

THE KOREAN REPOSITORY

JANUARY, 1896

LOVE SONGS.

(TRANSLATIONS FROM THE KOREAN.)

FAREWELL'S a fire that burns one's heart,
And tears are rains that quench in part,
But then the winds blow in one's sighs,
And cause the flames again to rise.

My soul I've mixed up with the wine,
And now my love is drinking,
Into his orifices nine
Deep down its spirit's sinking.
To keep him true to me and mine,
A potent mixture is the wine.

Silvery moon and frosty air,
Eve and dawn are meeting;
Widowed wild goose flying there,
Hear my words of greeting!
On your journey should you see
Him I love so broken-hearted,
Kindly say this word for me,
That it's death when we are parted,
Flapping off the wild goose clammers,
Says she will if she remembers.

Fill the ink-stone, bring the water,
To my love I'll write a letter;
Ink and paper soon will see
The one that's all the world to me,
While the pen and I together,
Left behind, condole each other.

JAS. S. GALE.