

長宵
Endless night

月轉西窗斗帳深
燈昏香燼擁寒衾
魂飛何處臨風笛
腸斷誰家搗夜砧

The moon revolves past the western window
the canopied bed deepens
Lamp darkens, incense turns to ash
I am smothered in this cold coverlet
A soul flies where?
A flute on a gust of wind
and speaking of broken hearts
who pounds the washing stone?