Tang Shi

王维

A FARM-HOUSE ON THE WEI RIVER

In the slant of the sun on the country-side,
Cattle and sheep trail home along the lane;
Leans on a staff and thinks of his son, the herdboy.
There are whirring pheasants? full wheat-ears,
Silk-worms asleep, pared mulberry-leaves.
And the farmers, returning with hoes on their shoulders,
Hail one another familiarly.
...No wonder I long for the simple life
And am sighing the old song, Oh, to go Back Again!

Bymer 16

Tang Shi I. 1. (16)