

Михаил Лермонтов,  
The Angel

*tradukita de N. N. 97*

At midnight an angel was crossing the sky,  
And quietly he sang;  
The moon and the stars and the concourse of clouds  
Paid heed to his heavenly song.

He sang of the bliss of the innocent souls  
In heavenly gardens above;  
Of almighty God he sang out, and his praise  
Was pure and sincere.

He bore in his arms a young soul  
To our valley of sorrow and tears;  
The young soul remembered the heavenly song  
So vivid and yet without words.

And long did it struggle on earth,  
With wondrous desire imbued;  
But none of the tedious songs of our earth  
Could rival celestial song.

*Traduko de la Rusa poemo "Ангел" de МИХАИЛ ЛЕРМОНТОВ (\*1814-10-15 – †1841-07-27) en la Anglan de N. N. 97.*

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*Tiu ĉi laŭvorta poem-angligo troviĝas en <http://max.mmlc.northwestern.edu/~mdenner/Demo/texts/angel.html>.*