

C O P Y

Link Bungalow  
Bamburgh, Northumberland  
July 5, 1954

Dear Nell,

This is the loveliest book I have ever seen. It seems like something from another world, half a fairy world and yet so brimming with humanness, a thing of exquisite beauty and pathos. It is all true poetry as I see it and as such - a thing of beauty.

It will never fade into nothingness - but still will keep a bower quiet for us and a sleep full of sweetest dreams and health and quiet beauty. (Or perhaps it is more like some strain of heavenly music that transcends and doesn't need words - so I won't and indeed can't go on trying to add words to words - but I do indeed, indeed thank you for this great privilege of being allowed to see it.

Of course you seem to me like someone from another world! - but what world it is and where it is, I cannot at present feel sure - something very primitive, in truth primeval and yet so civilized - ?

Do you know these lines! I remembered them from years ago - (thinking of what you have lost and what is nevertheless yours eternally!) -

"Mais elle était du monde, ou les plus belles choses ont la plus courte durée; et rose elle a reçu ce que vivent les roses, d'espace d'une journée."

Yours ever,

Bidy.

(Lady Bullard)

I hope Holy Island was lovely as ever and that our rain did not thwart you. -