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;
Sacrificing bell of Church tranquillizing ringing,
The poor get up to labor and dogs bark.
The blessing telephone from Her tingling,
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