

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