

Я видел сквозь узоры штор  
Фигур мельканье, юный взор.

Я в центре, а вокруг толпа,  
Я шел, но кончились дома.  
Я повернул идти назад,  
Я окон не нашел глаза.

Мои скрипучие шаги,  
Встревожить улиц сон могли,  
Иль оскорбить, в других словах,  
Зима, и десять на часах.

### Good Hours

I had for my winter evening walk--  
No one at all with whom to talk,  
But I had the cottages in a row  
Up to their shining eyes in snow.

And I thought I had the folk within:  
I had the sound of a violin;  
I had a glimpse through curtain laces  
Of youthful forms and youthful faces.

I had such company outward bound.  
I went till there were no cottages found.  
I turned and repented, but coming back  
I saw no window but that was black.

Over the snow my creaking feet  
Disturbed the slumbering village street  
Like profanation, by your leave,  
At ten o'clock of a winter eve.