



Rolling, rolling, the east-flowing Yangzi River carries away I don't know how many brave soldiers. Who had been right, who had been wrong, who had won, and who had lost are soon to be forgotten, as swift as the turning of heads. The green mountains stay. But can you tell me how many rounds the evening sun has brightened up the reddened sky? A fisherman and a wood-chopper stand there on the sandy beach; they are silver-headed and well-seasoned, accustomed to seeing the changing of time and the rise and fall of human kinds. But let me tell you their secret: as long there is a pot of muddy wine, their meeting there will be a pleasant one. They will talk and laugh, enjoying their buffet of exchanging stories of bygone eras. 滾滾長江東逝水，浪花淘盡英雄。是非成敗轉頭空。青山依舊在，幾度夕陽紅。白髮漁樵江渚上，慣看秋月春風。一樽濁酒喜相逢。古今多少事，都付笑談中。