

Chinese Love Poems: Going Rowing / Like the Moon / The Musicians

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In order to go rowing in our boat, we have waited for the setting of the sun
A slight breeze ripples the blue surface and stirs the waterlilies
Along the banks, where the cherry blossoms fall like rain, we catch a glimpse of strolling lovers
My courteous friends prepare cooling drinks
The beautiful young girls breathe the perfume of the white glycine
I watch a cloud sailing over us, soon the rain
And I shall compose some verses
On the inconstancy of happiness

Like the moon in the blue heavens, I am alone in my room
I have put out the light and I am weeping
I weep because you are so far away
And because you will never know how much I love you

The musicians have gone
The lilacs, which they placed in the vases of jade, bend toward the loots and seem to listen still