

**МУНИЦИПАЛЬНОЕ ОБРАЗОВАТЕЛЬНОЕ УЧРЕЖДЕНИЕ  
ДОПОЛНИТЕЛЬНОГО ПРОФЕССИОНАЛЬНОГО ОБРАЗОВАНИЯ  
«МЕТОДИЧЕСКИЙ ЦЕНТР»**

**РАЙОННЫЙ ТВОРЧЕСКИЙ КОНКУРС «В МИРЕ АНГЛИЙСКОЙ ПОЭЗИИ»  
10-11 КЛАССЫ**

**A PSALM OF LIFE**

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream!  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act,— act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

**A CHARACTER**

*William Wordsworth*

I marvel how Nature could ever find space  
For so many strange contrasts in one human face:  
There's thought and no thought, and there's paleness and  
bloom

And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure and gloom.

There's weakness, and strength both redundant and vain;  
Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain  
Could pierce through a temper that's soft to disease,  
Would be rational peace--a philosopher's ease.

There's indifference, alike when he fails or succeeds,  
And attention full ten times as much as there needs;  
Pride where there's no envy, there's so much of joy;  
And mildness, and spirit both forward and coy.

There's freedom, and sometimes a diffident stare  
Of shame scarcely seeming to know that she's there,  
There's virtue, the title it surely may claim,  
Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy the name.

This picture from nature may seem to depart,  
Yet the Man would at once run away with your heart;  
And I for five centuries right gladly would be  
Such an odd such a kind happy creature as he.

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8-9 КЛАССЫ**

**The ROAD NOT TAKEN  
Robert Frost**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

**HOW DO I LOVE THEE  
Elizabeth Barrett**

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

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6-7 КЛАССЫ

**WHAT DO WE PLANT?**

*Henry Abbey*

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.  
We plant the mast to carry the sails;  
We plant the planks to withstand the gales --  
The keel, the keelson, and the beam and knee;  
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the houses for you and me.  
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors.  
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,  
The beams, and siding, all parts that be;  
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
A thousand things that we daily see;  
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,  
We plant the staff for our country's flag,  
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;  
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

**THE CAT THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF**

*Rudyard Kipling*

Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,  
Pussy can climb a tree,  
Or play with a silly old cork and string  
To 'muse herself, not me.  
But I like Binkie my dog, because  
He knows how to behave;  
So, Binkie's the same as the First Friend was,  
And I am the Man in Cave!

Pussy will play Man Friday till  
It's time to wet her paw  
And make her walk on the window-sill  
(For the footprint Crusoe saw)  
Then she fluffles her tail and mews,  
And scratches and won't attend.  
But Binkie will play whatever I choose,  
And he is my true First Friend!

Pussy will rub my knees with her head  
Pretending she loves me hard;  
But the very minute I go to my bed  
Pussy runs out in the yard,  
And there she stays till the morning-light;  
So I know it is only pretend;  
But Binkie, he snores at my feet all night,  
And he is my Firstest Friend!

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4-5 КЛАССЫ**

**COMPANY MANNERS**

When company comes  
You are very polite,  
And we are proud of you, Son,  
For your manners are right.

You say, «Thank you» - «Excuse me» -  
And , «After you, please!»  
You shake hands all around  
With such polish and ease.

When grown-ups are talking  
You don't make a sound.  
It's a joy and a pleasure  
To have you around.

Your company manners  
Are fine through and through ...  
But try, Son, to use them  
For everybody, too!

Fred comes from school one winter day  
As clever as can be,  
And wants to show to all around  
How smart a boy is he.

And so at dinner he begins:  
“Papa, you think you see  
There are two chickens on that dish,  
But now I'll prove that there are three:

First, this is one and that is two,  
As plain as plain can be.  
I add the one into the two,  
And two and one make three!”

“Just so,” answers his Papa,  
“If what you say is three,  
I will take one, Mamma takes one,  
The third we'll leave for you.”

**3 КЛАСС**

**The North Wind**

«The North wind is cold,»  
The robins say;  
And that is why robins  
Must fly away.

«The North wind is cold,  
As cold can be  
But I'm not afraid,»  
Says the chickadee.

So the chickadee stays  
And sees the snow,  
And likes to hear  
The North wind blow.

One fine summer morning  
Nicky made a pretty drawing.  
Will you colour it for Nick?  
Take the colours and be quick:

Blue for the sky,  
Green for the grass,  
Grey for the mouse,  
Brown for the house.

If you haven't got these colours,  
Take just black and no others.  
Then the picture is not bright,  
It's a moonlit winter night.