**ЛИТЕРАТУРНАЯ ГОСТИНАЯ**

**по мотивам**

**«ВРЕМЕНА ГОДА»**

**ЗАСТАВКА НА ЭКРАНЕ**

*At twilight, nature is not without loveliness,*

*though perhaps its chief use is to illustrate quotations from the poets.*

*OscarWilde*

В сумерках природа не лишена прелести, но, пожалуй, главное ее предназначение - иллюстрировать высказывания поэтов. Оскар Уайлд

**ВСТУПЛЕНИЕ**

**ВЕСНА**

*Man is the Creator of nature. The world is beautiful! Perhaps that is why people since ancient times seek to capture this beauty in music, paintings, sculpture.*

*Alsо a lot of poems written by English – speaking authors are devoted to the nature. Our Earth is amazing and unique. The beauty of our world is fascinating, we admire it.*

*Enjoying the floating of clouds in the sky, we hear murmuring streams in spring and the birds singing.*

*МУЗЫКАЛЬНЫЙ ФОН «ВРЕМЕНА ГОДА. ВЕСНА» А. Вивальди*

***ЧТЕЦЫ:***

***A Prayer in Spring***

***Robert Frost***

Oh, give us pleasure in the flowers today;

And give us not to think so far away

As the uncertain harvest; keep us here

All simply in the springing of the year.

Oh, give us pleasure in the orchard white,

Like nothing else by day, like ghosts by night;

And make us happy in the happy bees,

 The swarm dilating round the perfect trees.

And make us happy in the darting bird

That suddenly above the bees is heard,

The meteor that thrusts in with needle bill,

And off a blossom in midair stands still.

For this is love and nothing else is love,

The which it is reserved for God above

To sanctify to what far ends He will,

But which it only needs that we fulfil.

**ВСТУПЛЕНИЕ**

**ЛЕТО**

*Bright blue sky over our heads has no edges. And I want to hover, to rise high above the earth, to enjoy the beauty of our world! Each tree, every bush, a flower, a blade of grass is beautiful in its own way. Lakes in clear weather look like a mirror, over which a willow is leaning, admiring its reflection and dreaming of summer.*

*МУЗЫКАЛЬНЫЙ ФОН «ВРЕМЕНА ГОДА. ЛЕТО» А. Вивальди*

***ЧТЕЦЫ:***

***All summer in a day***

***Ray Bradbury***

 The world ground to a standstill. The silence was so immense and unbelievable that you felt your ears had been stuffed or you had lost your hearing altogether.

The sun came out.

It was the color of flaming bronze and it was very large. And the sky around it was a blazing blue tile color. And the jungle burned with sunlight as the children, released from their spell, rushed out, yelling into the summertime.

"Now, don’t go too far," called the teacher after them. "You’ve only two hours, you know. You wouldn’t want to get caught out!"

But they were running and turning their faces up to the sky and feeling the sun on their cheeks like a warm iron; they were taking off their jackets and letting the sun burn their arms.

"Oh, it’s better than the sun lamps, isn’t it?"

"Much, much better!"

They stopped running and stood in the great jungle that covered Venus, that grew and never stopped growing, tumultuously, even as you watched it.

**ВСТУПЛЕНИЕ**

**ОСЕНЬ**

*Romantic people, pilgrims of different times tried to find out all the secrets of our world, but much is still unknown and mysterious. Most of them went on a journey to watch the picturesque corners of the Earth again, which left an indelible impression in their soul.*

*Autumn leaves on the trees rustle as if talking to each other. They resemble a colorful carpet of the planet.*

*МУЗЫКАЛЬНЫЙ ФОН «ВРЕМЕНА ГОДА. ОСЕНЬ» А. Вивальди*

***ЧТЕЦЫ:***

***October's Party***

***George Cooper***

October gave a party;

The leaves by hundreds came-

The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,

And leaves of every name.

The Sunshine spread a carpet,

And everything was grand,

Miss Weather led the dancing,

Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,

The Oaks in crimson dressed;

The lovely Misses Maple

 In scarlet looked their best;

All balanced to their partners,

And gaily fluttered by;

The sight was like a rainbow

New fallen from the sky.

Then, in the rustic hollow,

At hide-and-seek they played,

The party closed at sundown,

And everybody stayed.

Professor Wind played louder;

They flew along the ground;

And then the party ended

In jolly "hands around."

**ВСТУПЛЕНИЕ**

**ЗИМА**

*How wonderful the winter nature, covered with the soft white snow. How pleasant quiet evenings in front of the fireplace! Expecting Merry Christmas, we admire sunny frosty days, feel peaceful and cheerful.*

*МУЗЫКАЛЬНЫЙ ФОН «ВРЕМЕНА ГОДА. ЗИМА» А. Вивальди*

***ЧТЕЦЫ:***

***Winter-Time***

***Robert Louis Stevenson***

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,

A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;

Blinks but an hour or two; and then,

A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,

At morning in the dark I rise;

 And shivering in my nakedness,

By the cold candle, bathe and dress

Close by the jolly fire I sit

To warm my frozen bones a bit;

Or with a reindeer-sled, explore

The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap

Me in my comforter and cap;

The cold wind burns my face, and blows

Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;

Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;

And tree and house, and hill and lake,

Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

*High mountains, endless seas, hot deserts, uncharted oceans can`t fail to attract people.*

*People should appreciate this beauty, to live in harmony with the surrounding world and not try to subdue it.*