*Приложение №1.*

*Whose****woods****these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village,****though****;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods****fill up****with snow.*

*My little horse must think it****queer*** *To stop without a****farmhouse****near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.*

*He gives his****harness****bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound’s the****sweep*** *Of easy wind and****downy flake****.*

*The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,  
But I have promises to****keep****,  
And****miles****to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.*

***Robert Frost***

*Remember Thee!*

*Remember thee! Remember thee!*

*Till Lethe quench life's burning stream*

*Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,*

*And haunt thee like a feverish dream!*

*Remember thee! Aye, doubt it not.*

*Thy husband too shall think of thee:*

*By neither shalt thou be forgot,*

*Thou false to him, thou fiend to me!*

***George Gordon, Lord Byron***

*There is a place where the****sidewalk****ends  
And before the street begins,  
And there the grass grows soft and white,  
And there the sun burns****crimson******bright****,  
And there the moon-bird rests from his flight  
To cool in the****peppermint****wind.*

*Let us leave this place where the smoke****blows****black  
And the dark street****winds****and****bends****.  
Past the****pits****where the asphalt flowers grow  
We shall walk with a****walk****that is measured and slow,  
And watch where the chalk-white arrows go  
To the place where the sidewalk ends.*

*Yes we’ll walk with a walk that is measured and slow,  
And we’ll go where the chalk-white arrows go,  
For the children, they mark, and the children, they know  
The place where the sidewalk ends.*

***Shel Silverstein***

*Take this kiss upon the****brow****!  
And, in****parting from****you now,  
Thus much let me****avow****—*

*You are not wrong, who****deem*** *That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has****flown****away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?*

*All that we see or seem  
Is****but****a dream within a dream.*

*I stand****amid****the****roar*** *Of a****surf-tormented****shore,  
And I hold within my hand****Grains****of the golden sand–*

*How few! yet how they****creep*** *Through my fingers to****the deep****,  
While I****weep****–while I weep!  
O God! can I not****grasp*** *Them with a****tighter clasp****?*

*O God! can I not save  
One from the****pitiless****wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?*

***A Dream Within A Dream by Edgar Allan Poe***

*The mouse that****gnawed****the****oak****-tree down  
Began his task in early life.  
He kept so busy with his teeth  
He had no time to take a wife.*

*He gnawed and gnawed through sun and rain  
When the****ambitious fit****was****on****,  
Then rested in the****sawdust****till  
A month of idleness had gone.*

*He did not move about to hunt  
The****coteries****of mousie-men.  
He was a****snail-paced****, stupid thing  
Until he cared to gnaw again.*

*The mouse that 33gnawed the oak-tree down,  
When that tough****foe****was at his feet-  
Found in the****stump****no angel-cake  
Nor buttered bread, nor cheese nor meat-*

*The forest-roof let in the sky.  
“This light is worth the work,” said he.  
“I’ll make this ancient****swamp****more light,”  
And started on another tree.*

### *The Mouse That Gnawed the Oak-Tree Down*