

Russian Folk "Moscow Nights"

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Not even a whisper is to be heard in the garden,
Everything has calmed down until dawn.
If you only knew how dear they are to me,
The evenings near Moscow!

The river is moving and (sometimes) not,
All made of the moons silver.
A song sounds and is not to be heard
In those quiet evenings.

Why do you, darling, look at me from the side,
Bending your head so low?
It is not easy to tell
All the things that are in my heart.

And dawn is getting more and more visible.
So, please, be so kind:
You, also, don't forget
These summer evenings near Moscow.

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