

**Beidaihe (Summer 1954)** (by Mao Zedong)

—to the tune of *Lang Tao Sha*

A rainstorm sweeps down on this northern land,  
White breakers leap to the sky.  
No fishing boats off Qinhuangdao  
Are seen on the boundless ocean.  
Where have they gone?

Nearly two thousand years ago  
Wielding his whip, the Emperor Wu of Wei  
Rode eastward to Jieshi; his poem survives.  
Today the autumn wind still sighs,  
But the world has changed!