

# *Ode to the Plum Blossom*

— to the tune of *Pu Suan Tzu*

December 1961

by Mao Tsetung

Wind and rain escorted Spring's departure,  
Flying snow welcomes Spring's return.

On the ice-clad rock rising high and sheer  
A flower blooms sweet and fair.

Sweet and fair, she craves not Spring for herself alone,  
To be the harbinger of Spring she is content.

When the mountain flowers are in full bloom  
She will smile mingling in their midst.

