

3-4 класс

**The Secret Song**  
**Margaret Wise Brown**

Who saw the petals  
drop from the rose?  
I, said the spider,  
But nobody knows.

Who saw the sunset  
flash on a bird?  
I, said the fish,  
But nobody heard.

Who saw the fog  
come over the sea?  
I, said the sea pigeon,  
Only me.

Who saw the first  
green light of the sun?  
I, said the night owl,  
The only one.

Who saw the moss  
creep over the stone?  
I, said the gray fox,  
All alone.

**The Rain Has Silver Sandals**  
**May Justus**

The rain has silver sandals  
For dancing in the spring,  
And shoes with golden tassels  
For summer's frolicking.  
Her winter boots have hobnails  
Of ice from heel to toe,  
Which now and then she changes  
For moccasins of snow

5-6 класс

**Green Stems**  
**Margaret Wise Brown**

Little things that crawl and creep  
In the green grass forests,  
Deep in their long-stemmed world  
Where ferns uncurl  
To a greener world  
Beneath the leaves above them;  
And every flower upon its stem  
Blows above them there  
The bottom of a geranium,  
The back side of a trillium,  
The belly of a bumblebee  
Is all they see, these little things  
Down so low  
Where no bird sings  
Where no wind blows,  
Deep in their long-stemmed world.

**The Wind**  
**James Reeves**

I can get through a doorway without any key,  
And strip the leaves from the great oak tree.  
  
I can drive storm-clouds and shake tall towers,  
Or steal through a garden and not wake the  
flowers.  
  
Seas I can move and ships I can sink;  
I can carry a house-top or the scent of a pink.  
  
When I am angry I can rave and riot;  
And when I am spent, I lie quiet as quiet.

7-8 класс

**On the Grasshopper and Cricket**  
**John Keats**

The poetry of earth is never dead:  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;  
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
In summer luxury, – he has never done  
With his delights; for when tired out with fun  
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
On a lone winter evening, when the frost  
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,  
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

**The Tree.**  
**GabbyMac**

Can there be anything more lovely  
Than the beauty of a tree?  
Her leaves shimmering in the wind,  
Dancing so gracefully.

The strength of her mighty roots  
That grows deep into the earth.  
She's weathered every stormy gale  
For all that she is worth.

Standing tall, resilient  
With her branches lifted high,  
She refused to bow, to break or bend  
But reaches upward to the sky.

The beauty of the strength within  
As she held her head up high.  
Her strong resilient spirit  
Grew wings and learned to fly.

9-11 класс

**I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud**  
**William Wordsworth**

I wandered 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 stretched 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 waves 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.

**Tapestry**  
**Lesley Elaine Greenwood**

If I could take a brush and paint the mountains and the moors,  
I would splash the hillsides yellow and cover them in gorse.  
I'd take the finest needle and the darkest thread of green  
And sew a line of bracken along the landscape. In-between

I'd lay a purple carpet of wild heather in the dells  
And fringe the edge of all the woods with their pretty lilac bells.  
I'd merge the bracken with the heather, mix their colours like the  
sea,  
A green and purple ocean on my own rich tapestry.

Then I'd take a ball of soft, white wool and stitch a mass of daisy  
chains  
Around the lush green meadows and up the sides of winding lanes.  
I would stencil on the marshes, just like pure white china cups,  
Some fragile water lilies and by the ponds, sweet buttercups.

I'd mix orange, reds and yellows planting poppies wild and free  
Onto nature's coloured canvas, my own rich tapestry.