Three Meetings — Text 2 of 2

I remember a spring evening,
The rosy glow of the clouds,
The scent of fragrant lilac,
The bright panes of the ponds.
The tops of blossoming apple trees,
Clusters of bird cherries and lindens,
And, along the wide plain,
The quaint sight of a garden.

I remember: near a leaning linden,
In your white dress,
You sat on a green bench
Next to your father;
Bathed in the bright purple gleam
Of the sun's ray,
And on your childish face
A tender blush played.

I remember your silvery laughter,
Your ringing, lively little voice,
The dimples of your cheeks and the fragrant,
Fresh wreath in your curls.

How joy shone in your eyes at that time!
What worlds you created for yourself in the future!

Days and years have passed;
Your childhood has slipped away.
Suddenly you knew sorrows,
Tears and the evil of poverty.
From home the usurer mercilessly
Drove you out for debt;
Of grief, in hopeless anguish,
Your old father died.

You began to live as an orphan,
To know the bitterness of cares,

Silently, under a stranger's roof,
Working alone through the night.

So I parted with you…
But a year later, by the river,
You met me again
In a small town.

The day was already leaning toward sunset;
With the noise of the overflowing waters
Covering the shore, the idle,
Carefree people admired it.

I remember: in a luxurious dress
You walked beside a man;
Secret malice in your glance
Was too noticeable.

I remember: in the motley crowd
You noticed more than once
The echo of cold mockery,
The sounds of ambiguous phrases.

And on your sad face
Suddenly appeared then,
Born of bitter feeling,
The bright color of shame.

It was painful for me to admit
Who walks beside you,
And I involuntarily thought
What awaits you ahead.