Glory to you, pain that won't go away!
The gray-eyed king had died yesterday.

The autumn evening was sultry and red,
My husband returned and quietly said:

"They carried the body back from the hunt,
They found it lying by the old oak tree stump.

I pity the queen. He was so full of life!..
The night colored white the hair of his wife."

From fireplace top he obtained his pipe,
And left for his job in the midst of the night.
I'll go now and tell my daughter to rise,
So then I can gaze in her gray little eyes.

Outside the poplars whispered and twirled,
"Your king is no longer part of this world..."