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`.