

«Lady Summer»

(Eng) Translated by Tatyana Ivakhnina

Lady Summer burnt the wear,
Lady Autumn threw it out.
Lady Spring returned the wear,
Made Lady Winter pout.

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These girls are never satisfied:
They want the eras, epochs, lives.
To be at ease at their side,
To suit their tastes one tries.

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Renaissance takes my breath;
Naive, fine are your dreams.
Whatever fortune hath,
Love is my wealth, it seems.

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Let Lady Summer make us feel
Both warm, and somewhat sad;
Love is the best to heal,
And make us both glad.