Стихи на английском языке

I'm a Wizard, I'm a Warlock

I'm a wizard, I'm a warlock,

I'm a wonder of the age.

I'm a sorcerer, magician,

prestidigitator, mage.

I can change into a chicken,

or perhaps a purple pig.

I can wave my wand and, presto,

I'm a waffle with a wig.

With the power in my pinky

I can burst like a balloon

or transform into a tiger

with the head of a baboon.

If I wiggle on my earlobe

or I knock upon my knee

I become a dancing doughnut

or a turtle in a tree.

Just a simple incantation

and I deftly disappear,

which I never should have done

because I've been this way all year.

And despite my mighty magic

I'm impossible to see,

for I never learned the spells I need

to turn back into me.

Kenn Nesbitt

The Tiger and the Zebra

The tiger phoned the zebra

and invited him to dine.

He said "If you could join me

that would simply be divine."

The zebra said "I thank you,

but respectfully decline.

I heard you ate the antelope;

he was a friend of mine."

On hearing this the tiger cried

"I must admit it's true!

I also ate the buffalo,

the llama and the gnu.

And yes I ate the warthog,

the gazelle and kangaroo,

but I could never eat a creature

beautiful as you.

"You see I have a secret

I'm embarrassed to confide:

I look on you with envy

and a modicum of pride.

Of all the creatures ever known,"

the tiger gently sighed,

"It seems we are the only two

with such a stripy hide.

"Now seeing how we share this

strong resemblance of the skin,

I only can conclude that we are

just as close as kin.

This means you are my brother

and, though fearsome I have been,

I could not eat my brother,

that would surely be a sin."

The zebra thought, and then replied

"I'm certain you are right.

The stripy coats we both possess

are such a handsome sight!

My brother, will you let me

reconsider if I might?

My calendar is empty so

please let us dine tonight."

The tiger met the zebra in

his brand-new fancy car

and drove him to a restaurant

which wasn't very far.

And when they both were seated

at a table near the bar,

the zebra asked "What's on the grill?"

The tiger said "You are."

"But please, you cannot dine on me!"

the outraged zebra cried.

"To cook me up and eat me

is a thing I can't abide.

You asked me for your trust

and I unwarily complied.

You said you could not eat me

now you plan to have me fried?"

"And what about the envy

and the modicum of pride?

And what of us as brothers

since we share a stripy hide?"

"I'm sorry," said the tiger

and he smiled as he replied,

"but I love the taste of zebra

so, in other words, I lied."

Kenn Nesbitt

Frank, the Frog Collector

I'm Frank, the frog collector,

and I'm happy to report

my collection's nearly finished;

I have frogs of every sort.

I record them in my journal

so that every single frog

is accounted for completely

with an entry in my log.

I have hundreds, maybe thousands

of amphibians at home.

I have frogs of quilted fabric.

I have frogs of gleaming chrome.

I have frogs of painted porcelain,

and frogs of brass and tin.

I have frogs you open up

to find another frog within.

There are small magnetic tree frogs

clinging gently to the fridge

and Louisiana bullfrogs

on a plastic bayou bridge.

I have frogs on ancient bicycles

with shiny silver bells.

I have frogs proposing marriage

to their froggy mademoiselles.

You'll see frogs ascending ladders.

You'll see frogs descending stairs,

yes, and frogs reclining dreamily

in comfy leather chairs.

I have frogs with pink umbrellas.

I have frogs engrossed in books.

Even frogs that dangle fishing poles

in nonexistant brooks.

My abode is filled with frogs

from top to bottom, front to back.

There are frogs in every corner,

every crevice, every crack.

There is only one that's missing;

just one blank space in my log.

So I'm begging, mom and dad,

can I please have a REAL frog?

Kenn Nesbitt

Boys and girls come out to play

Boys and girls come out to play,

The moon doth\* shine as bright as day,

Leave your supper,

and leave your sleep,

And come with your playfellows into the street.

Come with a whoop, come with a call,

Come with a good will, or not at all.

Up the ladder and down the wall,

A halfpenny loaf will serve us all.

You find milk, and I'll find flour,

And we'll have pudding within the hour.

\* doth устаревшая форма глагола do в 3-м лице ед. числа настоящего времени

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark

Hark, hark, the dogs do bark,

The beggars are coming to town

Some in rags, and some in jags,

And some in velvet gowns.

Humpty Dumpty (Шалтай-Болтай)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

All the king's horses and all the king's men

Couldn't put Humpty together again!

If all the world were paper

If all the world were paper,

And all the sea were ink,

If all the trees were bread and cheese,

What would we have to drink?

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill

The fetch a pail of water;

Jack feel down and broke his crown,

And Jill came tumbling after.

Up got Jack and home did he trot,

As fast as he could caper;

Went to bed and bound his head,

With vinegar and brown paper.

When Jill came in how she did grin

To see Jack's paper plaster;

Mother vexed, did whip her next;

For causing Jack's disaster.

Jack-a-Nory

I'll tell you a story

About Jack-a-Nory,

And now my story's begun;

I'll tell you another,

About Jack and his brother,

And now my story is done.