

She had taken this habit in her childish age
To come to my room each morning for a short while;
I was expecting her like a light ray one hopes for;
She would come in and say: Hello, little father;
Took up my pen, opened my books, sat down
On my bed, shuffled my papers, and laughed,
Then suddenly went away like a passing bird.
So I resumed, my head a little less weary,
My interrupted work, and, while writing,
Among my manuscripts I often encountered
Some fancy arabesque she had drawn,
And many a white page crumpled between her hands
From where, I don't know how, came my sweetest verses.
She loved God, the flowers, the stars, the green meadows,
And she was a spirit before being a woman.
Her gaze reflected the clarity of his soul.
She consulted me on everything all times.
Oh! how many radiant and charming winter evenings
Having studied language, history and grammar,
My four children grouped on my lap, their mother
Nearby, a few friends chatting by the fireside!
I called this life being content with little!
And to think she is dead! Alas! God help me!
I was never cheerful when I felt her sad;
I was dreary in the midst of the happiest ball
If I had, on leaving, seen some shadow in his eyes.