"Painting"

The hour of painting strikes, and I must go so live well, my dear Bastien! You Comforter of so many bitter sorrows even my sorrows you akate for me

What God gave me, why should they enervate me and what is the source of my pain the reasons for my agony few can guage you help me forget after little time

Because like a tree, which lightning has fled with a single burst of light its explained ring about you hear the resounds cry resound and every eye in around with astonishment meanwhile, in these flames rising the ramparts the tribes mark life distance themselves these, which like embers rise from a gleaming coven and all the deeper sink to earth.

And like the Pearls, which Beauty decorates the watery kingdoms trembling decorations given the fountain of joy the Pearls, still Oyster which only sickness long suffering can press the highly sensual sad gem