

Nikoloz Baratashvili

Sky-Blue (1841)

*The azure blue, the heavenly hue,
The first created realm of blue;
And o'er its radiance divine
My soul does pour its love sublime.*

*My heart that once with laughter glowed
Of grief, now bears a heavy load.
But yet it thrills and loves anew
To view again the sapphire blue.*

*I love to gaze on lovely eyes
That swim in azure from the skies;
The heavens lend this colour fair,
And leave a dream of gladness there.*

*Enamoured of the limpid sky,
My thoughts take wing to regions high,
And in that blue of liquid fire
In raptured ecstasy expire.*

*When I am dead no tears will flow
Upon my lonely grave below,
But from above the aerial blue
Will scatter o'er me tears of dew.*

*The mists about my tomb will wind
A veil of pearl with shadows twined,
But lured by sunbeams from on high
'Twill melt into the azure sky.*