

Иванова Евгения

Послан Иванова Евгения - 29.04.2013 22:51

Иванова Евгения

8 класс

МОУ "Гимназия

г .Раменское"

Московской области

Учитель:Гусева Людмила Владимировна

Thoughts Before the Battle

Sit with you we at the fire,
On the watch we are with you,
Not heard in our time is a nightingale,
The war is now, quite another!
In the distance we hear the whine of turbines,
We hear the roar of explosions...
Sit with you we at the fire,
And about fate we chatter,
Dream about the end of this hell,
Dream we about the daybreak,
About the life, bright and beautiful,
That would have ended the war,
And we, with you, have returned to our city.
Now there is a terrible war,
None of that we all want.
Sit with you we at the fire,
And far away is the dream.
The main thing for us, my friend,
To help and save the Country.
In the USSR with you we were born,
And, if it is so, that the enemy's
Fatal bullet wounds,
So, know, the Country,
You are the only one, darling.
The watch's over now,
The day is clear.
It's about to begin a terrible battle,
And not for life but death.
Sit with you, my friend, we in the trenches,
Sit with grenades in our hands,
And we are waiting for a company of Germans,
Over the heads the Messerschmitts're flying.
Not scared are we with you, my friend,
Though with you together may we perish,
We'll die for love, for peace,
For happiness, and joy.
Not only it supports us,Vaska!

We remember our mother
And strict but fair father...
They you and me strong brought up...
" Look, going to meet us the tank...
And I am to go...
Forgive me for everything, brother,
I know that the meeting not soon will be,
But, all the same, I ask you,
Not to hurry back.
Wait, please, for the bright day,
When come peace and grace,
Without the wounded and the dead,
Without grief and death.
Will come the warm spring,
Will hear you the song of a nightingale,
And meet you Marinka from Yakimanka street,
And, if she asks about me,
Tell her that I have died under a tank...
Listen, brother, don't hurry,
Don't wish the same for you.
We'll meet but later.
Good-bye, dear, good-bye,
Remember me kindly..."
And the brother died for his Motherland,
For mother and father...
All it was in the 45th,
A little bit did not he live to see the war's end...
But the name of the brother is in his brother's soul,
And he often-often recalls,
"How brave he was,
What a wonderful guy!"
And on the Day of Victory, the Victory to the End, my own company
About the mates perished are speaking,
Vaska also recalls his lost brother-fighter...
And they don't need all the awards – the life
From the death them saved,
And this is the Highest Award!

http://tea4er.ru/images/fbfiles/files/IvanovaEA_Poem.rar

Иванова Евгения
Послан Гусева Людмила Владимировна - 29.04.2013 23:08

A real NOVEL!!!

Иванова Евгения

Послан Ремнева Ирина Юрьевна - 10.05.2013 16:33

FINE! You have done a good job! Congratulations!
