*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*