



囚 自 鑿 關 日 永 夜 長 參 透 何 如
樽 空 愁 莫 枕 人 歸 去 田

Imprisoned in the wooden building day after day,

My freedom withheld; how can I bear to talk about it?

I look to see who is happy but they only sit quietly.

I am anxious and depressed and cannot fall asleep.

Nights are long and the pillow cold; who can pity my loneliness?

After experiencing such loneliness and sorrow,

Why not just return home and learn to plow the fields?

木屋拘留幾十天
所因墨例致牽連
可惜英雄無用武
只聽音來策祖鞭

從今遠別此樓中
各位鄉君衆歡同
莫道其間皆西式
設成玉砌變如籠



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