Housewarming

You're not cheerful! I was cheerful,
So I tell my friends of mirth,
But I've fallen out of love with life's joy
And invited sorrow to move in.

I was cheerful and my bright gaze
Was not saddened; with heavy torment
The heart was unacquainted; the dark garden
And blue sky with boredom
Did not weary me—I was glad...

When the blizzard raged
And thunder crashed, and rain rang,
And the sky wept and grew sad,
Then I too: a tear trembled,
Like the storm I wept...

But the sky brightened, the tempest fled
And again I was glad and cheerful...

Now, like autumn, youth is fading.
Gloomy, I cannot be merry,
And I pine in silence,
And wild, joy is no joy to me.

Laughing, my friends say to me:
"Why have you wept? The weather
Has cleared and is bright,
And nature is not dark like you."

And I answer: I don't care,
Whatever the day, all the year's changes!
Whether light or dark, it's all the same
When there's a storm in this heart!