

Itsas-malda zuriak

MARITXU URRETA

(Donostia, 1915)

Gipuzkoar idazle eta itzultzaile honek *Zeruko Argia* aldizkarian argitaratu zituen artikulurik aipagarrienak, eta itzulpenei dagokienez, Jose Luis Muñoyerroren bi antzezlan ditu euskaratuak: *Lartaun, eguzki-semea* (1960) eta *Illargian ere euskeraz* (1967), azkena M^a Dolores Agirrerekin batera euskaratu eta argitaratua. Bestalde, Sociedad Fotográfica Guipuzcoana delakoaren aldizkarian hainbat itzulpen egin ditu azken urteotan.

The White Cliffs

ALICE DUER MILLER

I

I HAVE loved England, dearly and deeply,
Since that first morning, shining and pure,
The white cliffs of Dover I saw rising steeply
Out of the sea that once made her secure.

I had no thought then of husband or lover,
I was a traveller, the guest of a week;
Yet when they pointed 'the white cliffs of Dover',
Startled I found there were tears on my cheek.

I have loved England, and still as a stranger,
Here is my home and I still am alone.
Now in her hour of trial and danger,
Only the English are really her own.

II

IT happened the first evening I was there.
Some one was giving a ball in Belgrave Square.
At Belgrave Square, that most Victorian spot.—
Lives there a novel-reader who has not
At some time wept for those delightful girls,
Daughters of dukes, prime ministers and earls,
In bonnets, berthas, bustles, buttoned basques,
Hiding behind their pure Victorian masks
Hearts just as hot—hotter perhaps than those
Whose owners now abandon hats and hose?
Who has not wept for Lady Joan or Jill
Loving against her noble parent's will

Itsas-malda zuriak

MARITXU URRETA

I

Leendabiziko goiz argitsu ta garbian,
Betidandik itsasoak babestu ditun
Dover'ko itsas-malda zuriak ikusi ta,
Maitasun sakonez Ingeleterra maite izan nun.

Ez senar, ez maitale nere asmoetan,
Ikus-zale nintzan, astebeterako etorria;
Alaz ere, «Dover'ko itsas-malda zuriak» ikustean,
Arriturik, nere begiak lañoz bete ziran.

Ingeleterra maite izan det, eta oraindik arrotz,
Emen nere etxea eta oraindik bakartiar,
Latzaldi ta galbide garaiean, orain,
Ingelesak ber-berak bakarrik egiazko dira.

II

Leendabiziko arratsaldean gertatu zan.
Norbaitek Belgrave Square'n dantza egin bear genula esan,
Belgrave Square danik Victoriano ezin geiagokoa—
Duke, ministro ta kondeen alaba zoragarri oiengandik
Nobela irakurleen artean, norbaitek negar egin ez ote?
Txano, txapel, gonazpiko, txamarreta estuekin,
Victoriar aurpegi-ordeko garbi artean ain biotz kartsu,
Kartsuagoak onenean—
Orain txapel eta galtzerdi alde batera uzten dituztenak baño?
Nork ez negar egin Lady Joan edo Jill'engaitik
Guraso ospetsuen aurka bear ez zana maite zutelako,

A handsome guardsman, who to her alarm
 Feels her hand kissed behind a potted palm
 At Lady Ivry's ball the dreadful night
 Before his regiment goes off to fight;
 And see him the next morning, in the park,
 Complete in busbee, marching to embark.
 I had read freely, even as a child,
 Not only Meredith and Oscar Wilde
 But many novels of an earlier day—
Ravenshoe, Can You Forgive Her?, Vivien Grey,
Ouida, The Duchess, Broughton's Red As a Rose,
Guy Livingstone, Whyte-Melville—Heaven knows
 What others. Now, I thought, I was to see
 Their habitat, though like the Miller of Dee,
 I cared for none and no one cared for me.

III

A LIGHT blue carpet on the stair
 And tall young footmen everywhere,
 Tall young men with English faces
 Standing rigidly in their places,
 Rows and rows of them stiff and staid
 In powder and breeches and bright gold braid;
 And high above them on the wall
 Hung other English faces—all
 Part of the pattern of English life—
 General Sir Charles, and his pretty wife,
 Admirals, Lords-Lieutenant of Shires,
 Men who were served by these footmen's sires
 At their great parties none of them knowing
 How soon or late they would all be going
 In plainer dress to a sterner strife—
 Another pattern of English life.

I went up the stairs between them all,
 Strange and frightened and shy and small
 And as I entered the ballroom door,
 Saw something I never had seen before
 Except in portraits—a stout old guest
 With a broad blue ribbon across his breast—

Guda-mutil galantak palmondo atzean mun egiñaz
 Lady Ivry'n dantzan, gau latz artan
 Bere taldea gudara joan aurretik;
 Urrengo goizean, zumardian, berrero ikusi,
 Gudari-jantzi osoarekin, ontziratzera prest.
 Gazte denboran, nere baitatik, irakurri nituen
 Ez bakarrik Meredith eta Oscar Wilde,
 Aspaldi-garaiko nobela ugariak ere—
Ravenshoe, Can You Forgive Her? Vivien Grey,
Ouida, The Duchess, Broughton's Red As A Rose,
Guy Livingstone, Whyte-Melville— Jainkoak daki
 Zenbatzuk. Orain, nere buruari nion, ikusiko ditut
 Bere bizitegiak, bañan, Dee'ko errotariari bezela,
 Iñor ez zitzaidan ajola ta iñori ez nion ajolarik.

III

Eskillaran azpigarri urdin argia
 Eta non-nai luze, gazte mutileria,
 Gazte, luze, ingeles aurpegiekin,
 Beren lekuetan zutik tinko,
 Errenka ta errenkan, zutik eta men,
 Illerantsi ta galtza ta xingola urreztatuekin;
 Eta beren gain, orma gañean
 Beste ingeles aurpegia zintzilik—
 Guztia ingeles bizimoduaren zatia—
 Gudaburu Sir Charles eta bere emazte polita,
 Amiral, Jauntxo, Shires'en Ordekoak,
 Mutil auen nagusiak morroi egin zizkioten gizonak,
 Beren billera aundietan— iñork jakin gabe
 Laister edo berandu guztiak joango ote ziranak
 Jantzi oiturazkoekin borroka zorrotzagora—
 Ingeles bizimoduaren beste eredua.

Guztien artean eskillarak igo,
 Arrotz eta ikarati ta beldurta ta txikia,
 Eta dantza-gelan sartzean
 Iñoiz artean ez ikusia, zerbait begiztatu nun
 Ez ezik irudietan —indartsu ta zaar gomiatu bat
 Bere bular gañean xingola zabal urdiñarekin,

That blue as deep as the southern sea,
 Bluer than skies can ever be—
 The Countess of Salisbury—Edward the Third—
 No damn merit—the Duke— I heard
 My own voice saying: ‘Upon my word,
 The garter!’ and clapped my hands like a child.

Some one beside me turned and smiled,
 And looking down at me said: ‘I fancy,
 You’re Bertie’s Australian cousin Nancy.
 He told me to tell you that he’d be late
 At the Foreign Office and not to wait
 Supper for him, but to go with me,
 And try to behave as if I were he.’

I should have told him on the spot
 That I had no cousin—that I was not
 Australian Nancy—that my name
 Was Susan Dunne, and that I came
 From a small white town on a deep-cut bay
 In the smallest state in the U.S.A.
 I meant to tell him, but changed my mind—
 I needed a friend, and he seemed kind;
 So I put my gloved hand into his glove,
 And we danced together—and fell in love.

IV

YOUNG and in love—how magical the phrase!
 How magical the fact! Who has not yearned
 Over young lovers when to their amaze
 They fall in love and find their love returned,
 And the lights brighten, and their eyes are clear
 To see God’s image in their common clay.
 Is it the music of the spheres they hear?
 Is it the prelude to that noble play,
 The drama of Joined Lives? Ah, they forget
 They cannot write their parts; the bell has rung,
 The curtain rises and the stage is set
 For tragedy—they were in love and young.

Ego aldeko itsasoen urdin sakonena bezelakoa,
 Zeru sapaia izan ditezken baño urdiñagoa—
 Salisbury'ko Kondesa—Eduardo Irugarrena—
 Ori bai merezia! — Dukea — Entzun nuen
 Nere aots berak ziola: «Ala xede,
 Galtza-Korda!» ta aur bezela txalo egin.

Nere aldamenen norbait atzeratu ta irripar egin
 Eta beeratuaz esan: «Nere ustez
 Nancy zera, Bertie'en australiar lengusua.
 Foreign Office'tik berandu etorriko dala esateko,
 Apariketarako ez itxaroteko, aparira nerekin joateko,
 Bera izango banitz bezela jarduteko».

Bereala esan bear nion
 Lengusurik ez neukala— ez nintzala
 Australiar Nancy —nere izena
 Susan Dunne zala, ta iri txiki ta zuri
 Itsas-bazter sakonean
 U.S.A.'ko laterri txikienetik etorria.
 Esateko asmoa, bai, bañan uste-aldatuz egin—
 Adiskidea bear nun, ta laztana zirudin;
 Orrela ba, bere esku-larruan nerea jarri,
 Eta dantza egin —eta maite-mindu.

IV

Gazte ta maite-minduak— bai azti-itza!
 Bai arrigarri izatea. Nork ez irrikitu
 Maitale gazteetzaz, arriturik ikustean
 Maite dutela ta bere maitasuna onartua dala,
 Argiak distikorrangoak, begiak garbiangoak
 Jainkoaren irudia beren oi buztinean ikusteko.
 Zerutar musika ez ote entzuten?
 Antzerki ospatu orren asiera
 Bizitz Elkartuen drama ote? Ai, burutik dijoakie
 Beren paperak ezin idatzi dituztela; xilintxak jo duela,
 Antzoki-zapia gora ta ager-tokia gertu dagoela
 Zorigaitzerako— maite-mindu ta gazteak.

V

WE went to the Tower,
We went to the Zoo,
We saw every flower
In the gardens at Kew.
We saw King Charles a-prancing
On his long-tailed horse,
And thought him more entrancing
Than better kings, of course.
At a strange early hour,
In St. James's palace yard,
We watched in a shower
The changing of the guard.
And I said, what a pity,
To have just a week to spend,
When London is a city
Whose beauties never end!

VI

WHEN the sun shines on England, it atones
For low-hung leaden skies, and rain and dim
Moist fogs that paint the verdure on her stones
And fill her gentle rivers to the brim.

When the sun shines on England, shafts of light
Fall on far towers and hills and dark old trees,
And hedge-bound meadows of a green as bright—
As bright as is the blue of tropic seas.

When the sun shines, it is as if the face
Of some proud man relaxed his haughty stare,
And smiled upon us with a sudden grace,
Flattering because its coming is so rare.

VII

THE English are frosty
When you're no kith or kin
Of theirs, but how they alter
When once they take you in!

V

Dorrera joan giñan,
 Zoo'ra ere bai,
 Kew'ko lilitagian
 Lore bakoitza ikusi.
 Zaldi buztan luze gañean
 Errege Karlos zaldikatuaz,
 Noski, beste errege geienak baño
 Xoragarriagoa zirudin.
 Bere gisako ta goiztar orduan
 St. James jauregiko atarian,
 Euri zaparta azpian
 Zaintzailleen aldaketa.
 Eta esan nun, ori naigabea,
 Aste bete besterik ez,
 London orrelako iri ikusgarria
 Amaitu-ezin edertasunez betea!

VI

Ingeleterrán eguzkiak dirdiratzean, ordezen
 Laño goibel eta euria, ta illuntzen
 Gandura ezearrak berdetasunez bere arriak margotu
 Eta ertzeraño bere ibai baketsuak bete.

Ingeleterrán eguzkiak dirdiratzean, argi xotxak
 Dorre urruneko ta muño ta zuaitz illun, zaar gañean jauzi
 Berde dirdiragarri sasiz inguratutako larreak—
 Egoaldeko itsasoen urdin dirdiratsua bezin argitsu.

Ingeleterrán eguzkiak dirdiratzean, arrokeriak alde egin
 Aundiputzen aurpegietatik,
 Eta irripar egin bat-bateko zoramenekin,
 Lausengarri, bere etorria ain bakana da ta.

VII

Ingelesak gogorrek dira
 Bere odolekoak ez geranontzat,
 Bañan, nola aldatzen dira
 Sarrera ematen digutenean.

The kindest, the truest,
The best friends ever known,
It's hard to remember
How they froze you to a bone.
They showed me all London,
Johnnie and his friends;
They took me to the country
For long week-ends;
I never was so happy,
I never had such fun,
I stayed many weeks in England
Instead of just one.

VIII

JOHN had one of those English faces
That always were and will always be
Found in the cream of English places
Till England herself sink into the sea—
A blond, bowed face with prominent eyes
A little bit bluer than English skies.

You see it in ruffs and suits of armour,
You see it in wigs of many styles,
Soldier and sailor, judge and farmer—
That face has governed the British Isles,
By the power, for good or ill bestowed,
Only on those who live by code.

Oh, that inflexible code of living,
That seems so easy and unconstrained,
The Englishman's code of taking and giving
Rights and privilege pre-ordained,
Based since English life began
On the prime importance of being a man.

IX

AND what a voice he had—gentle, profound,
Clear masculine!—I melted at the sound.

Adikorrenak, egizkoak,
 Ezin adiskide obeagoak,
 Zail da gogoratzea
 Asieran nola otz-arazi ninduten.
 London osoa erakutsi,
 Johnnie ta bere lagunak;
 Zabaldegira eraman ninduten
 Aste-buru luzeetara;
 Zoriontsuagoa egundaño ez,
 Sekulan ez ainbeste atsegin artu,
 Aste asko igaro nitun Ingeleterrán
 Bat bakarraren ordean.

VIII

John'en aurpegia, ingeles oietako bat
 Beti izan ziran eta izango diranak
 Ingeles ederren lekuetan
 Ingeleterra bera itsasoan ondatu arte—
 Aurpegi zuri-gorri, begirakor, begi arro,
 Ingeles oskarbien baño piska bat urdiñagoak.

Ikusten dezute lepoko ta gudu-jantzietan
 Tankera askotako ile-ordeetan,
 Gudari ta itsas-gizon, epaile ta nekazari—
 Aurpegi orrek Britaniar Ugarteetan, agindu,
 Ongi edo gaizki emandako agintearekin
 Araudiaren bidez bizi diran auen gain bakarrik.

Ene! bizimoduko araudi zail ori,
 Ain erraz eta lasai dirudina,
 Araudi ingelesa artu ta ematekoa
 Leen erabakitako eskubide ta doai,
 Ingeles bizimoduaren asieratik
 Gizonaren arreta aundiaren gain ezarriak.

IX

Eta ori bere mintzoa— samur, barnekoa,
 Argiro gizonetzkoa.—Maitez urtzen entzutean.

Oh, English voices, are there any words
 Those tones to tell, those cadences to teach!
 As song of thrushes is to other birds,
 So English voices are to other speech;
 Those pure round 'o's'—those lovely liquid 'l's'
 Ring in the ears like sound of Sabbath bells.

Yet I have loathed those voices when the sense
 Of what they said seemed to me insolence,
 As if the dominance of the whole nation
 Lay in that clear correct enunciation.

Many years later, I remember when
 One evening I overheard two men
 In Claridge's—white waistcoats, coats I know
 Were built in Bond Street or in Savile Row—
 So calm, so confident, so finely bred—
 Young gods in tails—and this is what they said:
 'Not your first visit to the States?'

'Oh, no,
 I'd been in Canada two years ago.'

Good God, I thought, have they not heard that we
 Were those queer colonists who would be free,
 Who took our desperate chance, and fought and won
 Under a colonist called Washington?

One does not lose one's birthright, it appears.
 I had been English then for many years.

X

We went down to Cambridge,
 Cambridge in the spring.
 In a brick court at twilight
 We heard the thrushes sing,
 And we went to evening service
 In the chapel of the King.

The library of Trinity,
 The quadrangle of Clare,
 John bought a pipe from Bacon,
 And I acquired there
The Anecdotes of Painting
 From a handcart in the square

Ingeles mintzo oiek, ezin esan
 Neurriak erakusteko nolako doñukoak diran.
 Beste txorientzat zozoan abestia dan bezela,
 Orrela ingeles mintzoak beste izkerentzat;
 «o's» garbi, borobil oiek—«I's» ixurki, bikañak
 Belarrietan Sabbath ezkilak bezela durrunkatzen.

Ala ere mintzo oiek gorrotatu ditut, nere ustez
 Asmo ausartia zekartenean,
 Laterri guztiaren menperatzea
 Itz-ebaki zuzen eta garbi orretan balego bezela.

Urte asko igaro ta, gogoratzen zait
 Illunabarrean, bi gizonak, eta batek ziona
 Claridge'n—Korotilo Zuri, txamarrak
 Bond Street edo Savile Row'n egiñak—
 Ain lasai, ain bere usteko, ain ongi-ikasiak—
 Apain jantzitako sasijainko gazteak auxe zioten:
 «Ez ote zure leenbiziko ikustaldia Laterri Alkartuetara?»

«Oi, ez,

Orain bi urte Canadara joan nintzan.»
 Ene Jainko, pentsa nuen, entzun ez al dute
 Aske izan nairik jatorrizko kolonitarrak izan giñala,
 Zori etsia saiatu genula, borroka egin eta irabazi
 Washington izeneko nagusi baten azpian?

Norberak ez du erritasuna galtzen, aidanez,
 Ni ingelesa nintzan urte askotandik.

X

Cambridge'ra joan giñan,
 Cambridge udaberrian.
 Illunabarrean, adrillu atarian,
 Zozoen txioketa entzun,
 Arratsaldeko elizkizunera
 Erregearen otoitz-lekuan.

Trinity'ko liburutegian
 Clare'en lauzokoan,
 Bacon'en, John'ek pipa erosi,
 Eta nik an,
Marrazkiaren gertaldiak
 Enparantzako saltokian.

The Playing fields at sunset
 Were vivid emerald green,
 The elms were tall and mighty,
 And many youths were seen,
 Carefree young gentlemen
 In the Spring of 'Fourteen.

XI

LONDON, just before dawn—immense and dark—
 Smell of wet earth and growth from the empty Park
 Pall Mall vacant—Whitehall deserted. Johnnie and I
 Strolling together, averse to saying good-bye—
 Strolling away from some party in silence profound,
 Only far off in Mayfair, piercing, the sound
 Of a footman's whistle—the rhythm of hoofs on wood,
 Further and further away...

And now we stood

On a bridge, where a poet came to keep
 Vigil while all the city lay asleep—
 Westminster Bridge, and soon the sun would rise,
 And I should see it with my very eyes!
 Yes, now it came—a broad and awful
 Out of the violet mists of dawn. 'Ah, no,'
 I said. 'Earth has not anything to show
 More fair—changed though it is—than this.'
 A curious background surely for a kiss—
 Our first—Westminster Bridge at break of day—
 Settings by Wordsworth, as John used to say.

XII

WHY do we fall in love? I do believe
 That virtue is the magnet, the small vein
 Of ore, the spark, the torch that we receive
 At birth, and that we render back again.
 That drop of godhood, like a precious stone
 May shine the brightest in the tiniest flake.
 Lavished on saints, to sinners not unknown;
 In harlot, nun, philanthropist, and rake,
 It shines for those who love; none else discern
 Evil from good; Man's fall did not bestow

Jolas lekuak eguzki-sartzean
 Esmeral berde biziak ziran,
 Zumarrak luze ta sendoak,
 Gaztetxo asko ikusten ziran,
 Arduragabeko gizontxoak
 Amalau urteetako udaberrian.

XI

London, doi-doi izarretan— neurri gabe ta illuna—
 Zumardi utsetik ezetasun eta geitzearen usaia,
 Pall Mall inor gabe— Whitehall eremua. Johnnie ta biok
 Alkarrekin ibiltzen, agur egiteko gogorik gabe—
 Billeren batetik aldegiñaz ixiltasun sakonean,
 Urrutira, Mayfair'en, morroien baten
 Txistu zorrotza—basoan perren neurkada,
 Urrun eta urrunago ...
 Orain geunden
 Zubi baten gañean, olerkaria etorri zan lekuan
 Begiralle iri osoa lotan zegon bitartean—
 Westminster'ko Zubia, ta laister goiz-aldia,
 Ori nere begiekin ikusiko.
 Bai, orain zetorren— argiduri zabal eta izugarria
 Argitzearen lanbro morantzetik. «Ai, ez,»
 Esan nuen, «Lurak ezin erakutsi
 Ederragorik—naiz aldatua izan—auxe baño».
 Musu batentzat bai atze bakana—
 Gure leendabizikoa—Westminster'ko Zubia goizargitzean—
 Wordworth'en itzak, John'ek esaten zun bezela.

XII

Zergatik maite-mindutzen gera? Ziurki uste det
 Indar au lillura dala, mearen aldarte txikia,
 Txinpart, jaiotzean artzen degun
 Zuzia ta berriro itzultzen.
 Jainkotasun tanta ori, arri bizia bezela,
 Puxka txikienean argitsu dirdirazi egin dezakena.
 Santuetan ugaria, pekatariari ez ezaguna;
 Ema-galdu, lekaime, ongille ta txoriburu,
 Maite duten aietan diztiazten du; beste inork

That threatened wisdom; blindly still we yearn
 After a virtue that we do not know,
 Until our thirst and longing rise above
 The barriers of reason—and we love.

XIII

AND still I did not see my life was changed
 Utterly different—by this love estranged
 For ever and ever from my native land;
 That I was now of that unhappy band
 Who lose the old, and cannot gain the new
 However loving and however true
 To their new duties. I could never be
 An English woman, there was that in me
 Puritan, stubborn that would not agree
 The English standards, though I did not see
 The truth, because I thought them, good or ill,
 So great a people and I think so still.

But a day came when I was forced to face
 Facts. I was taken down to see the place,
 The family place in Devon—and John's mother.
 'Of course, you understand,' he said, 'my brother
 Will have the place.' He smiled; he was so sure
 The world was better for primogeniture.
 And yet he loved that place, as Englishmen
 Do love their native countryside, and when
 The day should be as it was sure to be—
 When this was home no more to him—when he
 Could go there only when his brother's wife
 Should ask him—to a room not his—his life
 Would shrink and lose its meaning. How unjust,
 I thought. Why do they feel it must
 Go to that idle, insolent eldest son?
 Well, in the end it went to neither one.

XIV

A RED brick manor-house in Devon,
 In a beechwood of old grey trees,
 Ivy climbing to the clustered chimneys,
 Rustling in the wet south breeze.

Ez bereizten gaiztoa onetik; gizonaren erortzeak ez zun eman
 Zamaitutako jakintza ori; itsu-itsuka irrikatzen degun ori,
 Zintzotasun ez ezaguna gaitik gure egarri ta gosea.
 Adimenaren oztopotik goititu— ta maite degu.

XIII

Oraindik ez nekin nere bizimodua aldatuta zegoela,
 Osoro ez-antzekoa— maitasun onengatik aldendua
 Betirako nere jaioterritik;
 Orain zorigaitzeko talde orretakoa nintzan,
 Zaarra galdu ta berria ezin irabazi duena,
 Alaz ere, maitale ta leial
 Bere lokune berriari. Ez beinere izango
 Emakume ingelesa, nere barruan zerbait ba'zegen
 Zorrotz, buru-gogor, ezin itz bateko izan
 Ingeles arauekin, egia ez ikusi arren,
 Ongi edo gaizki, erri aunditzat artzen nuela,
 Eta oraindik ori uste det.

Egun batean beartu ninduten izatera
 Gogoan artzera, lekua ikusi bear zan,
 Devon'en, sendiaren lekua— ta John'en ama.
 «Noski, ulertzen dezu», esan zidan, «nere anaiak
 landa jabetuko duela» Iripar egin; ain ziur zegoen
 Oiñordekoakin munduak irabazten zuela.
 Alaz ere leku ura maite zun, ingelesak
 Jaioterrria maite duten bezela ta
 Eguna irixtean, dudarik gabe ori gertatzean,
 Etxe au berea izango ez zanean— bere anaiaren
 Emazteak nai zunean— iadanik berea ez zan gelara—biziak
 Gutitu ta bere zentzua galdu. Ori bai bide-gabekoa,
 Pentsatu nuen. Nola onartu dezakete, seme nagusi
 Alper eta ausartiak lortzea?
 Beraz, azkenerako iñorentzat ez zan izan.

XIV

Adrillu gorrizko jauretxea, Devon'en,
 Pagadi zaar beltzurien itzalean,
 Ke-bide multzakatueta untza goraka,
 Eguerdiko aize kirri ezean urminduaz.

Gardens trampled down by Cromwell's army,
Orchards of apple-trees and pears,
Casements that had looked for the Armada,
And a ghost on the stairs.

XV

JOHNNIE'S mother, the Lady Jean,
Child of a penniless Scottish peer,
Was handsome, worn high-coloured, lean,
With eyes like Johnnie's—more blue and clear—
Like bubbles of glass in her fine tanned face.
Quiet, she was, and so at ease,
So perfectly sure of her rightful place
In the world that she felt no need to please.
I did not like her—she made me feel
Talkative, restless, unsure, as if
I were a cross between parrot and eel.
I thought her blank and cold and stiff.

XVI

AND presently she said as they
Sooner or later always say:
'You're an American, Miss Dunne?
Really you do not speak like one.'
She seemed to think she'd said a thing
Both courteous and flattering.
I answered though my wrist were weak
With anger: 'Not at all, I speak—
At least I've always thought this true—
As educated people do
In any country—even mine.'
'Really?' I saw her head incline,
I saw her ready to assert
Americans are easily hurt.

XVII

STRANGE to look back to the days
So long ago
When a friend was almost a foe,

Cronwell'en gudarozteak oinkatutako lorategiak,
 Sagasti ta madari-ondoaz betetako baratzak,
 Armada'ri begira egin zioten ate-leioak,
 Eta mamua eskillaran.

XV

Johnnie'ren ama, Lady Jean,
 Eskoziar txirotatu ospetsu baten alaba,
 Ederra, kolore bizi, mea,
 Begiak Johnnie'ren bezelakoak— urdin eta argiangoak—
 Bere aurpegi beltzaranean kristalezko bunbullo bezela.
 Paketsua, berekiko ausardiarekin,
 Oso tinko bere bide zuzenean,
 Mundu orretan atsegin izateko bearrik gabe.
 Ez zitzaidan gogo-betekoa— Senti-arazi nindun
 Berritxu, petrala, kili-kolokoa,
 Papagai ta aingira arteko naasketa ba'nintz bezela.
 Arro ta otz eta martin-puntxo agertu zitzaidan.

XVI

Esan zun, goiz edo berandu esaten zuten bezela:
 «Orrela ba, Amerikatarra, Miss Dunne?
 Ez dezu ba itz egiten aiek bezela.»
 Bere ustez zerbait atsegin eta losintxagarria.
 Nere odol-bultzoak dardar egin arren
 Aserrean erantzun: «Inolaz ez, itz egiten det—
 Orrela betiro uste izan nuen—
 Ongi-ikasitakoak itz egiten duten bezela,
 Edozein laterritakoak— nereak ere bai.
 «Bai ote?» Burua nola makurtzen zuen ikusi
 Ta Amerikatarrak erraz muturtzen dirala
 Baieztatzera gertu.

XVII

Asko da egun urrun aiek
 Berriro aztertzea
 Adiskidea ia etsaia zanean.

When you hurried to find a phrase
 For your easy light dispraise
 Of a spirit you did not know,
 A nature you could not plumb
 In the moment of meeting,
 Not guessing a day would come
 When your heart would ache to hear
 Other men's tongues repeating
 Those same light phrases that jest and jeer
 At a friend now grown so dear—so dear.
 Strange to remember long ago
 When a friend was almost a foe.

XVIII

I SAW the house with its oaken stair,
 And the Tudor Rose on the newel post,
 The panelled upper gallery where
 They told me you heard the family ghost—
 'A gentle unhappy ghost who sighs
 Outside one's door on the night one dies.'

'Not,' Lady Jean explained, 'at all
 Like the ghost at my father's place, St. Kitts,
 That clanks and screams in the great West Hall
 And frightens strangers out of their wits.'
 I smiled politely, not thinking I
 Would hear one midnight that long sad sigh.

I saw the gardens, after our tea
 (Crumpets and marmalade, toast and cake)
 And Drake's Walk, leading down to the sea;
 Lady Jean was startled I'd heard of Drake,
 For the English always find it a mystery
 That Americans study English history.

I saw the picture of every son—
 Percy, the eldest, and John; and Bill
 In Chinese Customs, and the youngest one
 Peter, the sailor, at Osborne still;
 And the daughter, Enid, married, alas,
 To a civil servant in far Madras.

Esaera bat baten billa ibili
 Mokoka erraz eta ariña egiteko,
 Batek ez daki nolako gogoia
 Topa egitean, ez nolakoa izakera,
 Asmatu gabe, egunen bat iritxiko zala
 Biotza irrikitzen beste gizonen
 Izkuntzak entzuteko.
 Axeka ta maxiatuaz esaera oiek berak
 Adiskide aotik entzuteko,
 Adiskide orain ain maitatua— ain maitatua.
 Asko da egun urrun aiek berriro aztertzea,
 Adiskidea ia etsaia zanean

XVIII

Etxea ikusi nuen bere aritzezko eskillarakin,
 Ta Tudor Rose abe bola gañean,
 Goiko berinpea, or nun
 Esan zidaten, sendiko mamua entzuten zan lekua—
 «Mamu ezti ta zorigaitzekoa, ate ondoan,
 Antsi egiten duena norbait iltzen dan gauean.»

«Iñolaz ez», Lady Jean'ek adierazi zun,
 «Ez St.Kitts'en nere aitaren etxekoa bezela,
 Orrek burrunba ta deadar egiten West Hall aundian
 Kanpotarrak ikaratu ta beren onetik irtenaz.»
 Irripar adeitsua egin nun, pentsatu gabe neronek
 Gauerdi batean antzi luze ta larri ori entzungo nuela.

Lorategiak ikusi nituen
 Gure tea artu ondoren
 (Esne-opil eta jele, ogierre ta gozokiekin)
 Gero, Drake'n bidea itsas aldera beeratuaz;
 Drake'ren berri nekiela jakitean, Lady Jean arritu,
 Ingelesentzat misterioa da ba
 Amerikatarrak ingelesten kondaira ikastea.

Seme bakoitzaren argazkiak ikusi nitun—
 Percy, zaarrena, ta John; eta Bill
 Txinar jazkerakin eta Peter gazteena
 Itsas-gizon, Osborne'n oraindik;
 Eta alaba, Enid, ai ene, Madras'en, urruti,
 Lagunkoi arazoetan zegoen batekin ezkondua.

A little thing happened, just before
 We left—the evening papers came;
 John, flicking them over to find a score,
 Spoke for the first time a certain name—
 The name of a town in a distant land
 Etched on our hearts by a murderer's hand.

Mother and son exchanged a glance,
 A curious glance of strength and dread.
 I thought: what matter to them if Franz
 Ferdinand dies? One of them said:
 'This might be serious.'
 'Yes, you're right.'
 The other answered, 'It really might.'

XIX

DEAR JOHN:

I'm going home. I write to say
 Good-bye. My boat-train leaves at break of day;
 It will be gone when this is in your hands.
 I've had enough of lovely foreign lands,
 Sightseeing, strangers, holiday and play;
 I'm going home to those who think the way
 I think, and speak as I do. Will you try
 To understand that this must be good-bye?
 We are both rooted deeply in the soil
 Of our own countries. But I could not spoil
 Our happy memories with the stress and strain
 Of parting, if we never meet again
 Be sure I shall remember till I die
 Your love, your laugh, your kindness. But—good-bye.
 Please do not hate me; give the devil his due,
 This is an act of courage.

Always

SUE

XX

THE boat-train rattling
 Through the green countryside;
 A girl within it battling
 With her tears and pride.

Abialdian, doi-doietan, ezertxo bat gertatu,
 —Arratsaldeko aldizkariak iritxi ziran;
 John'ek begiz jo, ondorea ikus naian,
 Leenengo aldiz izen bat esan zun—
 Urruneko lurralde iri baten izena
 Gure biotzetan iltzailearen bidez ezarria.

Ama semeak alkar begiratu,
 Indar eta izu-aldiko begiratu bizia,
 Pentsatu nuen: Zer bost ajola Franz Ferdinand iltzen bada?
 Aietako batek sean zun:
 «Au garrantzi aundikoa izan diteke»
 «Bai, arrazoia daukazu.»
 Besteak erantzun, «Benetan izan diteke.»

XIX

JOHN MAITIA:

Etxera nijoa. Agur egiteko
 Idazten det. Egun sentian nere urontz-trena irtengo, ta
 Urrun izango da zuk au artzerako.
 Naiko laterri eder, ikusketa, erbestetar, opor eta jolas;
 Etxera nijoa, neretarren gana, nik bezela pentsatu
 Ta itz egiten dutenengana. Ulertuko al dezu
 Agur esaten dizutela?
 Biok ongi tinkatuta
 Gure aberrien lurraldeetan,
 Ezin nezakean, azken unean, eten-nai
 Larritasunak dirala ta, gure oroitaldi
 Zorionsuak alperrik galdu.
 Ez badegu sekulan geiago alkar ikusten,
 Ziur egon zaitez il arte nere gogoan gordeko ditudala
 Zure maitasuna, zure irriak,
 Zure gozatasunak. Bañan— agur.
 Mesedez, ez nazazu gorrotatu; eman deabruari bere merezia.
 Kemen aldi aundikoa, auxe.

Betikotz

SUE.

XX

Trena zalapartari zijoan
 Bazter-aldi berdeetan zear;
 Barrenean, neska gaztea
 Negar eta arrokeriakin borroka.

The Southampton landing,
 Porters, neat and quick,
 And a young man standing,
 Leaning on his stick.
 ‘Oh, John, John, you shouldn’t
 Have come this long way...
 Did you really think I wouldn’t
 Be here to make you stay?’
 I can’t remember whether
 There was much stress and strain,
 But presently, together,
 We were travelling back again.

XXI

THE English love their country with a love
 Steady, and simple, wordless, dignified;
 I think it sets their patriotism above
 All others. We Americans have pride—
 We glory in our country’s short romance.
 We boast of it and love it. Frenchmen when
 The ultimate menace comes, will die for France
 Logically as they lived. But Englishmen
 Will serve day after day, obey the law,
 And do dull tasks that keep a nation strong.
 Once I remember in London how I saw
 Pale shabby people standing in a long
 Line in the twilight and the misty rain
 To pay their tax. I then saw England plain.

XXII

JOHNNIE and I were married. England then
 Had been a week at war, and all the men
 Wore uniform, as English people can,
 Unconscious of it. Percy, the best man,
 As thin as paper and as smart as paint,
 Bade us good-bye with admirable restraint,
 Went from the church to catch his train to hell
 And died—saving his batman from a shell.

Southampton'go kaia,
 Garbi ta balioko bizkarkariak,
 Eta gazte bat, zutik.
 Makillaz baliatuaz.
 «Oi, John, ez zenun oneraño
 Etorri bearrik...
 Uste al zenun ez nintzala etorriko
 Zu emen geldi araztera?»
 Ez naiz gogoratzen
 Zarata aundi ta antsi ote,
 Bañan bereala,
 Alkarrekin bide egin genun.

XXI

Ingelesak maite dute bere aberria
 Maitasun sendo ta zintzoarekin,
 Itz gutxikoa ta bear bezelakoa;
 Beste guztien gañetik jartzen dutela
 Bere aberritasuna uste det.
 Gu, Amerikatarrak, aundikeria daukagu—
 Gure aberriaren ipui-berri motzez
 Arrotu ta onez artu. Prantzesak,
 Azken keiñua iristean, Prantziaren alde
 Bizia eman, bitu ziran gisara.
 Bañan Ingelesak, egunez egun serbitu,
 Legeari men egin, eta erria indartzeko
 Eginkizun astunak bete.
 Gogoratzen zait, bein, London'en
 Jende beartsu ta motel, zutik errenkara luzean,
 Illuntzean eta euri ezean,
 Bere zergak ordaintzeko zai.
 Orduan izan nuen Ingeleterraren uste garbia.

XXII

Johnnie ta biok ezkondu giñan. Astebeteko guda
 Ingeleterrak zeraman eta gizon guztiak
 Guda jantziekin, ingelesak dakiten bezela,
 Oargabe. Percy, ezkon laguna,
 Papera bezin meea ta guttiz estimetxa,
 Laburketa arrigarriarekin agur esan da,
 Elizatik zuzenean trenera, inpernuko trenan;
 Eta il egin zan— obusetik laguna salbatuaz.

XXIII

WE went down to Devon,
 In a warm summer rain,
 Knowing that our happiness
 Might never come again
 I, not forgetting,
 'Till death us do part',
 Was outrageously happy
 With death in my heart.

Lovers in peacetime
 With fifty years to live,
 Have time to tease and quarrel
 And question what to give;

But lovers in wartime
 Better understand
 The fullness of living,
 With death close at hand.

XXIV

MY father wrote me a letter—
 My father, scholarly, indolent, strong,
 Teaching Greek better
 Than high-school students repay—
 Teaching Greek in the winter, but all summer long
 Sailing a yawl in Narragansett Bay
 Happier perhaps when I was away,
 Free of an anxious daughter,
 He could sail blue water
 Day after day,
 Beyond Brenton Reef Lightship, and Beavertail,
 Past Cuttyhunk to catch a gale
 Off the Cape, while he thought of Hellas and Troy,
 Chanting with joy
 Greek choruses—those lines that he said
 Must be written some day on a stone at his head:
 'But who can know
 As the long years go
 That to live is happy, has found his heaven.'
 My father, so far away—
 I thought of him, in Devon,
 Anchoring in a blind fog in Booth Bay.

XXIII

Devon'era joan giñan,
 Uda euri beroan, jakiñaz
 Gure zorientasuna, onenean,
 Ez genula geio ezagutuko;
 Aaztu gabe,
 «Eriotzak aldendu-arazi gaitzan arte» ori,
 Izugarritzko zorionsua izan nintzan
 Eriotza nere biotzean gordeaz.

Pake garaian, maitaleak,
 Aurrean berrogeitabost urteekin,
 Irri egin eta mokokatzeko,
 Edo zer emango duten galdetzeko denbora, bai;

Bañan guda-garaiko maitaleak
 Obeto ulertzen
 Bizitzaren osotasuna,
 Eriotzaren jazarpenarekin.

XXIV

Gutuna idatzi zidan aitak—
 Aita, ikasia, ajolakabea, indartsua,
 Gerkera obeto irakatsiaz
 Ikastunak uste duten baño—
 Neguan gerkera irakatsiaz, udan berriz,
 Narragansett'eko ur golkoan
 Mastakoan itsasoratuaz;
 Zorionsuagoa, onenean,
 Ur urdiñetan lasaiago,
 Urrutiko alaba kezkadunik gabe.
 Eguna joan, eguna etorri,
 Brenton Lightship eta Beavertail,
 Cuttyhunk'etik kanpora,
 Aizebakian, Cape'tik urruti,
 Hellas eta Troy bururatu,
 Greziar abestiak
 Pozik kantatuz—
 Lerro auek bere ilarrian idatziak bear:
 «Nork jakingo urte luzeak dijoaztenean
 Zorionsu bizitu danak, zerua aurkitu ez ote».
 Nere aita, ain urruti—
 Booth'eko lauso lodian ainguratuta,
 Gogoan neukan, Devon'en.

XXV

'SO, Susan, my dear,' the letter began,
 'You've fallen in love with an Englishman.
 Well, they're a manly, attractive lot,
 If you happen to like them, which I do not.
 I am a Yankee through and through,
 And I don't like them, or the things they do.
 Whenever it's come to a knock-down fight
 With us, they were wrong, and we right;
 If you don't believe me, cast your mind
 Back over history, what do you find?
 They certainly had no justification.
 For that maddening plan to impose taxation
 Without any form of representation.
 Your man may be all that a man should be,
 Only don't you bring him back to me
 Saying he can't get decent tea—
 He could have got his tea all right
 In Boston Harbour a certain night,
 When your great-great-grandmother—also a Sue—
 Shook enough tea from her husband's shoe
 To supply her house for a week or two.
 The war of 1812 seems to me
 About as just as a war could be.
 How could we help but come to grips
 With a nation that stopped and searched our ships,
 And took off our seamen for no other reason
 Except that they needed crews that season
 I can get angry still at the tale
 Of their letting the *Alabama* sail,
 And Palmerston being insolent
 To Lincoln and Seward over the *Trent*.
 All very long ago, you'll say,
 But whenever I go up Boston-way,
 I drive through Concord—that neck of the wood,
 Where once the embattled farmers stood,
 And I think of Revere, and the old South Steeple,
 And I say, by heck, we're the only people
 Who licked them not only once, but twice.
 Never forget it—that's my advice.
 They have their points—they're honest and brave,

XXV

«Orrela ba, Susan maitia» zion,
 Ingeles batek maitemindu zaitu.
 Esan bear da gizontsuak eta erakarkorrenak dirala.
 Zure gustokoak ba'dira, nerekoak ez,
 Oso osorik Yanke nauzu,
 Ez zaizkit gogokoak
 Ez eta egiten dituzten gauzak.
 Gurekin borroka egitean
 Oker zeuden eta gurea arrazoia;
 Sinesten ez badezu, eman edestiari begiraldea.
 Eta zer aurkitzen? Ezer ordezenik gabe
 Zerga asaldagarria ezarri,
 Ez zeukaten argibiderik ori egiteko.
 Izan bear dun guztia zure gizona izango da,
 Bañan onera ez nazazula ekarri,
 Te naiko ona ez duela lortzen—
 Boston'eko kaian, gau batean, nai zun
 Te guztiz ona eskuratu zezakean,
 Zure eren-amonak — ura ere Sue —
 Senarraren oiñetakoetik te naikoa atera
 Aste bat edo bitan etxea ornitzeko.
 1812'garren urteko guda, izan diteken
 Bidezkoa izan dala deritzait.
 Nola ez burruka egin, gure itsas-ontziak geldi-arazi
 Ta ikertzen zituztenean, gure itsas-gizonak atzapartu.
 Oraindik asarreari ematen diot
Alabama'ri alde egiten utzi ziotela entzutean,
 Eta Palmerston ain lotsagabea
 Lincoln eta Seward'eri *Trent*'en.
 Ori guztia oso urruti dagoela, diozu,
 Bañan Boston'era joaten naizen bakoitzean
 Concord'tik aurrera igarotzean, baso-lepo orretatik,
 Bein artan nekazariak borroka egin zutenean,
 Revere'tzaz gogoratzen eta Ego Kanpandorretzaz.
 Esaten det, arraio pola, gu bakarrik izan,
 Ez bein, bi aldiz baizik, irabazleak.
 Sekulan ez aaztu— auxe nere aolkua.
 Zerbait badaukate— zintzo ta biozdunak,
 Leial eta ziur— ilobia bezin ziurrak;
 Beste laterriak zurbil eta aldakorrak ager arazten,

Loyal and sure—as sure as the grave;
 They make other nations seem pale and flighty,
 But they do think England is god almighty,
 And you must remind them now and then
 That other countries breed other men.
 From all of which you will think me rather
 Unjust. I am.

Your devoted

FATHER.

XXVI

I READ, and saw my home with sudden yearning—
 The small white wooden house, the grass-green door,
 My father's study with the fire burning,
 And books piled on the floor.

I saw the moon-faced clock that told the hours,
 The crimson Turkey carpet, worn and frayed,
 The heavy dishes—gold with birds and flowers—
 Fruits of the China trade.

I saw the jack o'lanterns, friendly, frightening,
 Shine from our gateposts every Halloween;
 I saw the oak tree, shattered once by lightning,
 Twisted, stripped clean.

I saw the Dioscuri—two black kittens,
 Stalking relentlessly an empty spool;
 I saw a little girl in scarlet mittens
 Trudging through snow to school.

XXVII

JOHN read the letter with his lovely smile.
 'Your father has a vigorous English style,
 And what he says is true, upon my word;
 But what's this war of which I never heard?
 We didn't fight in 1812.'

'Yes, John,

That was the time when you burnt Washington.'
 'We couldn't have, my dear...'

'I mean the city.'

Bañan Ingeleterra Jainkoa dala uste,
 Noizik bein gogoratu arazi bear diegu
 Beste laterriak beste gizonak sortzen dituztela.
 Beraz, naiko zuzen-kontrakoa naizela
 Usteko dezu. Maite zaitun

Zure

AITAK.

XXVI

Irakurri ta bertan etxe-mindu—
 Zurezko etxe txiki zuria, ate berdea,
 Aitaren ikas-gela su goriakin,
 Eta liburu multzatuak lur gañean.

Illargi aurpegidun orduak jotzen ditun ordularia,
 Gorri bizi, erabilli ta zarpail turkiar oinpekoa,
 Jatontzi astunak— urre antzeko txori ta loreekin—
 China'ren zeregin emaitza.

Krisalluak ere ikusi, laztankor, bildurgarriak,
 Hallow bakoitzean gure sar-atean argitzen dutenak.
 Aritza, bein zimiztak porrokatua,
 Biurtu, murriztua.

Dioscuriak ikusi nituen, katutxo bi, beltzak,
 Zirrika utsaren atzetik, dinbi-danba;
 Neska txikia esku-larru gorriekin
 Ikastola bidean elurretan jasale.

XXVII

Bere irripar gozoekin John'ek eskutitza irakurri zun.
 «Zure aitak ingeles tankerako egikera bizkorra dauka,
 Berak dionez egia da, ala xede;
 Baño zer gudaz dio?
 1812'garrenean ez genun borrokarik egin».

«Bai, John,

Washington erre zenutenean».

«Ezin genun ori egin maitia...»

«Iria esan nai det».

'We burnt it?'

'Yes, you did.'

'What a pity!

No wonder people hate us. But, I say,
I'll make your father like me yet, some day.'

XXVIII

I SETTLED down in Devon,
When Johnnie went to France.
Such a tame ending
To a great romance—
Two lonely women
With nothing much to do
But get to know each other
She did and I did, too.
Mornings at the rectory
Learning how to roll
Bandages, and always
Saving light and coal.
Oh, that house was bitter
As winter closed in,
In spite of heavy stockings,
And woollen next the skin.
I was cold and wretched,
And never unaware
Of John more cold and wretched
In a trench out there.

XXIX

ALL that long winter I wanted so much to complain,
But my mother-in-law, as far as I could see,
Felt no such impulse, though she was always in pain,
And, as the winter fogs grew thick,
Took to walking with a stick,
Heavily.
Those bubble-like eyes grew black
Whenever she rose from a chair—
Rose and fell back,
Unable to bear
The sure agonizing
Torture of rising.

«Erre egin al genun?»

«Bai, ori egin zenuten».

«Bai naigabea!!»

Ez da arritzekoa gureganako daukaten gorrotoa. Auxe esaten dizut, Egunen batean zure aitak ni maitatzea lortuko detela».

XVIII

Devon'en kokatu nintzan
 John Prantzira joan zanean.
 Maitasun bizia orrela bukatuaz—
 Bakartiar emakume bi
 Ezer gutxi egitekoekin
 Alkar ezagutu besterik ez;
 Berak egin zun, nik ere bai.
 Goizetan erretortegian
 Loturak nola biribildu
 Bear ziran ikasiaz, beti
 Argia ta ikatza txurtuaz.
 Ai, bai samiña, etxea,
 Negua inguratu zanean,
 Galtzerdi lodi ta artillera bidez berotuaz.
 Otzak artua ta zorigabekoa,
 John beti gogoan,
 An, gudalur epai urrunean,
 Gizarajoa, otzez il zorian.

XXIX

Negu luze orretan ai egiteko aundia nere irrika,
 Bañan nere amagiarrebak, konturatzen nitzanez,
 Ez zeukan bultzada ori, beti nekaldietan egon arren.
 Negu lañoak loditu ziranean
 Makillaz lagunduta, geldi-geldi,
 Ibiltzen asi zan.
 Begi urdin argiak, illuntzen ziran
 Esertokitik zutitzen zan bakoitzean,
 Zutitu ta berriro erori,
 Ezin eramanaz il-agiñeko
 Zutitzearen oiñazea.

Her hands, those competent bony hands,
 Grew gnarled and old,
 But never ceased to obey the commands
 Of her will—only finding new hold
 Of bandage and needle and pen
 And not for the blinking
 Of an eye did she ever stop thinking
 Of the suffering of Englishmen,
 And her two sons in the trenches. Now and then
 I could forget for an instant in a book or a letter,
 But she never, never forgot—either one—
 Percy and John —though I knew she loved one better—
 Percy, the wastrel, the gambler, the eldest son.
 I think I shall always remember
 Until I die
 Her face that day in December,
 When in a hospital ward together, she and I
 Were writing letters for wounded men and dying,
 Writing and crying
 Over their words, so silly and simple and loving,
 Suddenly, looking up, I saw the old Vicar moving
 Like fate down the hospital ward, until
 He stood still
 Beside her, where she sat at a bed.
 ‘Dear friend, come home. I have tragic news,’ he said.
 She looked straight at him without a spasm of fear,
 Her face not stern or masked—
 ‘Is it Percy or John?’ she asked.
 ‘Percy.’ She dropped her eyes. ‘I am needed here.
 Surely you know
 I cannot go
 Until every letter is written. The dead
 Must wait on the living,’ she said.
 ‘This is my work. I must stay.’
 And she did—the whole long day.

XXX

OUT of the dark, and dearth
 Of happiness on earth,
 Out of a world inured to death and pain;
 On a fair spring morn
 To me a son was born,
 And hope was born —the future lived again.

Bere eskuak, esku trebe, ezurtsu eskuak
 Zaartu ta biurrituak zeuden,
 Bañan bere borondateari iñoiz ez zioten
 Utsegin loturak, jostorrazak eta idazlumak,
 Eusteko oraindik gauza izanaz,
 Begiaren betikadak galer-arazi gabe.
 Ingelesen eramankizunak beti gogoan,
 Batez ere, gudalur epaietan bere bi semeenak.
 Noizean bein, liburu edo eskutitzekin,
 Apur batean, gogotik joaten zitzaion,
 Bañan beinere, iñor ez beinere aazu—
 Percy eta John —alaz ere banekien
 Oietako bat maiteagoa zuela,
 Percy, alperra, jokari, seme zaarrena.
 Il arte gogoratuko naiz bere aurpegia,
 Abendu egun artan, gaisotegian biok,
 Zauritu ta il-zorian zeudenen idazkiak idazten.
 Itz xoro, bakan eta maitekorrak,
 Idazten eta negar egiten.
 Bat batean, goruntz begiratuaz,
 Adiñeko erretorea, gaisotegian zear,
 Alabearra balitz bezela.
 Aldamenean geldituaz esan zion:
 «Adiskide maitia, atoz etxera. Berri lazgarriak dauzkat».
 Beldur esturarik gabe begiratu,
 Aurpegia ez zorrotz, ez estalki—
 «Nor? Percy edo John?» galde egin zun.
 «Percy». Begiak beeratuaz: «Nere eginbearra daukat emen,
 Ezin joan orain idazkiak bukatu arte. Il diranak
 Bizi diranen atzetik daude» esan zun—
 «Au da nere lana, gelditu bearra daukat.»
 Orrela egin zun— egun luze osoan.

XXX

Illuntasun eta garestia, mundu onetako zorionetik urrun,
 Oñaze ta eriotzara etsitako mundua,
 Udaberriko goiz eder batean
 Semea jaio zitzaidan,
 Itxaropena jaio, etorkizuna berriro bizirik.

To me a son was born,
 The lonely hard forlorn
 Travail was, as the Bible tells, forgot.
 How old, how commonplace
 To look upon the face
 Of your first-born, and glory in your lot.

To look upon his face
 And understand your place
 Among the unknown dead in churchyards Iying.
 To see the reason why
 You lived and why you die—
 Even to find a certain grace in lying.

To know the reason why
 Buds blow and blossoms die,
 Why beauty fades, and genius is undone,
 And how unjustified
 Is any human pride
 In all creation—save in this common one.

XXXI

MATERNITY is common, but not so
 It seemed to me. Motherless, I did not know—
 I was all unprepared to feel this glow,
 Holy as a Madonna's, and as crude
 As any animal's beatitude—
 Crude as my own black cat's, who used to bring
 Her newest litter to me every spring,
 And say, with green eyes shining in the sun:
 'Behold this miracle that I have done.'

And John came home on leave, and all was joy
 And thankfulness to me, because my boy
 Was not a baby only, but the heir—
 Heir to the Devon acres and a name
 As old as England. Somehow I became
 Almost an English woman, almost at one
 With all they ever did—all they had done.

Semea jαιο zitzaidan,
 Gogotik joandako
 Erdimin bakartia, gogor, etsitua,
 Idazti Deunak dion bezela.
 Bai betikoa, bai arrunta,
 Seme nagusiaren aurpegia ikusi
 Ta zorionez bete.

Bere aurpegiari begiratu
 Iltokiko ez ezagunen ilen artean
 Bakoitzaren lekua, orixe,
 Bizitzaren eta eriotzaren arrazoia, ta,
 Iltzeari zerbaiten zoramena aurkitu.

Pinportak zergatik loratzen, lorak il,
 Edertasuna zimeldu, ta izatea autsi,
 Bai bidegabekoa edozein
 Giza-arrotasun, sortze guztietan,
 Ain oiturazko ori ez ezik dana.

XXXI

Amatasuna, askorena bada ere, neretzat
 Ez orrelakoa. Umezurtz, ez nekien—
 Ez negon prest bizitasun ori oartzeko,
 Birjin alako saindua, era berean latza,
 Edozein aberearen zoriona bezelakoa.
 Nere katu beltzarena bezin gogorra.
 Udaberri bakoitzean bere ume-aldia ekartzen zidana,
 Eta esan, begi berde argi aiekin:
 «Begira, nolako miraria egin deten».

Baimena eman zioten, John etxeratu, bai alaitasuna,
 Neretzako esker-erakutsia, nere semea
 Ez bai zan bakarrik aurtxoa, baizik nausigaia —
 Devon'ko goldeen nausigaia ta izenez
 Ingeleterra bezin zaarra. Oraintxe bai, nere ustez
 Andre ingelesen berdintsua, ia oietakoa.
 Egin ziguten guztiekin — egin zuten guztiekin.

XXXII

‘I WANT him called John after you, or if not that I’d
rather...’
‘But the eldest son is always called Percy, dear.’
‘I don’t ask to call him Hiram, after my father—’
‘But the eldest son is always called Percy, dear.’
‘But I hate the name Percy. I like Richard or Ronald,
Or Peter like your brother, or Ian or Noel or Donald—’
‘But the eldest is always called Percy, dear.’

So the Vicar christened him Percy; and Lady Jean
Gave to the child and me the empty place
In her heart. Poor Lady, it was as if she had seen
The world destroyed—the extinction of her race,
Her country, her class, her name—and now she saw
Them live again. And I would hear her say:
‘No. I admire Americans; my daughter-in-law
Was an American’ Thus she would well repay
The debt, and I was grateful—the English made
Life hard for those who did not come to her aid.

XXXIII

‘THEY must come in in the spring.’
‘Don’t they care sixpence who’s right?’
‘What a ridiculous thing—
Saying they’re too proud to fight.’
‘Saying they’re too proud to
‘Wilson’s pro-German, I’m told.’
‘No, It’s financial.’
‘Oh, quite,
All that they care for is gold.’
‘All that they care for is gold.’
‘Seem to like writing a note.’
‘Yes, as a penman, he’s bold.’
‘No. It’s the Irish vote.’
‘Oh, it’s the Irish vote.’
‘What if the Germans some night
Sink an American boat?’
‘Darling, they’re too proud to fight.’

XXXII

«John, zu bezela izendatzea nai det, edo bestela...»
 «Bañan, ene maite, nagusia beti Percy izaten da.»
 «Ez dizut eskatzen Hiram, nere aita bezela —»
 «Bañan, ene maite, nagusia beti Percy izaten da.»
 «Izen ori, Percy, gorrotoan daukat. Naiago Richard edo Ronald,
 Edo Peter, zure anaia bezela, edo Ian edo Noel edo Donald—»
 «Bañan, ene maite, nagusia beti Percy izaten da.»

Orrela ba, erretoreak Percy bataiatu zun; eta Lady Joan'ek
 Aurra ta biok bere biotzean kokatu.
 Lady gaisoa, mundua porrokatuta
 Ikusi izan balu bezela— gizakiaren itzaltzea,
 Bere erri, kide, bere izenekoak — eta orain
 Berriro bizirik ikusi. Esan oi zun:
 «Ez, Amerikatar-zale naiz; nere erraina
 Amerikatarra zan». Zorra onela ordaintzen zun,
 Ni berriz, eskerdun — ingelesak bizitza gogortzen zuten
 Laguntza egiten ez zieteneri.

XXXIII

«Udaberrian etorri bear dute».
 «Arrazoia norena dan, aientzat zer ajola?»
 «Ori bai parregarria—
 Guda egiteko arrogiak dirala esatea.»
 «Guda egiteko arrogiak dirala esatea.»
 «Wilson doixtarren aldekoa, esan didate.»
 «Ez, diruketarien egitekoa omen da.»
 «Oi, ori uste det,
 «Urrea besterik ez zaie ajolarik.»
 «Urrea besterik ez zaie ajolarik.»
 «Oarpena idaztea laket zaiola dirudi.»
 «Bai, luma-ederreko ausartia.»
 «Ez. Irlandarren iritzipena da.»
 «Ene, Irlandarren iritzipena omen da.»
 «Eta gau batean doixtarrak itsas-ontzi
 Amerikatarra ondoratzen badute?»
 «Maitia, arrogiak dira borroka egiteko.»

XXXIV

WHAT could I do, but ache and long
 That my country, peaceful, rich, and strong,
 Should come and do battle for England's sake.
 What could I do, but long and ache.
 And my fadher's letters I hid away
 Lest some one should know the things he'd say.
 'You ask me whether we're coming in—
 We are. The English are clever as sin,
 Silently, subtly they inspire
 Most of youth with a holy fire
 To shed their blood for the British Empire.
 We'll come in—we'll fight and die
 Humbly to help them, and by and by,
 England will do us in the eye.
 They'll get colonies, gold and fame,
 And we'll get nothing at all but blame.
 Blame for not having come before,
 Blame for not having sent them more
 Money and men and war supplies,
 Blame if we venture to criticize.
 We're so damn simple—our skins so thin
 We'll get nothing whatever, but we'll come in.'

XXXV

AND at last—at last—like the dawn of a calm, fair day
 After a night of terror and storm, they came—
 My young light-hearted countrymen, tall and gay,
 Looking the world over in search of fun and fame,
 Marching through London to the beat of a boastful air,
 Seeing for the first time Picadilly and Leicester Square,
 All the bands playing: 'Over There, Over There,
 Send the word, send the word to beware—'
 And as the American flag went fluttering by
 Englishmen uncovered, and I began to cry.

XXXVI

'WE'RE here to end it, by jingo.'
 'We'll lick the Heinies okay.'
 'I can't get on to the lingo.'
 'Dumb—they don't get what we say.'

XXXIV

Zer nezakean, miñ-izan eta irrikatu baizik
 Nere aberria, pakedun, aberats eta indartsua,
 Ingeleterra'ra etorri ta bere alde borroka egin zezan.
 Zer nezakean, miñ-izan eta irrikatu baizik.
 Aitaren eskutitzak gorde bear,
 Iñork jakin ez zezan zer esaten zun.
 «Galde egiten didazu ia bagoazen —
 Bagoaz. Ingelesak pekatua bezin azkarrak dira,
 Ixillik, meaxki, ia gaztedi osoari
 Sugar bizia piztutzen dio
 Britaniar Aginterriaren alde beren odola emateko.
 Joango gera —borroka egin eta iltzera.
 Apalki emango laguntza ta bi ta bi lau diran bezela
 Ingeletarrak ziria sartuko digu.
 Koloni, urre ta ospea lortuko
 Ta gureztat, gaitzestea besterik ez.
 Marmar leenago etorri ez giñalako,
 Diru, gizon eta gudari-orni geiago
 Bidali ez genitulako, esamesa.
 Aztertzera ausartzen bagera ere bai —
 Ergel utsak gera —gure azala meegia,
 Ez degu ezer lortuko, bañan joango gera.»

XXXV

Azkenez — azkenez — izu-arazle ta ekaitsu gauaren ondoren,
 Egun-senti argi ta baketsua datorren bezela, etorri ziran —
 Nere erritarrak, biotz-gazte, luze ta alaiak,
 Mundu zear jolasketa ta omenaren billa,
 Biribilketa alai atzean London'en ibilliaz,
 Piccadilly ta Leicester Square leenengo aldiz ikusiaz,
 Eres-taldeak: «An zear, an zear
 Mezu-egin, mezu-egin —«kontuz egon»— joaz—»
 Amerika'tar ikurriña kulunkan igaro
 Ta ingelesek burustean, negarrari nik eman.

XXXVI

«Amaitzeko etorriak gaituk, jingoren itza.»
 «Heinitarrak purrukatuko ditugu.»
 «Ez naiz mordollo orretara oitutzen.»
 «Mutuak —ez ulertzen zer degun esaten.»

'Call that stuff coffee? You oughter
Know better. Gee, take it away.'
'Oh, for a drink of ice water!'
'They think nut-sundae's a day.'

'Say, is this chicken feed money?'
'Say, does it rain every day?'
'Say, Lady, isn't it funny
Every one drives the wrong way?'

XXXVII

HOW beautiful upon the mountains,
How beautiful upon the downs,
How beautiful in the village post-office,
On the pavements of towns—
How beautiful in the huge print of newspapers,
Beautiful while telegraph wires hum,
While telephone bells wildly jingle,
The news that peace has come—
That peace has come at last—that all wars cease.
How beautiful upon the mountains are the footsteps
Of the messengers of peace!

XXXVIII

IN the depth of the night betwixt midnight and morning,
In the darkness and silence forerunning the dawn,
The throb of my heart was a drum-beat of warning,
My ears were a-strain and my breath was undrawn.

In the depth of the night, when the old house was sleeping,
I lying alone in a desolate bed,
Heard soft on the staircase a slow footstep creeping—
The ear of the living—the step of the dead.

In the depth of the night betwixt midnight and morning,
A step drawing near on the old oaken floor
On the stair—in the gallery—the ghost that gives warning
Of death, by that heartbreaking sigh at my door.

«Kafea ote da ori? Obeto jakin bear zenuke,
Alde, eraman ezazu!!»

«Ur izoztu zurrut bat nai nuke.»

«Intxaur izozkia obegoa dala uste dute.»

«Aizak, diru au purtzilla ote?»

«Aizak, egunero euria ari ote?»

«Entzun, Lady, ez ote barregarri

Guztiak alderantziz gidatzea?»

XXXVII

Bai eder mendigañetan,
Bai eder ondartzetan,
Bai eder urixko bidal-etxea
Irietako galtzada gañean —
Bai eder izparringietako irar-izki aundiak,
Ederra urrunt-idazkinen ariak burrun egitean,
Zoroki telefonoaren txilinak isildu gabe ari diranean,
Pakearen albistea iritxi da —
Azkenean pakea iritxi dala — guda guztiak bukatu.
Bai ederrak mendigañetan
Pake mezudunen aztarnak!

XXXVIII

Gauaren sakonean, gauerdi ta goiz-aldeartean,
Adirazten dun egun-sentian, ixiltasun eta illunpean,
Nere biotzaren taupada deadarraren oina zan,
Belarriak erne ta arnasa geldierazoa.

Gauaren sakonean, etxe zaarra lo zegoela,
Bakarrik nere oe soilean,
Geldi-geldi zijoan oin-otsa eskillaran oartu nun —
Bizidunen entzumena —ildakoen oin-otsa.

Gauaren sakonean, gauerdi ta goiz-alde tartean,
Arizki oltz zaar gañean, urbiltzen dan oin-otsa —
Eskillaran —berinpean —nere atean,
Izugarrizko antsi orrekin, eriotza aztiatzen dun mamua.

XXXIX

BAD news is not broken,
 By kind tactful word;
 The message is spoken
 Ere the word can be heard.
 The eye and the bearing,
 The breath make it dear,
 And the heart is despairing
 Before the ears hear.
 I do not remember
 The words that they said:
 'Killed—Douai—November—'
 I knew John was dead.
 All done and over—
 That day long ago—
 The white cliffs of Dover—
 Little did I know.

XL

AS I grow older, looking back, I see
 Not those the longest planted in the heart
 Are the most missed. Some unions seem to be
 Too close for even death to tear apart.
 Those who have lived together many years
 And deeply learnt to read each other's mind,
 Vanities, tempers, virtues, hopes and fears—
 One cannot go—nor is one left behind.
 Alas, with John and me this was not so:
 I was defrauded even of the past.
 Our days had been so pitifully few,
 Fight as I would, I found the dead go fast.
 I had lost all—had lost not love alone,
 But the bright knowledge it had been my own.

XLI

O, SAD people, buy not your past too dearly,
 Live not in dreams of the past, for understand,
 If you remember too much, too long, too clearly,
 If you grasp memory with too heavy a hand,

XXXIX

Berri txarrak ez dira irixten
 Itz laztan ta uki-oneko bidez;
 Itzak entzun aurretik
 Mezua etortzen da.
 Begiak, itxurak, arnasak
 Jakin-arazten dute,
 Biotza etsita.
 Belarriak entzun aurretik.
 Ez naiz gogoratzen zer esan zuten:
 «Illa — Douai — Azaroa —»
 Banekien John illa zegoela.
 Dan-dana amaitua —
 Lekutako egun artan —
 Dover'ko itsas-malda zuriak —
 Ezer gutxi nekien.

XL

Zaartzen nijoan bezela, atzera begiratzean,
 Ikusten det, biotzean sustraituenak
 Ez dirala geienak uts egiten digutenak.
 Senar-emazte batzuek eriotzak ere
 Ezin ditu banandu.
 Luzaroan alkarrekin bizi izan diranak
 Batek bestearen gogoa ikasia du,
 Uskeriak, azturak, zintzotasunak, itxaropen ta beldurrak —
 Ezin bakarrik joan —ez bestea atzean utzi.
 Ai, John eta neretzat ez zan orrela:
 Joandakoak ere marro egiten zidan,
 Ain egun gutxi alkarrekin,
 Borroka egin arren — guztia galdua,
 Eriotza ziztakoan etorria,
 Maitasuna ez bakarrik galdua,
 Nerea izan zala, orren jakite alaia ere.

XLI

Oi, zuek, atsekabetuak, joandakoak ez garestiegi erosi,
 Ez igarotakoen ametsetan bizi,
 Geiegi, luzeegi, garbiki gogoratzen badezute,

You will destroy memory in all its glory
 For the sake of the dreams of your head upon your bed
 You will be left with only the worn dead story
 You told yourself of the dead.

XLII

NANNY brought up my son, as his father before him,
 Austere on questions of habits, manners, and food.
 Nobly yielding a mother's right to adore him,
 Thinking that mothers never did sons much good.

A Scot from Lady Jean's own native passes,
 With a head as smooth and round as a silver bowl,
 A crooked nose, and eyes behind her glasses
 Grey and bright and wise—a great soul!

Ready to lay down her life for her charge, and ready
 To administer discipline without consulting me:
 'Is that the way for you to answer me leddy?
 I think you'll get no sweet to-night to your tea.'

Bringing him up better than I could do it,
 Teaching him to be civil and manly and cool
 In the face of danger. And then before I knew it
 The time came for him to go off to school.

Off to school to be free of women's teaching,
 Into a world of men—at seven years old;
 Into a world where a mother's hands vainly reaching
 Will never again caress and comfort and hold.

XLIII

MY father came over now and then
 To look at the boy and talk to me,
 Never staying long,
 For the urge was strong
 To get back to his yawl and the summer sea.
 He came like a nomad passing by,
 Hands in his pockets, hat over one eye,
 Teasing every one great and small
 With a blank straight face and a Yankee drawl

Astunegi eskua ezartzen,
 Zure buruaren amets-bideak dirala ta,
 Bere goragarria ondatuko.
 Senarra zanaren istoria aitu ta galdua besterik ez gorde.

XLII

NANNY'k nere semea azi zun, leen bere aita bezelaxe,
 Oitura, era ta jatorduetan zorrotz.
 Aurra laztantzeko amaren eskubidea zindoki ezagutuaz,
 Amak semeeri ez dietela ezer on egiten buruan erabiliatz.

Lady Jean'en ezkoziar jaioterri mendi-lepo berekoa,
 Zilarra bezin buru txuria,
 Sudur kakoduna, ta betaurre atzean
 Begi argi, jakiñez beteak —bai andre adoretsua!

Eginkizunen alde bere bizia emateko prest,
 Iritzia neri eskatu gabe, zigortzeko gertu.
 «Orrela erantzuten al zaio etxeakoandeari?
 Gaur ez dezu goxorik artuko.»

Arrisku aurrean adikor, gizonki ta neurridun,
 Oiek erakusten zizkion, neronek bezin ongi.
 Uste baño leen Ikastolara joateko garaia,
 Emakumeen irakastetik alde egiteko, ikastolara.

Gizonezkoen mundura — zazpi urteekin,
 Goxatu, poz-eman, atxiki egingo ez zuten
 Amaren eskuetatik urrun.

XLIII

Aita etortzen zan, noizean bein,
 Mutilla ikusi ta nerekin itz egitera,
 Ez luzaroko,
 Bere ontzi ta itsas beroak
 Premiatzen zuten ba.
 Igarotzen dan edonondarra
 Bezela zetorren,
 Eskuak gerrikoan, begi gañean txapela,
 Aundi ta txikieri zirika egiñaz,
 Amerikatar kutsu ta aurpegi zabalakin;
 Apostoluen Jarraipengain

Teasing the Vicar on Apostolic Succession
 And what the Thirty-Nine Articles really meant to convey,
 Teasing Nanny, though he did not
 Make much impression
 On that imperturbable Scot.
 Teasing our local grandee, a noble peer,
 Who firmly believed the Ten Lost Tribes
 Of Israel had settled here—
 A theory my father had at his fingers' ends—
 Only one person was always safe from his jibes—
 My mother-in-law, for they were really friends.

XLIV

OH, to come home to your country
 After long years away,
 To see the tall shining towers
 Rise over the rim of the bay,
 To feel the west wind steadily blowing
 And the sunshine golden and hot,
 To speak to each man as an equal,
 Whether he is or not.

XLV

Was this America—this my home?
 Prohibition and Teapot Dome—
 Speakeasies, night-clubs, illicit stills,
 Dark faces peering behind dark grills,
 Hold-ups, kidnappings, hootch or booze—
 Every one gambling—you just can't lose,
 Was this my country? Even the bay
 At home was altered, strange ships lay
 At anchor, deserted day after day,
 Old yachts in a rusty dim decay—
 Like ladies going the primrose way—
 At anchor, until when the moon was black,
 They sailed, and often never came back.

Even my father's Puritan drawl
 Told me shyly he'd sold his yawl
 For a fabulous price to the constable's son—
 My childhood's playmate, thought to be one

Erretoreari bostak emanaz,
 Ogeitamairu legeak ia zer esan nai zuten.
 Aitak adarra jo arren
 Eskoziar bulartsu zan Nanny'ri ajolarik gabe.
 Gure auzoko aundikiari ziria sartzen,
 Israel'ko Amar Etxadi Galduak
 Emen errikotuak zeudela,
 Sendoki sinisten zuenari —
 Balizketa ori, aitak beatz-muturrean zeukan —
 Bere ziriketetik bat bakarra zegon beti alderatua —
 Nere amagiarreba, benetako adiskideak ziran eta.

XLIV

Oi, urte guzti oiek igaro ta
 Zure etxera itzuli,
 Itsas-bazter gañetik
 Dorre aundi argidunak ikusi,
 Itzaldeko aize-eman irautia somatu,
 Eguzki bero ta urre-bistua ere,
 Zu ainbateko diranak edo ez,
 Guztiekin itz egiñaz.

XLV

Au ote Amerika? —Au nere aberria?
 Eragozpen eta Teapot Dome —
 Txabola, gau-biltoki, bidegabezko lekuak,
 Burni-esi illun atzetik aurpegi ilunak begira,
 Eraso-aldiak, aur lapurketak, jarraipenak, deadarrak
 Guztiek apostuka —iñork ez galdu bear,
 Au ote nere aberria? Etxeko itsas-bazterra ere
 Aldatua, ur-ontzi arrotzak ainguratuak,
 Eguna joan, eguna etorri, utziak,
 Bela ontzi zaarrak, illuntasun ezean,
 Ainguratuak, andre gazte itxuradunak bezela —
 Illargia illuntzen dan arte,
 Itsasoz joan eta sekulan atzera etorri gabe.
 Aitaren kutsu zorrotzak ere

Erabez jakin arazi nindun kondearen semeari
 Dirutza aundiaren ordeztuak bela-ontzia saldu ziola
 Nere aurtzaroko laguna, gaizkille sailekoa,
 Erruma merkatariak, diru asko aldean daukatenak —

Of a criminal gang, rum-runners all,
 Such clever fellows with so much money—
 Even the constable thought it funny,
 Until one morning his son was found,
 Floating dead in Long Island Sound.
 Was this my country? It seemed like heaven
 To get back, dull and secure, to Devon,
 Loyally hiding from Lady Jean
 And my English friends the horrors I'd seen.

XLVI

THAT year she died, my nearest, dearest friend;
 Lady Jean died, heroic to the end.
 The family stood about her grave, but none
 Mourned her as I did. After, one by one,
 They slipped away—Peter and Bill—my son
 Went back to school. I hardly was aware
 Of Percy's lovely widow, sitting there
 In the old room, in Lady Jean's own chair.

An English beauty glacially fair
 Was Percy's widow Rosamund, her hair
 Was silver gilt, and smooth as silk, and fine,
 Her eyes, sea-green, slanted away from mine,
 From any one's, as if to meet the gaze
 Of others was too intimate a phase
 For one as cool and beautiful as she.

We were not friends or foes. She seemed to be
 Always a little irked—fretted to find
 That other women lived among mankind.
 Now for the first time after years of meeting,
 Never exchanging more than formal greeting.
 She spoke to me—that sharp determined way
 People will speak when they have things to say.

XLVII

ROSAMUND: Susan, go home with your offspring
 Fly. Live in America.

SUSAN: Rosamund, why ?

ROSAMUND: Why, my dear girl, haven't you seen
 What English country life can mean

Nabarmen, zardai-pazka oietakoa omen zan,
 Kondean ustez, poz-arazleak omen ziran,
 Long Island'ko aingurategi lekuan, ur gañean,
 Bere semearen gorputza aurkitu arte.
 Au ote nere aberria? Zerua zirudin
 Devon aspergarri ta ziurrera berriz etortzea,
 Lady Jean eta adiskideengandik
 Ikusitako izugabekeriak ixilik gordez.

XLVI

Urte-barru orretan, nere alboko, adiskide kutuna il egin zan;
 Bukaeraño urena, Lady Jean il egin zan.
 Bere illobi aurrean etxeoak makurtu,
 Bañan iñork ez zun, nik bezela, negarrari eman.
 Banan bana guztiak alde egin zuten,
 — Peter eta Bill'ek —nere semea ikastolara.
 Ia ez konturaturik, Percy'ren alargun zoragarria,
 Gela zaarrea, Lady Jean'en lekuan eserita zegoela.

Rosamund, Percy'ren alarguna, ingelesen edertasun
 Otz orrekin, ille zillar-zuri, seda bezin biguña,
 Begiak itsas-berde, nereetatik beti urrun,
 Beste edozeingandik ere bai, bere barrena
 Azalean jartzea iduritzen ote zitzaion
 Orrelako edertasun otz orreri.

Ez giñan adiskide, ez etsai. Beti muturtu xamarra
 Zirudin, mindua, beste emakumeak ere
 Munduan bizi ziralako—
 Urte-buru luze ondoren alkar ikusiaz,
 Agur murrizak egiñaz,
 Leenengo aldiz itz egin zidan —
 Zerbait esan bear danean bezela, zorrotz alakoan.

XLVII

ROSAMUND: Susan, zoaz zure etxera semearekin,
 Iges egin. Ameriketari bizi.

SUSAN: Zergaitik?

ROSAMUND: Neska maitia, ez al dezu ikusten
 Ingeles zabaldegian bizitzea zer dan
 Landa jasotzeko orrelako errenta txikiegiekin.

With too small an income to keep the place
 Going? Already I think I trace
 A change in you, you no longer care
 So much how you look or what you wear.
 That coat and skirt you have on, you know
 You wouldn't have worn them ten years ago.
 Those thick warm stockings they make me sad,
 Your ankles were ankles to drive men mad.
 Look at your hair—you need a wave.
 Get out—go home—be hard—be brave,
 Or else, believe me, you'll be a slave.
 There's something in you—dutiful—meek—
 You'll be saving your pin-money every week
 To mend the roof. Well, let it leak.
 Why should you care?

SUSAN: But I do care.

John loved this place and my boy's the heir.

ROSAMUND: The heir to what? To a tiresome life
 Drinking tea with the Vicar's wife,
 Opening bazaars, and taking the chair
 At meetings for causes that you don't care
 Sixpence about and never will;
 Breaking your heart over every bill
 I've been in the States, where everyone,
 Even the poor, have a little fun.
 Don't condemn your son to be
 A penniless country squire. He
 Would be happier driving a tram over there
 Than mouldering his life away as heir.

SUSAN: Rosamund dear, this may all be true.
 I'm an American through and through.
 I don't see things as the English do,
 But it's clearly my duty, it seems to me,
 To bring up John's son, like him, to be
 A country squire—poor, alas,
 But true to that English upper class
 That does not change and does not pass.

ROSAMUND: Nonsense; it's come to an absolute stop.
 Twenty years since we sat on top
 Of the world, amusing ourselves and sneering
 At other manners and customs, jeering

Ba al zoaz? Zure itxuran zerbait aldaketa
 Nabaitzen detela uste det. Zure irudia ez zaizu
 Ainbeste arduratzen, edo jazten dituzunak.
 Beroki ta gona oiek orain amar urte
 Ez zituzun soiñean ibiliko.
 Galtzerdi lodi ta bero oiek goibel arazten naute,
 Zure txonkatillak, gizonak ero-arazteko
 Txonkatillak ziran — begira zure ileari,
 Apaintze bearrean dago — Zoaz —
 Joan etxera — gogortu — ausarta izan,
 Diozutena aintzat artu — bestelan mirabe
 Izango zera. Zure barruan zerbait badago,
 Menpeko — apala. Teilatua konpontzeko
 Astero dirua zuurtuko dezu. Ea, tankatan utzi,
 Zuri zer ajola?

SUSAN: Bañan, ajola zait,
 John'ek leku au maite zun ta nere semea nausigaia da.

ROSAMUND: Zertazko nausigaia? Bizimodu aspergarria,
 Erretorearen emaztearekin te artuaz,
 Azokak zabalduaz, ajola gutxiko gaietzaz
 Onura artuaz. Ordain-agiri bakoitzaz kezkaraziaz,
 Laterri Alkartuetan ia guztiak, beartsuak ere,
 Atsegin artzen dute.
 Landa jaun ondatua izatera
 Ez zure semea beartu. An zoriontsuagoa,
 Tranbi-zain, emen nausigai baño.

SUSAN: Rosamund maitia, ori guztia egia izan diteke,
 Amerikatarra naiz soin da muin,
 Ingelesen gisa ez ditut gauzak ikusten,
 Bañan John'en semea bera bezela,
 Landa jaun, beartsua bear bada
 Azitzea beartua nago —
 Igarotzen ez dan, aldatu ere ez
 Goien Ingeles gisara leial.

ROSAMUND: Xoxo alena, irteera gabeko bidean gaude.
 Ogei urte auetan mundu gañean
 Eserita egon gera, beste errion oitura, jardun bidetzaz
 Irri egiten, esne-mamitan bizi giñan.

At other nations, living in clover—
 Not any more. That's done and over.
 No one nowadays cares a button
 For the upper classes—they're dead as mutton.
 Go home.

SUSAN: I notice that you don't go.

ROSAMUND: My dear, that shows how little you know.
 I'm escaping the fate of my peers,
 Marrying one of the profiteers,
 Who hasn't an 'aitch' where an 'aitch' should be,
 But millions and millions to spend on me.
 Not much fun—but there wasn't any
 Other way out. I haven't a penny.
 But with you it's different. You can go away,
 And oh, what a fool you'd be to stay.

XLVIII

RABBITS in the park,
 Scuttling as we pass,
 Little white tails
 Against the green grass.
 'Next time, Mother,
 I must really bring a gun,
 I know you don't like shooting,
 But ...!'
 John's own son,
 That blond bowed face,
 Those clear steady eyes,
 Hard to be certain
 That the dead don't rise.
 Jogging on his pony
 Through the autumn day,
 'Bad year for fruit, Mother,
 But good salt hay,'
 Bowling for the village
 As his father had before;
 Coming home at evening
 To read the cricket score,
 Back to the old house
 Where all his race belong,
 Tired and contented—
 Rosamund was wrong.

Ori guztia bukatu da. Gaur egun
 Aundikien gora beerak
 Ez dute tirrit balio —
 Aaria bezin illak daude. Zoaz etxera.

SUSAN: Zu ez zoazela oartzen det.

ROSAMUND: Maitia, ez zera konturatzen
 Nere pareetatik nola iges egiten deten,
 Oietako gozatzaille batekin ezkontzera nijoa.
 «Aitch» euki bear lekuan «Aitchl»'ik ez daukana.
 Orren orde, milloi ta milloiak
 Neregan banatzeko.
 Ez da oso jostagarria — beste biderik ez
 Aurrera egiteko — zipitzik gabe nago eta.
 Zurea, bestelakoa da. Urrutira joan zintezke,
 Oi, nolako tuntuna emen gelditzen bazera.

XLVIII

Untxiak zugaztian,
 Gure igarotzean lasterka,
 Buztantxo zuriak
 Belar berdean.
 «Urrengoan, Ama,
 Eiz-izkillua ekarri bear det,
 Badakit ez dezula on artzen
 Bañan..!»
 John'en seme berezia,
 Bere aurpegi zuri-gorria,
 Begi argi, zindoak.
 Ezin buruan sartu
 Illak ez dirala piztutzen.
 Zalditxo gañean draka-draka
 Udazken egun artan.
 «Igali urte txarra, Ama,
 Belarrarentzat berriz, ona.»
 Aitak egin oi zun bezela
 Erritxoan bola-jokuan;
 Illunabarrean,
 Bere odolekoen etxe zaarrera
 Cricket gertaeraren
 Berri artzera,
 Pozik eta nekatua —
 Rosamund oker zegon.

XLIX

IF some immortal strangers walked our land
 And heard of death, how could they understand
 That we—doomed creatures—draw our meted breath
 Light-heartedly all unconcerned with death.
 So in these years between the wars did men
 From happier continents look on us when
 They brought us sympathy, and saw us stand
 Like the proverbial ostrich—head in sand—

While youth passed resolutions not to fight,
 And statesmen muttered everything was right—
 Germany, a kindly, much ill-treated nation—
 Russia was working out her own salvation
 Within her borders. As for Spain, ah, Spain
 Would buy from England when peace came again!
 I listened and believed—believed through sheer
 Terror. I could not look whither my fear
 Pointed—that agony that I had known.
 I dosed my eyes, and was not alone.

Later than many, earlier than some,
 I knew the die was cast—that war must come;
 That war must come. Night after night I lay
 Steeling a broken heart to face the day
 when he, my son—would tread the very same
 Path that his father trod. When the day came
 I was not steeled—not ready. Foolish, wild
 Words issued from my lips—‘My child, my child,
 Why should you die for England too?’ He smiled:
 ‘Is she not worth it, if I must?’ he said.
 John would have answered yes—but John was dead.

L

IS she worth dying for? My love, my one
 And only love had died, and now his son
 Asks me, his alien mother, to assay
 The worth of England to mankind today—
 This other Eden, demi-paradise,
 This fortress built by Nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war;

XLIX

Kanpotar illezkorren batzuek gure aberrira etorriko balira
 Eriotzaren berri jakin eta nola ulertu
 Doakabe umeak geranok — biotz alai arnasa
 Neurtzen degula — eriotzaz arduratu gabe.
 Orrela, guda tarteko urte oietan
 Lurralde zoriontsuagoak begira egitean
 Beren begietan sartu, ikusiaz
 Ostrukaren antzera — burua ondar barruan daukagula.

Gaztediak burrukarik ez egitea erabakiaz,
 Guztia ongi zijoala aopetik agintariak esanaz,
 Alemania, onbera, gaizki artutako erria,
 Muga barruetan, Errusia, ekinaldian
 Bere gaizkapena lortzeko.
 Espainia berriz, ai Espainiak
 Pake garaian Ingeleterra'tik erosiko!
 Nik berriz, entzun eta sinestu —
 Biotzean izu-ikara, bañan sinestu.
 Begiak itxi, beldurra ez zedin agertu.
 Ezaguna zitzaidan neke larria
 Izkutatu — ez negoen bakarrik.

Askoek baño geroago, batzuen aurretik
 Zotza egiña zegoela — guda zetorrela;
 Gauak joan, gauak etorri, biotza leer zorian
 Semeak noiz esango, ba'zijoala,
 Aitaren bide berdiña artu bearrean zegoela.
 Eguna urbiltzean ez negoen babestua
 Ez ta ere gerturik — Itz ero basatiak
 Aotik irten — «Ene seme, semetxoa,
 Zuk ere Ingeleterraren alde odola eman bear?»
 Irripar egiñaz: «Ez al du ori merezi,
 Nere eginbidea ba da?» Esan zun.
 John'ek baiezkoa esango, bañan, John ilik zegoen.

L

Merezi al du bere alde iltzeak? Nere seme maite, kutun,
 Nere maitea il egin zan, orain bere semeak
 Neri, bere kanpotar amari, neurtzeko esan
 Gaurko gizadiari Ingeleterraren merezia,
 Beste Eden ori, paradisu-erdia,
 Kutsapen eta guda-antzearen aurka
 Izadiak berak eraikitako gaztelua;

This happy breed of men, this little world.
 This precious stone set in the silver sea—
 Ah, no, not that—not Shakespeare—I must be
 A sterner critic. I must weigh the ill
 Against the good, must strike the balance, till
 I know the answer—true for me alone—
 What is she worth—this country—not my own?

I thought of my father's deep traditional wrath
 Against England—the redcoat bully—the ancient foe—
 That second reaping of hate, that aftermath
 Of a ruler's folly and ignorance long ago—
 Long, long ago—yet who can honestly say
 England is utterly changed—not I—not I.
 Arrogance, ignorance, folly are here today.
 And for these my son must die?
 I thought of these years, these last dark terrible years
 When the leaders of England bade the English believe
 Lies as the price of peace, lies and fears,
 Lies that corrupt, and fears that sap and deceive.
 I thought of the bars dividing man from man,
 Invisible bars that the humble may not pass,
 And how no pride is uglier, crueller than
 The pride unchecked of class.
 Oh, those invisible bars of manners and speech,
 Ways that the proud man will not teach
 The humble lest they too reach
 Those splendid heights where a little band
 Have always stood and will always stand
 Ruling the fate of this small green land,
 Rulers of England—for them must I
 Send out my only son to die?

LI

AND then, and then,
 I thought of Elizabeth stepping down
 Over the stones of Plymouth town
 To welcome her sailors, common men,
 She herself, as she used to say,
 Being 'mere English' as much as they—
 Seafaring men who sailed away
 From rocky inlet and wooded bay,

Jendeki zorionsua, mundu txikian,
 Zillar-antzeko itsasoan arri bizia —
 Ai ez, ori ez — Shakespeare ez — aztarle zorrotzagoa
 Izan bear det. Kaltegarria egokiaretan
 Aztatu, zalantzarazi, erantzuna jakin arte —
 Neretzat bakarrik egiazkoa —
 Nerea ez dan aberri onek zer merezimendu dauka?

Aspaldiko sakon aserreaz
 Ingeleterraren aurkakoa,
 Txamar-gorridun burrukaria, etsai okitua zan,
 Burura ekarri nun nere aita —
 Bigarren gaizkinai uzta au, agintari orren
 Aspaldiko erokeri ta ez-jakiteak dirala ta,
 Aspaldikoak, okituak — Nork zuzenki esan
 Ingeleterra osoro aldatu dala — Nik ez — Nik ez.
 Andikeria, ez-jakitea, erokeria, gaur egun or daude.
 Oiengatik semeak il bear al du?
 Azkeneko urte illun, lazarri oiek gogora ekarri nitun,
 Ingeleseri beren Agintariak gezurrak sinest-arazi,
 Pake balioaren gezurra, gezurrak eta beldurrak,
 Gaizkitzen duten gezurrak, zirpildu ta ametsak galdu arazten
 Ditutzen beldurrak.
 Gizonak alkar aldentzen dituzten esiak,
 Apalak igaro ezin dituzten esi ager-eziñak,
 Arrokeri itsusiago, biotz gogorragorik ez dago
 Kideen arrokeri ezigabekeria baño.
 Oitura, izkuntza oien esi ezkutuak
 Apalari aundikiak erakutsiko ez dizkionak.
 Goitar bikainetatik talde txiki batek
 Betidanik egon dan eta egongo dana
 Laterritxo berde onen etorkizuna jaurtzen,
 Xumeak goi leku oiek atzeman ez ditzaten.
 Ingeleterra'ko agintariak — beren alde
 Nere seme bakarra eriotzara bidali bear al det?

LI

Orduan, orduan,
 Elisabeth'tzaz gogoratu nintzan,
 Plymouth'ko irian eskillara beera
 Guda-gizon xoillari ongi etorria ematera,

Free men, undisciplined, uncontrol led,
 Some of them pirates and all of them bold,
 Feeling their fate was England's fate,
 Coming to save it a little late,
 Much too late for the easy way,
 Much too late, and yet never quite
 Too late to win in that last worst fight.

And I thought of Hampden and men like him,
 St. John and Eliot, Cromwell and Pym,
 Standing firm through the dreadful years,
 When the chasm was opening, widening,
 Between the Commons and the King;
 I thought of the Commons in tears—in tears,
 When Black Rod knocked at Parliament's door,
 And they saw Rebellion straight before—
 Weeping, and yet as hard as stone,
 Knowing what the English have always known
 Since then—and perhaps have known alone—
 Something that none can teach or tell—
 The moment when God's voice says: 'Rebel.'

Not to rise up in sudden gust
 Of passion—not, though the cause be just;
 Not to submit so long that hate,
 Lava torrents break out and spill
 Over the land in a fiery spate;
 Not to submit for ever, until
 The will of the country is one man's will,
 And every soul in the whole land shrinks
 From thinking—except as his neighbour thinks.
 Men who have governed England know
 That dreadful line that they may not pass
 And live. Elizabeth long ago
 Honoured and loved, and bold as brass,
 Daring and subtle, arrogant, clever,
 English, too, to her stiff backbone,
 Somewhat a bully, like her own
 Father—yet even Elizabeth never
 Dared to oppose the sullen might
 Of the English, standing upon a right.

Aiek bezela — esan oi zun — bera ere
 «Ingeles utsa». Ibai-ondo arrutsu ta ur-golko oiantsuetatik
 Urrutira zijoazen itsas-gizonak,
 Biurriak, mendegabekoak, ezi-gaitzak,
 Batzuek itsas-lapurrak, guztiak ausartiak.
 Beren zoria Ingeleterrakoena zala nabaituaz,
 Berandu xamar gaizkatzera etorriaz,
 Egite errezerako beranduegi,
 Beranduegi, bañan ez geiegi
 Azken eta okerren eraso irabazteko.

Hampden'en pentsatu nuen, bera bezelakoak
 St. John eta Eliot, Cromwell eta Pym,
 Urte beldurgarri aietan zutik tinko,
 Amildegia irekitzen, zabaltzen,
 Erritar eta Erregearen artean;
 Erritarrak negarrez — negarrez,
 Rod Beltzak Biltzar-etxeko atean dei egiñaz
 Ta aurrean biurkeria ikusi —
 Negarrez, bañan arria bezin gogor,
 Geroztik — onenean betidanik, berak bakarrik
 Zekitenak, beste iñork ezin irakatsi,
 Jainkoaren aotsak esatean: «Jaiki zaitez.»

Bat bateko ero-aldian ez jaiki bear —
 Ez, arazoa bidezko izan arren,
 Ez eta ere gorrotoa, urgori turrusta bezela
 Erri gañean ixuri arte.
 Iñor baztertu gabe auzokoen pentsakeretatik.
 Ingeleterrán agindu dutenak ba'dakite
 Igaro ezin dan marra izugarria
 Nolakoa dan, alaz ere bizi.
 Aspaldian Elisabeth'ek bazekian ori,
 Bere aita bezin zintzoa, maitea, ausartia,
 Biozdun eta maltzurra, argia,
 Ezur-mamiraño ere ingelesa,
 Aitaren antzera burrukaria.
 Beren eskubideen alde egiten zuten
 Ingelesen indarrari, Elisabeth'ek
 Ez zien beñere jazarketatu.

LII

AND were they not English, our forefathers, never more
English than when they shook the dust of her sod
From their feet for ever, angrily seeking a shore
Where in his own way a man might worship his God.
Never more English than when they dared to be
Rebels against her—that stern intractable sense
Of that which no man can stomach and still be free,
Writing: ‘When in the course of human events...’
Writing it out so all the world could see
Whence come the powers of all just governments.
The tree of Liberty grew and changed and spread,
But the seed was English.

I am American bred,
I have seen much to hate here—much to forgive,
But in a world where England is finished and dead,
I do not wish to live.

LII

Ez al ziran ingelesak, gure arbasoak, ingelesagoak ere
 Beren oinetatik autsa astinduaz, aserrean,
 Bere legez Jainkoa gurtzeko,
 Betirako, bazter baten billa joanak.
 Ezin ingelesagoak bere aurka egitera
 Ausartu ziranean baño —biotz-gogor,
 Erabilgaitz biozkada ori
 Iñork eraman ezin duna ta aske izan,
 Idatziaz: «Gizagertakizunen bidean...»
 Orrela, mundu guztiak ikusi zezan
 Agintari zuzen guztien indarrak nondik datozten.
 Askatasunaren zuaiza aunditu, aldatu,
 Ta zabaldu. Bañan azia, ingelesa.
Amerikatarra naiz,
 Gorrotagarri asko ikusi det emen — barkagarri asko,
 Bañan Ingeleterra bukatu ta ila dagon munduan,
 Mundu orretan, ez det nai bizi.

