

**Что такое стихи и  
зачем они нужны?**

**Стихи — это вид словесного искусства**

# Какие стихи вы знаете?

**Элегии:** грустные стихи

**Эпиграммы:** веселые стихи

**Ода:** прославляющие стихи

# Угадай стихотворение

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea  
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

**Элегия**

# Угадай стихотворение

What is an Epigram? A dwarfish whole;  
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

**Эпиграмма**

# Угадай стихотворение

We are the music makers,  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams;—  
World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams:  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world for ever, it seems.

**Ода**

# *Угадай стихотворение*

**Задание:** определите жанр стихотворения по рисунку.



THERE CAN BE MIRACLES  
WHEN YOU BELIEVE  
THOUGH HOPE IS FRAIL  
IT'S HARD TO KILL  
WHO KNOWS WHAT MIRACLES  
YOU CAN ACHIEVE  
WHEN YOU BELIEVE

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# *Gone From My Sight*

by Henry Van Dyke

I am standing upon the seashore.  
A ship at my side spreads her white  
sails to the morning breeze and starts  
for the blue ocean.

She is an object of beauty and strength.  
I stand and watch her until at length  
she hangs like a speck of white cloud  
just where the sea and sky come  
to mingle with each other.

Then someone at my side says:  
"There, she is gone !"  
"Gone where?"  
Gone from my sight. That is all.

She is just as large in mast and hull  
and spar as she was when she left my side  
and she is just as able to bear her  
load of living freight to her destined port.  
Her diminished size is in me, not in her.

And just at the moment when someone  
at my side says, "There, she is gone!"  
There are other eyes watching her coming,  
and other voices ready to take up the glad shout,  
"Here she comes!"

And that is dying.

In loving memory of  
Alan Joseph Jeske  
who so enjoyed being out on the water

June 5, 1955 - November 23, 2005

# *foreshadowing*

The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge.

*The Cask of Amontillado*  
by Edgar Allan Poe



# Информационные ресурсы

1. Clark H. Arenas of Language Use. – Chicago, IL: University of Chicago Press, 1992. – 374 p.
2. Clausner T.C., Croft W. Domains and Image Schemas // Cognitive Linguistics. – 1999. – № 10-1. – P. 1-31.
3. <http://www.criticalreading.com/poetry.htm>