

红楼梦

曹雪芹

September 7, 2020

满纸荒唐言
一把辛酸泪
都云作者痴
谁解其中味

Stray birds of summer come to my window
to sing and fly away.

And yellow leaves of autumn, which have no songs,
flutter and fall there with a sign.

Rabindranath Tagore

夏天的飞鸟，飞到我的窗前唱歌，又飞去了。
秋天的黄叶，它们没有什么可唱，只叹息一声，飞落在那里。

罗宾德拉纳特·泰戈尔