

Children

Henry Longfellow

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood, --

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;

For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

«ДЕТИ»

Подойдите ко мне, мои дети!
Чтоб услышал я вашу игру,
И тома всех вопросов на свете,
С пресловутыми: «Что?» «Почему?»
Распахните с востока окошко,
И на солнце погрейтесь со мной,
Утром здесь ручеёк по дорожке
Серебрится...И ласточек рой...
В мыслях ваших ручьи протекают,
И в сердцах птицы, солнце – простор,
А в моих – ветер память терзает,
Снегопад создаёт разговор.
Что бы с миром внезапно случилось,
Если б больше не стало детей?
И картина мне ночью приснилась:
Пустота - нет Земли, нет людей...
Как весенние листья деревьям
Дарят праздник, тепло, красоту!
Как текут по извилистым стеблям
Соки жизни, стремясь в высоту!
Так и Дети нужны для Планеты,
Словно дивные соки земли;
И найдут все вопросы ответы,
Если будем заботливы мы.
Подойдите ко мне, мои дети!
И шепните на ухо слова -
Их пропел соловей на рассвете
И светлеет от них голова.
Для чего же мне опыт и знания,
Мудрость мыслей всех читанных книг,
Если нет для заботы создания,
Если некому слушать мой стих?
Вы красивее лучших творений –
Всех баллад, и поэм, и стихов
Вы - живые стихотворения,
Остальные все – трупы веков.

I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

I thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along th'unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head:
'There is no peace on earth, ' I said
'For hate is strong, and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.'

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men.'

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

London

William Blake

I wander thro' each charter'd street.
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice: in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear

How the Chimney-sweepers cry

Every blackning Church appalls,
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse

Лондон

Благословенный Лондон, стольный град,
Шумит народ, речному шуму вторя,
И каждый на себе, и стар, и млад,
Влачит ярмо бессилия и горя.

Брожу без цели в уличной толпе,
Где голоса то громче, то всё тише,
Но в каждом крике, в шёпоте, в мольбе -
Везде я звон оков незримых слышу.

И от слезы голодного юнца
Дрожит собора чёрная громада,
И алой кровью по стене дворца
Струится вздох несчастного солдата.

...В полночном мраке, затаясь от всех,
Проклятья шепчет нищая блудница -
И где-то стихнет, оборвавшись, смех,
И где-то мёртвое дитя родится.

Be A Friend

Edgar A. Guest

Be a friend. You don't need money;
Just a disposition sunny;
Just the wish to help another
Get along some way or other;
Just a kindly hand extended
Out to one who's unbefriended;
Just the will to give or lend,
This will make you someone's friend.

Be a friend. You don't need glory.
Friendship is a simple story.
Pass by trifling errors blindly,
Gaze on honest effort kindly,
Cheer the youth who's bravely trying,
Pity him who's sadly sighing;
Just a little labor spend
On the duties of a friend.

Be a friend. The pay is bigger
(Though not written by a figure)
Than is earned by people clever
In what's merely self-endeavor.
You'll have friends instead of neighbors
For the profits of your labors;
You'll be richer in the end
Than a prince, if you're a friend.

Secret Ambitions

People sometimes say to me:

«Tell me, what do you want to be?»

I usually answer, «I don` t know»,

But it isn` t really so:

I want to win an Olympic race,

I want to see the Earth from space,

I want to travel to Timbuktu,

I want to be rich and famous, too.

I want to star on Hollywood`s screen,

I want to invent a new machine,

I want to be very clever and wise,

I want to win the Nobel prize.

But most all, I want to be.