

ГУО «Гимназия №1 г. Жодино»

**Разработка мероприятия в рамках проведения
декады иностранных языков**

Конкурс чтецов английской поэзии



Подготовила
учителя английского
языка:

Пахомчик К. П.

2021/2022

Тема мероприятия: «Конкурс чтецов английской поэзии»

Форма проведения – литературный вечер.

Задачи:

- *Образовательные:* познакомить учащихся с творчеством английских поэтов;
- *Развивающие:* развитие эмоциональной и интеллектуальной сферы учащихся; развитие активного, осознанного восприятия учащимися образцов британской поэзии, развитие образно-художественного, ассоциативного мышления;
- *Воспитательные:* приобщение учащихся к литературному наследию стран изучаемого языка, воспитание терпимости к иной цивилизации, повышение интереса к предметам “русская литература”, “английский язык”.

Оборудование: компьютерная презентация, мультимедийная установка, видеозапись , презентация.

Мероприятие проводится в 3 этапа:

1. орг. момент
2. основная часть
3. заключительный этап

Орг. момент настроил учащихся на работу: учитель представляет тему, цели мероприятия, предлагает учащимся назвать английские пословицы, связанные с литературой и подобрать их русские эквиваленты.

Основная часть включает моменты:

- выходят учащиеся, которые представляют британских поэтов, рассказывают немного о себе, называют свои произведения – остальные учащиеся пытаются угадать, о ком идет речь
- учащимся предлагается рассказать подробно о знаменитых поэтах Британии, прочитать их стихи и творческие переводы.
- Подведение итогов

THE BEAUTY OF POETRY IS THE BEAUTY OF LANGUAGE

Цели:

- 1) Создавать условия для ознакомления студентов с лучшими образцами стихотворений английских и американских авторов, биографиями поэтов, для формирования лексических навыков.
- 2) Создавать условия для развития правильной интонации и произношения.
- 3) Способствовать развитию интереса к изучению английского языка.
- 4) Способствовать развитию таких творческих способностей, как выразительность, эмоциональность, чувство красоты.

Оснащение:

компьютерные презентации, ММ проектор, доска, МР₃ – файл песни "*Auld Lang Syne*"

Тип занятия:

конкурс чтецов

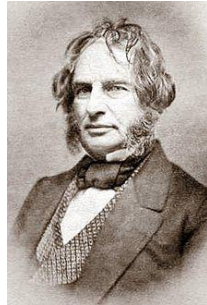
Ход занятия:

1.Организационный момент.

Dear friends! Today we are going to have a lesson of Poetry. You will recite and listen to different poems of the English and American poets of different times, also the thought about poetry of famous people. As poetry is a very special thing, which you cannot see, but only feel, everybody from you must express the image of your poem by means of excellent expressiveness and correct intonation and tone of your speech. Your judges are your teachers. Imagine your poem before your eyes and try to present it as clear as you can to reach the hearts of the listeners. Somerset Maugham once said "The crown of literature is Poetry. It is its end and aim. The writer of prose can only step aside when the poet passes". Let's start with one of the most beautiful poems of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and listen to our student.

**2.Основная
часть.
Student 1.**

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (February 27, 1807 – March 24, 1882) was an American poet and educator. He was also the first American to translate Dante Alighieri's *The Divine Comedy* and was one of the five Fireside Poets.



Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, then part of Massachusetts, and studied at Bowdoin College. After spending time in Europe he became a professor at Bowdoin and, later, at Harvard College. His first major poetry collections were *Voices of the Night* (1839) and *Ballads and Other Poems* (1841). Longfellow retired from teaching in 1854 to focus on his writing. His first wife Mary Potter died in 1835 after a miscarriage. His second wife Frances Appleton died in 1861 after sustaining burns when her dress caught fire. After her death, Longfellow had difficulty writing poetry for a time and focused on his translation. He died in 1882.

Longfellow wrote predominantly lyric poems, known for their musicality and often presenting stories of mythology and legend. He became the most popular American poet of his day and also had success overseas. He has been criticized, however, for imitating European styles and writing specifically for the masses.



THE TWILIGHT

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the
window,
As if those childish eyes

СУМЕРКИ

Печальный и пасмурный
вечер,
Стать бурей ветер готов...
Мелькают, как крылья
чаек, Белесые
гребни валов.

У моря в рыбацкой
избушке
Мерцает в окне огонек.
И долго на берег смотрит
Пытливый детский глазок.

Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and
wild,
As they beat at the crazy
casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and
bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the
mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

К стеклу лицо прижато,
Как будто ребенка взгляд

Хочет сквозь мглу увидеть
Того, кто спешит назад.

А женская тень, колеблясь,
Блуждает, чего-то ждет...
Взлетит к потолку на
мгновенье
И на пол вновь упадет.

О чем шумящее море
И дикий ночной ураган
Рассказывают ребенку,
Врезаясь в ночной туман?

Зачем на бурное море,
Где ходит под ветром
волна, С
тревогой женщина
смотрит,
Задумчива и бледна?

*Перевод Б.
Томашевского*

Student 2.

Lord George Gordon Byron (1788-1824) was as famous in his lifetime for his personality cult as for his poetry. He created the concept of the 'Byronic hero' - a defiant, melancholy young man, brooding on some mysterious, unforgivable event in his past. Byron's influence on European poetry, music, novel, opera, and painting has been immense, although the poet was widely condemned on moral grounds by his contemporaries.



George Gordon, Lord Byron, was the son of Captain John Byron, and Catherine Gordon. He was born with a club-foot and became extremely sensitive about his lameness. Byron spent his early childhood years in poor surroundings in Aberdeen, where he was educated until he was ten. After he inherited the title and property of his great-uncle in 1798, he went on to Dulwich, Harrow, and Cambridge, where he piled up debts and aroused alarm with bisexual love affairs. Staying at Newstead in 1802, he probably first met his half-sister,

Augusta Leigh with whom he was later suspected of having an incestuous relationship.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

by G.G. Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

ОНА ИДЕТ ВО ВСЕЙ КРАСЕ

Она идет во всей красе —
Светла, как ночь её
страны.
Вся глубь небес и звёзды
все
В её очах заключены.
Как солнце в утренней росе,
Но только мраком смягчены.

Прибавить луч или тень
отнять —
И будет уж совсем не та
Волос агатовая прядь,
Не те глаза, не те уста
И лоб, где помыслов печать
так безупречна, так чиста.

А этот взгляд, и цвет ланит,
И лёгкий смех, как всплеск
морской, —
Всё в ней о мире говорит.
Она в душе хранит покой.
И если счастье подарит,
То самой щедрою рукой.



Перевод С.Я. Маршака

ADIEU, ADIEU!

by G.G. Byron

Adieu, adieu! My native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.

Yon sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land-Good Night!

A few short hours, and he will rise

Прощай, прощай! Мой брег
родной
В лазури вод поник.
Вздыхает бриз, ревет
прибой,
И чайки вьётся крик.

Скрывают солнце волн
хребты,
У нас одни пути.
Прощай же, солнце, с ним

To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

и ты,
Родной мой край, прости!

Недолог срок – и вновь оно
Взойдёт, а я привет
Лишь морю с небом шлю:
давно
Земли родимой нет.
Пуст отчий дом, остыл
очаг,
И вихрь разнёс:
На гребне стен пророс
сорняк,
У входа воет пёс.

Student 4. William Blake (1757 -1827)



William Blake was born in London on November 28, 1757, to James and Catherine Blake. Two of his six siblings died in infancy. From early childhood, Blake spoke of having visions—at four he saw God "put his head to the window"; around age nine, while walking around the countryside, he saw a tree filled with angels. Although his parents tried to discourage him from "lying," they did observe that he was different from his peers and did not force him to attend conventional school. He learned to read and write at home. At age ten, Blake expressed a wish to become a painter, so his parents sent him to drawing school. Two years later, Blake began writing poetry. Blake believed that his poetry could be read and understood by common people, but he was determined not to sacrifice his vision in order to become popular. When he turned fourteen, he apprenticed with an engraver because art school proved too costly. One of Blake's assignments as apprentice was to sketch the tombs at Westminster Abbey, exposing him to a variety of Gothic styles from which he would draw inspiration throughout his career. After his seven-year term ended, he studied briefly at the Royal Academy.

In 1782, he married an illiterate woman named Catherine

Boucher. Blake taught her to read and to write, and also instructed her in draftsmanship. Later, she helped him print the illuminated poetry for which he is remembered today; the couple had no children. In 1784 he set up a printshop with a friend and former fellow apprentice, James Parker, but this venture failed. For the remainder of his life, Blake made a meager living as an engraver and illustrator for books and magazines. He also began training his younger brother Robert in drawing, painting, and engraving. Robert fell ill. As Robert died, Blake saw his brother's spirit rise up through the ceiling, "clapping its hands for joy." He believed that Robert's spirit continued to visit him and later claimed that in a dream Robert taught him the printing method that he used in Songs of Innocence and other "illuminated" works.

Blake's final years, spent in great poverty. In 1818 he met John Linnell, a young artist who helped him financially and also helped to create new interest in his work. It was Linnell who commissioned him to design illustrations for Dante's Divine Comedy, the cycle of drawings that Blake worked on until his death in 1827.

THE DIVINE IMAGE

by William Blake

To Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress:
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.
For Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
Is God our father dear:
And Mercy Pity Peace and Love,
Is Man his child and care.
For Mercy has a human heart
Pity, a human face:
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.
Then every man of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine
Love Mercy Pity Peace.
And all must love the human form,
In heathen, turk or jew.
Where Mercy, Love & Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

СВЯТОЙ ОБРАЗ

Вильям Блейк

Добро, Терпимость, Мир,
Любовь
В несчастье мы зовем
И сим достоинствам
святым
Возносим наш псалом.
Добро, Терпимость, Мир,
Любовь -
Все это Бог Благой;
Добро, Терпимость, Мир,
Любовь -
Все это мы с тобой!
Ведь наше сердце у Добра,
Терпимость льет наш свет.
Святой наш образ у Любви
-
И Мир, как мы, одет.
Мы - люди, жители земли,
В несчастье все зовем
Добро, Терпимость, Мир,

Любовь
Во образе людском!
О если б образ наш святой
Любой в любом берег!
Где Мир, Терпимость и
Любовь -
Там, собственно, и
Бог!

Love's Secret

by W. Blake

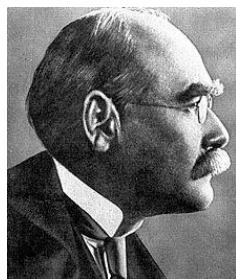
Never seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.
I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart;
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,
Ah! she did depart!
Soon as she was gone from me,
A traveler came by,
Silently, invisibly
He took her with a sigh.

Секрет любви

Перевод С. Маршака

Словом высказать
нельзя
Всю любовь к
любимой.
Ветер движется,
скользя,
Тихий и незримый.
Я сказал, я все
сказал,
Что в душе таилось.
Ах, любовь моя в
слезах,
В страхе удалилась.
А мгновение спустя
Путник, шедший
мимо,
Тихо, вкрадчиво,
шутя
Завладел любимой.

Student 5. Rudyard Kipling



RUDYARD KIPLING was born in Bombay on December 30th 1865, son of John Lockwood Kipling, an artist and teacher of architectural sculpture, and his wife Alice. Young Rudyard's earliest years in Bombay were blissfully happy, full of exotic sights and sounds. But at the age of five he was sent back to England to stay with a foster family, where he was desperately unhappy. When he was twelve he went to the United Services College, where the Headmaster, Cornell Price, a friend of his father and uncles, fostered his literary ability. In 1882, aged sixteen, he started working for the *Civil and Military Gazette*. In his spare time he wrote

many remarkable poems and stories which were published alongside his reporting. When these were collected and published as books, they formed the basis of his early fame.

After the death of an American friend and literary collaborator, Wolcott Balestier, he married his sister Carrie in 1892. After a world trip, he returned with Carrie to her family home in the USA, with the aim of settling down there. It was in Brattleboro, deep in New England, that he wrote *Captains Courageous* and *The Jungle Books*, and where their first two children, Josephine and Elsie, were born.

A quarrel with Rudyard's brother-in-law drove the Kiplings back to England in 1896 where their son John was born. Life was content and fulfilling until, tragically, Josephine died while the family were on a visit to the United States in early 1899. Life was never the same again after Josephine's death.

Kipling's reputation grew from phenomenal early critical success to international celebrity, then faded for a time as his conservative views were held by some to be old-fashioned. The balance is now being restored. More and more people are coming to appreciate his mastery of poetry and prose. His autobiography *Something of Myself*, written in 1935, the last year of his life was published posthumously.



“Blue Roses”

by R. Kipling

Roses red and roses white
Plucked I for my love's delight.
She would none of all my posies--
Bade me gather her blue roses.
Half the world I wandered through,
Seeking where such flowers grew.
Half the world unto my quest
Answered me with laugh and jest.
Home I came at wintertide,
But my silly love had died,
Seeking with her latest breath
Roses from the arms of Death.
It may be beyond the grave
She shall find what she would have.
Mine was but an idle quest--
Roses white and red are best.

Голубые розы

Букет желанной я принёс
Из белых роз, из красных роз.
Напрасно. Не такие!
Ей надо голубые!
Ушёл я из родимых мест,
За розами - таков мой квест.
Спрошу – никто не знает,
Ведь синих не бывает!
Ни с чем к зиме вернулся я...
И умерла любовь моя.
У смерти, что есть силы,
Цветов просила синих.
На свете том есть видно всё,
Куст голубой цветок несёт...
А здесь искать напрасно
Ни белых и ни красных

IF

by R. Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;

If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream — and not make dreams your
master;
If you can think — and not make thoughts your
aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings — nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

ЕСЛИ

перевод С. Маршака

О, если ты спокоен, не
растерян,
Когда теряют головы вокруг,
И если ты себе остался верен,
Когда в тебя не верит лучший
друг,

И если ждать умеешь без
волнения,
Не станешь ложью отвечать
на ложь,
Не будешь злобен, став для
всех мишенью,
Но и святым себя не
назовешь, -

И если ты своей владеешь
страстью,
А не тобою властвует она,
И будешь тверд в удаче и в
несчастье,
Которым в сущности цена
одна,

И если ты готов к тому, что
слово
Твое в ловушку превращает
плут,
И, потерпев крушение,
можешь снова -
Без прежних сил -
возобновить свой труд,

И если ты способен все, что
стало
Тебе привычным, выложить
на стол,
Все проиграть и все начать
сначала,

Не пожалев того, что
приобрел,

И если можешь сердце,
нервы, жилы
Так завести, чтобы вперед
нестись,
Когда с годами изменяют
силы
И только воля говорит:
"Держись!" –
И если можешь быть в толпе
собою,
При короле с народом связь
хранить
И, уважая мнение любое,
Главы перед молвою не
клонить,

И если будешь мерить
расстоянье
Секундами, пускаясь в
дальний бег,-
Земля - твое, мой мальчик,
достоянье.
И более того, ты - человек!

Student 6.

William Wordsworth (1770 – 1850)



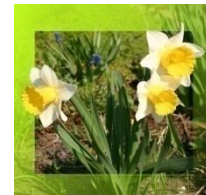
On April 7, 1770, William Wordsworth was born in Cockermouth, Cumbria, England. His mother died when he was eight – this experience shapes much of his later work. Wordsworth attended Hawkshead Grammar School, where his love of poetry was firmly established and, it is believed, he made his first attempts at verse. While he was at Hawkshead, Wordsworth's father died leaving him and his four siblings orphans. After Hawkshead, Wordsworth studied at St. John's College in Cambridge and before his final semester, he set out on a walking tour of Europe, an experience that influenced both his poetry and his political sensibilities.

He married Mary Hutchinson, a childhood friend, and they had five children together. In 1812, while living in

Grasmere, they grieved the loss of two of their children, Catherine and John, who both died that year.

Equally important in the poetic life of Wordsworth was his 1795 meeting with the poet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It was with Coleridge that Wordsworth published the famous *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798. While the poems themselves are some of the most influential in Western literature, it is the preface to the second edition that remains one of the most important testaments to a poet's views on both his craft and his place in the world. In the preface Wordsworth writes on the need for "common speech" within poems and argues against the hierarchy of the period which valued epic poetry above the lyric.

Wordsworth's most famous work, *The Prelude* (1850), is considered by many to be the crowning achievement of English romanticism. The poem, revised numerous times, chronicles the spiritual life of the poet and marks the birth of a new genre of poetry. Although Wordsworth worked on *The Prelude* throughout his life, the poem was published posthumously. Wordsworth spent his final years settled at Rydal Mount in England, travelling and continuing his outdoor excursions. Devastated by the death of his daughter Dora in 1847, Wordsworth seemingly lost his will to compose poems. William Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount on April 23, 1850, leaving his wife Mary to publish *The Prelude* three months later.



DAFFODILS

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 stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

НАРЦИССЫ

Как облако, парящее высоко,
Я брел один среди равнин
пустых.
И вдруг увидел сразу много-
много -
Скопление нарциссов
золотых.
За озером, блаженствуя в
тени,
Качались с ветром ласковым
они.

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.

Как звёзды, что не устают
мерцать
Вдоль млечного пути
сплошной чредой.
По берегу залива без конца
Цветов тянулся пояс золотой.
Там тысячи цветов, казалось
мне,
Головками качали в тишине.

Как были волны в танце
хороши!
Но их в веселье превзошли
цветы,
Коснулась радость и моей
души
Средь этой небывалой
красоты.
Их видом был я так
заброжён,
Не ведая, как много значит
он.

Бывает, на диване я лежу,
Расслабленно-задумчивый
порой,
В уединении счастье нахожу,
Припомню хоровод тот
золотой,
И радостна опять душа моя,
И вновь с нарциссами танцую
я.

перевод М. Тимошенко

Student 7.

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)



Thomas Moore was the son of a shoemaker, born in Dublin May 28, 1779. He was a poet, satirist, composer and musician of note. Moore had tremendous charm and was a gifted performer. His ten volume work *Irish Melodies* (1807-34) consisted of 130 poems set to music composed by Moore and Sir John Stevenson. *Irish Melodies* was so popular that Moore earned

500 pounds annually for more than 25 years for its publication. He was paid 3,000 pounds – a record at that time – for his poem *Lalla Rookh* (1817). His reputation equaled that of Byron and Shelley.

In 1795 Moore, a Catholic, was able to enter Trinity College. At Trinity Moore was introduced to Edward Bunting's collection of traditional Irish music. Bunting's *General Collection of Ancient Irish Music* (1796) was the beginning of a revival of Irish music. Most of Moore's first volume of *Irish Melodies* was based on Bunting's work.

After graduating from Trinity, Moore studied law in London. His first book, *Odes of Anacreon* was a success and he was able to spend a year traveling to Bermuda, the West Indies and the United States. He returned to London in 1804 and lived there the rest of his life.

Although a Catholic, Moore married a Protestant and had his children raised Protestant. Late in his life he suffered the loss of his five children and his life was further shadowed as he was condemned by many of his countrymen as a false patriot. Thomas Davis in 1844 criticized Moore for not being strong enough in his passion for Irish nationalism.

Moore died on February 25, 1852. His work endured. *Irish Melodies* was translated into every European language, including Hungarian, Polish and Russian. More than a million copies of *The Last Rose of Summer* were sold in the United States alone. Thomas Moore's work popularized Irish music throughout the world.

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 pass'd 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,

ВЕЧЕРНИЙ ЗВОН

Перевод Ивана Козлова

Вечерний звон, вечерний
звон,
Как много дум наводит он
О юных днях в краю родном,
Где я любил, где отчий дом,
И как я, с ним навек
протясь,
Там слушал звон в
последний раз.
Уже не зреть мне светлых
дней
Весны обманчивой моей!
И сколько нет теперь в

And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

живых
Тогда веселых, молодых!
И крепок их могильный сон,
Не слышен им вечерний
звон.

Лежать и мне в земле сырой!
Напев унывный надо мной
В долине ветер разнесет,
Другой певец по ней
пройдет.
И уж не я, а будет он
В раздумье петь вечерний
звон!

Student 8.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792 – 1822)



Percy Bysshe Shelley, the son of Sir Timothy Shelley, the M.P. for New Shoreham, was born at Field Place near Horsham, in 1792. Shelley was educated at Eton and Oxford University and he was assumed that when he was twenty-one he would inherit his father's seat in Parliament. As a young man he was taken to the House of Commons where he met Sir Francis Burdett, the Radical M.P. for Westminster. Shelley, who had developed a strong hatred of tyranny while at Eton, was impressed by Burdett, and in 1810 dedicated one of his first poems to him.

Shelley eloped to Scotland with Harriet Westbrook, a sixteen year old daughter of a coffee-house keeper. This created a terrible scandal and Shelley's father never forgave him for what he had done. Shelley moved to Ireland where he made revolutionary speeches on religion and politics. He also wrote a political pamphlet *A Declaration of Rights*, on the subject of the French Revolution, but it was considered to be too radical for distribution in Britain.

In 1814 Shelley fell in love and eloped with Mary, the sixteen-year-old daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. For the next few years the couple travelled in Europe.

In 1822 Shelley, moved to Italy with Leigh Hunt and Lord Byron where they published the journal *The Liberal*. By publishing it in Italy the three men remained free from prosecution by the British authorities. The first edition of *The Liberal* sold 4,000 copies. Soon after its publication, Percy Bysshe Shelley was lost at sea on 8th July, 1822

EVENING

by P.B.Shelley

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the gray air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep,
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Wakes not one ripple from its silent dream.
There are no dewes on the dry grass tonight,
Nor damp within the shadow of the trees;
The wind is intermitting, dry and light;
And in the inconstant motion of the breeze
The dust and straws are driven up and down,
And whirled about the pavement of the town.

Within the surface of the fleeting river
The wrinkled image of the city lay,
Immovably unquiet, and for ever
It trembles, but it never fades away;
Go to the...
You, being changed, will find it then as now.

The chasm in which the sun has sunk, is shut
By darkest barriers of enormous cloud,
Like mountain over mountain huddled - but
Growing and moving upwards in a crowd,
And over it a space of watery blue,
Which the keen evening star is shining
through

ВЕЧЕР

перевод - В. В. Левика

День закатился. Ласточки уснули.
Шныряют в серой мгле нетопыри.
Гулять выходят жабы. В смутном
гуле
Слились все звуки. Тусклый свет
зари
Погас на кровлях. Тень легла
ночная,
И в летнем сне недвижна зыбь
речная.

Нет сырости и в поздний этот час,
Трава суха, на листьях ни
росинки.
Сухой и легкий ветер всякий раз
Вздымает пыль, соломинки,
былинки,
Закружится и стихнет, и одна
По улицам блуждает тишина.

Домов, церквей, оград
изображенья
В себе колышет и несет вода.
В недвижимом беспокойстве
отраженья
Дрожат, не исчезая никогда.
Взгляни на эту зыбь, на эти
стены:
Ты стал другим, они же
неизменны.

И сизые над бездной облака,
Где солнце, скрывшись, новой
ждет Авроры,
Они - как гряда гор издалека,
Но множатся и мчатся эти горы.
А там, в пространстве, синем, как
вода,
Уже горит вечерняя звезда.

Student 9.

Robert Burns (1759 – 1796)

Born in Alloway, Scotland, on January 25, 1759, Robert Burns was the first of William and Agnes Burnes' seven children. His father, a tenant farmer, educated his children at home. Burns also attended one year of mathematics schooling and, between 1765 and 1768, he attended an "adventure" school established by his father and John Murdock. His father died in bankruptcy in 1784, and Burns and his brother Gilbert took over farm. This hard labor later contributed to the heart trouble that Burns' suffered as an adult.



At the age of fifteen, he fell in love and shortly thereafter he wrote his first poem. As a young man, Burns pursued both love and poetry with uncommon zeal. In 1785, he fathered the first of his fourteen children. His biographer, DeLancey Ferguson, had said, "it was not so much that he was conspicuously sinful as that he sinned conspicuously." Between 1784 and 1785, Burns also wrote many of the poems collected in his first book, *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, which was printed in 1786 and paid for by subscriptions. This collection was an immediate success and Burns was celebrated throughout England and Scotland as a great "peasant-poet."

In 1788, he and his wife, Jean Armour, settled in Ellisland, where Burns was given a commission as an excise officer. He also began to assist James Johnson in collecting folk songs for an anthology entitled *The Scots Musical Museum*. Burns' spent the final twelve years of his life editing and imitating traditional folk songs for this volume and for *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs*. These volumes were essential in preserving parts of Scotland's cultural heritage and include such well-known songs as "My Luve is Like a Red Red Rose" and "Auld Land Syne." Robert Burns died from heart disease at the age of thirty-seven. On the day of his death, Jean Armour gave birth to his last son, Maxwell.

Most of Burns' poems were written in Scots. They document and celebrate traditional Scottish culture, expressions of farm life, and class and religious distinctions. Burns wrote in a variety of forms: epistles to friends, ballads, and songs. His best-known poem is the mock-heroic *Tam o' Shanter*. He is also well known for the over three hundred songs he wrote which celebrate love, friendship, work, and drink with often hilarious and tender sympathy. Even today, he is often referred to as the National Bard of Scotland.



A RED, RED ROSE

O, my Love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my Love's like a melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry:

Till all the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only Love!
And fare thee well a while!
And I will come again, my Love,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

ЛЮБОВЬ МОЯ, КАК РОЗА КРАСНАЯ

Любовь моя, как роза
красная,
Цветёт в моём саду.
Любовь моя – как
песенка,
С которой в путь иду.

Сильнее красоты твоей
Моя любовь одна.
Она с тобой пока моря
Не высохнут до дна.

Не высохнут моря, мой
друг,
Не рушится гранит,
Не остановится песок,
А он, как жизнь, бежит.

Будь счастлива, любовь
моя.
Прощай и не грусти.
Вернусь к тебе, хоть
целый свет
Пришлось бы мне
пройти.

перевод С. Маршака

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

В ГОРАХ МОЕ СЕРДЦЕ

В горах мое сердце... Доныне я
там.
По следу оленя лечу по скалам.
Гоню я оленя, пугаю козу.
В горах мое сердце, а сам я
внизу.

Прощай, моя родина! Север,
прощай,
Отечество славы и доблести

Farewell to the mountains, high-cover'd with
snow,
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

край.
По белому свету судьбою
гоним,
Навеки останусь я сыном
твоим!

Прощайте, вершины под
кровлей снегов,
Прощайте, долины и скаты
лугов,
Прощайте, поникшие в бездну
леса,
Прощайте, потоков лесных
голоса.

В горах мое сердце... Доныне я
там.
По следу оленя лечу по скалам.
Гоню я оленя, пугаю козу.
В горах мое сердце, а сам я
внизу!

Teacher:

"Auld Lang Syne" is one of Burns's most widely known works. It is sung by British people when they celebrate the beginning of the new year at 12 o'clock on December 31st and on other important occasions. Let's listen to the song and sing it along.

AULD LANG SYNE

Chorus:

*For auld lang syne, my dear, .
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.*

I.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

II.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll take a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

Забыть ли старую любовь
И не грустить о ней?
Забыть ли старую любовь
И дружбу прежних дней?

За дружбу старую
—
До дна!

За счастье
прежних дней!
С тобой мы
выпьем, старина,
За счастье
прежних дней.

Побольше кружки приготовь
И доверху налей.
Мы пьем за старую любовь,
За дружбу прежних дней.

III.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

За дружбу старую

—

. . До дна!

За счастье юных
дней!

По кружке старого
вина

За счастье юных
дней.

И вот с тобой сошлись мы вновь.

Твоя рука — в моей.

Я пью за старую любовь,

За дружбу прежних дней!

перевод С.Я.Маршака

Жюри подводит итоги конкурса, называет лучших чтецов.