

# ИНГЛИЗ РОМАНТИК ШЕЪРИЯТИ

(“English romantic Poetry”)



ЎЗБЕКИСТОН РЕСПУБЛИКАСИ  
ОЛИЙ ВА ЎРТА МАХСУС ТАЪЛИМ ВАЗИРЛИГИ

ҚАРШИ ДАВЛАТ УНИВЕРСИТЕТИ

**ИНГЛИЗ РОМАНТИК ШЕЪРИЯТИ  
("English romantic Poetry")**

Мустақил ўқиш учун қўлланма

Қарши:  
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«English Romantic Poetry» («Инглиз романтик шеърляти») деб номланган ушбу қўлланма олий ўқув юрғларининг инглиз тили ва адабиёти ихтисослиги йўналишида таълим олаётган талабалар, ўрта мактаб, академик лицей ҳамда касб-ҳунар коллежларининг инглиз тили ўқитувчиларига мустақил ўқиш учун мўлжалланган.

Шунингдек, ундан инглиз шеърлятига қизиқувчи китобхонлар ва таржимонлар ҳам фойдаланишлари мумкин.

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## МУҚАДДИМА

XIX аср жаҳон адабиётида романтизм мактаби қаламкашлари ижоди алоҳида ўрин эгаллайди. Англияда Уилям Блейк, Самюэл Колридж, Томас Мур, Шелли, Жон Китс, Олмонияда Новалис, Хенри фон Клейст, Адельберт фон Шамиссо, Йозиф фон Эйхндорф, Хенрех Хейне, Францияда Андре де Шенйе, Альфонс де Ламартин, Альфред де Виньи, Виктор Гюго, Жерер де Нерваль, Алфред де Мюссе АҚШда Ральф Эмерсон, Хенри Лонгфилло, Эдгар По каби шоирлар романтизм шеъриятининг атоқли намоёндалари эдилар.

1789 -1792 йиллардаги буюк француз инқилоби ғалабасидан илҳомланган романтиклар унинг "Озодлик, Тинчлик, Биродарлик!" шиори остида шахс эркинлигини ҳимоя қилиб чиқдилар, дунёни қўллик ва йўқсиллик исканжасидан халос этмоқ бўлиб, ўз орзу - истаklarини юксак романтик образларда мадҳ этдилар. Инсон эркинлигини тараннум этаркан, улар ҳатто шарқона мавзу ва оҳангларга мурожаат этиб, ижоди давомида шарқ мумтоз адабиёти анъаналарига эргашишди. Буни биз айниқса Байрон, Виктор Гюго, Эдгар По ижодида яққол кўрамиз. Ўз навбатида гарб романтизм шеърияти ўзбек шоирлари ижодига ҳам таъсир кўрсатди. Ўзбекистон халқ шоири Абдулла Орипов: "Менга Пушкин бир жаҳону, Менга Байрон бир жаҳон..." мисраларини битганида айнан шуни эътиборга олган бўлса керак.

Ўтган аср давомида Ҳамид Олимжон, Мақсуд Шайхзода, Асқад Мухтор, Жуманиёз Жабборов, Муҳаммад Али, Рауф Парфи, Абдулла Шер, Садриддин Салимов, Шарофат Ботирова каби қаламкашлар романтизм шоирлари ижодига мурожаат қилиб, улар шеъриятдан ўзбек тилига таржима қилишди.

XIX аср гарб романтизм шеърияти ва бу мактабга мансуб адиблар ижоди республикамиз олий ўқув юртларининг филология факультетлари ўқув дастуридан ҳам ўрин олгандир. Ушбу қўлланма муаллифлари олий ўқув юртларида инглиз тили ва адабиётидан дарс беришади. Улар "Инглиз адабиёти тарихи" фанидан дарслик ва мажмуа (хрестоматия)лар тақчиллигини ҳисобга олган ҳолда "Инглиз романтик шеърияти" "English romantic poetry" ўқув қўлланмасини тузишган. Унда инглиз романтизм шеъриятининг йирик вакиллари саналмиш Уильям Блейк (W.Blake), Уильям Вордсворт (W.Wordsworth), Вальтер Скотт (W.Scott), Самюэл Колридж (S.Colridge), Роберт Саути (R.Southey), Томас Мур (T.Moore), Жорж Байрон (G.Byron), Перси Биши Шелли. (P.B.Shelly), Жон Китс (J.Keats) ижодидан намуналар келтирилган. Қўлланма сўнггида берилган илмий ва бадиий манбалар библиографияси ҳам талабаларга инглиз романтизм адабиёти билан чуқурроқ танишишида яқиндан ёрдам беради. Хуллас, ушбу "Инглиз романтик шеърияти" ўқув қўлланмаси талабалар

учун англиз тилида ифодали ўқиш ҳамда шеърий матнларни таҳлил ва таржима қилишда фойдали манба бўлади, деб уйлайман.

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## **ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETRY**

Nineteenth century English literature is remarkable both for high artistic achievement and for variety. The greatest literary movement of its earlier period was that of romanticism. It was born in the atmosphere of the violent economic and political turmoil that marked the last decades of the 18th and the first decades of the 19th century. The outburst of political activity brought on by the great French Revolution of 1789, the bitter wars with Napoleon's France that ravaged Europe for almost 25 years were the dominant political forces at work. The hardships of the industrial and agrarian revolution whose joint effect was a gradual change of all aspects of social life in England made the situation rife with class hatred.

The first English poet to be fully aware of the dilemmas of the age of great bourgeois revolution was William Blake. Blake's violent revulsion from rationalism, his repeatedly proclaimed belief in intuition and inspiration as idealistic as the only path to true wisdom, his idealistic and mystic conceptions of humanity and its mysterious way were then quite original. Similar ideas were later taken up by many poets who did not know of his work, as in his own life-time he published but one of his books of poetry. The rest of his numerous lyrics and epics never reached the public of his days. In his portrayal of a gigantic world in the Prophetic Lays Blake precedes the Byron of Cain and Heaven and Earth, the shelly of Prometheus Unbound.

Though bitter disappointed in the downfall of the French Revolution, for reasons that were personal as well as public, Blake never wavered in his devotion to the cause of freedom, in his hatred of oppression and inequality. In this he differed from his younger contemporaries William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Both began as warm admirers of the Revolution, so much so that wordsworth even traveled to France to witness the great liberation of mankind.

Both poets resolved to withdraw from the evils of big industrial cities and beauty in the quiet of country - life, in the grandeur and purity of nature. They dreamed of creating art that would be true to the best that is in man and help to bring it out by sheer force of poetry. Living in the lake country of

Northern England they were known as the Lakes.

Together they composed and published a small volume of poems entitled *Lyrical Ballads* to which Coleridge contributed the gruesome tale of the *Ancient Mariner* and four more lyrics. The bulk of the volume was supplied by Wordsworth. He called his ballads lyrical, because their interest did not lie in subject-matter and plot but in mood and treatment, in making one feeling and all the persons and events described.

In their later years, after the bulk of their work was done, both poets became increasingly conservative in their religious and political views and more rigid in their moral attitudes.

The greatest romantic poet of the elder generation was Walter Scott. Though personally friendly to the Lakists, he never quite shared their literary tastes and affinities. The author of a number of stylized imitations of old English and Scottish ballads and original epic poems dealing with the feudal past of his native Scotland, it is as a novelist and discoverer of a new province of writing that Walter Scott won his world renown. His claim to a high rank among the romantics mainly depends on his profound sense of history. He was one of the first to realize the dialectical nature of the relationship between individual and public life.

Among the romantic poets of the younger generation Scott preferred Byron. Like Scott, Byron had a destined feeling of the movement of History, of unceasing development, of huge forces shaping human lives. Unlike Scott, however, who shared the Lake poets' distrust of political reorganization of society and their disapproval of revolutionary methods, Byron, though sometimes skeptical about the results of a future revolution, entertained no doubt whatever both about the inevitability of revolution and the moral and political necessity for any man to fight for it to the best of his abilities.

Like all the romantics, Byron was very versatile in his literary work. In poetry he tried every possible genre, most unclassically destroying the proper divisions and barriers between them. He created lyric and epic poems, dramas, both classical and romantic, political satires, verse tales and in prose specimens of flaming oratory and journals.

Another great rebel among the romantics was Byron's friend Shelley. With his hatred of the abominations of a cruel and selfish class society reaches its climax. Like the other romantics, he was fully aware of the tragedy of the French Revolution, but like Byron, he devoted his life and poetry to the revolution of the future that would not repeat the errors of 1789, and would culminate in a triumph of universal gladness and love.

Shelley was the only romantic to realize that liberty could not be won without the enthusiasm of the working men of England, and he called upon them to rise against their oppressors.

Shelley was romantic in his resolute break with literary tradition new

imagery and rhythms, in drawing the inner world of man as part of the infinity of the Universe. His poets style is highly metaphorical, often symbolical, in an effort and great visions of great victories, of a glorious future for mankind. The complexity and novelty of his imagery were so much head of his time that he was understood by very few readers. In this he was akin to his younger contemporary John Keats, whose poetry was a powerful embodiment of the romantic idea of freedom, live and beauty.

Like Shelly, Keats lived in a poetic world of his own imagination, but though he hated tyranny and oppression, both of Church and Government, seldom let his politics interfere with his poetry. His ambition was to influence men solely by the power of beauty, not by a direct appeal to their views.

Shelly and Keats were not recognized in their own times. They were considered inferior not only to Byron and Scott but also to a far lesser poet, Thomas Moore, the author of the musical and intensely emotional Irish Melodies bearing upon the national misfortunes of appressed Ireland. In his romantic poems the East, in his satirical Fables Moore took up some of the most popular topics of his day. The easy flow of his verse, his pleasing sentimentality and the vividness of the coloring he threw an all he described and particularly his musicality charmed the general reader and won him many admirers.

### УИЛЬЯМ БЛЕЙК (WILLIAM BLAKE) (1757- 1827)

Уильям Блейк инглиз романтизм шеърийатининг илк вакили ҳисобланади. У 1757 йил оддий сотувчи оиласида дунёга келади. Унинг болалиги серфарзанд оилада оғир турмуш ва ночорлик исканжасида ўтди. Ота-она боладаги рассомчиликка бўлган иштиёқини ҳисобга олиб, уни дастлаб санъат устаси сэр Байзар мактабига ўқишга берадилар.

Ёш Блейк бу ерда лотинча гравюра санъатини чуқур ўргангани ва Вестминистер аббатлигидаги черковларни безаш билан машғул бўлади. Готик тасвирий санъат усталари Дюрер ва Микеланжело услубини ўзлаштирган Уильям Блейк балогат ёшида Плотон, Вергилий, Овидий, Шекспир, Мильтон асарларини мутолаа қилишга берилади. У қадимги юнон ва лотин тилларни ўрганиди. Бу эса кейинчалик унга буюк Дантенинг "Илоҳий комедия"сига расмлар



чизишида катта ёрдам берган эди.

1777 йил Блейк ўзининг биринчи шеърий тўплами "Шеърий машқлар" (Poetical Sketchts ) китобини ёзиб тугатади. Китоб 1783 йил нашр қилинади. Шоир шеърларида Библия мотивлари етакчи ўрин тутиб, муаллиф бу ўринда ўз ватандоши Жон Мильтон анъаналарини давом эттирган эди.

1788-1789-йиллар Блейк ижодида француз буржуа инқилобининг таъсири катта булганлигини кузатамиз. Бу йилларда у Уильям Годвин, Мэри Уолстонкрафт, Томас Пейн каби маърифатпарвар адиблар билан яқиндан танишади. Шоирнинг "Болалик қўшиқлари" (Songs of Innocence) ва "Кексалик қўшиқлари" (Songs of Experience, 1794) шеърий китоблари нашр қилинади.

Биринчи китобга кирган шеърларида шоир болаликнинг беғубор онларини, беташвиш йилларини завқ - шавқ билан тасвирлайди. Инсоннинг болаликдаги орзулари, уни амалга ошириш йўлидаги ўспиринлик йиллари бадий кўтаринкилик билан тараннум этилади.

Тўпلامдаги "Болалик - қувонч" (Infant Joy), " Тунги қўшиқ", (Evening Song) "Муқаддас пайшанба" (A Holy Thursday) шеърлари болалар кайфиятига мос битилганини кўрамыз.

"Кексалик қўшиқлари"да эса ҳаёт ташвишлари, йўқсиллик ва қўллик изтироблари сатрларга олинади. Ижтимоий ҳаётдаги нотинчлик ва табақаларга бўлиниб яшаш одамзод ҳаётини заҳарловчи афюн эканини шоир тўпلامдаги шеърларида ачиниш билан қаламга олади.

Масалан шоир "Ёввойи гул қўшиғи" (The Song of Wild Flower) да ўрмонда ўсган ёввойи гул тонг палласи ҳаётга ҳавас билан гунча очади-ю ammo у узоқ яшамайди, балки одам ва ҳайвонлар томонидан топталиб умри хазон бўлади.

Хуллас Блейк бу икки китобида одамзод умрининг болалиги ва кексалиги бир - бирига вобаста ҳушнудликда ўтиши учун одил ва тенглик асосида қурилган жамиятни, тўкин - сочин ҳаётни орзу қилади.

Уильям Блейк ижодининг юксалган даврида ўзининг "Пайғамбарлик китоби" (Prophetic Books) номли шеърлар ва поэмалар туркумини яратди. Китобдан ўрин олган "Осмон ва дўзах никоҳи" (The Marriage of Heaven and Hell ), "Тэль китоби" (The Book of Thel), "Француз инқилоби" (The French Revolution), "Европа"(Europe: a Propheey), "Қуддус" (Jerusalem) ва "Мильтон" поэмаларида шоир ўзининг лирик кайфияти, фалсафий мушоҳадалари ва ижтимоий - сиёсий қарашларини баён этади. Блейк ижоди ўзидан кейинги романтиклар ижодининг шаклланишида муҳим аҳамият касб этди.

Шоир шеърлари жаҳон тилларига жумладан рус тилига К.Д.Бальмонт ва С.Маршак томонидан маҳорат билан ўтирилган. Ўзбек шеърхонлари Блейк ижодидан баҳраманд булганларича йўқ.

Collection poems:

"Poetical sketches", 1783; "Songs of Innocence", 1789; "Songs of Experience", 1794.

The poems: "The book of Thel", 1789; "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell", 1790; "The French Revolution", 1791; "Visions of the Daughters of Albion", 1793; "The First Book of Uri zen", 1794; "Europe a Prophecy", 1794; "Jerusalem", 1804; "Milton", 1804

## FROM "POETICAL SKETCHES" SONG

How sweet I roam'd from field to field,  
And tasted all the summer's pride,  
'Till I the prince of love beheld,  
Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He show'd me lilies for my hair,  
And blushing roses for my brow;  
He led me through his gardens fair  
Where all his golden pleasures grow

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,  
And Phoebus fir'd my vocal rage;  
He caught me in his silken net,  
And shut me in his golden cage.

He love's to sit and hear me sing,  
Then, laughing, sports and plays with me,  
Then stretches out my golden wing,  
And mocks my loss of liberty.

## From "Songs of Innocence and of experience Showing the Two Contrary states of The Human Soul" Infant joy

"I have no name  
I am but two days old"  
What shall I call thee?  
"I happy am,  
Joy is my name"  
Sweet joys befall thee!

Pretty joy!  
Sweet joy but two days old,  
Sweet joy I call thee,  
Thou dost smile,  
I sing the while -  
Sweet joys befall thee.

### **The Lamb**

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Grave thee life, and bid thee mead;  
Grave thee clothing of delight  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright,  
Grave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost you know who made thee?  
Little Lamb, I tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I tell thee;  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb  
He is meek, and he is mild;  
He became a little child.  
We are called by his name.  
Little Lamb, I bless thee!  
Little Lamb, I bless thee!

### **Holy Thursday**

'Twas a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,  
The children walking two and two, in red and blue and green,  
Gray-headed beards walked before, with wands as white as snow  
Till into the high dome of Paul's they like Thames' waters flow  
O what a multitude they seemed, these flowers of London town!  
Seated in companies they sit with radiance all their own  
The hum of multitudes was there, but multitudes of lambs,  
Thousands of boys and girls raising their innocent hands  
Now a might wind they raise to Heaven the voice of song .  
Or like harmonious hindering the seat of Heaven among.  
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise guardians of the poor;  
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door.

## Infant Sorrow

My mother groan'd, my father wept,  
Into the dangerous world I leapt;  
Helpless, naked, piping loud,  
Like a fled hid in cloud.  
Struggling in my father's hands  
Striving against my s wadding - bands  
Bound and wear, I thought best  
To sulk upon my mothers breast

## The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright  
In the forest of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?  
In what distand deeps or skies  
Burnet the fire of they eyes  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seite the fire?  
And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? And 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 spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?  
Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright  
In the forest of the night  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame the fearful summitry?

## Holy Thursday

Is this a holly thing to see?  
In a rich and fruitful land,  
Bales reduced to misery,  
Fed with cold and usurious hand?  
Is that trembling cry a song?  
Can it be a song of joy?  
And so many children poor?  
It is a land of poverty!  
And their sun does never shine,  
And their fields are bleak and bare,  
And their ways are filling'd with thorns:  
It is eternal winter there.  
For where're the rain does fall,  
Babe can never hunger there,  
Nor poverty the mind appall.

## The Fly

Little fly  
Thy summers play  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brushed away.

Am not I  
A fly like thou  
Or art not thou  
A man like me?  
For I dance  
And drink and sing,  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing;

If thought is life  
And strength and breath  
And the want  
Of thought is death;  
Then am I  
A happy fly  
If I live,  
Or if die

## A Memorable Fancy For "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell"

As I was walking among the fires of Hell, delighted with the enjoyments of Genius, which to angels look like torment and insanity I collected some of their Proverbs, thinking that as the sayings used in a nation mark its character, so the Proverbs of hell show the nature of internal wisdom better than any description of buildings or garments. When I came home, on the abyss of the five senses, where a flat - sited steep frowns over the present world, I saw a might Devil folded in black clouds, hovering on the sides of the rock: with corroding fires he wrote the following sentence now perceived by the mind of men, and read by them on earth:

HOW DO YOU KNOW BUT EVERY BIAD THAT CUTS THE AIRY,  
IS AN IMMENSE WORLD OF DELIGHT, COLS'D BY YOUR SENSES  
FIVE?

### Proverbs of Hell

Drive your cart and your plough over the bones of the dead.  
Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity.  
He who desires but acts not, breeds pestilence.  
He whose face gives no light, shall never become a star  
The most sublime act is to set another before you.  
In the fool would persist I his folly he would became wise  
Shame is Pride's cloak.  
What is now proved was once only imagined  
One thought fills immensity  
Prisoners are built with stones of low, brothels with bricks of religion.  
Expect poison from the standing water.  
The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction  
Exuberance is Beauty.  
Improvement makes straight road, but the crooked roads without  
improvement are roads of Genius

### From "The Resettle Manuscript"

He who binds to himself a joy  
Does the winged life destroy?  
But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
Lives in eternity's sunrise

## УИЪЛЯМ ВОРДСВОРТ (WILLIAM WORDSWORTH) (1770- 1850)

Уильям Вордсворт "Кул мактаби" романтик шоирлари гуруҳига мансуб, у ўз ижодида француз шоири Жан Жак Руссо фалсафий қарашларини тарғиб этди. У ҳам Роберт Бёрнс каби оддий инсон қалбидаги содда ҳиссиётлар ва турмуш уринишларини ўз шеъриятида тасвирлашга ҳаракат қилди.

Вордсворт 1770 йил 7 апрелда Кэмберланд графлигида юрист оиласида дунёга келди. 1779 йил уни грамматика мактабига ўқишга берадилар. Мактабни битиргач Кембриж университетига ўқишга киради. Университетда ўқиб юрган кезларида у илк шеърларини ёзади.

Кейинчалик у Колридж, Саути, У. Годвин билан дўстлашиб тамомила ижод қилишга ўтади.

1798 йил шоирнинг "Лирик балладалар" (Lyrical Ballads) тўплами (Колридж билан ҳамкорликда) нашр қилинади.

Тўпламнинг иккинчи нашрига Вордсвортнинг ёзган сўз бошиси романтизм шеъриятининг манифести вазифасини ўтади. Унда таърифлашча, шеърятнинг воқелиги оддий қишлоқ ҳаётидан олинмоғи ёки оддий одамларнинг содда ва камсуқум турмуш кечинмаларини тасвирламоғи лозим эди. Сабаби табиатан олижаноблик ва шавқ - завққа тўлиқ эҳтирослар оддий одамлар қалбига монанд бўлади. Бу одамларнинг нутқи ва фалсафий дунёси ҳам романтик шеърят руҳига мосдир. Шу боис "Лирик балладалар" туркумининг қаҳрамонлари Англия қишлоқларида яшаётган оддий одамлар - деҳқон ва қосиблар бўлиб, улар психологияси шоир айтган мақсадни ўзида аниқ ифода этади.

1800 йиллар Вордсворт ижодида бир қадар тушкунлик даври бўлди. Шоир ўзининг "Бурчга бағишланган ода" (Ode to duty, 1805-1807)сида тушкунлик кайфияти ва осойишта ҳаёт кечиришга бўлган хайрихоҳлигини тасвирлайди. Бу кайфият шоирнинг "Озодликка бағишланган сонетлар" (Sonnet Dedicated to Liberty, 1802-1807), 1802 йилнинг сентябрида Лондонда ёзилган (Written in London, September, 1802) сонетларида яққол кўринади.



Уильям Вордсворт (William Wordsworth)  
(1770- 1850)

Вордсворт ижодининг сўнги даврида "Сайр" ( The Excurtion,1814), "Сарҳисоб ёхуд шоир камолоти чуққиси" (The Prelude or Growth of a Poet's Mind, 1850) поэмаларини ёзди. Шунингдек у "Дарвеш" (The Recluse) туркумига кирувчи қатор поэмалар яратишни режалаштиради. Юқоридаги икки поэма шу туркумдан ўрин олганди. Бу туркумга кирган поэмаларида шоир дарвиш қиёфасида инсон, табиат ва жамиятга назар ташлайди, улар ўртасидаги умумий боғлиқ жиҳатларни фалсафий мушоҳададан утказди.

Яқин дўсти ва маслакдоши Роберт Саути вафотидан сўн у сарой шоири ва лауреат-шоир унвонлариға сазовор бўлсада, бадий ижодда унинг олдинги ижоди сўниб, сокинлик ва лирик чекиниш кайфияти устиворлик қила бошлайди. Шоир 1850 йилнинг 23 феввалида вафот этади.

Уильям Вордсворт шеърлари ўзбек тилига таржима қилинмаган.

Collection poems: "Lyrical Ballads", 1798; "Lucy poems", 1799.

Sonnets: Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty", 1802 - 1807; "Written in London, September 1802", "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty an Order", 1831 - 1845; "Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death", 1839 - 1840

"Ecclesiastical Sonnets", 1821 - 1822

The poems: Guilt and Sorrow, or Incidents upon Salisbury plain", 1794; "The Excursion", 1814; "The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind", 1798 - 1805;

## A Night - Piece

- The sky is overcast  
With a continues cloud of texture close,  
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon  
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen?  
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light  
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,  
Checkering the ground, from rock, planet, tree, or trower,  
At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam  
Startles the pensive traveler while he treads  
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye  
Bent earthwards; he looks up, - the clouds are split  
Asunder, - and above his head he sees  
The clear Moon and the glory of the heaven  
There, in a black - blue vault she sails along,  
Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small,  
And sharp and bright, along the dark abyss  
Drive as the drives: how fast they wheel away,

Yet vanish not! - The wind is in the tree,  
But they are silent; - still they roll along  
Immeasurable distant; and the vault,  
Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds  
Still deepens is unfathomably depth.  
At length the Vision closes; and the mind,  
Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
Which slowly settles into peaceful calm?  
Is left to muse upon the solemn scene

### Lucy

Strange fits of passion have I know:  
And I will dare to tell,  
But in the Lover's ear alone,  
What once to me befell?

When she I Love'd looked every day  
Fresh as a rose in June  
I to her cottage bent my way,  
Beneath an evening - moon

Upon the moon I fixed my eye,  
All over the wide lea;  
With quickening pace dear to me  
Those paths so dear to me

I

And now we reached the orchard plot;  
And, as we climbed the hill,  
The sinking moon to Lucy's cot  
Came near and nearer still

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
Kind Nature's gentlest boon!  
And, all the while my eyes I kept  
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on; hoof after hoof  
He raised and never stopped:  
When down behind the cottage roof,  
At once, the bright moon dropped

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide  
Into a Lover's head!  
"O Mercy!" to myself I cried,  
"If Lucy should be dead"

2

She dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the spring of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love

A violet by mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye!  
Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky!

She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me

3

I travelled among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea;  
Nor, England! Did I know till then?  
What love I bore to thee  
'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time; for still I seem  
To love thee more and more

Among thy mountains did I feel?  
The joy of my desire;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire  
The mornings showed, thy nights concealed,  
The bowers where Lucy played;  
And thane too the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed

Three years she grew in sun and shower.  
 Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower"  
 On earth was never sown;  
 This child I to myself will take;  
 She shall be mine, and I will make  
 A Lady of many own.

"I will to my darling be"  
 Both law and impulse: and with me  
 The Girl, in rock and plain,  
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
 Shall feel an overseeing power  
 To kindle or restrain

"She shall be sportive as the fawn"  
 That wild with glee across the lawn  
 Or up the mountain spring;  
 And hers shall be the breathing balm,  
 And hers the silence and the calm  
 Of mute insensate things

"The floating clouds their state shall lend"  
 To her; for her the willow bends;  
 Nor shall she fail to see  
 Even in the motions of storm  
 Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form  
 By silent sympathy

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
 To her; and she shall lean her ear  
 In many secret place  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round  
 And beauty born of murmuring sound  
 Shall pass into her face

"And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
 Her virgin bosom swell;  
 Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
 While she and I together live  
 Here in this happy dell".

Thus Nature space - the work was done -  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,  
The memory memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

5

A slumber did my spirit seal,  
I had no human fears;  
She seemed a thing that could not feel  
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force  
She neither hears nor sees;  
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course  
With rocks and stones and trees!

### To the Cuckoo

O blithe new - comer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice.  
O Cuckoo! Shall I call thee Bird?  
Or but a wondering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off, and near

Though babbling only to the vale  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er Vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continues as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,  
They stretched in never - ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance

The waves beside them danced: but they  
Out - did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed - and gazed but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
I vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude?  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with daffodils

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Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room;  
And hermits are contented with their cells;  
And students with their pensive citadels;  
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom  
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,  
High as the highest peak of Furness - falls,  
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove belles:  
In truth the prison, unto which we doom  
Ourselves, no prison is: and hence for me,  
In sundry moods, Taws pastime to be bound  
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground:  
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)  
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty?  
Should find brief solace there, as I have found

\*\*\*

Where lays the Land to which yon ship must go?  
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,  
Festively she puts forth in trim array;  
It she for tropic suns, or polar snow  
What boots the enquiry? Neither friend nor foe  
She cares for, let her travel where she may,  
She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
Ever before her, and a wind to blow  
Yet still I ask what heaven is her mark?  
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,  
(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there  
Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,  
Of the old sea some reverential fear,  
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!

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The world is too much with us, late or soon,  
Gritting and spending, we lay waste our Prowers:  
Little we see in Nature that in ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This sea that bores her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up - gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not - great god! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on that pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus raising the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his weathered harm.

## To E

Let other bards of angels sing,  
Bright suns without a spot;  
But thou art no such perfect thing!  
Rejoice that thou art not!

Head not tho none should call thee fair;  
So, Mary, let it be  
If naught in loveliness compare  
With what thou art to me.

True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
Whose veil is unremoved  
Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
And the lover is beloved.

### РОБЕРТ САУТИ (ROBERT SOUTHEY) (1774-1843)



Роберт Саути англиз романтизм шеърляри "Кўл мактаби" шоирлари гуруҳига мансуб бўлиб, унинг ижоди мазмунан ва моҳиятан Вордсворт ва Колридж ижодига яқиндир. У 1774 йилнинг 12 августида савдогар оиласида дунёга келади. Оксфорд университетига Колридж билан бирга таълим олади.

1790 йиллар у ўзининг инқилобий руҳдаги илк романтик драмаларини ёзади. Адибнинг "Уот Тайлер" (Wat Tylor, a Dramatic Poem, 1794) драмасида деҳқонлар қўзғолони воқеаси, "Робеспьернинг кулаши" (The Fall of Robespierre, 1795)

драмасида эса француз инқилоби раҳбарларидан бўлган Робеспьернинг фожиавий тақдири тасвирланади. Шоирдаги инқилобий ҳаракатлар галабасига бўлган ишончнинг сўниши унинг ижодида кескин бурилиш ясайди. У поэзия жанрига қўл уриб, ўзининг баллада ва поэмаларини яратди. Бу йилларда шоир ўзининг "Талаба - бузғунчи" (Thalaba the Destroyer, 1801), "Медок" (Madoc, 1805), "Кехаманинг қарғиши" (The Curse of Kehama, 1810) поэмаларини ёзади. Бу поэмаларида Саути инқилобий кайфиятдан воз кечган ҳолда, воқеалар мазмунига диний-мистик руҳиятни сингдирган эди. Асарлар мазмунида илоҳий кучлар шарқона одатлар билан омукта келиб, ҳаёт устидан ҳукмронлик қилиш, одамларга жаннатмақон ўзга дунёни орзу қилиш бош ғоя қилиб олинади.

1795-1796 йилларда Саути Испанияга саёҳат қилади ва испан халқи маданияти, адабиётини чуқур ўрганади. Испаниядан қайтгач, шоир танҳо яшайди, ижодий тушқунликка тушади. Бу йилларда унинг олдига Шелли

ва Байрон келади. Ёш романчилар ундаги инқилобий жушқинлик ва лирик мушоҳадаларнинг сўниб бораётганини сезишгач, ундан узоқлашадилар.

1813 йил Роберт Саутига "Шоир-лауреат" унвони берилади. Бу йилларда у яна драма жанрига қайтади ва бир қатор тарихий драмалар ёзади. Аммо бу драмалар муваффақият қозонмади. 1824 йилда шоирнинг сўнгги асари "Суд башорати" (A Vision of Judgment) поэмаси эълон қилинади. Поэма сюжетида шоирнинг бир қатор реакцион дунёқараши ўз аксини топган эди.

Саути поэмаларини рус тилига А. С. Пушкиннинг замондоши шоир - таржимон В. А. Жуковский маҳорат билан таржима қилди. Шоир асарлари ўзбек тилига утирилган эмас.

Drams: "What Taylor, a Dramatic Poem", 1794; "The Fall of Robespierre", 1795

Poems: "Thalaba the Destroyer", 1801; "Madoc", 1805; "The Curse of Kehama", 1810; "A Vision of Judgment", 1821

### From "Madoc"

Fair blows the wind, - the vessel drives along,  
Het streamers fluttering at their length, her sails  
All full, - she drives along, and round her prow  
Scatters the ocean spray, what feelings then  
Filled every bosom, when the mariners,  
After the peril of that weary way,  
Beheld their own dear country here stands one  
Stretching his sight toward the distand shore,  
And as to well - known forms his busy joy  
Shapes the dim outline, eagerly he points  
The fancied headland and the cope and bay,  
Till his eyes ache overstraining. This man shakes  
His comrade's hand, and bids him welcome home,  
And blesses God, and then he weeps aloud  
Here stands another, who in secret prayer  
Calls on the Virgin and his patron Saint,  
Renewing his old vows of gifts and alms  
And pilgrimage, so he way fined all well  
Silent and thoughtful and apart from all  
Stood Madoc; now his noble enterprise  
Proudly remembering, now in dreams of hope,  
Anon of bodings full and doubt and fear,

Fair smile the evening, and the favoring gale  
Sung in the shrouds, and swift the steady bark  
Rushed roaring though the waves  
The sun goes down.

## Donica

High on a rock where castled shade  
Darkened the lake below,  
In ancient strength majestic stood  
The towers of Arlinkow  
The fisher in the lake below  
Durst never cast his net,  
Nor ever swallow in its waves  
Her passing wing would wet  
The cattle from its ominous banks  
In wild alarm would run,  
Though parched with thirst, and faint beneath  
The summer's so searching sun;-  
For sometimes, when no passing breeze  
The long, lank sedges waved,  
All white with foam, and heaving high,  
Its deafening billows raved; -  
And when the tempest from its base  
The rooted pine would shake,  
The powerless storm unruffling swept  
Across the calm dead lake;-  
And ever, then, when death drew near  
The house of Arlinkow,  
Its dark, unfathomed waters sent  
Strange music from below  
The Lord of Arlinkow was old;  
One only child had he;  
Donica was the Maidens name,  
As fair as air might be  
A bloom as bright as opening morn  
Suffused her clear, white cheek;  
The music of her voice was mild,  
Her full, dark eyes were meek.  
Far was her beauty known, for none?  
So fair could Finland boast;  
Her parents loved the Maiden much

Young Eberhard loved her most  
Together did they hope to tread  
The pleasant path of life  
For now the day drew near to make  
Donica Eberhard's wife

The eve was fair, and mild the air;  
Along the lake they stray;  
The eastern hill reflected bright  
The tints of fading day.  
And brightly aer the water streamed  
The liquid radiance wide;  
Donica's little dog ran on,  
And gamboll'd at her side.  
Young, health, and love bloom'd on her cheek;  
Her full, dark eyes express,  
In many a glance, to Eberhard  
Her soul's meek tenderness  
Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale  
Sign through the long, lank sedge;  
The air was hushed, no little wave  
Dimpled the waters edge -  
When suddenly the lake sent forth  
Its music from beneath,  
And slowly o'er the waters sailed  
The solemn sounds of death.  
As those deep sounds of death arose,  
Donica's cheek grew pale  
And in the arms of Eberhard  
The lifeless Maiden fell.  
Loudly the Youth in terror shriek o,  
And loud he called for aid,  
And with a wild and eager look  
Gazed on the lifeless Maid.

But soon again did better thoughts  
In Eberhard arise;  
And he with trembling hope beheld  
The Maiden raise her eyes.  
And, on his arms reclined, she moved  
With feeble pace and slow,  
And soon, with strength recovered reached

The towers of Arlinkow.  
Yet never to Donica's cheeks  
Returned their lively hue;  
Her cheeks were deadly white and wan,  
Her lips alived blue.  
Her eyes so bright and blacked of yore,  
Were now more black and bright,  
And beamed strange lustre in her face,  
So deadly wan and white.  
The dog that gamboled by her sight,  
And loved with her to stay,  
Now at his altered mistress howled  
And fled in fear away.  
Yet did the faithful Eberhard  
Not love the Maid the less;  
He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed,  
With deeper tenderness.  
And when he found her health unharmed,  
He would not brook delay,  
But pressed the not unwilling Maid  
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy  
He hailed the bridal day,  
And onward to the house of God  
The went their willing way  
But when they at the altar stood,  
And heard the sacred rite,  
The hollowed tapers dimly streamed  
A pale sulphureous light.  
And when the Youth, with holy warmth,  
Her hand in his did hold,  
Sudden he felt Donica's hand  
Grow deadly damp and cold.  
But loudly then he shrieked, for lo!  
A spirit met his view,  
And Eberhard and the angels form  
His own Donica knew  
That instant from her earthly frame  
A Demon howling fled,  
And at the side of Eberhard  
The lived corpse fell dead.

## The well of st. Keyne

A well there is in the west country,  
And a clearer one never was seen;  
There is not a wife in the west country  
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne;  
An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,  
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,  
And a willow form the bank above  
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne;  
Joyfully he drew nigh,  
For from the cock-crow he had been travelling,  
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

A drank of the water so cool and clear,  
For thirsty and hot was he,  
And he sat down upon the bank  
Under the willow-tree.  
There came a man from the house hard by  
At the Well to fill his pail;  
On the Well-side he rested it;  
And he bade the stranger halt.

"Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he,  
"For an if thou hast a wife,  
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day  
That ever didst in thy life.  
"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,  
Ever here in Cornwall been?  
For an if she has I'll venture my life  
She has drank of the Well St. Keyne"

"I have a good woman who never was here "  
The stranger he made reply,  
"But that my draught should be the better for that",  
I pray you answer me why?  
"St. Keyne," quoth Cornish-man," many a time  
Drank of this crystal Well,  
And before the Angel summon'd her,  
She laide on the water a spell.

"If the Husband of this gifted Well "  
Shall drink before his Wife,  
A happy man thenceforth is he,  
For he shall be Master for life

But it the Wife Should drink of it first,-  
God help the Husband then!"  
The Stranger stooped to the Well of St.Keyne,  
And drank of the water again.

" You drank of the Well I warrant betimes?"  
He to the Cornish-man said:  
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spake,  
And sheepishly shook his head

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,  
And left my Wife in the porch;  
But I'faith she had been wiser than me,  
For she took a bottle to church."

**САМИЮЭЛ ТЕЙЛОП КОЛРИДЖ  
(SAMUEL TAYLOR COLRIDGE)  
(1772- 1834)**



Колридж Девоншир графлигига қарашли Оттери шаҳарчасида руҳоний оиласида дунёга келди. Болалигидан отаси уни хаёлий фантастик таассуротлар ва эртақлар оламида тарбиялайди. Отаси вафот этгач Колридж Лондондаги "Худо уйи" деб аталувчи коллежда ўқийди. Шу ерда у ўз даврининг ҳар томонлама билимдон кишиси, публицист, романтик шоир Чарльз Лем билан танишади. У коллежда ўқиб юрган кезларида Платон, Вольтер, Прокл,

Плотин фалсафасини урганади. 1789 йил француз буржуа инқилобидан илҳомланган ёш Колридж ўзининг "Бастилиянинг олиниши" номли илк шеърини ёзади. 1791 йил у Кембридж университетига ўқишга киради.

Бу ерда ёш шоир Роберт Саути билан дўстлашади. 1800 йил Колридж Вордсворт билан яқинлашиб, унинг хонадонида яшайди. 1800-1806 йиллар Саути, Вордсворт ва Колридж биргаликда "Қўл мактаби" инглиз романтизм шеъриятида шоирлар мактабига асос соладилар.

Колридж 1790 йил эълон қилган "Чаттертоннинг ўлимига ёзилган манодия" (Monody on the Death of Chatterton, 1790) шеъри билан шоирлар даврасида танилган бўлса, 1797 йилда эълон қилинган "Қарға" (The Raven) шеъри уни шоир сифатида машҳур қилади. Шундан сўнг унинг "Парламентдаги иккиланишлар" (Parliamentary Oscillators, 1798), "Олов, очлик ва қиргин" (Fire, Famine and Slaughter, 1798) сиёсий мавзудаги шеърлари босилиб чиқади.

1798-1799- йиллар Колридж Германияга сафар қилади, у ерда Кант, Фихте, Шеллинг фалсафаларини ўрганади. Уларнинг фалсафий қарашлари шоир ижодига катта таъсир кўрсатади ва романтик дунёқарашда кескин ўзгариш ясайди. Колриджнинг эстетик дунёқарашда оддий табиат гўзаллиги шоирона кўтаринкиликда, илоҳий куч-қудратга эга тарзда таърифланади. Бу давр ижоди учун "Кекса матрос ҳақида поэма" (The Prime of the Ancient Mariner, 1798) романтик балладаси муҳим аҳамиятга моликдир. Асарда шоир дунёқарашининг асоси, инсон руҳиятининг куч-қудратини илоҳийлаштириш, яқка шахс ҳаётида унинг ўзига бўлган ишончи илоҳий қудратга эга эканини ифодалашдан иборатдир деган тушунча устун туради.

Инглиз романтизм шеъриятида Колриджнинг "Кристебель" (Christabel, 1797-1800) поэмаси ҳам муҳим ўрин тутаяди.

Odes and sonnets: "Monody on the Death of Chatterton"(1790);

"Pantisocracy"(1794); "To William Godwin"(1795); "Fire, Famine and Slaughter"(1798) "The Raven"(1797): "Ode to Tranquillity"(1801); "Dejection"(1802)

Poems: "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"(1798); "Cristabel"(1797-1800); poetry is fragmentary: "Kubla Khan"(1798);

"The Ballad of the Dark Ladie"; "The Three Graves"

## Life

As late I journey o'er the extensive plain  
Where native Otter sports his scanty stream,  
Musing in torpid woe a Sister'r pain,  
The glorious prospect woke me from the dream.  
At every step it widen'd to my sight-  
Wood, Meadow, verdant Hill, and dreary Steep,  
Following in quick succession of delight,-  
Till all - at once - did my eye ravish'd sweep!

May this (I cried) my ceurse through Life portray!  
New scenes of Wisdom may each step display,  
And knowledge open as my days advance!  
Till what time Death shall pour the undarken'd ray,  
My eye shall dart thro' infinite expanse,  
And thought suspended lie in Rapture's blissful trance.

### **An Invocation**

Sweet Muse! Companion of my every hour!  
Voice of my Joy! Sure soother of the sigh!  
Now plume thy pinions, now exert each power,  
And fly to him who owns the candid eye.

And if a smile of Praise thy labour hail  
(Well shall thy labours then my mind employ)  
Fly fleetly back, sweet Muse! And with the tale  
O'erspread my Features with a flush of Joy!

### **From "The Rime of the Ancient mariner" Part III**

There passed a weary time. Each hroat  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! A weary time!

- 1) The ancient Mariner  
How glazed each weary time!
- 2) Beholdeth a sign  
When looking Westward, I beheld  
In the element of far off
- 3) In the element afar off  
A something in the sky  
At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.  
A speck, a mist a shape, I wist!  
And still it dodged a water sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

Art its nearer approach,  
 It seemed him to be aship;  
     With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
 And at a dear ransom he freeth  
     We could nor laugh nor wail;  
 His speech from the bonds of thirst.  
     Through utter drought all dumb we stood?  
     I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
     And cried, A sail! A sail!  
     With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
     Adape they heard me call:  
 A flash of joy;  
     Gramercy! They for joy did grin,  
     And all at once their breath drew in,  
     As they wee drinking all  
 And horror follows. For can it  
     See! See! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
 be aship that comes  
     Hither a breeze, without a tide,  
 onward without wind or tide!  
     She steadies with upright keel!  
     The western wave was all a-flame  
     The day was well nigh done!  
     Almost upon the western wave  
     Rested the broad bright sun;  
     When that strange shape drove suddenly  
     Betwixt us and the sun.  
 It seemed him but  
     And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
 The skeleton of aship.  
     (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
     As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
     With broad and burning face.  
 And its ribs are seen as bars Alas!  
     (Thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
 On the face setting sun.  
     How fast she nears and nears!  
     Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,  
     Like restless gossamers?  
 The spectre- Woman and her  
     Are those her through which the Sun

Death- mate, and no other Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a death? And are they two?  
Is DEATH that woman's mate?

Like vessel, like crew!

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold:  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The night -mare LIFE-IN-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

Death and Life-in-Death

The naked hulk alongside came,  
Have diced for the ship's crew,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
And she (the latter) winneth  
"The game is done! I've won! I've Won!"  
The ancient Mariner.

Quoth she, and whistles thrice

### **A Thought Suggested by a View of Saddleback in Cumberland**

On stern Blencartha's perilous height  
The winds are tyrannous and strong;  
And flashing forth unsteady light  
From stern Blencartha's skiey height,  
As loud the torrents throng!  
Beneath the moon, in gentle weather,  
They bind the earth and sky together.  
But oh! The sky and all its forms, how quite!  
The things that seek the earth, how full of noise and riot!

### **Inscription For a Fountain on a Heath**

This Sycamore, oft musical with bees,-  
Such tents the Patriarchs loved! O long unharmed  
May all its aged boughs o'er- canopy  
The small round basin, which this jutting stone  
Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the Spring,  
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,  
Send up cold waters to the traveler  
With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease  
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,

Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's Page,  
As merry and no taller, dances still,  
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the Fount.  
Here Twilight is and Coolness: here is moss,  
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.  
Thou may'st toil far and fin no second tree.  
Drink, Pilgrim, here; Here rest! And if thy heart  
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh  
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,  
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees!

### Psyche

The butterfly the ancient Grecians made  
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name-  
But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade  
Of mortal life - for in this earthly frame  
Ours is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,  
Manifold motions making little speed,  
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed

### Song, on hearing a Song in Praise of a Lady's Beauty

'Tis not the lily-brow I prize,  
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,  
Enough of lilies and of roses!  
A thousand-fold more dear to me  
The gentle look that Love  
discloses,-  
The look that Love alone can see!

### ЖОРЖ ГОРДОН БАЙРОН (GEORGE GORDON BYRON) (1788- 1824)

XIX аср инглиз романтизм шеърятининг яловбардори Лорд Жорж Байрон 1788 йилнинг январида дворян оиласида таваллуд топди. Машхур Кембридж университетини



тамомлагач, икки йил Италия ва Греция бўйлаб саёҳат қилди. 1812 йилнинг 27 февралда Лордлар палатасида ўзининг камбағал - қашшоқларнинг ҳақ-ҳуқуқларини ҳимоя қилувчи машҳур нутқини сўзлади. Кейинчалик ҳам Байрон Лордлар палатасида ирланд халқи озодлиги ва луддитлар ҳимоясига бағишланган нутқлари билан чиқиш қилди. Байроннинг ҳукуматга қарши очикдан-очик исёнкорона чиқишлари палатадагиларнинг ғазабини кўзғатади. Буржуа матбуоти унинг атрофида иғво аралаш воқеаларни таърифлашга тушади. Ҳатто бу машамалар шоирнинг турмушига ҳам салбий таъсир кўрсатади, оиласининг бузилишига олиб келади. Суд Байронни оталик ҳуқуқидан маҳрум этади. Ва ниҳоят, Байрон 1816 йил ватани Англияни тамомилан ташлаб чиқиб кетишга мажбур бўлади. У дастлаб Швейцариянинг пойтахти Женевада, кейинчалик Италияда яшайди. Шоир қаерда яшамасин ерли халқларнинг озодлик ҳаракатига хайрхоҳ бўлади, уларга ўз ҳисобидан моддий ёрдам кўрсатади. 1823 йил Байрон ўз ҳисобидан жангавор кема ясатиб, Греция халқи озодлик ҳаракатига ёрдам бериш учун денгиз бўйлаб йўлга чиқади. Аммо манзилга етолмай, йўлда безгак касалига мубтало бўлиб, 1824 йилнинг 19 апрелида вафот этади. Уни Греция халқи қаҳрамони сифатида тантана билан дафн (шоир юрагини) қиладилар. Шоир жасади Англиядаги отамерос Нюстед қўрғонига дафн этилади.

Байрон ёшлигидан адабиёт ва санъатга меҳр-муҳаббат ила тарбияланди. У илк шеърларини ўқувчилик ва талабалик йилларида ёзди. Шоирнинг илк шеърлари "Дам олиш вақтида" номи билан босилиб чиқади. 1812 йил у машҳур "Чайльд Ҳоралднинг зиёрати" (Chaild Hoald's Pilgrimage) дostonининг биринчи, иккинчи қўшиғини эълон қилади. Дoston 1818 йил якунланган ҳолида нашр этилди. 1813-1816 йиллар орасида Байрон ўзининг "Шарқона поэмалар" (The Oriental tale) туркумига кирган "Гяур", "Қароқчи", "Абидослик келин", "Паризина" номли дostonларини эълон қилади.

Байрон ўзининг машҳур "Манфред" (1817), "Каин" (1821), "Дон Жуан" (1818-1823), "Беппо" (1818) каби машҳур драматик дostonларини ёзди.

Шу билан бирга шоирнинг юзга яқин ишқ - муҳаббат ва озодлик мавзусига бағишланган шеърларидан иборат лирик тўплами эълон қилинади.

Байрон асарлари қаҳрамонлари халқи ва ватанини севувчи, уларнинг озодлигини истовчи курашчан кишилардир. Уларнинг кўпчилиги ҳаётда яшаб ўтган, халқ орасида ном чиқарган қаҳрамонлар. Ҳатто машҳур асарлари қаҳрамонлари Дон Жуан ва Манфред афсонавий қиёфалар бўлсалар-да, улар қалбида адолат ва озодлик ҳиссиётлари ватанга ва халққа яхшилик туйғулари мужассамлашган. Шунингдек, шоирнинг лирик қаҳрамонлари ҳам ишқ- муҳаббат бобида ўзини қурбон қилувчи

қалби кенг ва тоза инсонлардир.

Байрон асарлари ҳали у ҳаёт вақтидаёқ Европа халқлари тилларига таржима қилинганди. Масалан, унга замондош бўлган рус шоирлари А.С Пушкин, В.А. Жуковский, М.Ю.Лермонтов, Г. Шенгели ва бошқалар шоир ижодига ҳурмат билан қарадилар, рус тилига таржима қилдилар. Утган асрда Байрон асарлари ўзбек тилига таржима қилинди. 1974 йил шоир асарларининг бир жилдлик "Сайланма"си ўзбек тилида босилиб чиқди.

Тўпلامга кирган шеър ва поэмаларини Х. Олимжон, М. Шайхзода, Ж. Жабборов, М. Али, Р. Парфи сингари таниқли шоирлар ўзбек тилига ўгиришган. 1988 йил А. Шер ва С. Раҳмон машҳур «Дон Жуан» достонини инглиз ва русчадан тилимизга ўгирдилар.

Collection poems: Fugitive Pieces, 1806; Poems on Various Occasions, 1807; Hours of Idleness, 1807; English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 1809.

Poems Orientals: The Griaour, 1813; The Bride of Abydos, 1813;

The Corsair, 1814; Lara, 1814; The Siege of Corinth, 1816; Parisina, 1816.

Poems: Manfred, 1817; The Prisoner of Chillon, 1816; Sonnet of Chillon, 1816; Prometheus, 1816; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, 1809-1817; Cain, 1812; Don Juan, 1818-1823.

## To E

Let folly smile, to view the names  
Of thee and me in friendship twined;  
Yet virtue will have greater claims  
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,  
Since title deck'd my higher birth:  
Yet envy not this gaudy state;  
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,  
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;  
Our intercourse is not less sweet,  
Since worth of rank supplies the place.

## Remembrance

'Tis done!-I saw it in my dreams;  
No more with Hope the future beams  
My days of happiness are few;  
Chilled by misfortune's wintry blast,

My dawn of lifes is overcast;  
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!  
Would I could add Remembrance too?

**To a Lady,  
on Being Asked My Reason for Quitting England in the  
Spring**

When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,  
A moment linger'd near the gate,  
Each scene recall'd the vanished hours,  
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,  
He learnt to bear his load of grief;  
Just gave a sigh to other times  
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! Will it be with me,  
And I must view thy charms no more;  
For, while I linger near thee,  
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,  
Escaping from temptations snare;  
I cannot view my paradise  
Without a wish of dwelling there.

\*\*\*

The spell is broke, the charm is flown!  
Thus is it with life's fitful fever!  
We madly smile when we should groan  
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought  
Recalls the woes of Natures charter;  
And he that acts as wise men ought,  
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

## Ode To Napoleon Bonaparte

### 1

This done- but yesterday a king!  
And armed with Kings to strive-  
And now thou art a nameless thing;

So object- yet alive!  
Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strewed our earth, with hostile bones,  
And can he thus survive?  
Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,  
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

### 2

III - minded man! Why scourge thy kind  
Who bowed so low the knee?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind  
Thou taugt'st the rest to see  
With might unquestioned, - power to save,-  
Thine only gift hath been the grave,  
To those that worshiped thee;  
Nor till thy fall could mortals guesse  
Ambitions less than littleness!

### 3

Thanks for that lesson - It will teach  
To after-warriors more,  
Than high philosophy can preach,  
And vainly preached before.

That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore  
Those Pagod things of sabre sway  
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

4

The triumph and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife-  
The earthquake voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life;  
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
Which man seem'd made but obey,  
Where with renown was rife-  
And quell'd!- Dark Spirit! What must be  
The madness of thy memory!

5

The Desolater desolate!  
The Victor overthrown!  
The Arbitor of other's fate  
A Suppliant for his own!  
Is it some yet imperial hope  
That with such change can calmly cope?  
Or dread of death alone?  
To die a prince-or live a slave-  
Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

6

He who of old would rend the oak,  
Dreamed not of the rebound:  
Chained by the trunk he vainly broke-  
Alone-how looked he round?  
Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed, hast done at length,  
And darker fate, hast found:  
He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;  
But thou must eat thy heart away!

7

The Roman, when his burning heart  
Was slaked with blood of Rome,  
Threw down the dagger-dared depart,  
In savage grandeur, home-

He dared depart in utter scorn  
Of man that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet let him such a doom!  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandoned power.

8

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well:  
Yet better had he neither known  
A bigot's, shrine nor despot's throne.

9

But thou—from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrung—  
Too late thou leav'st the high command  
To which thy weakness clung:  
All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart  
To see shine own unstrung;  
To think that God's fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean;

10

And Earth hath split her blood for him,  
Who thus can hoard his own!  
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,  
And thank'd him for a throne!  
Fair Freedom! We may hold thee dear,  
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
In humblest guise have shown.  
Oh! Never may turant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind!

## 11

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
 Nor written thus in vain-  
 Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
 Or deepen every stain:  
 If thou hardest died as honor dies,  
 Some new Napoleon might arise,  
 To shame the World again-  
 But who would soar the solar height,  
 To set in such a starless night?

## 12

Weighted in the balance, hero dust  
 Is vile as vulgar clay;  
 Thy scales, Mortality! Are just  
 To all that pass away:  
 But yet me thought the living great  
 Some higher sparks should animate,  
 To dazzle and dismay;  
 Nor deemed Contempt could thus make mirth  
 Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

## 13

And she, proud Austria's mournful Flower,  
 Thy still imperial bride:  
 How bears her breast the torturing hour?  
 Still cling she toothy side?  
 Must the too bend, must she too share  
 Thy late repentance, long despair,  
 Thou throne less Homicide?  
 If still the loves thee, hoard the gem,-  
 Ties worth thy Vanished diadem!

## 14

hen haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
 And gaze upon the sea;  
 That element may meet thy smile-  
 It never was ruled by thee!

Or trace with the shine all idle hand  
In loitering mood upon the sand  
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
Transferred, his by - word to thy brow.

15

Thou Timour! In his captive's cage  
What thoughts will there be shine  
While brooding in thy poisoned rage?  
But one - 'The world was mine!'  
Unless, like he of Babylon,  
All sense is thy scepter gone,  
Life will not long confine  
That spirit poured so widely forth-  
So long obeyed -so little worth!

16

Or like the thief of fire from heaven,  
Wilt thou with stand the shock?  
And share with him, the unforgiven,  
His vulture and his rock?  
Foredoomed by God-by man accurse,  
And that last act, though not worst,  
The very Friend's arch mock:  
He in his fall preserved his pride,  
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

17

There was a day-there was an hour,  
While earth was Gaul's-Gaul thine-  
When that immeasurable power  
Unsalted to resign  
Had been an act of purer fame  
Than gathers round Marengo's name,  
And gilded thy decline,  
Through the long twilight of all time,  
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou forsooth must be a king,  
 And don the purple vest,  
 As if that foolish robe could wring  
 Remembrance from thy breast.  
 Where is that faded garment? Where  
 The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
 The star, the string, the crest?  
 Vain forward child of empire! say,  
 Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose  
 When gazing on the Great;  
 Where neither guilty glory glows,  
 Nor despicable state?  
 Yes -one -the first-the last-the best  
 The Cincinnati's of the West,  
 Whom envy dared not hate,  
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,  
 To make man blush there but one!

### **My soul is Dark**

#### 1

My soul is dark-Oh! Quickly string  
 The harp I yet can brook to hear;  
 And let thy gentle fingers fling  
 Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
 If in this heart a hope be dear,  
 That sound shall charm it forth again:  
 If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
 I will flow, and cease to burn my brain.

2

But bid the stain be wild and deep,  
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:  
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
Or else this heavy heart will burst;  
For it hath been by sorrow nursed:  
And ached in sleepless silence long;  
And now its doomed to know the worst,  
And break at once-or yield to song.

### Stanzas to Augusta

1

When all around grew drear and dark,  
And reason half withheld her ray-  
And hope but shed a dying spark  
Which more misled my lonely way;

2

In that deep midnight of the mind,  
And that internal strife of heart,  
When dreading to be deemed too kind,  
The weak despair-the cold depart;

3

When fortune changed-and love fled far,  
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,  
Thou wert the solitary star  
Which rose and set not to the last.

4

Oh! Blest be shine unbroken light!  
That watched me as a seraph's eye,  
And stood between me and thenight,  
For ever shining sweetly high.

5

And when the cloud upon us came,  
Which strobe to blacken o'er thy ray-  
Then purer spread its gentle flame,  
And dashed the darkness all away.

6

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,  
And teach it what to brave or brook-  
There's the more in one soft word of thine  
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

7

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,  
That still unbroken, though gently bent,  
Still waves with fond fidelity  
Its boughs above the monument

8

The winds might rend-the skies might pour  
But there thou wert-and still would be  
Devoted in the stormiest hour  
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

9

But thou and thine shall know no blight,  
Whatever fate on me may fall;  
For heaven in sunshine will requite  
The kind-and thee the most of all

10

Then let the ties of baffled love  
Be broken-thine will never break;  
Thy heart can feel-but will not move;  
Thy soul, thought soft, will never shake.

And these, When all was lost beside,  
 Were found and still are fixed in thee;-  
 And bearing still a breast so tried;  
 Earth is no desert-even to me.

### Darkness

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.  
 The bright sun extinguished, and the stars  
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
 Ray less, and pathless, and the icy earth  
 Suring blind and blackening in the moonless air;  
 Morn come and went-and came, and brought no day.

And man forgot their passions in the dread  
 Of this their desolation : and all hearts  
 Where chilled into the selfish prayer for light:  
 And they did live by watch fires- and the thrones,  
 The palaces of crowned kings-the huts,  
 The habitations of all things which dwell,  
 Were burnt for beacons: cities were consumed,  
 And man were gathered round their blazing homes  
 To look once more into each other's face;  
 Happy were those who dwelt within the eye.  
 Of the volcano's, and their mountain-torch:  
 A fearful hope was all the World contained;  
 Forests were sit on fire-but hour by hour  
 They fell and faded-and the crackling trunks  
 Extinguished with a crash-and all was black.  
 The brows of men by the despairing light  
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
 The flashed fell upon them: some lay down  
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
 Their chins upon their clenched hands and smiled,  
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed,  
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up  
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
 The pall of a pass world: and then again  
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
 And gnashed their teeth and howled: the wild birds shrieked,

And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but sting lest they were slain for food;  
And War, Which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again:-a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;  
All each was but one thought-and that was Death,  
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails-men  
Died, and their bones were tomb less as their flesh;  
The meager by the meager were devoured,  
Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a coarse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answered not with a caress-he died.  
The crowd was famished by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And their were enemies; they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place  
Where had been heaped a mass of hold things  
For an unholy usage; they raked up,  
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a meekery; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each others aspects-saw, and shrieked, and died-  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, manless, lifeless-  
A lump of death-a chaos of hard clay.  
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;

Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropped  
They slept on the abyss without a surge-  
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,  
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;  
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished: Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them-She was the Universe.

**For 'Chiede Harold's Pilgrimage'  
(Birinci qo'shiqdan)**

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,  
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;  
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night  
Ah me! In south he was a shameless Wight,  
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;  
Few earthly things found favour in his sight  
Save concubines and carnal companie,  
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree

**For "Don Juan"  
(Birinci qo'shiqdan)**

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,  
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit: he seemed  
Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;  
And everybody but his mother deemed  
Him almost man: but she flew in a rage  
And bit her lips (for else she might have screamed)  
If any said so, for to be precocious  
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.



## ПЕРСИ БИШИ ШЕЛЛИ (PERCY BISSHE SHELLEY) (1792-1822)

Перси Биши Шелли инглиз романтизм шеъриятининг Байрондан кейинги йирик вакилидир. У 1792 йилда инглиз аристократ оиласида таваллуд топди. Аммо юқори табақа вакиллари турмушини, аслзодалик ҳаётини тарк қилгани учун у бир умр таъқиб остида яшади. 1812 йил Оксфорд университетидан ҳайдалган Шелли дастлаб Ирландияга кетади.

У ерда ҳам озодлик ҳаракатига фаол қатнашади. Уша ерда у ўзининг дастлабки публицистик асарларини ёзади. 1813 йил шоир биринчи рафиқаси Тарриэтт Уэстбурк билан ажрашиб, йирик файласуф ва адиб Уилям Годвиннинг қизи Мэрига уйланади. Шоир оиласидаги бу ўзгаришлар буржуа матбуотида қаттиқ қораланади. Шелли 1818 йил ватани Англияни тарк этишга мажбур бўлади ва Италияга келади. Бу ерда у Байрон билан дўстлашади, исёнкорона руҳдаги поэмаларини ёзади. 1822 йил шоир тушган қайиқ денгиз тўфонида чўкиб, Шелли ҳаётдан кўз юмади.

Шелли қисқа умри давомида "Қиролича Маб" (1813), "Ислом кўзголони" (1818), "Озод этилган Прометей" (Prometheus unbound. 1820), "Ченчи" (The Cenci. 1819) номли машҳур лирик драма ва фожиаларини яратди. Унинг лирик тўплами ҳам мавжуддир. Шелли ўзининг "Шеърият ҳимояси" (1821) рисоласида поэзиянинг жамият ва унинг тараққиётида ўрни ҳамда вазифалари хусусида атрофлича фикр - мулоҳаза юритади.

Шелли асарларидаги асосий мавзу инсон ва табиат гўзаллигини вобаста қуйлаш, шахснинг жамиятдаги эркинлигини таърифлаш, зулм ва истибдодни қоралашдан иборатдир.

Унинг қаҳрамонлари озодлик йўлида ўзини қурбон этувчи "Ислом кўзголони"даги (Лион ва Цитна) лар, халқ гамини еб ўзини азоб-уқубатга маҳкум қилғувчи "Озод қилинган Прометей" олижаноб шахслардир. Шунингдек, шоир халқни эзувчи, раҳм-шафқатсиз ҳукмдорларни (масалан, "Ченчи" даги Ченчини ) кескин қоралайди. Шелли асарлари жаҳон тилларига таржима қилинган. Унинг айрим шеърлари ўзбек тилига ўгирилиб, "Жаҳон адабиёти" журналыда чоп қилинди.

Pamphlet and song: An address to the Irish People (1812), Declaration of Rights(1812), Hymn to Intellectual Beauty(1816), Song to the Men of England(1819) Ode to the West Wind(1819), The Cloud(1820).  
Poems: Queen Mab(1813), The Revolt of Islam(1818), Prometheus Unbound, a Lyrical Drama(1820), Adonais(1821)

### Hymn to Intellectual Beauty

The awful shadow of some unseen power  
Floats tho' unseen among us; visiting  
This various world with an inconstant wing  
As summer winds that creep flower;  
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,  
It visits with inconstant glance  
Each human heart and countenance;  
Like hues and harmonies of evening,  
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,  
Like memory of music fled,  
Like ought that for its grace may be  
Dear and yet dearer for its mystery-  
Spirit of BEAUTY, that dost consecrate  
With thine own hues all thou gone?  
Why dost thou pass away and leave our stte,  
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate  
Ask why the sunlight not for ever  
Weaves rainbows o'ver yon mountain river;  
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;  
  
Why fear and dream and death birth  
Cast on the daylight of this earth  
Such gloom, why man has such a scope  
For love and hate, despondency and hope;  
No voice from some sublimer world hath ever  
To sage or poet these responses given;  
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,  
  
Remain the records of their vain endeavour;  
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever,  
From all we hear and all we see,  
Doubt, chance, and mutability.  
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,  
Or music by the night wind sent

Through strings of some still instrument,  
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,  
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.  
Love, Hope, and Self-esteem, like clouds depart  
And come, for some uncertain moment lent.  
Man were immortal, and omnipotent,  
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,  
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart

Thou messenger of sympathies  
That wax and wane in lover's eyes;  
Thou, that to human thought art nourishment,  
Like darkness to a dying flame!  
Depart not as thy shadow came:  
Depart not, lest the grave should be,  
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yea a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped  
Thro' many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,  
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing  
Hopes of high talks with the departed dead.  
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is fed:  
I was not heard: I saw them not;  
When musing deeply on the lot  
Of life, at that sweet time when wind are wooing  
All vital things that wake to bring  
News of birds and blossoming,  
Sudden, thy shadow fell on me:  
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers  
To thee and thine: have I not kept the vow?  
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
Each from its voiceless grave: they have in visioned bowers  
Of studious zeal or love's delight

Outwatched with me the envious night:  
They know that never joy illumed my brow,  
Unlinked with hope that thou would free  
This world from its dark slavery,  
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,

Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.  
The day becomes more solemn serene  
When noon is past: there is a harmony  
In autumn, and a luster in its sky,  
Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,  
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!  
Thus let thy power, which like the truth  
Of nature on my passive youth  
Descended, to my onward life supply  
Its calm, to one who worships thee,  
And every form containing thee,  
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind  
To fear himself, and love all humankind.

### Ozimandias

I met a traveler from an antique land  
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which you survive, stamped on these lifeless things.  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed,  
And on the pedestal these words appear:  
"My name is Ozimandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

### Ode to West Wind

1

O Wild West wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead  
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing.

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,  
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed.

The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low,  
Each like a corpse within its grave, until  
Thine azure sister of the Spring Shall blow  
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill  
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)  
With living hues and odours plain and hill:  
Wild spirit, Which art moving every where;  
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

2

Thou on whose streams, 'mid the steep sky's commotion  
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,  
Shook from the tangled boughs Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread  
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,  
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Manad, even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,  
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night  
Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,  
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh hear!

3

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams  
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay  
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumise isle in Baia's bay,  
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers  
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers  
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou  
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below  
The sea- blooms and the oozy woods which wear  
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,  
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

4

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share  
The impulse of the strength, only less free  
Than thou, O uncomfortable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skyeey speed  
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.  
Oh! Lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed  
One too like thee; tameless, and swift, and proud

5

Make me thy lyre, even as the foest is:  
What if my leaves are falling like its own!  
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, utumnal tone,  
Sweet though in sadness, Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe  
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth;

And, by the incantation of this verse,  
Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind,  
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?  
Lines Written for Miss Sophia Stacey  
Thou art fair, and few are fairer  
Of the nymphs of earth and ocean.  
They are robes that fit the wearer-  
Those soft limbs of thine, whose motion  
Ever falls and shifts and glances,  
As the life within them dances.

Thy deep eyes, a double planet,  
Gaze the wisest into madness  
With soft clear fire. The winds that fan it  
Are those thoughts of gentle gladness  
Which, like zephyrs on the billow,  
Make thy gentle soul their pillow.  
If whatever face thou paintest  
In those eyes grows pale with pleasure,  
If the fainting soul is faintest  
When it hears thy harp's wild measure,  
Wonder not that, when thou speakest,  
Of the weak my heart is weakest.

As dew beneath the wind of morning,  
As the sea which whirlwinds waken,  
As the birds at thunder's warning,  
As aught mute but deeply shaken,  
As one who feels an unseen spirit,  
Is my heart when thine is near it.

## The cloud

1

I bring fresh shower for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and from the streams;  
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2

I swift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,  
Lightning my pilot sits,  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,  
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

3

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead.  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,

Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
    In the light of its golden wings.  
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
    Its ardours of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
    From the depth of heaven above,  
With wing folded I rest, on mine airy nest,  
    As still as a brooding dove.

4

That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,  
    Whom mortals call the moon,  
Glides shimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
    By the midnight breezes strewn  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
    Which only the angles hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
    The stars peep behind her and peer,  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
    Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
    Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
    Are each paved with the moon and these.

5

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,  
    And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,  
    When the whirlwinds my banner unfulfill?  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
    Over a torrent sea,  
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,  
    The mountains its columns be.

6

I am the daughter of earth and water,  
    And the nursling of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
    I change, but I cannot die,

For after the rain when with never a stain,  
The pavilion of heaven is bare,  
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,  
Build up the blue dome of air,  
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
And out of the caverns of rain,  
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
I arise and unbuild it again.

### Hymn of Pan

From the forests highlands  
We come, we come;  
From the river-girl islands  
Where loud waves are dumb  
Listening to my sweet pipings  
The wind in the reeds and the bushes  
The cicades above in the lime,  
And the lizards below in the grass,  
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was  
Listening to my sweet pipings

Liquid Peneus was flowing  
And all dark Temple lay  
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing  
The light of the dying day  
SPEEDED with my sweet pipings  
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and fauns  
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,  
To the edge of the moist river lawns,  
And the brink of dewy caves,  
And all that did then attend and follow,  
Were silent with love, as you know, Apollo,  
With envy of my sweet pipings  
I sang of the dancing stars,  
I sang of the dedal Earth,  
And of Heaven-and the giant wars,  
And Love, and Death, and Birth,-  
And then I changed my pipings,-  
Singing how down the vale of Menalus  
I surprised a maiden and clasped a reed;

Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!  
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:  
All wept, as I think both ye now would,  
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,  
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings

### Summer and Winter

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,  
Towards the end of the sunny month of June  
When the north wind congregates in crowds  
The floating mountains of the silver clouds  
From the horizon-and the stainless sky  
Opens beyond them like eternity  
All things rejoiced beneath the sun, the weeds,  
The river, and the cornfields, and the reeds;  
The window leaves that glanced in the light breeze,  
And the firm foliage of the larger trees

It was a winter such as when birds die  
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie  
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes  
Even, the mood and slime of the warm lakes  
A wrinkled clod, as hard as brick, and when  
Among their children, comfortable men  
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:  
Alas, then for the homeless beggar old!

### Time

Unfathomable Sea! Whose waves are years,  
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe  
Are blackish with the salt of human tears!  
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow  
Claspet the limits of mortality!  
And thick of prey, yet howling on for more,  
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;  
Traucherous in calm, and terrible in storm,  
Who shall put forth on thee, Unfathomable Sea!

## The Aziola

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?  
Methinks she must be high, "  
Said Mary, as we sate  
In dusks, ere the stars were lit, or candles brought  
And I who thought  
This Aziola was some tedious woman,  
Asked, "Who is Aziola?" How elate  
Felt to know that it was nothing human,  
No mockery of myself to fear or hate!  
And Mary saw my soul,  
And laughed and said, "Disquiet yourself not,  
Tis nothing but a little downy owl"

Sad Aziola! Many an eventide  
Thy music I had heard  
By wood and stream, and meadow and mountain side  
And fields and marches wide.-  
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,  
The soul ever stirred;  
Unlike and far sweeter than they all:  
Sad Aziola! from that moment I  
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

## Epitaph

These are two friends whose lives were undivided;  
So let their memory be, now they have glided  
Under their grave; let not their bones be parted.  
For their two hearts in life were single-hearted

## The Poet

At Morn, at Noon, at Eve, and Middle Night,  
He passes forth into the charmed air,  
With talisman to call up spirits rare  
From plant, cave, rock, and fountain.- To his sight  
The hush of natural objects opens quite  
To the care: and every secret essence there.

## ЖОН КИТС (JON KEATS) (1795- 1821)

Инглиз романтизм шеърятининг вакилларида бири, лирик шоир Жон Китс 1795 йилда туғилди. У бор-йўғи йигирма олти йил яшаб қисқа давр ижод қилди. 1810 -1816 йиллар давомида Китс медицина соҳасида таълим олди. Талабалик йилларидаёқ у бадиий ижод билан машғул бўлади. 1817 йилда унинг биринчи шеърлар тўплами нашр этилади.



Тўпламга кирган "Дунё ҳақида", "Ёлғизлик", "Ниначи ва Парвона" шеърларида шоир ҳаёт ташвишлари ва қувончларини романтик кайфиятда тараннум этади.

Китс ижодига Марло, Шекспир, Бен Жонсон асарлари катта таъсир кўрсатган эди. Шоирнинг 1818 йил эълон қилинган "Эндимион" поэмасида антик давр адабиёти анъаналари кўзга ташланади. 1818-1821 йиллар Китс ижодининг юксак даври бўлиб, бу йилларда у Шекспир руҳидаги қатор сонетларни яратади. Масалан, унинг "Девонширлик нозанинга" шеъри ва "Изабелла" поэмасида Роберт Бёрнснинг "Робин Гуд" ҳақидаги балладаси мотивлари кўзга ташланиб туради.

Китс бу йиллар ўзининг "Гиперион" фалсафий поэмасини яратди. Асарда қадимги юнон мифологиясидаги титанларнинг Олимп худолари билан қилган жангларини тасвирлаш орқали шоир замонасидаги нотинч ҳаёт, Англия ва Шотландия муносабатларига ўз қарашларини билдирган эди. Шунингдек, умрининг сўнгги йилларида Китс "Психеяча ода", "Хушчақчақлик одаси", "Грек кувшини", "Булбулча" каби қатор одаларини ёзади. Шоирнинг охириги асари "Куз одаси" шеъри 1820 йилда эълон қилинади.

1820 йилнинг кузида унинг соғлиги ёмонлашади ва даволаниш учун Италияга келади. Шу ерда қаттиқ хуруждан сўнг йигирма олти ёшида вафот этади.

Odes, Sonnets and Songs: Sonnet to Chatterton, 1815; On Peace, 1814; Robin Hood, 1818; Sonnet Written in the Cottage where Burns was born, On the Grasshopper and the Cricket, 1816; Sonnet to the Nile, 1818; Ode to a Nightingale, 1819 "To Autumn, 1820; Poems and tragedy: Sotho the Great, 1819; The Cap and Belles, 1818; Isabella or The Pot of Basil, 1818; Hyperion, 1818.

## The Poet

At Morn, at Noon, at Eve, and Middle Night,  
He passes forth into the charmed air,  
With talisman to call up spirits rare  
From plant, cave, rock, and fountain-To his sight  
The hush of natural objects opens quite  
To the care: and every secret essence there  
Reveals the elements of good and fair;  
Making him see where learning hath no light.  
Sometimes above the grass and palpable thing  
Of this diurnal ball, his spirit flies  
On awful wing; and with its destined skies  
Holds premature and mystic communing:  
Till such unearthly intercourses shed  
A visible halo round his mortal head

1816

## On the Grasshopper and Cricket!

The poetry of earth is never dead:  
When all the birds are fount with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling tress, a voice will run  
From hedge to above the new-mown mead;  
That is the Grasshopper's-he takes the lead  
In summer luxury,-he has never done  
With his delights; for when tired out with fun  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never;  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The Cricket's song in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half last,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy.

## Endymion

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;  
Its loveliness increases, it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quit for us, and a sheep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing  
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing?  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways  
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits. Such the sun , the moon,  
Trees old, and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
With the green world they live in; and clear rills  
That for themselves a cooling covert make  
Gains the hot season; the mid forest brake,  
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:  
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
We have imagined for the mighty dead;  
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:  
And endless fountain of immortal drink,  
Pouring into us from the heaven's brink  
1817

### Sonnet

When I have fears I may cease to be  
Before my hand has gleaned my teeming brain,  
Before high- piled books, in charactery,  
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance  
And think that I may never to trace  
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour  
That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the fairy power  
Of unreflecting love; - than on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink

## To the Nile

Son of the old moon-mountains African!  
Chief of the Pyramid and Crocodile!  
We call thee fruitful, and that very while,  
A desert fills out seeing inward span;  
Nurse of swart nations since the world began,  
Art thou so fruitful or dost thou beguile  
Such men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,  
Rest for a space twixt Caire and Decan?  
O may dark fancies err! They surely do;  
Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste  
Of all beyond itself, thou dost bedew  
Green rushes like our rivers, dost taste  
The pleasant sunrise, green isles hast thou too,  
And to the sea as happily dost hasty

## Ode to Fanny

### 1

Physician Nature let my spirit blood!  
O ease my heart of verse and let me rest;  
Throw me upon thy Tripod, till the flood  
Of stifling numbers ebbs from my full breast  
A theme! A theme! Great nature! Give a theme;  
Let me begin my dream.  
I come- I see thee, as thou stakndest there,  
Beckon me out into the wintry air

### 2

Ah! Dearest love, sweet home of all my fears,  
And hopes, and joys and panting miseries,  
To-night, if I may guess, thy beauty wears  
A smile of such delight,  
As brilliant and as bright,  
As when with ravished, aching, vassal eyes,  
Lost in soft amaze,  
I gaze! I gaze!

## 3

Who now, with greedy looks, eats up my feast?  
 What stare outfaces now my silver moon!  
 Ah! Keep that hand unravished at the least;  
 Let, let, the amorous burn-  
 But, prey thee, do not turn  
 The currents of your heart from me so soon  
 O! save, in charity,  
 The quickest pulse for me.

## 4

Save it for me, sweet love! Though music breathe  
 Voluptuous visions into the warm air;  
 Though surmising through the dance's dangerous wreath,  
 Be like an April day,  
 Smiling and cold and gay,  
 A temperature lily, temperate as fair;  
 Then, Heaven! There will be  
 A warmer June for me

## 5

Why, this- you will say, my Fanny! Is not true;  
 Put your soft hand upon your snowy side,  
 Where the heart beats: confess- it is nothing new-  
 Must not a women be,  
 A feather on the sea,  
 Swayed to and fro by every wind and tide?  
 Of as uncertain speed  
 As blow-ball from the mead?

## 6

I know it-and to know it is despair  
 To one who loves you as I love, sweet Fanny!  
 Whose heart goes fluttering for you every where,  
 Nor, when away you room,  
 Dare keep its wretches home,  
 Love, love alone, his severe and many;  
 Then, loveliest! Keep me free,  
 From torturing jealousy

Ah! If you prize my subdued soul above  
 The poor, the fading, brief, fried of an hour;  
 Let none profane my Holy See of love,  
 Or with a rude hand break  
 The sacramental cake;  
 Let none else touch the just new-budded flower;  
 If not-may my eyes close,  
 Love! On their lost repose.

### Ode to Psyche

O Goddess! Hear these tuneless numbers, wrung  
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,  
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung  
 Even into thine own soft-cinched ear;  
 Surely I dreamt today, or did I see  
 The winged Psyche with awakened eyes?  
 I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,  
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,  
 Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side,  
 In deepest grass, beneath the whispered roof  
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran  
 A Brooklet, scarce espied:  
 Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,  
 Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrant,  
 They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass;  
 Their arms embraced, and their pinions too;  
 Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu,  
 As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,  
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber  
 At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love:  
 The winged boy I knew;  
 But who waste thou, O happy, happy dove?  
 His Psyche true!

O latest born and loveliest vision far  
 Of all Olympus faded hierarchy!  
 Fairer than Phoebes sapphire-regained star,  
 Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky;  
 Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,  
 Nor alter heaped with flowers;  
 Nor virgin-choir to make delicious moon

Upon the midnight hours;  
No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet  
From chain-swung censer teeming;  
No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat  
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

O brightest! Though too late for antique vows,  
Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,  
When holy were the haunted forest boughs,  
Holy the air, the water, and the fire:  
Yet even in these days so far retired  
From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,  
Fluttering among the faint Olympians,  
I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.  
So let me by thy choir, and make a moon  
Upon the midnight hours;  
Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet  
From swung censer teeming:  
Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat  
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming,  
Yes I will be thy priest, and build a fane  
In some untrodden region of my mind,  
Where branched thoughts, new grown with pleasant pain,  
Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind:  
Far, far aroud shall those dark-clustered trees  
Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep;  
And these by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,  
The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep;  
And in the midst of this wider quietness  
With the wreathed trellis of a working brain  
With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,  
With all a gardener Fancy e'er could feign,  
Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same:  
And there shall be for thee all soft delight  
That shadowy thought can win,  
A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,  
To let the warm Love in!

## Sonnet to Sleep

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,  
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,  
Our gloom-pleased eyes, embowered from the light  
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:  
O soothest Sleep! If so it please thee, close  
In midst of this thine hymn my willing eyes,  
Or wait the "Amen", ere thy poppy throws  
Around my bed its lulling charities,  
Then save me, or the passed day will shine  
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes,-  
Save me from curious Conscience, that still lords  
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like the mole:  
Turn the key deftly in the oiled words,  
And seal the hushed Casket of my Soul.

## Sonnet on the Sonnet

If by dull rhymes our English must be chained,  
And, like Andromeda, the Sonnet sweet  
Fettred, in spite of pained loveliness,  
Let us find out, if we must be constrained,  
Sandals more interwoven and complete  
To fit the naked foot of Poesy:  
Let us inspect the Lyre, and weigh the stress  
Of every chord, and see what may be gained  
By ear industrious, and attention meet:  
Misers of sound and syllable, no less  
Than Midas of his coinage, let us be  
Jealous of dead leaves in the bay wreath crown;  
So, if we may not let the Muse be free,  
She will be bound with garlands of her own.

Lines Supposed to Have Been  
Addressed to Fanny Browne  
This living hand, now warm and capable  
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold  
And in the icy silence of the tomb,  
And haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights  
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood  
So in my veins red life might stream again,  
And thou be conscience-calmed-see here it is-  
I hold it towards you.

## ВАЛЬТЕР СКОТТ (WALTER SCOTT) (1771-1832)



Вальтер Скотт ижоди инглиз адабиётида романтизмдан реализмга ўтиш даврини ўзида акс эттиради, у ўзининг машҳур тарихий романлари билан бирга ватани Шотландия мавзусида лирик шеърлар ва балладалар ҳам ёзди.

Вальтер Скотт 1771 йилнинг 15 августида Шотландиянинг Эдинбург шаҳрида адвокат оиласида дунёга келади. Вальтерда адабиётга ва бадиий ижодга меҳр уйғотган онаси бўлди, унга болалигида халқ оғзаки ижоди намуналаридан рицарлик дostonлари

ва қаҳрамонлик қўшиқларини куйлаб берар, касалманд болакайни ҳаётга интилиш ва яшашга ўргатади. Вальтер мактабда ва ҳуқуқ коллежида ўқиган йиллари касб эгаллашга, китобларни варақлашга унча ҳавасманд бўлмасада, Шотландия бўйлаб қилган саёҳатидан сўнг унда бадиий ижодга ҳавас уйғонади. Айниқса, машҳур шоир Роберт Бёрнс билан танишиши Шотландия халқ оғзаки ижоди ва тарихини ўрганишида туртки бўлади.

Отасининг вафотидан сўнг Вальтер Скотт адвокатлик касбидан тамоман воз кечиб, бадиий ижод билан шуғулланади. Ўша замоннинг машҳур ёзувчиси Мотью Аббоснинг кўмагида Скотт ўзининг илк балладаларини ва Гётедан қилган таржимасини эълон қилади. 1802-1803 йилларда В.Скотт ўзининг уч жилддан иборат "Шотланд худуди қўшиқлари" (Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border) туркумини эълон қилади. Бу туркум муаллифни шоир сифатида элга танитади. Шундан сўнг унинг "Сўнгги чегара қўшиқлари" (The Lay of the Last Minstrel, 1805), "Мармион" (Marmion, 1808), "Кўл гўзали" (The Lady of the Lake, 1810), "Рокби" (Rokeby, 1813) поэмалари босилиб чиқади. Шоирнинг ушбу поэмаларида Шотландия тарихида ўтган воқеа ва ривоятлар кўтаринки романтик тус олади ва уларни табиат гўзаллиги билан ҳамоҳанг тасвирлайди.

Вальтер Скотт ижодининг биринчи даврини ўзида муҷассамлаштирувчи бу поэмалар унинг келгусида машҳур романнавис бўлиб етишувида муҳим омиг касб этади.

XIX асрнинг 20-йилларига келиб инглиз ва жаҳон адабиёти тарихида Вальтер Скотт тарихий роман устаси сифатида тан олинди. Унинг "Уэверли ёки олтмиш йил бурун" (Waverly, or Tis Sixty Years Since,

1814), "Гай Маннеринг" (Guy Mannering, or The Astrologer, 1815), "Антиквар" (The Antiquary, 1816), "Прутанлар" (Old Mortality, 1816), "Роб Рой" (Rob Roy, 1818), "Айвенго" (Ivanhoe, A.Romance, 1820), "Квинтин Дорвард " (Quentin Durward, 1823) романлари Европа романчилиги тараққиётида муҳим аҳамият касб этди. Адиб 1832 йил огир касалликдан вафот этди.

Вальтер Скотт шеърляри ва тарихий романлари жаҳон тилларига таржима қилинган. Унинг "Айвенго" романи ўзбек тилига ўтирилган.

Selection poems: "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border", 1802;  
Poems: The lady of the Last Minstrel, 1805; Marmion, 1808  
Lady of the Lake, 2810; Rokeby, 1813.

### The Maid of Neidpath

O lover's eyes are sharp to see,  
And lovers' ears in hearing ,  
And love , in life's extremity ,  
Can lend an hour of cheering.  
Disease had been in Mary's bower ,  
And slow decay from mourning ,  
Though now she sits on Neidepath's tower ,  
To watch her love's returning .  
All sunk and dim her eyes so bright ,  
Her form decayed by pining ,  
Till through her wasted hand , at night ,  
You saw the taper shining ;  
By fits , a sultry hectic hue  
Across her cheek was flying;  
By fits , so ashy pale she grew ,  
Her maidens though her dying .  
Yet keenest powers to see and hear ,  
Seemed in her frame residing ;  
Before the watch - dog pricked his ear ,  
She heard her lover's riding ;  
Ere scarce a distant form was kenned ,  
She knew and waved to greet him ;  
And o'er the battlement did bend ,  
As on the wing to meet him .  
He came - he passed -and heedless gaze .  
As over some stranger glancing ;  
Her welcome , spoke in fattering phrase ,

Lost in his courser's prancing -  
The castle arch , whose hollow tone  
Returns each whisper spoken ,  
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan ,  
Which told her heart was broken .

### **The Violet**

The violet in her green - wood bower ,  
Where birchen boughs with hazles mingle ;  
May boast itself the fairest flower  
In glen , or copse , or forest dingle .  
Though fair her gems of azure hue ,  
Beneath the dew - drop's weight reclining ;  
I 've seen an eye of lovelier blue ,  
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining .  
The summer sun that dew shall dry ,  
Eye yet the day be past its morrow ;  
Nor longer in my false love's eye  
Remained the tear of parting sorrow .

### **To a Lady**

#### **With flowers from a roman wall .**

Take these flowers which , purple waving ,  
On the ruined rampart grew ,  
Where , the sons of freedom braving ,  
Rome's imperial standards flew .  
Warrior's from the breach of danger  
Pluck no longer laurels there :  
They but yield the passing stranger  
Wild - flower wreaths for Beauty's hair .

### **Nora's Vow**

Hear what Highland Nora said , -  
"The Earlie's son I will not wed ,  
Should all the race of nature die ,  
And none be left but he and I.  
For all the gold, for all the gear,  
And all the lands both far and near.  
That ever valour lost or won,

I would not wed the Earlie's son. "  
"Are lightly made and lightly broke;  
The heather on the mountain's height  
Begins to bloom in purple light;  
The frost -wind soon shall sweep away  
That lustre deep from glen and brae;  
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,  
May blithely wed the Earlie's son"

"The swan, "she said "the lake's clear breast  
May barter for the eagle's nest;  
The Awe's fieree stream may backward turn,  
Ben - Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;  
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,  
Before their foes may turn and fly;  
But I , were all these marvel's done ,  
Would never wed the Earlie's son."  
Still in the water - lily's shade  
Her wonted nest the wild -swan made;  
Ben - Cruaichen stands as fast as ever,  
Still downward foams the Awe's fierse river;  
To shun the clash of foeman's steel  
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;  
But Nora's heart is lost and won,  
-She wedded to the Earlie's son!

### From "Marmion"

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,  
And save his good broadsword the weapons had none  
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar

He said not for brake, and he stopp'd not fot stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.  
So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,

Among bride's -men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a sword,)  
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,"  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;"-  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide-  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,-  
"Now tread me a measure! said young Lochinvar."

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "Twere better be far,  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;  
So light to the croup the fair lady he swing,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
"She is won! We are gone, over ban, bush and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar,

There was mounting' mong Grames of the Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenvicks, and Masgraves, they fode and they ran;  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

## ТОМАС МУР (THOMAS MOORE) (1779-1852)

Томас Мур Ирландиянинг пойтахти Дублин шаҳрида савдогар оиласида таваллуд топди. У онаси таъсирида ёшлигидан адабиёт ва санъатга меҳр қўйди. 1795 йил Мур Дублин университетига ўқишга киради. 1799 йилдан у Лондонда ҳуқуқшунослик бўйича лекциялар ўқийди, католик мазҳабида бўлгани учун адвокатлик лавозимида ишлашга йўл беришмайди. Мур қадим юнон ва латин тилларини яхши билгани учун бу йиллар Анакреонт одаларини инглиз тилига таржима қилиш билан машғул бўлади. 1801 йил узининг "Томас Литгилнинг поэтик машқлари" номли тўпламини эълон қилади. Биринчи китоби биланоқ Мур китобхон аҳлига манзур бўлган эди.

1803 йил дўсти ва маслакдоши Эммет Мурнинг сиёсий айблов билан қатл этилиши Томас Мур руҳиятига катта таъсир кўрсатади. 1804 йил АҚШ ва Канадада бўлади. 1808 йил шоирнинг "Ирланд куйлари" (Irish Melodies) шеърий туркумининг биринчи китоби нашр қилинади. 1808-1835 йилларда "Ирланд куйлари" нинг унта китоби босилиб чиқади. Томас Мурга шон-шухрат келтирган бу туркумда шоир она- Ватани Ирландия ва ирланд халқининг хаёли, орзу - умидлари қўшиққа солинади.

Китоб 1811 йил шоир Жорж Байрон томонидан танқид этилгач, Мур у билан жанжаллашиб қолади. Бироқ тез орада машҳур икки шоир бир-бирини кечириб, қалин дўст тутинадилар. Оқибатда Томас Мур дўсти Байроннинг биринчи биографи ва ноширига айланади. Томас Мур ўз ижодида шарқ халқлари фольклорига сюжет ва воқеаларни қаламга олиш билан қизиқди. Унинг 1817 йил "Лола Рух" (Lalla Rookh) туркумига кирувчи шарқона поэмалари нашр этилади. Бу туркумни дўсти шоир Жорж Байрон юқори баҳолаган эди.

1830 йилларда Томас Мур оғир кулфатларни бошидан кечиради. Улим унинг беш нафар фарзандини бирин -кетин ҳаётдан олиб кетди. Шоир умрининг охириги даврида романтик кайфиятдаги асарлар ёза олмади. Тушкунликка тушган шоир бир қатор тарихий ва диний мавзуда поэмалар яратди.

Оғир хасталикка чалинган Томас Мур 1852 йилда вафот этади. Томас Мур ижоди ва унга замондош бўлган А.С.Пушкин, В.А. Жуковский, И. Казлов, П. Вязинскийлар Россияда тарғиб ва таржима қилдилар. Шоир ижоди ўзбек тилига таржима қилинган эмас.

Musical songs: Irish melodies (1807-1834)

Poems: Lalla Rookh (1817); Loves of the Angles (1823)

Prose: The veiled Prophet of Khorassan (1818); Paradise and the Peri (1818)

## From "Irish melodies"

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh! Still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh, then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee,  
Sweeter far may be;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
When, at eve, thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright, we've seen it burning,  
Oh! thus remember me.  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eyes reposes  
On its ling'ring roses,  
Once so lov'd by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her, who made thee love them,  
Oh! then remember me.  
When around thee dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh! still remember me.  
The should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To the heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee;  
Then let the memory bring thee  
Strains I us'd to sing thee, -  
Oh! then remember me.

\* \* \*

She is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are around her, sighing;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he lov'd awakening-  
Oh! little they think, who delights in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!  
He had liv'd for his country be dried,  
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,-  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow!

### The origin of the Harp

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,  
Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;  
And who often, at eve, thro' the bright waters roved,  
To meet, on the shore, a youth whom she loved.  
But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,  
And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep;  
Till heaven looked with pity on true-love so warm,  
And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.  
Still her bosom rose fair-still her cheeks smiled the same  
While her sea-beauties gracefully formed the light frame;  
And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,  
Was changed to bright chords uttering melody's spell  
Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known,  
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;  
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay  
To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away.

## How Dear To me the Hour

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,  
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,  
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,  
And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays  
Along the smooth wave toward the burning west,  
I long to tread that golden path of rays,  
And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest.

## The Minstrel-Boy

The Minstrel -Boy to the war is gone  
In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
His father's sword he has girded on,  
And his wild harp slung behind him.-  
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,  
"Though all the world betrays thee,  
" One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
" One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!- but the foeman's chain  
Could not bring his proud soul under;  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
For he tore its chords asunder;  
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,  
Thou soul of love and bravery!  
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,  
They shall never sound in slavery."

## From " National airs." Air.-The Bells of St. Peterburg

Those evening bells! Those evening bells!  
How many a tale their music tells,  
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,  
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are pass'd away;  
And many a heart, that then was gay,  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,  
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 't will be when I am gone;  
That tuneful peal will still ring on,  
While other bards shall walk these dells,  
And sing you're your praise, sweet evening bells!

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