Yan Shu()
Huan Xi Sha

With a cup of wine, listening to songs of new words,  
In the same pavilion tower and last year's weather.  
The sun is setting in the west, but when will it return?  
Nothing can be done about flowers falling away,  
The swallows, seeming acquaintances, are coming back.  
Along fragrant paths of the little garden I alone pace to and fro.

Yan Shu