



William Blake

William Blake (28 November 1757 – 12 August 1827) was an English poet, painter, and printmaker. Largely unrecognized during his lifetime, Blake is now considered a seminal figure in the history of the poetry and visual arts of the Romantic Age.

The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes!
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare sieze the fire!

And what shoulder, & what art.
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand! & what dread feet!

What the hammer! what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain
What the anvil, what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spear
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see
Did he who made the Lamb make thee!

Тигр! Тигр! Вижу я
В джунглях ярких два огня,
Чья бессмертная рука
Всем на страх их создала?

Где стоять нам, чтобы нас
Не сожгло бы пламя глаз?
Между нами эту нить
Кто сумеет погасить?

Кто его решил создать?

Upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

- Нет в Мире большего воплощения красоты,
Чем та, что мимо проходя увидишь ты.

Чем этот образ, слишком осязаемый в своем великолепии:

Ты видишь, город словно облачен в одежды,
Слепящей красоты рассвета и перевозданной тишины.

Недвижных шхун, прекрасных цитаделей,
величественных зданий куполов,
Театров и степенных храмов,
Глядящих на поля и в небо.

Всё светлое, сверкающее незадымленным
воздухом еще.
И солнце в небе - нереально ярко.
В своем первостепенном блеске, дремлют
холмы, утесы и лощины.

Никогда не видел ты,
И никогда ещё не ощущал - спокойствия так
явно!

Река скользит, своей капризной воле будто
повинуясь.
Бог мой! Дома, как-будто тоже спят!
При всем этом могуществе невольно замирает
сердце.

William Wordsworth



William Wordsworth (7 April 1770 – 23 April 1850) was a major English [Romantic](#) poet who, with [Samuel Taylor Coleridge](#), helped to launch the [Romantic Age](#) in [English literature](#) with their joint publication [Lyrical Ballads](#) (1798).

Dust Of Snow – Robert Frost

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree
Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

Снежный порох.
С березы ворон
стряхнул снежок,
и снежный порох
меня ожег,
добавив разом
в душе огней,
и стало сразу
идти светлей.

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

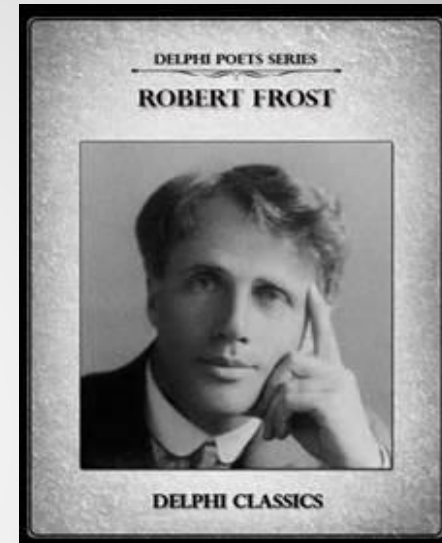
The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Снежным вечером в лесу

Я знаю кто хозяин здесь,

Найдем друг за дружкой лес. Но не увидит он что я

Robert Frost



Robert Lee Frost (March 26, 1874 – January 29, 1963) was an American poet. His work was initially published in England before it was published in America. He is highly regarded for his realistic depictions of rural life and his command of American colloquial speech.^[2] His work frequently employed settings from rural life in [New England](#) in the early twentieth century, using them to examine complex social and philosophical themes. One of the most popular and critically respected American poets of the twentieth century

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
That barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise

Я думал, что у красоты твоей
В поддельных красках надобности нет.
Я думал: ты прекрасней и милей
Всего, что может высказать поэт.
Вот почему молчания печать
На скромные уста мои легла, -
Чтобы свое величье доказать
Без украшений красота могла.
Но ты считаешь дерзостным грехом
Моей влюбленной музы немоту.
Меж тем другие немощным стихом
Бессмертную хоронят красоту.
То, что во взоре светится твоим,
Твои певцы не выразят вдвоем
!Сонет 83 в переводе С. Маршака



William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare ([/ˈʃeɪkspɪər/](#); 26 April 1564 ([baptised](#)) – 23 April 1616) was an English [poet](#), [playwright](#), and actor, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the [English language](#) and the world's pre-eminent dramatist. He is often called England's [national poet](#), and the "Bard of Avon". His extant works, including [collaborations](#), consist of approximately [38 plays](#), [154 sonnets](#), two long [narrative poems](#), and a few other verses, some of uncertain authorship. His plays have been translated into every major [living language](#) and are performed more often than those of any other playwright.