

## F

## 拥毳对芳丛

0 1 1 1 2 1 6 | 0 1 1 1 2 1 6 | 0 1 1 1 2 1 6 | 1 2 2 3 3 2 1 ||

拥 毳 对 芳 丛                      由 来 趣 不 同                      发 从 今 日 白                      花 是 去 年 红  
yong cui dui fang cong                      you lai qu bu tong                      fa cong jin ri bai                      hua shi qu nian hong

0 3 3 3 5 2 1 | 0 1 2 2 1 6 5 | 0 5 5 6 1 2 3 | 2 1 2 6 1 — (1 2) ||

艳 冶 随 朝 露                      馨 香 逐 晚 风                      何 须 待 零 落                      然 后 始 知 空 对 芳  
yan ye sui chao lu                      xing xiang zhu wan feng                      he xu dai ling luo                      ran hou shi zhi kong dui fang

3 — — 2 1 | 2 — — 1 2 | 3 5 3 3 2 1 | 1 — — — ||

丛                      趣 不                      同,                      发 今                      白                      花 又                      红  
cong                      qu bu                      tong,                      fa jin                      bai                      hua you                      hong

0 5 5 5 6 6 3 | 0 5 5 5 6 5 3 | 0 5 5 5 6 5 | 1 1 2 2 3 5 3 ||

拥 毳 对 芳 丛                      由 来 趣 不 同                      发 从 今 日 白                      花 是 去 年 红  
yong cui dui fang cong                      you lai qu bu tong                      fa cong jin ri bai                      hua shi qu nian hong

0 3 3 3 5 2 1 | 0 1 2 2 1 6 5 | 0 5 5 6 1 2 3 | 2 1 2 6 1 — (1 2) ||

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3 — — 2 1 | 2 — — 1 2 | 3 5 3 3 2 1 | 1 — — — (1 2) ||

丛                      趣 不                      同                      发 今                      白                      花 又                      红                      随 朝  
cong                      qu bu                      tong                      fa jin                      bai                      hua you                      hong                      sui chao

3 — — 2 1 | 2 — — 1 2 | 3 5 3 3 2 1 | 1 — — — ||

露                      逐 晚                      风                      未 零                      落                      已 知                      空  
lu                      zhu wan                      feng                      wei ling                      luo                      yi zhi                      kong

Wearing a fine woollen robe, I gaze at the fragrant flowers. This joy is exceptional, beyond any worldly senses. My hair is already turning grey; the flowers are still gloriously red, just as they were last year. Like the morning dew, the flowers will soon wither; the fragrance will soon fade along with the evening wind. You don't have to wait until the flowers wither away, to realize that this is all a dream.