The Country Path (1978)

Walking along the country path,

An old ox at dusk is my companion.

The blue sky ears the setting sun on its bosom,

Colorful clouds are the raiment of dusk.

A hoe on my shoulder

Songs of shepherd boys in the air, oh--, they are singing

There is also a short flute playing along.

With a smile on my face, I hum a tune of village life,

and let my thoughts wonder in the evening breeze.

All loneliness and melancholy scatter and disappear in the evening breeze

Forgotten on the country path.

(Repeat)