

Schubert's Fourth Impromptu

Lomir atsind zikh fardreyen in luftikn vals, mayn gelibte,
vi vinter shneyelekh virblen zikh in undzer heymshtot, in Moskve.
Di gantse velt gehert undz! - ober mir darfn gornisht nit hobm
khuts undzer libe, vos getlekh un umendlekh iz, vi di alvelt...
Dreyen mir zikh in der luft iber undzere erter balibte:
zest, ot iz Moskve, vu mir zaynen gliklekh, in freyd, oysgevaksn,
un ot iz Vin, vu mir hobm mit fil yorn shpeter, um vinter,
fraytik-tsu-nakhts plutsem eyner dem andern vider gefunen...
Oykh dort amol, in der krakh-shtot, di sheyne muzik iz geshafn.
Schubert! O, getlekher Shubert! Mir betn dikh: bench undzer libe -
un eybik veln mir dreyen zikh hoykh, afn zibetn himl!

(translated to English)

Let's whirl in an airy waltz, my beloved,
the way the winter snows whirl
in our home town, Moscow.
The whole world is ours!
But there's nothing we need besides our love,
which is divine and endless, like the universe.
We whirl in the air above our beloved places:
See—there's Moscow, where we grew up happy and joyful,
and there's Vienna, where we suddenly found one another again
on a Friday night in the winter.
There, in the big city,
beautiful music was created.
Schubert! O divine Schubert!
We beg of you: bless our love
and we will forever whirl up above
in the Seventh Heaven!