



## Mowing

There was never a sound beside the wood but one,  
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.  
What was it it whispered? I know not well myself;  
Perhaps it was something about the heat of the sun,  
Something perhaps, about the lack of sound -  
And that was why it whispered and did not speak.  
It was not dream of the gift of idle hours,  
Or easy gold at the hand of fay or elf:  
Anything more than the truth would have seemed too weak  
To the earnest love that laid the swale in rows,  
Not without feeble-pointed spikes of flowers  
(Pale orchises), and scared a bright green snake.  
The fact is the sweetest dream that labor knows.  
My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

### Примечание.

Стихотворение «Mowing» можно обнаружить в Интернете во многих разных переводах, в том числе сделанных Вадимом Беляковым, Борисом Зверевым, Лидией Иотковской, Вячеславом Толстовым и другими.



## Пан среди нас

Пан вышел тропинкой лесной  
из древней чащобы сплошной,  
покрытый густой сединой.  
Вышел на свет из суровой тьмы.