

*Gold frost and sunshine: day of wonder!
But you, my friend, are still in slumber —
Wake up, my beauty, time belies:
You dormant eyes, I beg you, broaden
Toward the northerly, Aurora,
As though a northern star arise!*

*Recall last night, the snow was whirling,
Across the sky, the haze was twirling,
The moon, as though a pale dye,
Emerged with yellow through faint clouds.
And there you sat, immersed in doubts,
And now, — just take a look outside:*

*The snow below the bluish skies,
Like a majestic carpet lies,
And in the light of day it shimmers.
The woods are dusky. Through the frost
The greenish fir-trees are exposed;
And under ice, a river glitters.*

*The room is lit with amber light.
And bursting, popping in delight
Hot stove still rattles in a fray.
While it is nice to hear its clatter,
Perhaps, we should command to saddle
A fervent mare into the sleigh?*

*And sliding on the morning snow
Dear friend, we'll let our worries go,
And with the zealous mare we'll flee.
We'll visit empty ranges, thence,
The woods, which used to be so dense
And then the shore, so dear to me.*

*Alexander Pushkin
«Winter morning»*