far off in fuchow she is watching the moonlight,
watching it alone from the window of her chamber-
for our boy and girl poor little babes,
are too young to know where the capital is.
Her cloudy hair is sweet with mist,
her jade-white shoulder is cold in the moon
when shall we lie again with no more tears.
watching this bright light on our screen?

On a Moonlight Night, by Du Fu (Tang period 618-907)