Копия: <https://musicsteps.spb.ru/?page_id=1200>

The Fisherman and the Golden Fish

There once lived an old man and his good-wife

On the shore of the deep blue ocean;

They lived in a tumble-down hovel

For thirty-three summers and winters.

The old man used to fish for his living,

And his wife spun yarn on her distaff.

He once cast his net in the ocean,

And pulled it up with mud from the bottom;

He again cast his net in the ocean,

And this time caught nothing but seaweed;

When he cast his net for the third time,

One fish was all that he landed,

No common fish, though, but a goldfish.

Now the goldfish began to implore him,

And it spoke like a real human being:

«Put me back, old man, into the ocean —

I will pay you a right royal ransom,

I wilt give you whatever you ask me.»

The old man was astonished and frightened —

He’d been fishing for thirty-three summers,

Bat had not heard of any fish talking.

So with care he untangled the goldfish

And tenderly said as he did so:

«God bless you, my dear little goldfish!

Thank you kindly, I don’t want your ransom.

Go back to your home in the ocean,

And roam where you will without hindrance.»

To his wife the old fisherman hastened

To tell her about this great marvel.

«I caught only one fish this morning —

A goldfish it was, most uncommon;

It spoke like a Christian, and begged me

To put it back into the ocean,

And promised to pay a rich ransom,

To give me whatever I asked for.

But how could I ask for a ransom?

I released it without any payment.»

His wife started scolding her husband:

«Oh you simpleton! Oh yon great silly!

Couldn’t make a mere fish pay a ransom!

You at least might have asked for a wash-tub —

For ours is all falling to pieces!»

The old man returned to the seashore,

Where the blue waves were frolicking lightly.

He called out aloud for the goldfish,

And the goldfish swam up and demanded:

«What is it, old man, you are wanting?»

**Заменила на одинарные в прямой речи:**

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