

а нам лишь птицы утешенье.
Глядим, как строят свой уют.

Нам часто грустно, даже слишком,
а птицы рвения полны,
чтоб завестись своим домишком,
и рады шествию весны.



The Hill Wife

1.Loneliness (Her Word)

One ought not to have to care
So much as you and I
Care when the birds come round the house
To seem to say good-bye;

Or care so much when they come back
With whatever it is they sing;
The truth being we are as much
Too glad for the one thing

As we are too sad for the other here —
With birds that fill their breasts
But with each other and themselves
And their built or driven nests.