

Someone to salt the half-wild steer,
...Or homespun children with clicking pails
...Who see so little they tell no tales.

He tossed his pipes, too hard to teach
A new-world song, far out of reach,
For a sylvan sign that the blue jay's screech
...And the whimper of hawks beside the sun
...Were music enough for him, for one.

Times were changed from what they were:
Such pipes kept less of power to stir
The fruited bough of the juniper
...And the fragile bluets clustered there
...Than the merest aimless breath of air.

They were pipes of pagan mirth,
And the world had found new terms of worth.
He laid him down on the sun-burned earth
...And ravelled a flower and looked away—
...Play? Play?—What should he play?



Достойная жертва



Оставил старый Дуглас дом,
Взяв только лошадь под седлом,
Его вёл рыцарь Роберт Брюс
В доспехах, шлеме золотом

Чтоб на полях Святой Земли,
Как понимаем мы, могли