

Приложение 1

3-4 класс

Be My Friend

Take my hand and walk with me,
Be my friend and talk to me,
We can talk of many things,
How we feel when a song bird sings.
We'll talk quietly, not shout,
There is so much to talk about:
How we help our mummies too,
They have so much work to do.
Take my hand and walk with me,
Be my friend and talk to me.

The School.

The school has doors that open wide,
And friendly teachers wait inside.
Hurry, hurry, let's go in,
For soon the lessons will begin.
Books and pencils I will need,
When I start to write and read.
Lots to learn and lots to do,
I like to go to school, don't you?

5-6 класс

The Arrow and the Song by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?
Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Those evening bells By Thomas Moore

Those evening bells! Those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are past away!
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells!

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

7-8 класс

**The wind tapped like a tired man,
by Emily Dickinson**

The wind tapped like a tired man,
And like a host, "Come in",
I boldly answered; entered then
My residence within

A rapid, footless guest,
To offer whom a chair
Were as impossible as hand
A sofa to the air.

No one had he to bind him,
His speech was like the push
Of numerous humming-birds at once
From a superior bush.
His countenance a billow,
His fingers, if he pass
Let go a music, as of tunes
Blown tremulous in glass.

He visited, still flitting;
Then, like a timid man,
Again he tapped – 'twas flurriedly –
And I became alone.

**Written in march
by William Wordsworth**

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The ploughboy is whooping – anon – anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

9-11 класс

**William Shakespeare
Sonnet XVIII.**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Glossary: temperate = steady; lease = period; untrimm'd =
deprived of beauty; ow'st = own; grow'st = get adjusted.

**William Shakespeare
Sonnet LXVI.**

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,
As, to behold Desert a beggar born,
And needy Nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest Faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded Honour shamefully misplaced,
And Maiden Virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right Perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And Strength by limping Sway disabled,
And Art made tongue-tied by Authority,
And Folly doctor-like controlling Skill,
And simple Truth miscall'd Simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.