

The orchard tree has grown one copse  
Of new wood and old where the woodpecker chops;  
The footpath down to the well is healed.

I dwell with a strangely aching heart  
In that vanished abode there far apart  
On that disused and forgotten road  
That has no dust-bath now for the toad.  
Night comes; the black bats tumble and dart;

The whippoorwill is coming to shout  
And hush and cluck and flutter about:  
I hear him begin far enough away  
Full many a time to say his say  
Before he arrives to say it out.

It is under the small, dim, summer star.  
I know not who these mute folk are  
Who share the unlit place with me--  
Those stones out under the low-limbed tree  
Doubtless bear names that the mosses mar.

They are tireless folk, but slow and sad,  
Though two, close-keeping, are lass and lad,--  
With none among them that ever sings,  
And yet, in view of how many things,  
As sweet companions as might be had.

1915

*Примечание.*

Стихотворение «Ghost House» переведено на русский язык многими авторами, в том числе под названием "Дом призраков" Василием Бетаки; "Дом-призрак" - Вячеславом Чистяковым и С.Степановым;