

Особенности функционирования колоронимов в английской поэзии

Студентка Курманова Юлия Ильдаровна
ЛПБА-301

Научный руководитель:
Самкова М. А.

Должность: доцент кафедры теории и
практики английского языка

Актуальным представляется
исследование **активных** процессов
употребления, **переосмысления** и
преобразования **колоронимов** в поэзии с
учетом культурного фона

Объектом исследования являются слова и словосочетания с цветовым обозначением.

Цель работы – выявить лингвокультурологическую специфику слов и словосочетаний с цветовыми обозначениями и их отражение в языке современной английской поэзии.

What A Wonderful World, автор - Боб Тиэл;

Such Beauty - Тониа Нкеангни;

On the nature of Love -

Autumn-

God's Grandeur-

В представленном исследовании
использовались **методы**
лингвистического наблюдения и описания,
стилистический анализ, а также элементы
семантического и контекстуального
анализа.

Обратимся к определению понятия «поэтический текст». Поэтический текст «можно определить как человеческую речь, особым образом сконструированную в связи с необходимостью создания особо сложных моделей-знаков для сверхсложных явлений денотатов» [Лотман, 1964, с. 191].

Имя цвета – это термин, отражающий психологический компонент в восприятии света и цвета, светового тона чего-нибудь, окраски. Под колоронимом, вслед за Н. Д. Борисовой мы понимаем термин, который может быть применен для обозначений названий любых цветовых оттенков (в том числе и ахроматических).

I see skies of blue, and
clouds of white,
The bright blessed day,
The dark sacred night
And I think to myself,
What a wonderful world.

skies of blue - голубые небеса

clouds of white - белые облака

The bright blessed day - яркий светлый день

The dark sacred night - священная темная

НОЧЬ

Blue

White

Dark

Bright

Dear God

Blessed I am.. I know this to be true.
It is a complete feeling..which I never knew.

Deep within my heart, where pain once sat.
You give me strength. hold me close.
In the mornings we chat.

It's the kind of LOVE, that makes you whole.
HIS love forever.. never takes a toll.

Sometimes I feel..I am not worthy.
I've made mistakes..when I was topsy turvy.

But your love always, circles around.
Even when I was, flat on the ground.

I wish you all could feel, the Love.
That circles like a, pale white dove.

We all can have a love. so true.
Believe in Him..it's up to you.

He'll give you all, you wish you had.
And you'll never end up.. sad.

There are no riches, in the sky above.
Just knowledge, strength..and all YOUR LOVE.

- Pale white dove

Such Beauty

See her standing out there
Not noticing her is so rare
She's out there ready to share
Her light and beauty so fair.

Her pretty face, no one can mar
You can't help but notice her
A quite unique, golden star
Sparkling, shimmering, glimmering from afar.

When she moves across the sky
You've got to shout "Oh My!"
Her majestic movement makes you sigh
And ask why she doesn't draw nigh.

Darkness tries but to no avail
In her kingdom, she must prevail
Darkness encompasses her like a veil
And then it's sent out of her trail.

She's illuminated the whole night
You can't blink with such a sight
You'll be mesmerized by her beautiful light,
If you engage in a fight.

Oh lovely charming moon
I had thought you only shone in June
But now I long for the passing of noon
Cup then, I know I'll see you soon.

By Tonia Nkeangnyi 21 June 2012

- Golden (star)
- Sparkling
- Shimmering
- Glimmering
-

On The Nature Of Love

The night is black and the forest has no end;
a million people thread it in a million ways.

We have trysts to keep in the darkness, but where
or with whom - of that we are unaware.

But we have this faith - that a lifetime's bliss
will appear any minute, with a smile upon its lips.

Scents, touches, sounds, snatches of songs
brush us, pass us, give us delightful shocks.

Then peradventure there's a flash of lightning:
whomever I see that instant I fall in love with.

I call that person and cry: 'This life is blest!
for your sake such miles have I traversed!'

All those others who came close and moved off
in the darkness - I don't know if they exist or not.

- Black
- Darkness

Rabindranath Tagore

Autumn

While others rue the passing of summer, I gaze
at the autumn garden, sun-dappled, the artist
wild in his brushstrokes now. The greens
of summer's heat erupt into crimson, gold, and bronze -
the palette now explored, summer' sameness
breaking into joyous riot.

The lilies spent, their flowers not drooping in despair
at summer's passing, bow their heads in awe;
the rose long gone, its blossoms fallen to brilliant hips,
rejoices too in its reprieve from bloom. Trees shed their tears
of joy now, their carpet an ode to nature's rest, knowing
in this shedding comes their renewal.

The vine, full- laden, its burgeoning grapes
ready for transformation, sings its chorus
of abundance as the weary vintner,
after summer's toils, reaps now his harvest, his labour
an homage to the gods.

I walk to my garden in its fallow season, and
from the loamy earth, scent infused, I pluck
one golden round, a perfect pumpkin,
the sun fallen to my back yard.

Carol Knepper

- Sun-dapple
d
- Crimson
- Gold
- Bronze
- Brilliant
- Golden

God's Grandeur

by Gerard Manley Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness like the ooze of oil
crushed. Why do men then now not reckon his rod?
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod
And all are seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;
And wears man's smudge and bears man's smell; the soil
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.

And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
And though the last lights off the black west went
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs—
Because the Holy Ghost, over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

- Shining
- Black (west)
- Brown
(brink)
Bright (wings)
-

<https://www.pinterest.com/pin/204562008044652095/>



