Chapter 15. “A Rhapsody Lamenting Last Remnants of the Spring”

How does Heaven tell the Northern Dipper that it’s spring, oh, and point its handle back to the east again?
These streams roil up, oh, bluest green,
the orchids hang exuberant in all their red fragrance.
I set off to scale the heights,
oh, gazing far as the vastest sea of clouds.
Once my soul’s gone out, oh, it’s bound to break,
and tears will stream down my cheeks.
So I’ll sing to the clear wind and praise the dark blue waves,
the ancient lakes and rivers,
oh, how faint my heart and mind,
oh, floating on the spring wind,

Floating, oh, my thoughts unbound,
recalling days with you, my lord, the dusk unfolding.
Luxuriant foliage crowds the plains, oh, with its fine silk threads,
and I love how the fragrant grasses look like the points of scissors.
I lament that spring dwindles so fast,
and no moment of this regret is ever shallow.
How can the river bends and deep pools,
oh, bear to think their jade-like grasses will soon be gone?
I recall the two women of Xianbei who, forgotten, wandered lost in love,
I sorrow for the two women of Xiang who drowned themselves for it.

Grief without limit, oh, my heart inseparable from all things,
my eyes stopped by this chaos of melancholy.
I am the woman of Wei, longing for her marriage bed,
I am the King of Chu, whose lover turned to mist.
Each time spring returns, oh, the flowers open. 
Now the flowers are already spent, oh, and spring has changed.
I sigh because the long river carries off the spring,
I say farewell to the waves vanishing on the Eastern Sea.
Spring does not remain, oh, already the season's lost,
grieving and more grieving, oh, the sound of wind.
I wish I could hang a long rope in blue-green Heaven to tie up this westward-flying sun.

There seems to be someone, oh, whose feelings are so close to mine,
who travels south and west, in past and present time.
Whenever I see criss-cross of gossamer threads,
I make webs of spring sunlight to keep him here.

Sunk in songs, oh, of lamentation,
pacing, pacing, oh, grieving this parting,
seeing off this soon-distant traveler,
while the wild swans fly slowly out of sight,
drunken, sad, beneath the weeping willow,
only this one thin thread keeping us entwined.

I sigh, gazing after you, my friend,
tears cross my face, and I hate how my own spring has passed.
We cast long shadows in bright moonlight
as I see you off, my friend, to the edge of Earth and Heaven.  

惜餘春賦

天之何為令北鬥而知春兮，回指於東方。水蕩漾兮碧色，蘭葳蕤兮紅芳。試登高兮望遠，極雲海之微茫。魂一去兮欲斷，淚流顰兮成行。吟清風而詠滄浪，懷洞庭兮悲瀟湘。何予心之縹緲兮，與春風而飄揚。飄揚兮思無限，念佳期兮莫展。平原萋兮綺色，愛芳草兮如薦。惜餘春之將闌，每為恨兮不淺。漢之曲兮江之澤，把琱草兮思何堪？想遊女於嶽北，愁帝子於湘南。恨無極兮
心歎歎，目眇眇兮憂紛紛。披衛情於淇水，結楚夢於陽雲。春每歸兮花開，花已闌兮春改。歎長河之流速，送馳波於東海。春不留兮時已失，老衰颯兮情逾疾。恨不得掛長繩於青天，係此西飛之白日。若有人兮情相親，去南越兮往西秦。見遊絲之橫路，網春暉以留人。沈吟兮哀歌，躊躇兮傷別。送行子之將遠，看征鴻之稍滅。醉愁心於垂楊，隨柔條以糾結。望夫君兮興詫，橫涕淚兮怨春華。遙寄影於明月，送夫君於天涯。