

Beginning when he was young,  
To induce the one snow on his head.

But whenever the roof came white  
The head in the dark below  
Was a shade less the color of night,  
A shade more the color of snow.

Grief may have thought it was grief.  
Care may have thought it was care.  
But neither one was the thief  
Of his raven color of hair.



### Пастбище



Собрался лишь очистить в поле ключ  
Я только быстро прочь сгребу листву  
(И как осядет муть в воде взгляну).  
Я не уйду надолго. Приходи.

Собрался я лишь привести телка,  
Трясется он у мамы под бочком.  
А мама лижет кроху языком.  
Я не уйду надолго. Приходи.

### The Pasture

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;  
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away  
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
I sha'n't be gone long.- You come too.