

**Winter Morning**  
*by Alexander Pushkin*

Frost and sun – what a glorious day!  
Yet still, sweet friend, you sleep away –  
It's time, gorgeous, for you to stir:  
Open wide your dreamy eyes  
To catch the dawnglow in northern skies –  
Rise up like a northern star!

Last night, remember, a blizzard seethed.  
In sombre skies, the thick clouds heaved.  
The moon, a livid blotch, struck shadows  
Through the dark and churning brume,  
While you sat miserably in the gloom -  
Well now... look out through the windows!

Under vivid azure skies  
A luxurious pure carpet lies -  
Snow, sparkling in the brilliant light.  
Bare trees present their blackening sheen;  
Through the white, spruce growing green;  
Beneath the ice, a river glistening bright.

Our room is filled with an amber glow  
And now the kindling's on the go,  
Crackling merrily on the stove inside –  
How nice to sit by its warmth all day!  
But hey...why not order out the sleigh  
With the chesnut mare and ride!

Swishing over the snow we'll race.  
Surrender, sweet friend, to the pace  
As our urgent steed pulls fast!  
We'll shoot through lonely fields and thence  
Through thickets so recently too dense  
To my beloved riverbank, at last.