

Jinling Chanson

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My home lies at the foot of the Purple Mountain,
The city smiles like plum blossoms here and there.

My home is strewn with thick greenery,
Jasmine outside the window perfumes the air.
Plane trees whisper the stories of the Republican period,
Verdant shades afford shelter from the burning summer.

Stretching out to embrace dancing snowflakes,
Cedar at the gate stands like a dependable brother.

What was once debris has become today's edifice,
The ancient capital still leans on the misty river.
Picturesque view serves as a feast to the eyes,
Highways radiate (from the gates to) the country all over,
All Nanjing Roads elsewhere lead to my home forever.