

Lilacs

Sergei Rachmaninoff

In the morning, at daybreak,

over the dewy grass,

I will go to breathe the crisp dawn;

and in the fragrant shade,

where the lilac crowds,

I will go to seek my happiness...

In life, only one happiness

it was fated for me to discover,

and that happiness lives in the lilacs;

in the green boughs,

in the fragrant bunches,

my poor happiness blossoms...