

Дмитрий Алёхин

English Poems



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«Автор»

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Этот уникальный сборник объединяет четыре эпических стихотворения, исследующих душу стран, составляющих Великобританию. От туманных гор Шотландии до легендарных замков Уэльса, от промышленного наследия Северной Ирландии до древних традиций Англии — каждая строчка дышит историей и современностью. Ключевые особенности: 1. Четыре литературных портрета Англия: Ода многовековой истории, шекспировским пейзажам и стойкому духу Шотландия: Вихрь кельтских легенд, вересковых пустошей и борьбы за независимость Уэльс: Гимн языку, который пережил века, и хорам, звучащим в долинах Северная Ирландия: Баллада о противоречиях — между мифами и современностью, конфликтом и исцелением

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ДМИТРИЙ АЛЁХИН English Poems

Ode to England

Beneath the pewter skies so wide and grand,
Stands ancient England, proud upon the land.
Her emerald fields in morning's golden light,
Are kissed by dewdrops, glistening and bright.

From Dover's cliffs, so white and steep they rise,
To northern moors where lonely curlew cries.
The Thames, a serpent, winds through London's heart,
As centuries did, so still it plays its part.

Oh, sing of villages with cobbled ways,
Of thatch-roofed cottages in sunset's blaze.
The church bells toll in quiet country lanes,
Their echoes dancing over hills and plains.

The castles stand like sentinels of old,
Their battle-worn gray stones still stern and bold.
In Windsor's halls and York's high-minstered air,
The ghosts of kings and queens still linger there.

The poets walked where Avon's waters flow,
And Shakespeare's words in every heartbeat glow.
In Stratford's streets, his spirit softly treads,
While London hums with Whitman's restless threads.

The moors of Brontë, wild and windswept, free,
Where Heathcliff's shadow whispers 'cross the lea.
And Wordsworth's daffodils still dance with glee,
Beside the lakes where thoughts roam wild and wee.

Oh, England! Land of legend, song, and lore,
From Saxon shores to Norman conquerors.
Your history lives in every crumbling wall,
In abbey ruins, standing proud and tall.

The pubs at evening, warm with ale and cheer,
Where laughter hums and strangers become dear.
The fish and chips in paper, crisp and hot,
A simple feast, yet never once forgot.

The football chants in stadiums so loud,
The rolling hills beneath a drifting cloud.
The changing seasons—spring's first tender green,

The autumn's gold, the fairest ever seen.

From Cornwall's shores where pirates once did roam,
To Yorkshire dales, a shepherd's quiet home.
From Liverpool's bright beat and London's might,
To Cambridge halls where scholars chase the light.

Oh, England! Though your skies may oft be gray,
Your spirit shines in every single way.
A land of contrasts, old yet ever new,
Forever loved, forever strong and true.

So here's to thee, dear sceptred isle, so free—
The heart of all the world yet still to be.
May future ages sing thy praises long,
And keep thee ever in their grateful song.

The Thistle and the Heather: An Ode to Scotland

O land of mist and mountain steep,
Where ancient glens in silence sleep,
And lochs like mirrors, dark and deep,
Reflect the clouds in shadows swept—
Oh, Scotland! Wild and windswept, free,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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