

And a man came out of the trees  
And took our horse by the head  
And reaching back to his ribs  
Deliberately stabbed him dead.

The ponderous beast went down  
With a crack of a broken shaft.  
And the night drew through the trees  
In one long invidious draft.

The most unquestioning pair  
That ever accepted fate  
And the least disposed to ascribe  
Any more than we had to to hate,

We assumed that the man himself  
Or someone he had to obey  
Wanted us to get down  
And walk the rest of the way.



**Взрывной восторг**



Пришел к врачу задать больной вопрос.  
Ушли те времена, когда народ  
Трудом крестьянским получал доход.  
Здесь и везде, наука лишь прирост  
Теперь дает, а к знанию путь не прост.  
Учу за день, что узнавал за год,  
И напряжение фермерских забот,  
Меня загонит скоро на погост.  
Но терапевт ответил мне: Так, так...