

17 Anton Rubinstein Ne plač' ditja (*Der Dämon*)

Ne plač' ditja, ne plač' naprasno,
tvoja slēza na trup bezglasnyj
živoj rosoj ne upadēt.

On daleko, on ne uznaet,
ne ocenit toski tvoej
nebesnyj svet teper' laskaet
besplotnyj vzor ego očej.

On slyšit rajskie napevy ...

Čto žizni meločnye sny,
čto ston i slēzy junoj devy
dlja gostja rajskoj storony?

Tebja ja, vol'nyi syn efira,
voz'mu v nadvēzdneye kraja;
i budeš' ty caricej mira,
podrug a večnaja moja!

Don't cry, child, don't cry in vain,
your tears don't fall
like living dew onto the silent corpse.

He's far away, he doesn't see them,
doesn't dignify your mourning,
now heavenly light caresses
the disembodied look in his eyes.

He is listening to paradisiacal singing ...

What do petty dreams mean in life after all,
what do the groans and tears of a virgin mean
to the one who stands as a guest at the gates of paradise?

You, free son of the ether,
I will accept you into heaven;
and you will be the ruler of the world,
my eternal friend!