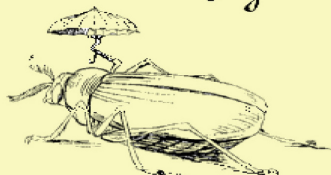




ЭДВАРД ЛИР

ИЗ ПОЛНОГО
СОБРАНИЯ
БЕССМЫСЛИЦ

В переводах
Родина Игоря



*С параллельными текстами
на английском языке*

Эдвард Лир

Из полного собрания бессмыслиц

http://www.litres.ru/pages/biblio_book/?art=38616657

Из полного собрания бессмыслиц;

ISBN 978-5-4253-0448-3

Аннотация

Эдвард Лир – один из величайших английских поэтов. И это несмотря на всю «несерьезность» его творчества. Его книжки «нонсенсов» (т. е. чепухи) произвели революцию не только в поэзии, но и в литературе в целом, породив так называемый жанр абсурда. Среди учеников и последователей Лира были и Льюис Кэрролл, и Огдан Нэш, и Кит Гилберт Честертон, и многие другие. Книга представляет собой билингву, то есть русский и английский текст даются параллельно.

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Эдвард Лир

Из полного собрания бессмыслиц

Nonsense verse and songs

Self-portrait of the laureate of nonsense

How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!
Who has written such volumes of stuff!
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,
But a few think him pleasant enough.

His mind is concrete and fastidious,
His nose is remarkably big;
His visage is more of less hideous,
His beard it resembles a wig.

He has ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers,
Leastways if you reckon two thumbs,
Long ago he was one of the singers,
But now he is one of the dumbs.

He sits in a beautiful parlour,
With hundreds of books on the wall;
He drinks a great deal of Marsala,
But never gets tipsy at all.

He has many friends, laymen and clerical;
Old Foss is the name of his cat;
His body is perfectly spherical,
He weareth a runcible hat.

When he walks in a waterproof white,
The children run after him so!
Calling out, "He's come out in his night-
Gown, that crazy old Englishman, oh!"

He weeps by the side of the ocean,
He weeps on the top of the hill;
He purchases pancakes and lotion,
And chocolate shrimps from the mill.

He reads but he cannot speak Spanish,
He cannot abide ginger-beer:
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear!

The Owl and the Pussy-cat

I

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
“O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
 You are,
 You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

II

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?”



The Children of the Owl and the Pussy-cat

Our mother was the Pussy-cat,
Our father was the Owl,
And so we're partly little beasts
And partly little fowl,

The brothers of our family
Have feathers and they hoot,
While all the sisters dress in fur
And have long tails to boot.

We all believe that little mice,
For food are singularly nice.

Our mother died long years ago.
She was a lovely cat
Her tail was 5 feet long, and grey
With stripes, but what of that?

In Sila forest on the East
Of far Calabria's shore
She tumbled from a lofty tree —
None ever saw her more.

Our owly father long was ill
From sorrow and surprise,
But with the feathers of his tail
He wiped his weeping eyes.

And in the hollow of a tree
In Sila's inmost maze
We made a happy home and there
We pass our obvious days.

From Reggian Cosenza
Many owls about us flit
And bring us worldly news
For which we do not care a bit.

We watch the sun each morning rise,
Beyond Tarento's strait;
We go out pleasure seeking,
Before it gets too late;

And when the evening shades begin
To lengthen from the trees
You'll find us merrily dancing
As sure as bees is bees.

We wander up and down the shore
Or tumble over head and heels,
But never, never more,
Can see the far Gromboolian plains

Or weep as we could once have wept
O'er many a vanished scene:
This is the way our father moans —
He is so very green.

Our father still preserves his voice,
And when he sees a star
He often sings to the strings of that
Original guitar.

The pot in which our parents took
The honey in their boat,
But all the money has been spent,
Beside the 5-pound note.

The owls who come and bring us news
Are often sent away
Because we take no interest
In politics of the day.



The Duck and the Kangaroo

I

Said the Duck to the Kangaroo,
“Good gracious! how you hop!
Over the fields and the water too,
As if you never would stop!
My life is a bore in this nasty pond,
And I long to go out in the world beyond!
I wish I could hop like you!”
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

II

“Please give me a ride on your back!”
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.
“I would sit quite still, and say nothing but
“Quack”,
Te whole of the long day through!
And we’d go to the Dee, and the Jelly Bo Lee,
Over the land, and over the sea; —

Please take me a ride! O do!"
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

III

Said the Kangaroo to the Duck,
"This requires some little reflection;
Perhaps on the whole it might bring me luck,
And there seems but one objection,
Which is, if you'll let me speak so bold,
Your feet are unpleasantly wet and cold,
And would probably give me the roo-
Matiz!" said the Kangaroo.

IV

Said the Duck, "As I sate on the rocks,
I have thought over that completely,
And I bought four pairs of worsted socks
Which fit my web-fit neatly.
And to keep out the cold I've bought a cloak,
And every day a cigar I'll smoke,
All to follow my own dear true
Love of Kangaroo!"

V

Said the Kangaroo, "I'm ready!
All in the moonlight pale;
But to balance me well, dear Duck, sit steady!
And quite at the end of my tail!"
So away they went with a hop and a bound,
And they hopped the whole world three
times round

And who so happy, – O who,
As the Duck and the Kangaroo?



The Daddy Long-legs and the Fly

I

Once Mr. Daddy Long-legs,
Dressed in brown and gray,
Walked about upon the sands
Upon a summer's day;
And there among the pebbles,
When the wind was rather cold,
He met with Mr. Floppy Fly,
All dressed in blue and gold.
And as it was too soon to dine,
They drank some Periwinkle-wine,
And played an hour or two, or more,
At battlecock and shuttledoor.

II

Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs
To Mr. Floppy Fly,
“Why do you never come to court?”

I wish you'd tell me why.
All gold and shine, in dress so fine,
You'd quite delight the court.
Why do you never go at all?
I really think you ough!
And if you went, you'd see such sights!
Such rugs! and jugs! and candle-lights!
And more than all, the King and Queen,
One in red, and one in green!"

III

"O Mr. Daddy Long-legs,"
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
"It's true I never go to court,
And I will tell you why.
If I had six long legs like yours,
At once I'd go to court!
But oh! I can't, because my legs
Are so extremely short.
And I'm afraid the King and Queen
(One in red, and one in green)
Would said aloud, "You are not fit,
You Fly, to come to court a bit!"

IV

“O Mr. Daddy Long-legs,”
Said Mr. Floppy Fly,
“I wish you’d sing one little song!
One mumbian melody!
You used to sing so awful well
In former days gone by,
But now you never sing at all;
I wish you’d tell me why:
For if you would, the silvery sound
Would please the shrimps and cockles round,
And all the crabs would gladly come
To hear you sing, “Ah, Hum di Hum!””

V

Said Mr. Daddy Long-legs,
“I can never sing again!
And if you wish, I’ll tell you why,
Although it gives me pain.
For years I cannot hum a bit,
Or sing the smallest song;
And this the dreadful reason is,

My legs are grown too long!
My six long legs, all here and there,
Oppress my bosom with despair;
And if I stand, or lie, or sit,
I cannot sing one single bit!"

VI

So Mr. Daddy Long-legs
And Mr. Floppy Fly
Sat down in silence by the sea,
And gazed upon the sky.
They said, "This is a dreadful thing!
The world has all gone wrong,
Since one has legs too short by half,
The other much too long!
One never more can go to court,
Because his legs have grown too short;
The other cannot sing a song,
Because his legs have grown too long!"

VII

Then Mr. Daddy Long-legs

And Mr. Floppy Fly
Rushed downward to the foamy sea
With one sponge-taneous cry;
And there they found a little boat,
Whose sails were pink and grey;
And off they sailed among the waves,
Far, and far away,
They sailed across the silent main,
And reached the great Gromboolian plain;
And there they play for evermore
At battlecock and shuttledoor.



Mr. and Mrs. Spikky Sparrow

I

On a little piece of wood,
Mr. Spikky Sparrow stood;
Mrs. Sparrow sate close by,
A-making of an insect pie,
For her little children five,
In the nest and all alive,
Singing with a cheerful smile
To amuse them all the while,
Twicky wikky wikky wee,
Wikky bikky twicky tee,
Spikky bikky bee!

II

Mrs. Spikky Sparrow said,
“Spikky, Darling! in my head
Many thoughts of trouble come,
Like to flies upon a plum!

All last night, among the trees,
I heard you cough, I heard you sneeze;
And, thought I, it's come to that
Because he does not wear a hat!
Chippy wippy sikky tee!
Bikky wikky tikky mee!
Spikky chippy wee!

III

Not that you are growing old,
But the nights are growing cold.
No one stays out all nights long
Without a hat: I'm sure it's wrong!"
Mr. Spikky said, "How kind,
Dear! you are, to speak your mind!
All your life I wish you luck!
You are! you are! a lovely duck!
Witchy witchy witchy wee!
Twitchy witchy witchy bee!
Tikky tikky tee!

IV

I was also sad, and thinking,
When one day I saw you winking,
And I heard you snuffle-snuffle,
And I saw your feathers ruffle;
To myself I sadly said,
She's neuralgia in er head!
That dear head has nothing on it!
Ought she not to wear a bonnet?
Witchy kitchy kitchy wee?
Spikky wikky mikky bee?
Chippy wippy chee?

V

Let us both fly up to town!
There I'll buy you such a gown!
Which, completely in the fashion,
You shall tie a sky-blue sash on.
And a pair of slippers neat,
To fit your darling little feet,
So that you will look and feel
Quite galloobious and genteel!
Jikky wikky bikky see,
Chicky bikky wikky bee,
Twicky witchy wee!"

VI

So they both to London went,
Alighting on the Monument,
Whence they flew down swiftly—pop,
Into Moses' wholesale shop;
There they bought a hat and bonnet,
And a gown with spots upon it,
A satin sash of Cloxam blue,
And a pair of slippers too.
Zikky wikky mikky bee,
Witchy witchy mitchy kee,
Sikky tikky wee.

VII

Then when so completely drest,
Back they flew, and reached their nest.
Their children cried, "O Ma and Pa!
How truly beautiful you are!"
Said they, "We trust that cold or pain
We shall never feel again!
While, perched on tree, or house, or steeple,
We now shall look like other people.

Witchy witchy witchy wee,
Twicky mikky bikky bee,
Zikky sikky tee.”

The Pelican chorus

King and Queen of the Pelicans we;
No other Birds so grand we see!
None but we have feet like fins!
With lovely leathery throats and chins!
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee!
We think no Birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill!
We think so then, and we thought so still!

We live on the Nile. The Nile we love.
By night we sleep on the cliffs above;
By day we fish, and at eve we stand
On long bare islands of yellow sand.
And when the sun sinks slowly down
And the great rock walls grow dark and brown,
Where the purple river rolls fast and dim
And the Ivory Ibis starlike skim,
Wing to wing we dance around,—
Opening our mouths as Pelicans ought,
And this is the song we nightly snort;—
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee!
We think no Birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill,—
We think so then, and we thought so still!

Last year came out our Daughter, Dell;
And all the Birds received her well.
To do her honour, a feast we made
For every bird that can swim or wade.
Hérons and Gulls, and Cormorants black,
Cranes, and Flamingoes with scarlet back,
Plovers and Storks, and Geese in clouds,
Swans and Dilberry Ducks in crowds.
Thousands of Birds in wondrous flight!
They ate and drank and danced all night,
And echoing back from the rocks you heard
Multitude-echoes from Bird and Bird,—
Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee!
We think no Birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill,
We think so then, and we thought so still!

Yes, they came; and among the rest,
The King of the Cranes all grandly dressed.
Such a lovely tail! Its feathers float
Between the ends of his blue dress-coat;
With pea-green trowsers all so neat,
And a delicate frill to hide his feet,—
(For though no one speaks of it, every one
knows,
He has got no webs between his toes!)

As soon as he saw our Daughter Dell,
In violent love that Crane King fell,—

On seeing her wadding form so fair,
With a wreath of shrimps in her shot white
hair.

And before the end of the next long day,
Our Dell had given her heart away;
For the King of the Cranes had won that
heart,

With a Crocodile's egg and a large fish-tart.
She vowed to marry the King of the Cranes,
Leaving the Nile for stranger plains;
And away they flew in a gathering crowd
Of endless birds in a lengthening cloud.

Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee!

We think no Birds so happy as we!

Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill!

We think so then, and we thought so still!

And far away in the twilight sky,

We heard them singing a lessening cry,—

Farther and farther till out of sight,

And we stood alone in the silent night!

Oftentimes, in the nights of June,

We sit on the sand and watch the moon;—

She has gone to the great Gromboolian plain,

And we probably never shall meet again!

Oft, in the long still nights of June,

We sit on the rocks and watch the moon;—

She dwells by the streams of the Chankly

Bore,

And we probably never shall see her more.

Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee!

We think no Birds so happy as we!

Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill!

We think so then, and we thought so still!

The Table and the Chair

I

Said the Table to the Chair,
“You can hardly be aware,
How I suffer from the heat,
And from chilblains on my feet!
If we took a little walk,
We might have a little talk!
Pray let us take the air!”
Said the Table to the Chair.

II

Said the Chair unto the Table,
“Now you Know we are not able!
How foolishly you talk,
When you know we cannot walk!”
Said the Table, with a sigh,
“It can do no harm to try,
I’ve as many legs as you,

Why can't we walk on two?"

III

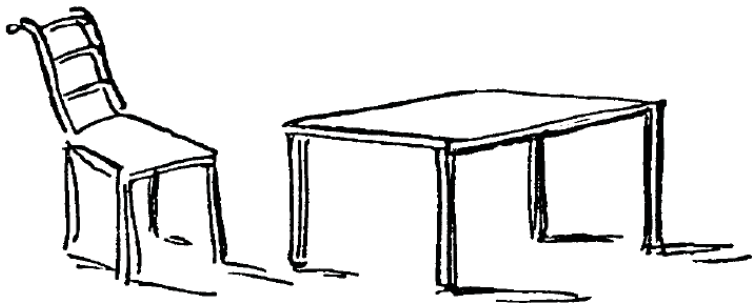
So they both went slowly down,
And walked about the town
With a cheerful bumpy sound,
As they toddled round and round.
And everybody cried,
As they hastened to their side,
"See! the Table and the Chair
Have come out to take the air!"

IV

But in going down an alley,
To a castle in a valley,
They completely lost their way,
And wandered all the day,
Till, to see them safely back,
They paid a Ducky-quack,
And a Beetle, and a Mouse,
Who took them to their house.

V

Then they whispered to each other,
“O delightful little brother!
What a lovely walk we’ve taken!
Let us dine on Beans and Bacon!”
So the Ducky, and the leetle
Brownny-Mousy and the Beetle
Dined, and danced upon their heads,
Till they toddled to their beds.



The Broom, the Shovel, the Poker, and the Tongs

I

The Broom and the Shovel, the Poker and Tongs,
They all took a drive in the Park,
And they each sang a song, Ding-a-dong,
Ding-a-dong,
Before they went back in the dark.
Mr. Poker he sate quite upright in the coach,
Mr. Tongs made a clatter and clash,
Miss Shovel was dressed all in black (with a
brooch),
Mr. Broom was in blue (with a sash).
Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
And they all sang a song!

II

“O Shovely so lovely!” the Poker he sang,
“You have perfectly conquered my heart!

Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong! If you're pleased
with my song,
I will feed you with cold apple tart!
When you scrape up the coals with a delicate
sound
You enrapture my life with delight!
Your nose is so shiny! your head is so round!
And your shape is so slender and bright!
Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
Ain't you pleased with my song?"

III

"Alas! Mr. Broom!» sighed the Tongs in his
song.
O is it because I'm so thin,
And my legs are so long – Ding-a-dong!
Ding-a-dong!
That you don't care about me a pin?
Ah! fairest of creatures, when sweeping the room,
Ah! why don't you heed my complaint!
Must you needs be so cruel, you beautiful Broom,
Because you are covered with paint?
Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!
You are certainly wrong!"

IV

Mrs. Broom and Miss Shovel together they sang,
“What nonsense you’re singing today!”

Said the Shovel, “I’ll certainly hit you a band!”

Said the Broom, “And I’ll sweep you away!”

So the Coachman drove homeward as fast as
he could,

Perceiving their anger with pain;

But they put on the kettle, and little by little,

They all became happy again.

Ding-a-dong! Ding-a-dong!

There’s the end of my song.

The Nutcrackers and the Sugar-tongs

I

The Nutcrackers sate by a plate on the table,
The Sugar-tongs sate by a plate at his side;
And Nutcrackers said, "Don't you wish we were able
Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride?
Must we drag on this stupid existence fo ever,
So idle and weary, so full of remorse, —
While every one else takes his pleasure, and never
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse?"

II

Don't you think we could ride without being instructed?
Without any saddle, or bridle, or spur?
Our legs are so long, and so aptly constructed,
I'm sure that an accident could not occur.
Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,
And hustle downstairs, and each jump on a horse!
Shall we try? Shall we go? Do you think we are able?"

The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, "Of course!"

III

So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute,
The Sugar-tongs snapped, and the Crackers said "crack!"
The stable was open, the horses were in it;
Each took out a pony, and jumped on his back.
The Cat in a fright scrambled out of a doorway,
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay,
The brown and white Rats, and the black ones from Norway,
Screamed out, "They are taken the horses away!"

IV

The whole of the household was filled with amazement,
The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about,
The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement,
The Saltcellar stood on his head with a shout,
The spoons with a clatter looked out of the lattice,
The Mustard-pot climbed up the Gooseberry Pies,
The Soup-ladle peeped through a heap of Veal Patties,
And squeaked with a ladle-like scream of surprise.

V

The Frying-pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"
The Tea-kettle hissed and grew black in the face;
And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion,
To sea the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race.
And out of the stable, with screamings and laughter,
(Their ponies were cream-coloured, speckled with brown,)
The Nutcrackers first, and the Sugar-tongs after,
Rode all round the yard, and then all round the town.

VI

They rode through the street, and they rode by the station,
They galloped away to the beautiful shore;
In silence they rode, and «made no observation»,
Save this: "We will never go back any more!"
And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,
The Sugar-tongs snap, and the Crackers say "crack!"
Till far in the distance their forms disappearing,
They faded away. – And they never come back!

The new vestments

There lived an old man in the Kingdom of Tess,
Who invented a purely original dress;
And when it was perfectly made and complete,
He opened the door, and walked into the street.
By way of a hat, he'd a loaf of Brown Bread,
In the middle of which he inserted his head;—
His Shirt was made up of no end of dead Mice,
The warmth of whose skins was quite fluffy and nice;—
His Drawers were of Rabbit-skins;—so were his Shoes;—
His Stockings were skins,—but it is not known whose;—
His Waistcoat and Trousers were made of Pork Chops;—
His Buttons were Jujubes, and Chocolate Drops;—
His Coat was all Pancakes with Jam for a border,
And a girdle of Biscuits to keep it in order;
And he wore over all, as a screen from bad weather,
A Cloak of green Cabbage-leaves stitched all together.

He had walked a short way, when he heard a great noise,
Of all sorts of Beasticles, Birdlings, and Boys;—
And from every long street and dark lane in the town
Beasts, Birdles, and Boys in a tumult rushed down.
Two Cows and a half ate his Cabbage-leaf Cloak;—
Four Apes seized his Girdle, which vanished like smoke;
Three Kids ate up half of his Pancaky Coat,—
And the tails were devour'd by an ancient He Goat;—

An army of Dogs in a twinkling tore up his
Pork Waistcoat and Trousers to give to their Puppies;—
And while they were growling, and mumbling the Chops,
Ten Boys prigged the Jujubes and Chocolate drops.

He tried to run back to his house, but in vain,
For Scores of fat Pigs came again and again;—
They rushed out of stables and hovels and doors,—
They tore off his stockings, his shoes, and his drawers;—
And now from the housetops with screechings descend
Striped, spotted, white, black, and gray Cats without end:
They jumped on his shoulders and knocked off his hat,—
When Crows, Ducks, and Hens made a mincemeat of that;—
They speedily flew at his sleeves in a trice,
And utterly tore up his Shirt of dead Mice;—
They swallowed the last of his Shirt with a squall,—
Whereon he ran home with no clothes on at all.

And he said to himself, as he bolted the door,
“I will not wear a similar dress any more,
Any more, any more, any more, never more!”



And it's perfectly known that a Pobble's toes
Are safe, – provided he minds his nose.»

III

The Pobble swam fast and well
And when boats or ships came near him
He tinkledy-binkledy-winkled a bell
So that all the world could hear him.
And all the Sailors and Admirals cried,
When they saw him nearing the further side,—
“He has gone to fish, for his Aunt Jobiska's
Runcible Cat with crimson whiskers!”

IV

But before he touched the shore,
The shore of Bristol Channel,
A sea-green Porpoise carried away
His wrapper of scarlet flannel.
And when he came to observe his feet
Formely garnished with toes so neat
His face at once became forlorn
On perceiving that all his toes were gone!

V

And nobody ever knew
From that dark day to the present,

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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