

Положение о проведении конкурса чтецов (английский язык)

Основные принципы

1. Удовлетворение потребностей и интересов обучающихся.
2. Расширение кругозора.
3. Предоставление возможности для самореализации.
4. Предоставление возможности для самоутверждения личности в творческом процессе.
5. Доступность.

Задачи

1. Совершенствование профессионального мастерства педагога через подготовку, организацию и проведение конкурса.
2. Вовлечение учащихся в самостоятельную творческую деятельность.
3. Повышение интереса к изучению английского языка.
4. Выявление учащихся, которые стремятся к углублению изучения английского языка.
5. Раскрытие внутренних ресурсов личности.
6. Активизация познавательной деятельности.

Ожидаемые результаты.

1. Поднятие на более высокую ступень познавательной деятельности учащихся.
2. Развитие мыслительной активности.
3. Углубление знаний по предмету.
4. Развитие памяти на английскую речь.

Организация конкурса

Конкурс проводится по группам на уроках или во время консультаций. Жюри являются все обучающиеся группы. Победители выбираются путем голосования.

Итоги конкурса чтецов выводились по следующим критериям:

5 баллов выставляется участнику, если стихотворение прочитано выразительно, с творческим подходом, с артистизмом, без ошибок. Стихотворение выбрано достаточно сложное по содержанию.

4 балла выставляется участнику, если стихотворение прочитано выразительно, но без творческого подхода, без должного артистизма, без существенных ошибок.

3 балла выставляется участнику, если стихотворение прочитано не выразительно, без творческого подхода, без артистизма, допущены ошибки и запинки при чтении стихотворения, само стихотворение не сложное по содержанию.

1 и 2 балла выставляется участнику, если стихотворение прочитано не выразительно, без творческого подхода, без артистизма, допущены существенные ошибки и запинки при чтении стихотворения, само стихотворение не соответствует должному уровню сложности.

Участники конкурса

1. Горбач С. гр. МЛ-222
2. Карпов Д. гр. СМ-223
3. Садреддинов А. гр. СМ-223
4. Крылов Д. гр. ПК-224
5. Шарабарин В. Гр. ПК-224
6. Кукоарэ Д. гр. ПК-224
7. Андреев Д. гр. ЭМ-255
8. Агальцев Н. гр. ЭМ-215
9. Логачев Д. гр. ТЭ-215
10. Байдерякова Е. гр. ПК-214
11. Кабачный Д. гр. ПК-214
12. Максимов И. гр. ЭМ-215
13. Королев Е. гр. МЛ-222
14. Скрябин И. гр. МЛ-222
15. Денисов Н. гр. СМ-223
16. Скачкова А. гр. ПК-224
17. Ефимов А. гр. ПК-224
18. Кутилин В. гр. ЭМ-225
19. Строков С. гр. ЭМ-225
20. Асроров Р. гр. СМ-213
21. Кушнир С. гр. СМ-213
22. Рубцов И. гр. СМ-213
23. Митрофанов Д. гр. СМ-213

Итоги
конкурса чтецов

<i>Группа/место</i>	<i>Группа №</i>	<i>Группа №</i>	<i>Группа №</i>	<i>Группа №</i>
<i>1 место</i>				
<i>2 место</i>				
<i>3 место</i>				

Баллы выставляются жюри в составе:
Романовой А.А.
Сурановой Н.Г.
Ермаковой Л.А.
Дехтевич О. И.

Составители _____ А.А.Романова

_____ Л.А.Ермакова

Задания для конкурса чтецов

Составила: преподаватель английского языка
Романова А.А.

POEMS

The Arrow and the Song

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 a song?

Long, long afterwards, 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.

(Henry W. Longfellow)

Six Serving Men

I have six honest serving men —
They taught me all I knew.

Their names are What and Why and When
And How and Where and Who.

I send them over land and sea.

I send them East and West;

But after they have worked for me,

i give them all a rest. I let them rest from nine till five, For I am busy then As well
at breakfast, lunch and tea For they are hungry men.

But different folk have different views;

I know a person small,

She keeps ten million serving men,

Who get no rest at all!

She sends them on her own affairs,

From the second she opens her eyes —

One million Hows, ten million Wheres,

And seven million Whys!

(Д. Kipling)

The Swing

How do you like to go up in a swing, Up in the air so blue? Oh, I do think it the
pleasantest thing Ever a child can do!
Up in the air and over the wall.
Till I can see so wide.
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the country-side — Till I look down on the garden green, Down on the roof
so brown — Up in the air I go flying again, Up in the air and down.
(*Robert L. Stevenson*)

Wind on the Hill

No one can tell me, Nobody knows. Where the wind comes from. Where the wind
goes.
It's flying from somewhere
As fast as it can
I couldn't keep up with it
Not if I ran. But if I stopped holding The string of my kite.
I would blow with the wind For a day and a night.
And then when I found it.
Wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
Had been going there too.
So then I could tell them
Where the wind goes...
But where the wind comes from
Nobody knows.
(*A. Milne*)

Roadways

One road leads to London,
One road runs to Wales,
My road leads me seawards
To the white dipping sails.
One road leads to the river
As it goes singing slow.
My road leads to shipping
Where the bronzed sailors go.
Leads me, lures me, calls me
To salt green tossing sea;
A road without earth's road-dust
Is the right road for me.
A wet road heaving, shining,
A wild with seagulls' cries,
A mad salt sea-wind blowing

The salt spray in my eyes.
My road calls me, lures me
West, east, south and north.
Most roads lead men homewards.
My road leads me forth.
(*J. Masefield*)

Nature, Seasons...

The Wind
I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky
; And all around I heard you pass
Like ladies' skirts across the grass
— O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings; so loud a song
I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all —
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!
O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree.
Or just a stranger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long.
O wind, that sings so loud a song!
{*Robert L. Stevenson*}

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon.
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.
Then the traveller in the dark.
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
How could he see where to go.
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,
Often through my curtains peep.
For you never shut your eye.
Till the sun is in the sky.
As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark.
Though I know not what you are.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
(*A. and J. Taylor*)

The Seasons
The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
And yellow Autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter
Till smiling Spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing.
Old Time and Nature their changes tell;
But never ranging, still unchanging
I adore my Bonny Bell.
(*W. Burns*)

Dust of Snow
The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree
Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I have rued.
(*R Frost*)

Winter
The frost La here,
The fuel is dear.
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going year.
Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,

My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth.
But not into mine.
(A. Tennyson)

Silver Bells
Here the sledges with the bells.
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment
Their melody fortells.
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
In the ice air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
In the crystalline delight.
Keeping time, time, time
In a sort of Runie rhyme»
To the tintinnabulation
That so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells,
From the jungling and the tinkling
Of the bells.
(Edgar A. Poe)

To the Thawing Wind
Come with rain, o loud Southwester!
Bring the singer, bring the neater;
Give the hurried flower a dream;
Make a settled snowbank steam;
Find the brown beneath the white;
But whatever you do tonight;
Bathe my window, make it flow,
Melt it as the ice will go;
Burst into my narrow stall;
Swing the picture on the wall;
Run the rattling pages over;
Scatter poems on the floor;
Turn the poet out of door.
(J Frost)

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 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
 Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
 A poet could not 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. (*Wordsworth*)

April

So here we are in April, in snowy, blowy April,
 In flowzy, blowzy April, the rowdy-dowdy time.
 In soppy, sloppy April, in wheezy, breezy April,
 In ringing, stinging April, with a singing swinging rhyme!
 The smiling sun of April on the violets is focal.
 The sudden showers of April seek the dandelions out.
 The tender airs of April make the local yokel vocal,
 And he raises rustic ditties with a most melodious shout.
 So here» we are in April, in tipsy, gipsy April,
 In showery, flowery April, the twinkly. sprinkly days.
 In tingly, jingly April, in highly wily April,
 In mightly, flightly April with its highty-tighty ways!
 The duck is fond of April, and the clicking chickabiddy,
 And other barnyard creatures have a try at carolling.
 There's something in the air to turn a stinddy kiddy giddy.
 And even I am forced to raise my croaking voice and sing.
 (*T. Robtn&on*)

Rain in Summer

How beautiful is the rain!

After the dust and heat
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane.
How beautiful is the raint
How it clatters along the roofs
Like the tramp of hoofs,
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout.
Across the window pane
It pours and pours,
And swift and wide
With a muddy tide,
Like river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!
(*Henry W. Longfellow*)

November

No sun — no moon!
No morn — no noon —
No dawn — no dusk — no proper time of day —
No sky — no earthly view —
No distance looking blue —
No road — no street — no other side the way —
No end to any Row —
No indications where the Crescents go —
No top to any steeple —
No recognition of familiar people!
No countries for showing 'em —
No knowing 'em! —
No travelling at all — no location,
No inkling of the way — no notion —
"No go" — by land or ocean —
No mail — no port —
No news from foreign coast —
No Park — no Fting — no afternoon gentility —
No company — no nobility —
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member —
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees.
No fruit, no flowers, no leaves, no birds —
November!
(*G. Hood*)

Fanny Poems

The Pessimist

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes.
To keep one from going nude,
Nothing to breathe but air
Quick as a flash 'tis gone,
Nowhere to fall but off.
Nowhere to stand but on.
Nothing to comb but hair.
Nowhere to sleep but bed,
Nothing to weep but tears.
Nothing to bury but dead.
Nothing to sing but songs.
Ah, well, alas! alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.
Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got.
Thus through life we are cursed.
Nothing to strike but a gait,
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

(B, T. Kins)

Grizzly Bear

If you ever, ever, ever meet a grizzly bear,
You must never, never, never ask him where
He is going.
Or what he is doing,
For if you ever, ever dare
To stop a grizzly bear.
You will never meet another grizzly bear.

(M. Austin)

Bacon and Eggs

Now blest be the Briton, his beef and his beer.
And all the strong waters that keep him in cheer.
But blest beyond cattle and blest beyond kegs

Is the brave British breakfast of bacon and eggs
Bacon and eggs.
Bacon and eggs.
Sing bacon, Red bacon.
Red bacon and eggs!
O breakfast! O breakfast! The meal of my heart!
Bring porridge, bring sausage, bring fish for a start
-Bring kidney and mushrooms and partridges' legs.
But let the foundation be bacon and eggs
Bacon and eggs. Bacon and eggs,
Bring bacon,
Crisp bacon.
And let there be eggs.
(-4. *P. Herbert*)

Hurdy-Gurdy
Hurdy-gurdy organ-grinder
Lost his wife and couldn't find her.
He sought her late, he sought her early
With hurdy-gurdy hurly-burly.
Pound her in a gingerbread house,
Waltzing with a waltzing mouse,
He locked them in his hurdy-gurdy,
Which suggested the plot of "Aide" to Verdi.
(*O. Saah*)

Select Biography for Beginners
The art of Biography
Is different from Geography.
Geography is about Maps,
But Biography is about Chaps.
* * *

Sir Christopher Wren
Said, "I'm going to dine with some men,
If anybody calls.
Say I'm designing St Paul's."
* * *

Geoffrey Chaucer
Always drank out of a saucer.
He said it made him feel such an ass
To drink out of a glass.
* * *

Jonathan Swift

Never went up in a lift;
Nor did the author of "Robinson Crusoe"
Do so.

* * *

The people of Spain think Cervantes
Equal to a dozen Dantes;
An opinion resented most bitterly
By people of Italy.

* * *

The great Duke of Wellington
Reduced himself to a skeleton
He reached seven stone two.
And then — Waterloo!

* * *

What I like about Clive
Is that he is no longer alive
There is a great deal to be said
For being dead.

* * *

George the Third
Ought never to have occurred.
One can only wonder
At so grotesque a blunder.
(£. C. Bently)

Fisherman's Luck
Caught no fish,
Tell you why,
Water too low.
Wind too high.
Left dark glasses.
Brought wrong bait,
Boots sprung leak,
Started too late.
Too many people
Drat those boys!
Too many dogs.
Too much noise.
Flies wouldn't float,
Lost best hooks.
Owner of stream
Gave dirty looks.
Could tell you more.

Talk two seasons.
Got no fish,
Plenty of reasons.
(*R Armour*)

Cats
This is a cat that sleeps at night.
That takes delight
In visions bright.
And not a vagrant that creeps at night
On box cars by the river.
This is a sleepy cat to purr
And rarely stir
It's shining fur.
This is a cat whose softest purr
Means salmon, steaks, and liver.
That is a cat respectable.
Con nee table
With selectable,
Whose names would make you quiver.
That is a cat of piety,
Not satiety,
But sobriety,
Its very purr is of piety
And thanks to its Feline Giver.
(*S. Lewis*)