

YOU, CLEAR SPRINGS, RUNNING ACROSS OUR FACES

For Norton Hodges

Now you know happiness!

In your generous hand you hold

The true, the pure, the real flower!

And now at last your heart is full

Of breezes, swift flowing waves and seagulls!

Rest your head against the world's song

And dream no more,

For in your breast has grown,

That fairy gift,

The Tree of Life

Where, light and free and sparkling with joy,

Live the skylarks of your distant childhood!

And, for ever immortal,

There live in you,

With all their golden intensity,

The immemorial tales

To which your blood has given life and beauty!

My Friend,

Let the west winds be married to your mornings!

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Traduit en chinois par William Marr