

England blossoming again (after Hölderlin)

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England blossoming again fair Ionia  
Out of Empire half-embrace a new god  
The young have no fear they can forget  
We too will soon give up regret,  
Gone your quiet ways though still the lane  
I stride is banked by cowslips,  
Still the evening walk in fields beneath the immortal sky  
And green so green the living world at dusk  
Stretches its embrace on weakening steps.  
I heard the cuckoo saw the deer  
The bobbing rabbit and the cooing dove  
The clatter of the startled pheasant  
The pigeon shooting from the green.  
O immortal ones now disbelieved  
Look down, take pity, do not shun us,  
High clouds obscure your lasting eyes  
Your huge image fills the eternal ether  
The evening hour is yours  
God of shepherds  
Better than the hot spring day  
Followed by the killing frost  
We feel your happiness your liberty  
And in that grace of your faint hope apace  
Soar upward to your warm embrace.