I will not write about my feelings to you.

In the morning, his drawings, rough, but good,

his mind, as bright as the sun, still shining.

As for the evening, I will not write about my feelings to you.

Now, at the hour of the delight of the night, I will

speak of what I have seen.

Rich rewards, hard work, woman, wise, man,

two persons, and three months may be.

They know what I mean, I think.

That way, which is called the right way, must be,

As who by pledge goes, and by the wise, man.