长记曾携手处，千树压、西湖寒碧。

I strove with none.

For none was worth my strife;

Nature I lov’d,

And next to Nature, Art;

I warm’d both hands before the fire of life;

It sinks,

and I am ready to depart.

仰天大笑出门去，我辈岂是蓬蒿人。