

# Besetzung

Mezzosopran

Bariton

Cister

Schlagzeug

Glockenspiel, Chimes, Triangel,  
Becken hängend

Streicher

## Text

There floats in an abiding gloom,  
among immensities of brick,  
a little boat of night: it seems  
to sail through Alexander Park.  
It's just a lonely streetlamp,  
though,  
a yellow rose against the night,  
for lovers strolling down below  
the busy street.

There floats in an abiding gloom  
a drone of bees: men drunk,  
asleep.  
In the dark capital a lone  
tourist takes another snap.  
Now out onto Ordynka turns  
a taxicab, with sickly faces;  
dead men lean into the arms  
of the low houses.

There floats in an abiding gloom  
a poet in sorrow; over here  
a round-faced man sells kerosene,  
the sad custodian of his store.  
Along a dull deserted street  
an old Lothario hurries. Soon  
the midnight-riding newlyweds  
sail through the gloom.

There floats in outer Moscow one  
who swims at random to his loss,  
and Jewish accents wander down  
a dismal yellow flight of stairs.  
From love toward unhappiness,  
to New Year's Eve, to Sunday, floats  
a good-time girl: she can't express  
what's lost inside.

Cold evening floats within your eyes  
and snow is fluttering on the panes  
of carriages; the wind is ice  
and pale, it seals your reddened palms.  
Evening lights like honey seep;  
the scent of halvah's everywhere,  
as Christmas Eve lifts up its sweet-  
meats in the air.

Now drifting on a dark-blue wave  
across the city's gloomy sea,  
there floating by, your New Year's Eve—  
as if life could restart, could be  
a thing of light with each day lived  
successfully, and food to eat,  
—as if, life having rolled to left,  
it could roll right.