

The spring scenery is
enchanting during the
third lunar month, but you
insist on leaving now to go
to Yang-jou.

I watch the sail, of your boat
move farther and farther
into the distance. Gradually
it disappears over the deep
blue horizon where the
water and sky meet.

I can only see the Yang-tse
River water flowing far away.
wéi jiàn cháng jiāng tiān jì
liú

Early in the morning, it
rains on the town of Wei,
moistening the dusty
ground so that the sand
doesn't swirl up.

A Farewell Song
渭城曲 作者：王维(维)
wèi chéng qǔ
zuò zhě wáng wéi

Prepared by Jason Ko

Saying goodbye to Meng
Haoran at Yellow Crane Tower
送孟浩然之广(广)陵
作者：李白
sòng mèng hào rán zhī guǎng lín
zuò zhě lǐ bái

Then westward you go. After
you go through the Yang
Frontier Pass, you won't see
your old friend again.

I have prepared wine to
send you off. Please
come and drink a cup.

Outside the traveller's
inn, the tender, green
willow leaves have
been washed clean by
the rain and look even
brighter and greener.

My old friend and I part at Crane
Tower, and he is heading west.

Name: _____