

И я скажу, так романтичен груз,
Что вы просите море крепче ветер,
Под парусом баркас и шкипер пусть
Отыщут остров счастья на рассвете.

The Flower Boat

The fisherman's swapping a yarn for a yarn
Under the hand of the village barber,
And her in the angle of house and barn
His deep-sea dory has found a harbor.

At anchor she rides the sunny sod
As full to the gunnel of flowers growing
As ever she turned her home with cod
From George's bank when winds were blowing.

And I judge from that elysian freight
That all they ask is rougher weather,
And dory and master will sail by fate
To seek the Happy Isles together.



Тень облака



Открытой бриз нашел мою тетрадь,
И начал все листы перебирать,
Хотел найти он про весну поэму.
Сказал я: «Не найдешь ты эту тему!»