

It started a grief within a grief,
To think their case was beyond relief--
They could not go flying about in search
Of their nest again, nor find a perch.
They must brood where they fell in mulch and mire,
Trusting feathers and inward fire
Till daylight made it safe for a flyer.
My greater grief was by so much reduced
As I thought of them without nest or roost.
That was how that grief started to melt.
They tell me the cottage where we dwelt,
Its wind-torn thatch goes now unmended;
Its life of hundred of years has ended
By letting the rain I knew outdoors
In on to the upper chamber floors.



Это вполне ясно



Спектакль, видать, не прекратить уже ничем.
Пустяк, что заняты актеры в драке.
Боюсь я, с солнцем не было б проблем.
Все будет хорошо, пока мы не во мраке.

It Bids Pretty Fair

The play seems out for an almost infinite run.
Don't mind a little thing like the actors fighting.
The only I worry about is the sun.
We'll be all right if nothing goes wrong with the lighting.