, he cares not.

In the universe of his wine pot, he is free.

While checking a chess game, the river moon dawns.

With a long roar, Hai-men changes to autumn.

Finishing drinking, he turns his head and chats on his way home.

With a smile, he points at the edge of the sky.

KUO: (enters and grabs Lü) I've caught you! This time I will not let you get away. We will go to the officials together.

LÜ: (sings—tune of *Hsin-shui-ling*, in the mode of *Shuang-tiao*)

This murderer must be a sacred charm to protect you.

He asked you to be an immortal, yet you don't wake up.

You regard me as a cloth wine bag.

Please look into this drug gourd . . .

I am not a country bum.

I also have three volumes of heavenly books.

KUO: What heavenly books? Could they be your alms ledger?

LÜ: (sings again)

Don't mistake them for alms ledger.

KUO: (again dragging Lü) Let's go see the officials.

LÜ: (sings—tune of *Chu-ma-t'ing*)

You have torn my robe sleeves.

You might miss the chance of brewing musk-fragrant tea with dew.

If you hold my silk belt tight,

How could I pawn my lute for wine in the city of phoenix in spring?

And do find money cage in the Chien-hsi villa?

Go to P'eng-lai, the divine island, instead of home.

KUO: Where are you going? You have killed someone.

LÜ: (continues singing)

If I owe someone some debt.