

THE DAFFODILS (нарцисс)
By William Wordsworth (1770-1850)

I wander 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.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd 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 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
In 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 the daffodils.

НАРГИЗ
(Уилиям Вэдзвэс)

Водий ва кир-адирилар узра баланда
Сузаётган булутдек танҳо кезганимда,
Атрофимда кўл бўйида, дарахтлар остида
Тилларанг нарғизлар ястаниб ётарди,
Елпин шамолда тебраниб рақсга тушиб
Мени олқишлар ичра кутиб оларди.

Бўм-бўшлиқдан ёки ёлғизликдан,
Хаёл суриб ётганимда, нарғизлар
Ярқ этиб пайдо бўлиб кўз олдимда,
Танҳо юрагимга завқ бахш этарди.
Ва менинг юрагим қувончга тўлиб,
Нарғизлар билан рақсга тушиб кетарди.