**Конкурс чтецов на английском языке «Spring. Love. I»**

**Цель:**

- развивать творческие способности учащихся;

- повышать мотивацию учащихся к изучению английского языка;

- способствовать более глубокому овладению языком;

- воспитывать уважение к культуре страны изучаемого языка;

- развивать навыки публичных выступлений.

**Оборудование:** компьютер, мультимедийный проектор, листы оценивания для жюри, грамоты для награждения, микрофоны, реквизит для участников.

**Номинации:** “Лучшее произношение”, “Выразительное чтение”, «Сценическое мастерство».

**Критерии оценивания.**

Выступление детей оценивается по десятибалльной шкале по следующим критериям:

- правильность произношения английских слов;

- соблюдение интонации;

- артистизм;

- выразительность чтения стихотворения.

**Девиз:** The Beauty Of Poetry Is The Beauty Of Language.

Dear friends! Today we are going to have competition of Poetry. You will listen to different poems of the English and American poets of different times. Your judges are your teachers and Head teacher. Imagine your poem before your eyes and try to present it as clear as you can to reach the hearts of the listeners. Let’s start with one of the most beautiful poems of and listen to our student.

**4 класс**

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| **“My Father»**  by O.Moisseyenko.  “Who is your father, My little lad?”  “My father is a hero Of Stalingrad.  He fought for our country With-fearless heart,  Was brave in the battle When taking part.”  “My laddie, be worthy To have his name!”  “My father serves Russia, And I’ll do the same!  I’ll finish my school And, later, become  A soldier, like Father, And march to the drum!  Like him I’ll be brave and On duty I’ll stand  Proud of my people, My Motherland! | **SPRING**  Sound the flute! Now it's mute.  Birds delight Day and night;  Nightingale In the dale,  Lark in sky, Merrily,  Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.  Little boy, Full of joy;  Little girl, Sweet and small;  Cock does crow, So do you;  Merry voice, Infant noise,  Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year. |

**5 класс**

**Saturday Morning**

First I called my mother, we talked for an hour.

Then I played tennis, went home and took a shower.

I went to the kitchen, made a cup of tea,

took out my English book, and read Text Three.

I finished doing English and watched TV.

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| **Bed in Summer**  By Robert Louis Stevenson  In winter I get up at night  And dress by yellow candle-light.  In summer, quite the other way,  I have to go to bed by day.  I have to go to bed and see  The birds still hopping on the tree,  Or hear the grown-up people's feet  Still going past me in the street.  And does it not seem hard to you,  When all the sky is clear and blue,  And I should like so much to play,  To have to go to bed by day? | **Swing, swing**  by William Allingham.  Swing, swing, Sing, sing,  Here’s my throne, and I am King!  Swing, sing, Swing, sing,  Farewell earth, for I’m on the wing!  Low, high, Here I fly,  Like a bird through sunny sky;  Free, free, Over the lea,  Over the mountain, over the sea! |

**6 класс**

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| **She walks in Beauty – by Lord 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! | **Sonnet by Christina Rossetti**  I wish I could remember that first day,  First hour, first moment of your meeting me,  If bright or dim the season, it might be  Summer or Winter for aught I can say;  So unrecorded did it slip away,  So blind was I to see and to foresee,  So dull to mark the budding of my tree  That would not blossom yet for many a May.  If only I could recollect it, such  A day of days! I let it come and go  As traceless as a thaw of bygone snow;  It seemed to mean so little, meant so much;  If only now I could recall that touch,  First touch of hand in hand - Did one\* but know! |
| **London – by William Blake**  I wander thro' each charter'd street.  Near where the charter'd Thames does flow  And mark in every face I meet  Marks of weakness, marks of woe.  In every cry of every Man,  In every Infants cry of fear,  In every voice: in every ban,  The mind-forg'd manacles I hear  How the Chimney-sweepers cry  Every blackning Church appalls,  And the hapless Soldiers sigh  Runs in blood down Palace walls  But most thro' midnight streets I hear  How the youthful Harlots curse  Blasts the new-born Infants tear  And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse | **The Smile. William Blake.**  There is a smile of love,  And there is a smile of deceit,  And there is a smile of smiles  In which these two smiles meet;  And there is a frown of hate,  And there is a frown of disdain,  And there is a frown of frowns  Which you strive to forget in vain,  For it sticks in the heart's deep core,  And it sticks in the deep back bone,  And no smile that ever was smil'd,  But only one smile alone  That betwixt the cradle and grave  It only once smil'd can be,  But when it once is smil'd,  There's an end to all misery. |
| **A POISON TREE Уильям Блейк**  I was angry with my friend:  I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  I was angry with my foe:  I told it not, my wrath did grow.  And I water'd it in fears,  Night and morning with my tears;  And I sunned it with smiles,  And with soft deceitful wiles.  And it grew both day and night,  Till it bore an apple bright;  And my foe behold it shine,  And he knew that it was mine,  And into my garden stole  When the night had veil'd the pole:  In the morning glad I see  My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree. |  |

**7 класс**

**School Days (by Susan Whitworth)**

The happiest days of your whole life

(So all the grown-ups say),

But I would never go to school

If I could have my way.

My pencil point is broken,

My pen's run out of ink

My head's just filled with sawdust

And with sawdust you can't think.

The happiest days of your whole life

(So all the grown-ups say),

But I would never go to school

If I could have my way.

**8 класс**

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| **Invictus by WilliamErnestHenley**  Out of the night that covers me,  Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  I thank whatever gods may be  For my unconquerable soul.  In the fell clutch of circumstance  I have not winced nor cried aloud.  Under the bludgeonings of chance  My head is bloody, but unbowed.  Beyond this place of wrath and tears  Looms but the Horror of the shade,  And yet the menace of the years  Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.  It matters not how strait the gate,  How charged with punishments the scroll.  I am the master of my fate:  I am the captain of my soul. | **The Land Of Dreams by W.Blake**  Awake, awake, my little boy!  Thou wast thy mother's only joy;  Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep?  Awake! thy father does thee keep.  'O, what land is the Land of Dreams?  What are its mountains, and what are its streams?  O father! I saw my mother there,  Among the lilies by waters fair.  'Among the lambs, clothed in white,  She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight.  I wept for joy, like a dove I mourn;  O! when shall I again return?'  Dear child, I also by pleasant streams  Have wander'd all night in the Land of Dreams;  But tho' calm and warm the waters wide, -  I could not get to the other side.  'Father, О father! what do we here  In this land of unbelief and fear?  The Land of Dreams is better far,  Above the light of the morning star.' |

**9 класс**

**It Might As Well Be Spring**

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Now fades the last long streak of snow,

Now burgeons every maze of quick

About the flowering squares, and thick

By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,

The distance takes a lovelier hue,

And drown'd in yonder living blue

The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,

The flocks are whiter down the vale,

And milkier every milky sail,

On winding stream of distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives

In yonder greening gleam, and fly

The happy birds, that change their sky

To build and brood, that live their lives.

From land to land; and in my breast

Spring wakens too; and my regret

Becomes an April violet,

And buds and blossoms like the rest.

**11 класс**

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| **Mona Lisa**  Brenda M. Weber  Behind kaleidoscopic eyes  There’s no mystery there that lies.  She’s the one to see it all  From her position on the wall.  We look for something in her smile,  We stand to study her a while,  Her face of beauty that we seek.  What would she say if she could speak?  Is her beauty, oh, so rare?  Was Mona Lisa just a maiden fair?  Is she a mirror image of me?  Is that what I’m supposed to see?  Mona’s portrait on the wall –  A combination of us all.  There’s a touch of someone there  In the beauty of her hair.  That hint of prison in her eyes  Makes her appear to be so wise.  The playful curvature of her lip  On her cheeks can dance a quip.  She’s a beauty this Mona Lisa  But so is the leaning Tower of Pisa.  What is the mystery there that lies  Behind kaleidoscopic eyes? | **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 look 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. |
|  | **A CRADLE SONG (by William Blake)**  Sleep! sleep! beauty bright,  Dreaming o'er the joys of night;  Sleep! sleep! in thy sleep  Little sorrows sit and weep.  Sweet Babe, in thy face  Soft desires I can trace,  Secret joys and secret smiles,  Little pretty infant wiles.  As thy softest limbs I feel,  Smiles as of the morning steal  O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast  Where thy little heart does rest.  O! the cunning wiles that creep  In thy little heart asleep.  When thy little heart does wake  Then the dreadful lightnings break,  From thy cheek and from thy eye,  O'er the youthful harvests nigh.  Infant wiles and infant smiles  Heaven and Earth of peace beguiles. |