

Faded Flower Buds

Once again, the garden is full of faded flower buds
The city is full of people who are nostalgic and unhappy

Friend, if I tumbled and then got up, no problem
The ground of this tavern is full of people who have tumbled

If I became aware of this story of sorrow, it is no wonder
Life, its night and day, is full of uncounted sorrows

No wonder it is a reminder of stories of lonesomeness
The mirror is full of sad people's sighs

Love had a right not to throw a net in water
The pond is full of fish that are dead at heart

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