## ODE TO MY FATHER

bg Chin-Chun Su(電子研究所二年級研究生蘇金春) The morning stars shine in the eastern dark;

Messenger of dawn is a happy lark;

Sacring bell of Church tranquilling ringing, The poor get up to labor and dogs bark.

The blessing telephone from Her tinging, News, music and songs the radio singing, Fancy dreams of the last night I must close; The work of day is so now beginning.

Our fields my charitable father goes To work in day before the night repose;

As there he sees his parents' graves still stand, Mournful tears always spill along his nose.

Digging earth, in turn, with left hand, right hand, He will convert clay into goldern sand;

And after done he has a heart-rejoice That his children and their mother und' rstand.

Toiling, singing and thinking of his boys, Who are playing with sisters among toys,

He hears the babe's song from the vale below The farm fields; 'tis the happy children voice.

When crows at nests, the sun is very low He lays on his wide shoulder the plow;

Bats seek after their own waves; dogs jump About the gray bull and the yellow cow.

Farmers with their cattle flocks to home tramp As the round moon just rises a silver lamp; Hills and lakes, streams and villages, all are tired And bathe calmly in the scent evening damp.

"O silent, my boy! Now I make you ride On father! s back as th' noble king of pride

Fast down the streets of your govern' d Castle; Morrow marry a lovely princess bride."

Some beating marching drums, others whistle:

Mother prepares a city of candle

Before the holy wedding commencing; Family all please, the groom in cradle.

And sweet Dreaming and hearty Rejoicing Make the humble life have better fortune

While mournful Sorrowing, industrious Toiling Make the wounded mind sing th' best forte tune!

.....Su, Chin-Chun

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