

Burying the Flower  
(The Girl Burying Flowers...)

This is a sad story in a Chinese classical famous work "Dream of Red Mansions":

A young girl was still weak after her illness.

She walked out and strolled about.

She came into a woods of pomegranate and found the flower was falling everywhere on the ground.

She felt so sad for the flower that caused her to remember herself.

She picked the falling flower and collected them into a bag and prepared to bury them.

When she was picking the flower she treated the flower as her old friend and said to them:

"At present you die

then I collect and bury your body,

But what time is difficult to predict when I lose my life.

Now I bury the flower so people laugh at my foolish.

Who do you know would bury me in another year?

Look that the spring is remnant and the flower is gradually to fall,

Is it the time that the young girl passes away?

One day as the spring passes completely

I will be old and lose my young appearance.

At that time if you falls again but I die.

Who will bury you again and who will bury me like I did for you?"

English lyrics:

Flowers fade and fall everywhere, who would sympathize with their withered rosiness?

The petals are blown over a pavilion, and the catkins are stuck on the curtain.

All the year round, the frosty cold comes around aggressively.

The enchanting beauty cannot last long and disappears once scattered away.

Flowers bloom in extravagance but fade in silence, and the girl burying flowers is depressed.

Lonely and in silence she weeps, and the branches are stained with her blood.

Hopefully with wings to flutter, she would follow the flying petals to the end of the heaven.

At the end of the heaven, is there any resting place for the fragrance?

What is still left after the beauty has died?

The clean soil will cover the romance that has gone.

The chaste body remains clean in the earth, never should it fall into the dirt.

At present I collect your dead body and bury it, but it is hard to predict when I lose my life.

Now people laugh at me burying flowers,

But who would bury me in a later year in return?

Spring is now in its remnant and the flowers are about to fall, it will be the time that the girl passes away.

Once the spring comes to the end and she has lost her beauty,

who will still care for the falling flowers and the dying girl?

[http://www.youtube.com/results?](http://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=bury+the+flower&oq=bury+the+flower&gs_l=youtube.12..0i19.1460.9741.0.35491.15.10.0.5.5.0.346.15.18.5j3j0j2.10.0...0.0...1ac.1.11BmGXX1jZM)

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