

They didn't bring me a letter today

Text: Anna Akhmatova

They didn't bring me a letter today.

He forgot to write or he went away.

Spring is like a trill of silver laughter, boats are rocking on the bay.

They didn't bring me a letter today.

He was still with me just recently,

So much in love, affectionate and mine, but that was winter time

Now it's spring, and spring's sadness is poisonous.

He was still just with me recently I listen: the light, quivering bow of a violin,

Like the pain before death, beats, beat,

How frightening that my heart will break

Before these tender lines are complete.