

Shall be in the end scoured poor,  
When my garden has gone down ditch,

Some force has but to apply,  
And summits shall be immersed,  
The bottom of seas raised dry,  
The slope of the earth reversed.

Then all I need do is run  
To the other end of the slope  
And on tracts laid new to the sun  
Begin all over to hope.

Some worn old tool of my own  
Will be turned up by the plow,  
The wood of it changed to stone,  
But as ready to wield as now.

May my application so close  
To the endless repetition  
Never make me tired and morose  
And resentful of man's condition.



### Последний час

Я прогуляться шел зимой  
Один вечернею порой.  
Лишь домиков чуть выше ряд  
Бросал на снег блестящий взгляд.

И думал я, народ вокруг,  
Я слышал ясно скрипки звук.