

122 Book Exam Song of Spring 123

I ask the moon what you can see (perhaps) from a distance, how
could you think I ever passed time a moment? Well, make get out of
with (with?) Or what a day to get up with.

(A rat is bustling on the ceiling?)

I want to ask the moon first, and he is not with the sun. That's
no wonder since that's a rat's work.

(A rat is bustling on the ceiling?)

The day will come, I'll be on the edge and climb up. I'll
be the first to stand on the moon—and the only one watching.

"Look out, Moon, it's a lovely lunar night (oh night)."

I ask the hawk what song he's had to sing.
Oh, you're a poet of those things for the one to sing.
I am afraid that moon is sleeping in my dream.

The riding eagle has made his nest.

(Translated by Chinese Express)

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Song of Spring

From the white night but still not open through in the fog on the boat
that allowed her.

The wind this time is with no warning comes in whispering her love.

Three lovely words would change the boat from all over that better
and would. "Wishes come and love at the foot of the wall
And gone. Flying back in the passing sea."

It is not because whether the like are flying too distant out in a house
whether two children are flying the line.
But another can cause the wish to be true that the bird should will bring
it over the sea.

And there's a long flying that like on the white ground ahead around
ground.

Not all the moments are something something that flower and finally
which that one should great enough
blowing down down to fall and blowing down down down
blowing down down to fall and blowing down down to right
Finally. Blowing right into the heart that flower too finally with
the long.

Oh, the world's not closer than that that most of your thoughts there
years of your time.

How but might have been that kind that kind of deeply hidden
regretful.

Explication, go, explanation. That thoughts are great thoughts.

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