And then I was drunk, and we lost one another.

Shall goodwill ever be secure?

I watch the long road of the River of Stars.

chūn sī

春　思

lǐ bái
李 白

yàn cǎo rú bì sī ，　qín sāng dī lǜ zhī 。
燕 草 如 碧 丝 ，　秦 桑 低 绿 枝 。
dāng jūn huái guī rì ，　shì qiè duàn cháng shí 。
当 君 怀 归 日 ，　是 妾 断 肠 时 。
chūn fēng bù xiāng shí ，　hé shì rù luó wéi 。
春 风 不 相 识 ，　何 事 入 罗 帏 。

IN SPRING

Li Bai

Your grasses up north are as blue as jade,

Our mulberries here curve green-threaded branches;

And at last you think of returning home,

Now when my heart is almost broken.

O breeze of the spring, since I dare not know you,

Why part the silk curtains by my bed?