



The First Rain

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

The springtime rain in clamorous streams
came down upon the groves and fields,
and, waking the earth in the meadows,
the laughing vernal haze rushed by.

Where snow once lay, the dark paths blacken,
the brook runs murmuring and deep,
and in the sky, so high and luminous,
a merry ray already gleams.

The birch is playing with the raindrops,
sends greetings through the freshened air,
and in each sound there comes alive
the solemn daybreak of the spring.

So breathe, O world! Bloom and sing!
The coming day is sparkling warm,
and, making new the face of earth,
all nature revels in the light!

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